

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

Vol. V.—No. 18.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1872.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S EVENING DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 298.]

Ladies' and Children's Evening Dresses.

See illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—GRAY PONGEE DRESS WITH SKIRT, trimmed with four folds of the material. White barathra mantelet, lined with silk, and white satin hood, trimmed with swan's-down. Ribbon bow for the hair.

Fig. 2.—VIOLET GROS GRAIN EVENING DRESS. The trimming consists of folds and scalloped bias strips of the material, which are bound with violet velvet. The skirt is trimmed with a wide flounce. Spray of flowers in the hair.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD. White Swiss muslin dress, trimmed with box-pleated ruffles of the material. Belt and sash of blue silk ribbon.

Fig. 4.—PURPLE SILK EVENING DRESS, trimmed with rolls of the material, a braiding of purple silk cord, and wide knotted silk fringe. Diadem for the hair.

Fig. 5.—LIGHT GRAY SILK EVENING DRESS. The trimming consists of white lace and narrow black velvet ribbon. The over-skirt is draped with bows of wide black velvet ribbon. Spray of roses and velvet bow in the hair.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1872.

Our next Supplement Number will contain an Extra-sized Pattern Sheet, with numerous full-sized Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of Ladies' and Children's Spring and Summer Street and House Dresses; Wrappings, Bonnets, etc.; Devices for Looping Trained Dresses; Dress and Cloak Trimmings, Fancy Work, Embroidery Patterns, etc.; with choice literary and pictorial attractions.

AT THE OPERA.

THE opera seems, in these later days, to have asserted its sovereignty once more over our people, the country being full of singers, whose magnificent voices are given to us with all delightful accessory by the munificent managers of the season—managers to whom immense audiences never think of grudging immense prices, glad to get music on almost any terms.

For is not EUPHROSINE PAREPA-ROSA—whose very name would seem to have taken shape to music—warbling now like a whole flight of the birds of spring at once? And have we not NILSSON still, with all the white fire of a Scandinavian goddess in her, seeing and hearing whom we think only of Freyja seeking Odin and dropping golden tears along the way, of the great Nornas and the Valkyrian sisters, and the kindred and dazzling shapes of the North? And is there not WACHTEL, with his high C, that sets people raving as if they never heard brooks bubbling or bees humming before, and SANTLEY, with his superb method, and that ecstatic lover, CAPOUL, and all the host of the lesser lights? Certainly a country that can sustain at one time such a choir as these singers make can not reasonably be accused of slighting music or of despising opera.

We can, then, but hail this hearty welcome which the opera has received in all our large cities as a healthy sign of our advancement in matters of art; for the opera, it always seems to us, is but the idealization and apotheosis of the drama: it is the drama set to music, and where the subtle inflections and far-reaching influences of tune and harmony shall do more than words can do—shall make the prosaic impassioned, and the impassioned divine.

Beside the opera, to those that understand its spirit and love its exaltations, the spoken drama is something infinitely petty; the mask and the cithern seem then to belong only to the region into which song lifts them. For the opera is, after all, little else than the old Greek play perfected in the matter of its representation, and with the eloquence of language translated more thoroughly into music. There is the chorus and there are the instruments, both of them far transcending the old simple idea; all the appliances of modern illumination and machinery take the place of the ancients' open roof of blue in those theatres that were

"clean scooped
Out of a hill-side, with the sky above,
And sea before our seats in marble row;"

and after that, all passion and suffering and joy being crowded into the action now as then, tone and tune lift it on their mighty wings, and love and sorrow are heightened and deepened into the universal sympathy by the magic of modulated numbers, the ineffable power of music.

But in old times all Greece attended the representations of the drama. The merits of the new play were discussed by the populace as freely as the price of provisions. Balaustion and her listeners were not the only ordinary Greeks who knew Euripides and Sophocles by heart; their verses belonged to the people, and they had their roots in the common soil.

But with us, on the contrary, the opera is as costly as all other exotics are; it is designed only for the rich—the boys who sang the woman's part to the Greeks did not dream of being able to melt pearls in their drink in the way our prime-donne can do if they will—and by force of circumstances the poor have little part in it. Nevertheless, among those who do frequent it here there are several perfectly distinct classes of patrons: there are those who go because it is the fashion, as they would stay away if it were the fashion, who go because opera hats and cloaks are becoming, who go because they are invited, because all their friends are there, because they want to say they went, want to be seen, want to be excited; then there are those who go as a matter of curiosity, because it is a novelty to them, because they want to educate themselves in all those things that touch the finer senses; and lastly, there are those who go to intoxicate soul and sense in a luxury of sound, to revel in the beauty of motion and light and color, the eagerness of dramatic interpretation, the satisfaction of song—who go because to them the opera is a real thing, a thing they love, and that repays them with an affluence of pleasure. It is only this last class that has any right to claim the opera as special property; and it is a singular thing that the two other classes should be totally unconscious of this claim, and should think that because they pay an equal amount of money for their entrance fees their rights in the place are equal too.

But there is an equity that is not equality. The right of the one to whisper, for instance, destroys the right of the other to hear; the right of the one to come at any hour that pleases destroys the right of the other to enjoy the scene and the singer uninterrupted. That the last class, the opera-worshiper, does not belong so exclusively to the fashionable world as the first class does is true. It embraces people of culture, of talent, of reflection, as well as those who are of the purely ball-going and park-driving circles of fashion; and in remembering this, as we have watched both parties, we have come to the conclusion that there are certain fixed rules of fashion in relation to opera-going that are to be obeyed by every one who does not wish to rank with the vulgar few to whom there is any earnestness in life; and we make haste to give these rules to such of our readers as may be new to the opera, and who yet desire to seem properly acquainted with the habits of the well-bred world.

In the first place, nothing can be more vulgar than to go early to the opera, and occupy your seat before it is possible to disturb every one's enjoyment of the music by rustling in and displacing a whole row of listeners. According to the code, you must linger at the dinner-table until the last moment, so that you may be sure of not reaching the opera-house until the curtain is on the point of rolling up. As every body else does the same thing, that insures a fine crowd in the lobby and passages, a total distraction of ushers, a gratifying annoyance of those already seated, and an obliteration of the entire overture—the overture into which the whole glory of the opera is distilled for thirsty ears to drink, and where the harmony has all the depth and wealth that such condensation can give it. But better yet if the exigencies of your dinner-party or your toilette have delayed you into the third or fourth scene, and you can worm your way into your place, obstructing the view of one after another behind you as you go, and deliberately pausing on the way to exchange over your shoulder some coquetry with your attendant exactly as the prima-donna makes her entrance and sounds the first note of her enchantment; and one degree beyond the whole is it if your familiarity with the work and the place allows you to choose the particular act you wish to attend, and you rustle in and make your commotion precisely in the tenderest passage of some famous scene, when every neck is stretched and every ear is strained.

Being seated, however, come when you may, the next requisite of the purist in the code is a stiff and striking fan, every stick of which has a separate click, and every fold of which a distinct rattle; and then you may vibrate the sweet article at your leisure quite across the rhythm of the music, only taking care to drop all its leaves together with a resonant slat and slur against every delicate pianissimo there is. The last enforcement is to keep up a running accompaniment of explanation to a companion unacquainted with the play, or the tongue, or the next expected gem; or, that exhibiting association with an undesirable person, it is preferable to show your familiarity with such vastly superior renditions of the opera that this sinks into insignificance beside it, by taking occasion to discuss your private affairs, or to chat about the gossip of your neighborhood, or to tell the story of some prominent personage in the audience, not by any means caring to keep your remarks

sotto voce, and being quite sure when you whisper to have the sibilant as penetrating as your under-tone would be discordant. If then, added to all this, you can summon the assurance to stand while your attendant folds his coat and lays it on your chair that you may have the advantage of height its cushion affords, and, having scorned to wear your lofty hair decorated only with rose or ribbon, have tied on your hat with its pile of quivering plumes and flowers and bows and grasses, and have then sat out the performance, nodding your head from side to side, now in keeping time to the tune and now in the emphasis of conversation, so as completely to embarrass the vision and the comfort of those behind you, who dodge your movements till those behind them dodge, and a whole tier is set waving like poppies in the wind—why, then you may rest persuaded that your manners are quite *comme il faut*, and as good as the best that fashion demands at the opera. For experience teaches us that at the present moment this is, in main respects, the feminine code of the lesser morals for the opera. But as for our lords and masters we do not presume to speak; for of course we all know that they have long since ceased to go out between every act, and return to step across a dozen ladies after the singer has begun; and we do not hesitate to announce that those of them who have standing tickets behind the bar no longer indulge themselves in conversation, in the rumble of whose bass they may at all times be heard indicating the good points of the prima-donna as distinctly as they would point out at the races those of the winner of the Goodwin Cup.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Beggars.

MY DEAR AUGUSTUS,—I was loitering near the Park on one of the softest of afternoons, when I heard a low voice saying, "Please, Sir, give me a penny to buy some bread; I am very hungry." A boy stood by my side, looking up at me with that wan, sad expression, that gaunt pallor of the cheek and glittering light in the eye, which are unmistakable. "You are starving?" I said. "Yes, Sir," he replied, with the same hopeless air. I heard a carriage passing, and looking up, I saw Jonathan Wild driving by in his superb equipage. He was pointing me out to his wife as a man who encouraged the nuisance of street begging, and she, I have no doubt, wondered how I could be guilty of causing such inconvenience to respectable people. For it is plain that if every body said, sharply, "No, no; go away," to the street beggars, they would cease to molest us. I suppose that Mrs. Jonathan Wild thinks that if people must starve, they ought to have the decency to do it in private. They might at least spare the feelings of those who are not starving.

Old Mr. Llewes says that he never gives to a street beggar "upon principle." What kind of principle it is he forbears to say. But I have often thought, as I have seen him passing the pinched and forlorn little beggars with virtuous indignation, that possibly a little unprincipled generosity would be very becoming—and how grateful it would be to the beggar! I know that there are impostors among beggars. I do not think that Mr. Llewes can teach me any thing upon that subject. When I made the grand tour I knew very well Beppo of the Spanish Steps in Rome, whom Hans Christian Andersen commemorates in "The Improvisatore." "Good-morning, Sir," he used to say, in the most cheerful Italian, as he slid nimbly (for he had no legs) from one point of the great staircase to another. It was his challenge—the stand-and-deliver of this airy Robin Hood. People were afraid of him. They said that he had the evil-eye, and they were uncomfortable if they did not pay tribute. There were stories of his pretty fortune, of the modest state in which he lived, and of the handsome dowry that he gave his daughter upon her wedding—probably with that famous marquise whom we all knew who lay in bed while his only shirt was washed. If you said, smilingly, "Good-morning, Beppo," and passed on, obdurate, he stared as if he would gladly have hurled you headlong down the steps; then you heard behind you the same loud, cheerful, hard voice, "Ma che! very well; then to-morrow, Sir, to-morrow."

And when Llewes and Jonathan Wild indignantly regret that there should be so much imposture in street beggary, I recall the beautiful Italian boy, plump and rosy, with splendid eyes looking from the rich, dusky face, and while he munched a generous roll, begging me to have pity and give him a little something because he had had nothing to eat since yesterday morning. 'Twas a cherubic rascal. But such unprincipled beggary would have filled the just mind of Llewes with noble wrath. He would have summoned the police. He would have

"comprehended" the vagrom urchin, and dispatched him to a dungeon to meditate his atrocities at leisure. How he would have pleaded with me not to countenance such effrontery, nor encourage such imposture! He, truly, had no mercy upon such swindling. "And how much better, pray, was that other kind," I can hear him saying: "that of the fellows who hold out horrible stumps of arms or legs at you; or who roll sightless eyes before you; or who expose hideous sores! Their disease is their capital!" cries Llewes, indignantly. "They invest their wretched stumps and their blindness and their sores in your sympathy, and they divide enormous dividends. I protest against it. 'Tis ill-gotten gain!" snorts Llewes; "and my comfort is that I am not responsible for any of it: they never get any thing from me."

But while I am giving a penny to the starving boy, and Llewes is bitterly reproaching me for stimulating imposture, I perceive suddenly that he, too, is a beggar. It is preposterous, for he is fabulously rich, and passes his time in counting his money. And who ever heard him ask for a penny, not alone for himself, but for any purpose whatever? There are, indeed, men who are always signing subscription papers and begging others to sign, who come into your office or your room and say that here is a surgical hospital for poor patients, or a flower charity; or poor somebody was killed yesterday in Broadway, and his widow and seven young children don't know where to get a dinner; or they hand you some kind of project for some other charity or humanity, as such people insist upon calling it; and there is no end of their coming—as, indeed, there is no end of suffering, and as the poor ye have always with you—and they say, as they ask you to put down your name, that charity never faileth. I say that Llewes is not one of these beggars; he never asks money for himself nor for any body else, and he can not understand why any body should ask it of him. "It is all imposture," says Llewes, "and I would actually rather give a penny to the pinched little rascal who pretends starvation in the street than a hundred dollars to a man like Charles Borromeo, who pretends charity in my counting-room."

But, for all that, Llewes is a beggar. He never sees me but he asks an alms. "I am your honor's poor bedesman," said Edie Ochiltree, and Mr. Llewes says the same. When I sauntered about Rome, and in all the shadows of romantic walls some beggar thrust his disease before me, I was shocked, but not deeply troubled, for I knew that my charity would be a kind of luxury, a superfluity to him, because his Church would see that he did not actually starve. But when I meet Llewes he thrusts at me the signs of a moral disease, which is infinitely worse than any beggar's sores which the dogs lick. I see in him the consuming greed of money, that avarice, that sordid fever, which is worse than that for strong drink. I see how his nature is necessarily debased by it; how his fine emotions are blighted; how his views of men and of the world become mean and vile. I see that the generosity of soul, which is the only true wealth, the lofty sympathy, the unselfish endeavor, are all choked and dead. The arm which the Italian shows me, with his whining entreaty, is repulsive; but here is an ulcerated soul! That he may not know it only makes his case sadder. There sits the scanty-clothed beggar under the wall, trading upon his misfortune and disease, begging a penny for the love of God and the thirty thousand virgins of Cologne. And here comes Llewes in his superb carriage drawn by famous horses, with servants in livery and crests and cushions and every appliance of luxury, and young men bowing to him very low, and young women smiling upon him very sweetly, and he is a beggar all the while, asking of every honest man an alms of pity.

And your cousin Opalina—the beautiful belle, as she is called—she, too, is a beggar, my dear Augustus, like the starving boy to whom I am giving a penny. I saw her on Easter-Monday evening at the great ball. She was clad in lace so rare and ancient that some superb Venetian lady dead a century ago might have worn it as she trod a forgotten toccata of Galuppi's. And Opalina's cheeks were painted; and her false hair was powdered; and her waist was squeezed to torture; and her feet were pinched in little shoes; and her face smiled above an unsmiling heart, for she saw the Prince devoted to Cinderella; and still she smiled and nodded and swayed and suffered, and every body said, how radiant she is! what a lovely creature! what style! what lace! what delightful manners! and I thought of the Roman beggar under the wall, and of Llewes the miser, driving in his carriage, and I said, here is another beggar, asking an alms of admiration, and also of pity.

So with the ballet-dancer who comes whirling and bounding to the foot-lights,

and, spinning around, throws herself forward, with hands clasped across her breast, and with that painful smile. Poor child! she is a beggar: throw her an alms of applause! Or who is this who comes upon the platform, if not exactly crawling, yet obsequious and servile, who says nothing but what he thinks his hearers will approve, who conceals his contempt for those whom he flatters, and who says in public what in private he scornfully repudiates? Do you know him? He is the worst kind of beggar. He asks the alms of a vote. He begs the charity of an office. But beware how you give! This is an imposture which you should be wary of encouraging. Is it servility that you would reward? Is it falsehood and treachery that you would put in office? Is it the basest cowardice that you would cherish? Yet he, too, is a beggar who asks for alms. Hear his prayer, but give him the charity of forgetfulness, and save your vote for honor and frankness and fidelity.

But as I give my last penny to the starving boy I see with delight another mendicant approaching. Ah, Hebe! Hebe! you lovely beggar! I am an old man, or you would not dare to look at me with those softly upturned eyes, wondering, entreating, archly humorous with twinkling light! Fresh as the first rose-bud, modest as maidenhood, graceful as a springing spray of blossoms, humming as she comes as if you heard her happy young heart musing. Ah, Hebe! Hebe! you too, you fairy beggar! What is the alms she asks? what charity can she require? Of old men like me, Augustus, this maiden bloom and joyous innocence and fine instinct and intelligence ask only admiration and delight. But of you younger men they will require longing and devotion, and sometimes despair, the utmost sincerity and fidelity and purity. For this beautiful woman is the beggar who does not ask the least and the worst, but the best and the most, that human nature can give.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SUMMER BONNETS AND HATS.

AT the last opening of the season the bonnets for summer and watering-place wear were exhibited. In shape bonnets and round hats are almost the same, a pair of strings transforming a round hat into a bonnet. An elastic band back of the chignon is necessary to bonnets with strings to prevent them coming too far forward on the head. We have described in detail the mass of trimming in front of the bonnet, such as the Alsacian bow and the rose cluster, and also the elaborate scarfs of lace, ribbon, and trailing vines that fall behind nearly to the waist. Rich Leghorn bonnets, costing \$35 untrimmed, are the latest importation. These are of the genuine Leghorn knitted together, not the mere sewed braid. When trimmed with sage green ribbon, an ostrich feather of the same color, rich jet ornaments, and much fine lace, they cost \$75. These, with the thread net bonnets described in a former number, are the handsomest bonnets of the season. The fashionable sage green is also much used on black net bonnets, and is usually associated with rich jet ornaments and vines of dark leaves. This color is worn alike by brunettes and blondes. \$45 is the price of a handsome bonnet of this kind. Much jet in leaves, wings, and buckles, formed of small beads thickly set together, will be used by people of fashion this season; thick-veined geranium leaves and those of begonia are the fashionable floral trimmings. Very young ladies wear a coronet wreath of apple blossoms above the rolled diadem of straw bonnets. Turquoise silk, a soft repped fabric, is much used for trimming straws, and also for entire bonnets and round hats. Pale gray with facings of rose-color, Pompadour pink and blue, écarle and violet, sage green and black, are fashionable contrasts for silk bonnets and hats. A shirred front, with frill falling on the front hair, and large, high, softly puffed crown, is the pretty design for a silk head-covering that is at once both bonnet and hat. The Dolly Varden flat, with an ear cluster of rose-buds under the brim, and another above the forehead, is destined to popularity. To be well worn it must be placed quite back on the head, as bonnets now are, leaving most of the forehead visible.

MORE HINTS ABOUT DRESSES.

A box of dresses just received from Worth's show that embroidery, jet, and puffs are the prevalent fancies for trimmings in Paris. The embroidery is done upon tulle, several shades of a color, but no contrasts being shown in the elaborate tamboured work. Cameo browns are exceedingly handsome in this shaded work. The flounces are usually of a darker shade, or else are faced with darker goods than the body of the dress. A rich faille of clear sardonyx tint with a darker brown pleating around the skirt has a deep flounce of sardonyx elaborately wrought in several shades; the over-skirt and sleeves have also embroidered ruffles. Cashmeres and batistes to wear over silk are richly needle-worked in the same manner.

The jet trimmings show to fine advantage on black silk suits, where they appear in galloon and fringes formed entirely of small beads. A very fine costume has around the skirt, first, two narrow gathered frills, then a twelve-inch puff, the fullness separated at intervals by lengthwise bands

of galloon an inch wide, thickly studded with jet; the over-skirt is in the shape we have already described on Worth's dresses, with seam down the front widths, that are gradually shortened and bunched up on the tournure, and three widths hanging behind. The trimming is an elaborate ornament of jet passementerie covering the front seam, and a bias ruffle, gathered, and edged with wide fringe entirely of jet. The waist is a position, with Marie Antoinette collar and cuffs almost covered with jet.

FURNITURE.

Variety is the present fancy in furniture. In tasteful interiors there are seldom two articles alike; even chairs differ; and each piece is mounted on casters that make it easily portable, in order that the arrangement of the room may be frequently changed. The luxurious seats provided for drawing-rooms are square, deep-seated chairs, short sofas, and low ottomans with arms. The fashionable fabric for upholstery is satin of solid color, pale blue, green, French gray, or rich crimson; this is fancifully tufted, heavy tassels swing from the corners, and rich fringe hangs below, entirely concealing the frame of the seat, leaving no wood visible by which to lift the chair; hence these heavy seats are rolled and pushed about, not handed. Lighter reception-chairs are no longer of gilt or ebonized wood, but of rose-wood, or even mahogany, made in designs imitating bamboo, with a medallion of tapestry or of embroidery on the back, and a stripe to correspond in the middle of the seat, while the remainder is of elaborately tufted satin. Sofas are meant for two persons, and are provided with the "pillow back" upholstered in two great squares tufted in rays from the centre; others again have a straight piece across the back, like a bench or settee, handsomely tufted in diamonds, with thick fringe hanging in the open space. A beautiful suit with sofas of this kind is of pale blue satin, in ebony wood, with gilt tracings. Instead of marquetry tables, the newest fancy is for a plain centre of the beautiful tuya wood, with a border of inlaid ivory, gray and white, arranged in a Grecian design. A low cabinet of tuya, with ivory border, is of corresponding design. Ebony cabinets are also inlaid with ivory. Pedestals for busts are no longer massive columns, but slender, graceful standards of ebony and gilt, matching the easel for the last new picture and the jardinières placed in the windows. Mantel clocks are low, and of Gothic design. Chandeliers entirely of glass are much used, but the latest novelty is steel chandeliers, with medallions of the Dutch ware called faience.

Furniture for less elaborate drawing-rooms is upholstered with all-wool tufted satins, usually in two colors, grave drab or gray enlivened by a border of bright blue or cherry. A handsome set of seven pieces, the chairs all of comfortable Turkish shape, costs \$275. Reception-chairs for such rooms are of rustic design. A small square cabinet for curiosities, and to serve as a pedestal for a clock or a statuette, is made of English walnut, with ebony and gilt tracery, for \$100.

Light woods are preferred at this season for chamber furniture. These are made in Gothic styles ornamented with medieval illuminations. For instance, a suit just made by a leading French upholsterer is of light butternut wood. The old-time four-post bedstead has slight decorations painted in scarlet and blue, with gilt tracery; the tester is of blue silk covered with Swiss muslin flutings radiating from an ornamental centre. Bedsteads without posts have low head and foot boards, but pointed in Gothic fashion. Two or three kinds of light woods with a moulding of darker wood appear in fanciful suits for chambers; for instance, light maple and satinwood are together, with ornamental moulding of dark rose-wood, or else maple has bamboo "trimmings" of red chestnut. Such suits range in price from \$175 to \$700. The light enameled suits so pretty for summer cottages and for spare chambers are now painted in faint delicate tints of quiet colors, such as French gray and drab, and are ornamented with bamboo mouldings of wood of another shade and gilt lines. These are far handsomer than the green and blue suits lately used. A handsome suit with fine marble tops and French plate mirrors costs \$350. Cottage suits are shown at a wide range of prices, beginning as low as \$30 for an oak-colored suit, well made, but, of course, without marble tops or plate-glass.

Bedrooms fitted up with cretonne or chintz show no wood whatever, the entire bedstead, head-board, foot, and sides, being covered with tufted chintz. At Newport, West Point, and other summer resorts, whole cottages, parlor, library, and chambers, are furnished with fresh, cool-looking chintz and enameled wood. People who live in the same rooms all the year, and do not change furniture with passing fashions, adhere to substantial suits of solid black-walnut. Lines of gilt are the decorations most used on walnut. These walnut suits may be very expensive, but well-made suits of black-walnut, with pieces sufficient to furnish a chamber, two of the pieces having marble tops, are now sold for \$85; their former price was \$100. The luxury of spring beds is also placed within the reach of people of small means, as new mattresses, technically called single-border spring mattresses, are sold for \$12; and dealers say they are nearly as good as the double-spring bed at \$25.

Dining-rooms are furnished with light butternut, or else rich old mahogany. The repped hangings, the wall-paper, and the morocco of the chair-coverings match in color, and brass-headed nails are used in upholstering them. Buffets are tall, with carved wood or faience medallions. The mantel is of massive carved wood, with a frame above to match, inclosing a mirror or painting. Black-walnut in rich Gothic

styles, upholstered with severe grays and brown, is chosen for libraries.

For information received thanks are due, for dresses and millinery, to Mesdames DIEDEN; PAGE; and SCHMAUDER; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and JOHNSON, BURNS, & Co.; and for furniture, to Messrs. WARREN WARD & Co.; L. MARCOTTE; and G. B. KELTY & Co.

PERSONAL.

CONSPICUOUS among the ladies who have become journalists in this country may be mentioned Miss MARGARET F. BUCHANAN, of the *Chicago Evening Post*. For two years she has been the principal assistant of the editor, writing leaders on every conceivable topic, political, literary, religious, financial, etc., and doing any amount of small work in the way of dramatic and musical criticism. During the month succeeding the fire she wrote more than a column and a half a day. Readiness is her strong point. She is an Irish Catholic of the strictest sort, a radical in politics, and a girl who is said to have never thought seriously of marrying. She knows so much about "leaders" that she probably don't want one to dominate her.

The late JEREDIAH HUNTINGTON, of Norwich, Connecticut, after having given \$60,000 to the Eliza Huntington Memorial Home, bequeathed \$25,000 to various societies connected with the Episcopal Church in Connecticut, and \$10,000 to the parish of Trinity Church, Norwich. He had previously given \$15,000 to the same parish. He was a very benevolent man, and greatly respected by the people who knew him and knew of him.

At the rate of \$10,000 a year the Rev. HORATIO STEBBINS fills the pulpit formerly occupied by THOMAS STARR KING in San Francisco. He is alluded to in theological circles as the H. W. BEROBER of California.

Miss BERTHA GEROLT, the youngest daughter of the late Prussian minister at Washington, was received into the sisterhood of the Convent of the Visitation, at Washington, on Monday, April 1.

LEVY, the man who plays ever so much on the cornet, is soon to be married to a young lady moving in fashionable circles in Buffalo. The hymeneal ceremonies are to take place in Russia, whither the eminent blower goes to fulfill a musical engagement at a figure per annum about double that which is paid to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Lady Mayo is to have a pension of \$5000 a year from the British government and \$100,000 cash for her children. The *London Times* calls this "parsimonious gratitude," and that seems to be the popular opinion. It is probable that the sum will be increased. Lord Mayo is now known to have been a very able executive, and his successor, Lord Northbrook, although a man of capacity, is not believed to have that breadth of talent, nor the peculiar tact and adaptability, required for a position of such vast responsibility as that of Governor-General of India.

It is one of the domestic felicities of ROCKWELL SMITH, of Langdon, New Hampshire, that he has a chest six feet long and a foot and a half wide, which has been handed down from his great-grandfather. This chest came over in the *Mayflower*, and is of English walnut, bearing traces of paint. The wood is the next thing to rotten.

"Maggie Mitchell" is forty years of age, and has been on the stage ever since she could walk. She married Mr. PADDOCK in 1868, after a fourteen years' courtship, and has two children.

Some good person has found out how Miss DODGE became "Gail Hamilton." When first she went to Washington and became a governess in the family of Dr. BAILEY, of the *New Era*, she was shy, and did not care to see people. (Has got over that now.) Presently the *Era* received sparkling articles from an unknown writer signed "Gail Hamilton." They were published, and the "fortunate BAILEYS" discussed before the shy little DODGE the new contributions to the paper. Finally she acknowledged, and was encouraged, and has gone on and on, until now she has blossomed into one of the most fragrant literary flowers in the Federal greenhouse of letters.

Mrs. COLLINS, the eldest daughter of DICKENS, lately sent a water-color picture to the exhibition in London, and it was at once accepted as a work evincing great talent.

The Emperor of China, following the example of his cousin of Japan, has sent four young China girls of good quality to Paris to be educated. After they shall have received the desiderated polish they are to return to the flowery kingdom and impart the particulars to other of their countrywomen, and enter upon the exhilarating career of the school-ma'am.

The Astor Library being a trifle short of funds to meet the expenses of certain repairs, painting, etc., etc., the desired cash—say about one hundred thousand dollars—has been contributed by Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR, and all anxiety about meeting the bills has vanished, like the evanescent hues of the rainbow, or words to that effect.

It is said of THACKERAY that he never began writing upon less than a quire of letter-paper. Half of this he would cover with comic drawings, a fourth he would tear up into minute pieces, and, on two or three strips of the remainder he would do his work, walking about his room at intervals, with his hands in his pockets, and with a perturbed and woe-begone expression of countenance.

The Rev. Dr. M'COSH, president of Princeton College, called on Mr. ROBERT BONNER a few days ago and asked him to write an article in the *Ledger* on the propriety of raising the salaries of preachers and professors. He replied that he would write a very brief article then and there, and forthwith drew and handed to the doctor a check for \$5000 for increased salaries at Princeton. A \$5000 check is what the grammarians would call a *definite* article.

A gentleman who has been rummaging among the old records of Trinity Church, in this city, has found these two "personals": On June 3, 1773, was announced the decease of "Mrs. CATHERINE MARIA HARMAN, granddaughter to the celebrated COLLEY CIBBER, Esq., poet-laureate, who in private life was sen-

sible, humane, and benevolent." Also, "Her little fortune she has left to Miss CHEER, and her obsequies were on Saturday night attended by a very genteel procession to the cemetery of the old English church."

In February, 1775, the Revs. BENJAMIN MOORE and JOHN BOWDEN were appointed assistant ministers of Trinity Church. The former afterward became Bishop of the Diocese of New York. A few weeks after, the Revolution broke out and the clergy of Trinity left New York. In a letter written at Staten Island, August 17, 1776, occurs the following paragraph: "The Episcopal churches in New York are all shut up, the prayer-books burned, and the ministers scattered abroad in this and neighboring provinces. It is now the Puritans' high holiday season, and they enjoy it with rapture."

It is stated that the verb "gerrymander" was omitted from the first edition of Webster because the widow of ELBRIDGE GERRY lived directly opposite Professor GOODRICH; and as the families were on intimate terms, he did not have the heart to give it a place in the "Unabridged."

Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH, one of the most popular of our lecturers, and a story-teller of the first class, relates the following, which derives additional point from being at his own expense. Once while on a lecturing tour through England, he was introduced to a large audience in these words: "Ladies and gentlemen, I've the honor to introduce the distinguished lecturer, JOHN B. GOUGH, who will address us on the subject of temperance. You know that temperance is thought to be rather a dry subject; but tonight, as we listen to our friend, the orator from over the ocean, we may 'ope to 'ave the miracle of SAMSON repeated, and to be refreshed with water from the jaw-bone of a bass."

MINNIE HAUCK has become so great a personal favorite with the Empress of Austria that she wishes her to make Vienna her residence—in short, to settle down there.

Nothing could have been more diverting than the manner in which the bride of Sir CHARLES DILKE arrayed herself for the great event of her life; and as it ushers in a new style of marriage ceremony it is "a part of the eternal fitness of things" that the lady readers of the *Bazar* should know the details. It is told by a lady, thus: "Miss SHELL, the bride, called early one morning on an intimate family friend of mine and asked her to go shopping with her, to which my friend consented. When their shopping business was concluded, Miss SHELL asked her if she could spare a little further time to accompany her to church, as she was going to be married that morning. She said she would not keep her long, as the service would be short, and she would not have to answer any questions. The bride, I may tell you, was dressed in a water-proof cloak, and wore a brown straw hat, and these articles of attire she kept on during the whole of the ceremony. Immediately the service was concluded she rushed into the vestry to sign her name in the register, without even waiting for her husband. As soon as this was done she seated herself in the brougham, bid my friend adieu, and told her that she should be happy to see her that day fortnight when they returned from their marriage trip, as on that occasion they intended to give some of their friends a Champagne luncheon. The citizen and citizeness then drove from the church to several of the shops, and then to his house in Sloane Street, where the lady wrote various letters and invitations for the Champagne luncheon, ate a beefsteak for her dinner, and then left with her aristocratic republican husband for the country to spend the honeymoon."

The Duke de Montpensier, the youngest son of LOUIS PHILIPPE, and the wealthiest, contrived, in the retreat of the royal family from the Tuilleries in February, 1848, to carry off a sword, once the property of NAPOLEON I., the jewels on which were worth three hundred thousand pounds. The duke sold the sword to a jeweler in Madrid.

General WASHINGTON's farm at Mount Vernon contained 10,000 acres of land, about fifteen square miles, in one body, divided into farms of convenient size at the distance of two, three, and five miles from the mansion. These he visited daily in pleasant weather. In 1787 he had 580 acres in grass, sowed 600 bushels of oats, 700 acres with wheat, and as much more in corn, barley, potatoes, beans, pease, etc., and 150 acres with turnips. His stock consisted of 140 horses, 112 cows, 236 oxen, heifers, and steers, and 500 sheep. He kept constantly employed 250 hands, and kept 24 plows going the whole year, when the earth and weather would permit. In 1780 he slaughtered 150 hogs for the use of his own family and his negroes, for whose comfort he had great regard.

The Rev. SPURGEON says he never wrote nor memorized a sermon in his life. He uniformly carries a "brief" on a half sheet of note-paper into the pulpit, but seldom refers to it.

Russia pays a little better than we do in the matter of first-class public servants. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF receives an annual remuneration of about \$32,000; Prince GAZARIN, \$17,000; Baron BRUNOW, ambassador at London, receives about \$43,000, which is the largest salary paid to a Russian official. The Finance Minister receives about \$15,000; the minister to Berlin, about \$25,000.

The marriage of two sons of the second wife to two daughters of the third wife of the same man is a curious event, which is said to have occurred in Essex County, Virginia.

A remarkable man, one FRANK BRADLEY, is now living in Preston, England. He was born in 1776, and is consequently 96 years old. Notwithstanding his advanced age he works hard, and thinks nothing of mounting a long ladder and going three or four stories high with a hodful of bricks on his shoulder. He was twenty-two years old when the Irish rebellion of last century took place. For some years he was a farm laborer in Ireland. He was afterward for eight years a soldier in the Second Royal regiment of foot, and for fifty-four years he has earned his livelihood as a brick-layer's laborer. He has been married twice, and has been the father of fifteen sons and five daughters—nine sons and two daughters during the first marriage, and six sons and three daughters in the second. Most of his sons have served in the British army. His second wife, still alive, is younger than his eldest son, who is sixty-four years of age. The old man is hale and hearty, has nearly all of his teeth, has lost none of the hair of his head, and looks likely to live for years.

Gentlemen's Suspenders, Figs. 1-7.

THE illustrations, Figs. 1-7, show different ways of working gentlemen's suspenders.

Figs. 1 and 2.—KNITTED SUSPENDERS. These suspenders, of which Fig. 2 shows a full-sized section, are worked with medium-sized white knitting cotton in a piqué design, always alternately 1 k. (stitch knit plain), 1 p. (stitch purled); the st. (stitches) are transposed after every two rounds. The first st. of every round is slipped, and the last st. knit plain. Begin on the front end of one suspender with a foundation of 5 st., and on this work, always going backward and forward, in the design referred to. From the second round widen 1 st. at the end of every round until the suspender is 18 st. wide. In the back ends of the suspenders make button-holes as shown by Fig. 1; for each button-hole divide the number of stitches into halves, knit with each half, thus with 9 st. each, seventeen rounds (lay on the thread anew for the second half of the button-hole); then again join the stitches of both halves and knit as before. Round off the back ends of each part of the suspender, narrowing in proportion to the widening on the front ends. The tabs, which are set under the front ends of the suspenders, are worked in the same design 8 st. wide, and are furnished with two button-holes, and rounded off on the under end. Edge the suspenders and tabs with scallops of red Saxony wool. To do this gather each front vein of the two upper veins of all the edge stitches of the suspenders on needles (a large number of needles is required for this), on these knit, always going forward, two rounds all plain, then one round of holes, always alternately thread thrown over once, slipped, the next st. k., and the slipped st. drawn over. After this round of holes again knit two rounds all plain, and then cast off the st. of the last round together with the free back veins of the edge stitches. The tabs are sewed to the front ends of the suspenders on the under side.

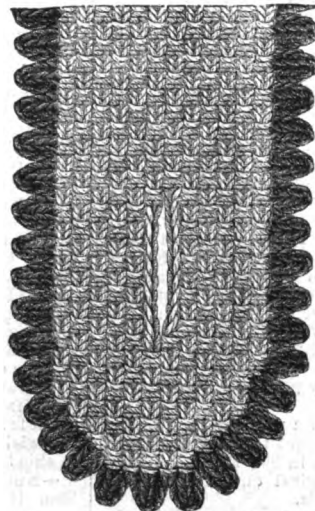


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF KNITTED SUSPENDERS, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

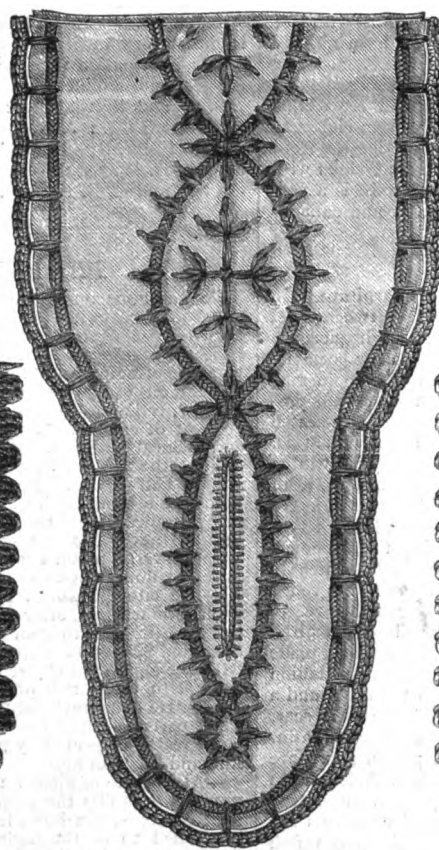


Fig. 3.—SECTION OF EMBROIDERED AND CROCHET FLANNEL SUSPENDERS, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

strip wind two pieces of braid of equal length about each other, as shown by Fig. 6, so that the points fit closely into each other. Then crochet one round, first on one side of the points with twisted cotton, No. 60, working in each point of the braid 1 sc.; after this always 1 ch. Work a similar round on the other side of the points also. Join the strips thus formed as shown by Fig. 5, first working one row of overhand stitches from left to right with medium-sized knitting cotton, always passing the needle through the corresponding ch. of two strips; then work a row of similar stitches in the opposite direction, so that regular cross stitches are formed. For the button-holes leave a slit of the requisite length between two strips, and surround it with cross stitches also, at the same time fastening in several threads of knitting cotton to strengthen it. Edge the suspenders with one picot round; crochet always alternately 1 sc. on 1 ch., one picot, that is, 3 ch. and 1 sc. on the last sc. The tabs are not made separately, but in connection with the suspenders.

Fig. 7.—SECTION OF JAVA CANVAS, CORD, AND CROCHET SUSPENDERS.

For these suspenders cut two strips of Java canvas of the requisite length and thirty-eight threads (double threads) wide, and on these work lengthwise four rows of stitches at regular intervals with medium-sized knitting cotton. The stitches of each row cover four threads of the Java canvas in height, and are worked each after an interval of one thread; the rows are separated by four threads of the canvas. Cover each of these intervals with two rows of cord, which are fastened with cross stitches of knitting cotton as shown by the illustration. Each cross stitch covers four crosswise and two lengthwise threads of the canvas. On the outer edge of the suspenders fold the projecting edge of the canvas down on the under side, set on cord as before, and work the crochet scallops in two rounds with twisted cotton, No. 60. For the first round, in which a piece of cord is also laid on, work always alternately 2 sc. on the canvas, 2 ch.; in working the sc. always pass the needle between the cross stitches around both cords of the outer edge. In the second round work always on the 2 ch. of the preceding round one scallop of 1 sc., 1 short double crochet, 1 double crochet, 1 short double crochet, and 1 sc. For the button-holes

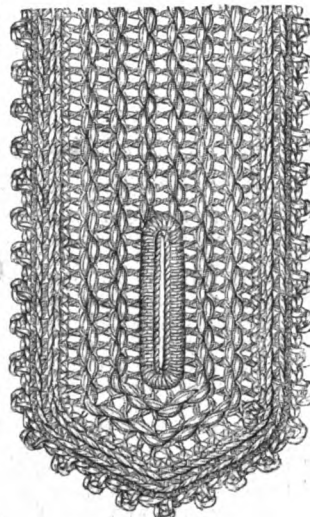
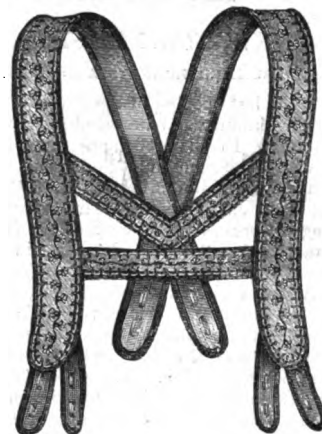


Fig. 4.—SECTION OF CANVAS SUSPENDERS, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

cut a slit each in the canvas at the corresponding point between the rows of stitches, and overcast the edges of the slits, at the same time surrounding the cord.

Boy's Embroidered Gray Linen Suspenders.

THESE suspenders are made of fine double gray linen. The upper layer of linen is ornamented through the middle in point Russe embroidery with red Saxony wool; the double layer of linen is then bound with red worsted braid, and ornamented besides with a row of button-hole stitches, which are worked a quarter of an inch deep in the material, and of which two always come close together; after every second button-hole stitch leave an interval of a quarter of an inch. Cover the joining thread between each two and two stitches closely with button-hole stitches; the button-hole stitch scallops thus formed should lie loosely on the binding. For the button-holes in the back ends of the suspenders cut slits at the relative points and button-hole stitch the edges. The front button-hole tabs are not embroidered, and are set under the front ends of the suspenders. The completed suspenders are joined in front, as shown by the illustration, by cross bands, the lower of which is set on straight, and the upper is laid in a point in the middle and is sewed to the first band.



BOY'S EMBROIDERED GRAY LINEN SUSPENDERS.

Embroidery Borders for Suspenders, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE borders may be worked in different widths, and used for trimming suspenders as well as for ornamenting baskets, étagères, etc. They may be worked on a foundation of linen, piqué, woolen reps, cashmere, satin, or velvet with black or colored Saxony wool, or else with floss or saddler's silk in different colors. Fig. 1.—This border is worked in half-polka stitch and point Russe with Saxony wool and saddler's silk, and is edged with button-hole stitch scallops on the outer edge. For these scallops work, first, two button-hole stitches, each at regular intervals, a quarter of an inch deep in the material, and then cover the thread loop between the stitches closely with button-hole stitches.

Fig. 2.—The middle of this border is formed by narrow braid; it is ornamented in point Russe embroidery with saddler's silk of different colors. The button-hole stitches on the outer edge are worked similar to those of the preceding border.

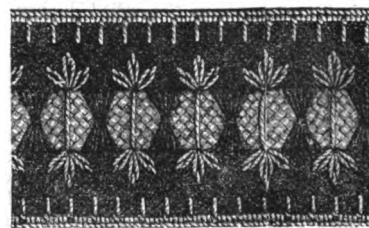
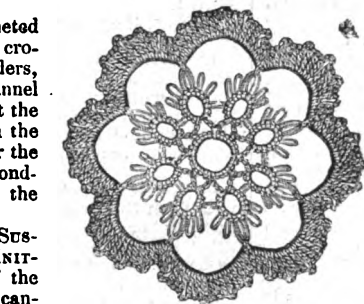


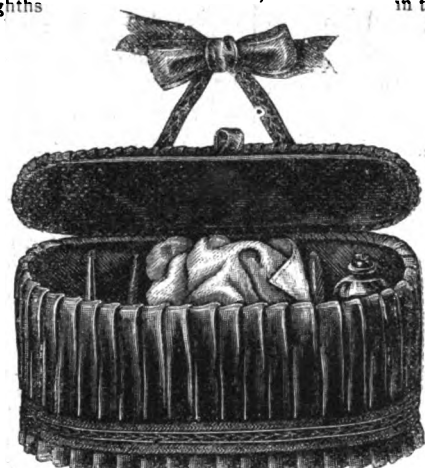
Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR SUSPENDERS, BASKETS, ETC.

Tatted and Crochet Rosette for Lingerie, etc.

THIS rosette is worked with tatted cotton, No. 80, in tatted and crochet work. For the ring in the centre of the rosette work 2 ds. (double stitch—that is, 1 stitch right,



TATTED AND CROCHET ROSETTE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.



BOX FOR SEWING-MACHINE UTENSILS.

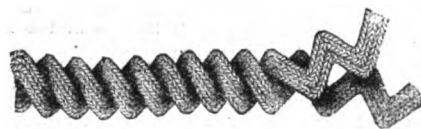
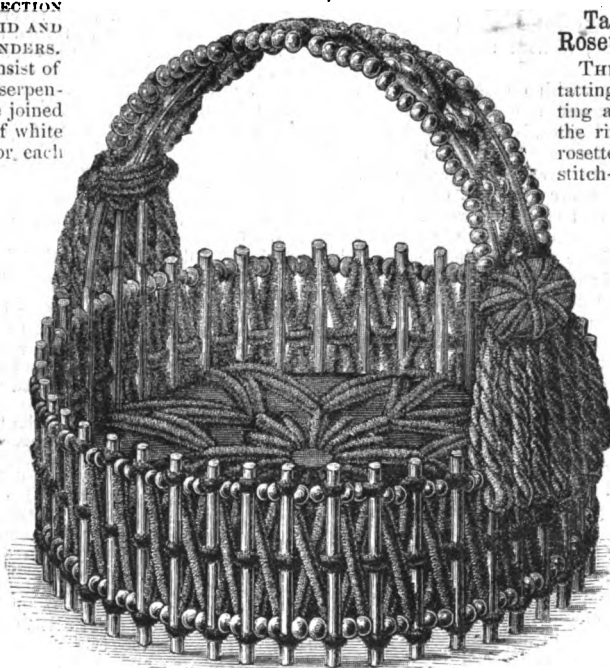


Fig. 6.—MANNER OF PLAITING BRAID FOR SUSPENDERS, FIG. 5.



CANE AND BEAD WORK-BASKET.

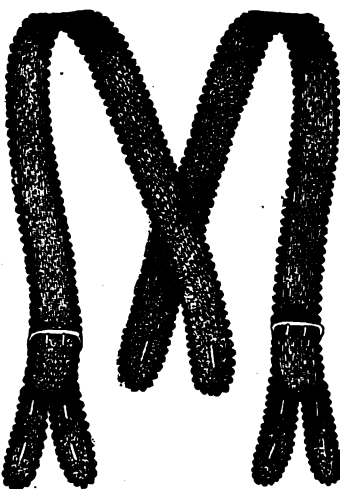


Fig. 1.—GENTLEMAN'S KNITTED SUSPENDERS.

for the button-holes, and button-hole stitch the edges of the slits. The tabs are cut in one piece with the suspenders; for the front tabs cut a slit three inches and three-quarters long in the middle of one end, and for the back tab cut the other end in a point, as shown by Fig. 4. Edge the suspenders with crochet scallops of white twisted crochet cotton, No. 40. For these scallops work, first, on the wrong side of the suspenders one round of sc., working 1 sc. on each hole of the canvas, then work, going back, on the right side of the suspenders one round of sc. also, always inserting the needle in the front veins of the stitches of the preceding round; then one picot round; for the latter work always 2 sc. on the next 2 st. of the preceding round, then one picot consisting of 3 ch. and 1 sc. on the last sc.

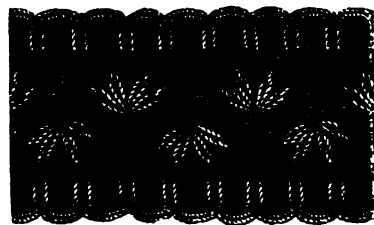


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED BORDER FOR SUSPENDERS, BASKETS, ETC.

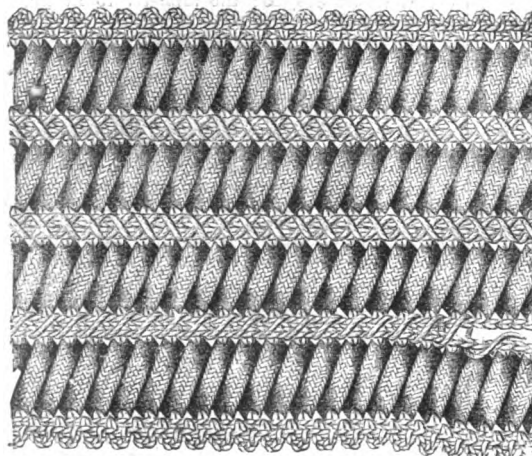


Fig. 5.—SECTION OF SERPENTINE BRAID AND CROCHET SUSPENDERS.—FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 6.]

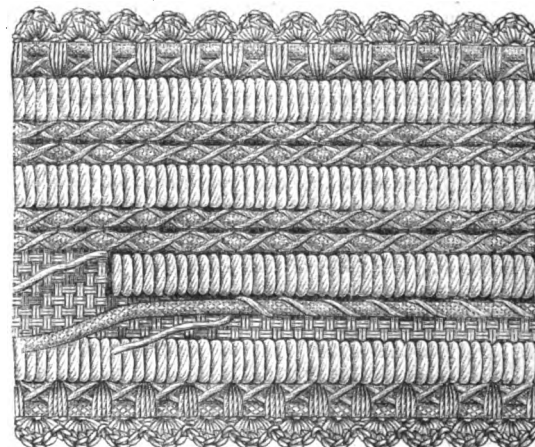


Fig. 7.—SECTION OF JAVA CANVAS, CORD, AND CROCHET SUSPENDERS.—FULL SIZE.



Fig. 1.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR TOILETTE CUSHIONS, TIDIES, ETC. SWISS APPLICATION ON LACE.

1 stitch left), three times alternately 1 p. (picot), 3 ds., and 1 p., 4 ds.; then 1 more p., 3 ds., 1 p., 2 ds., tie the thread ends together and cut them off. Now work * one ring of 3 ds., 1 p., 3 ds., five times alternately 1 p., 1 ds., then 1 p., 3 ds., 1 p., 3 ds., tie the thread ends together and cut them off. In this manner work seven rings more, but fasten them together as shown by the illustration. Crochet this row of rings together with the middle ring in the following manner: * 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the next ring in the row at the point where the ring is closed, 2 ch. (chain stitch), 1 sl. on the next p. of the middle ring, 2 ch., and repeat from *. At the end of the round fasten to the same ring as in the beginning of the round. On the outer edge of the rosette thus far completed crochet the 1st round. — * 1 sl. on the fourth and fifth p. of the next ring, 10 ch.; repeat from *. 2d round.—On each ch. scallop of the preceding round crochet five times alternately 3 stc. (short treble crochet), 3 ch.; finally, 3 more stc. At the end of the round join on the first stc. with 1 sl. and fasten the thread.

Corners of Borders for Covers of Toilette Cushions, Tidies, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

BOTH of these designs are worked with white embroidery cotton, having first been transferred to Swiss muslin, which is basted on the lace foundation. Overcast the outlines of the design

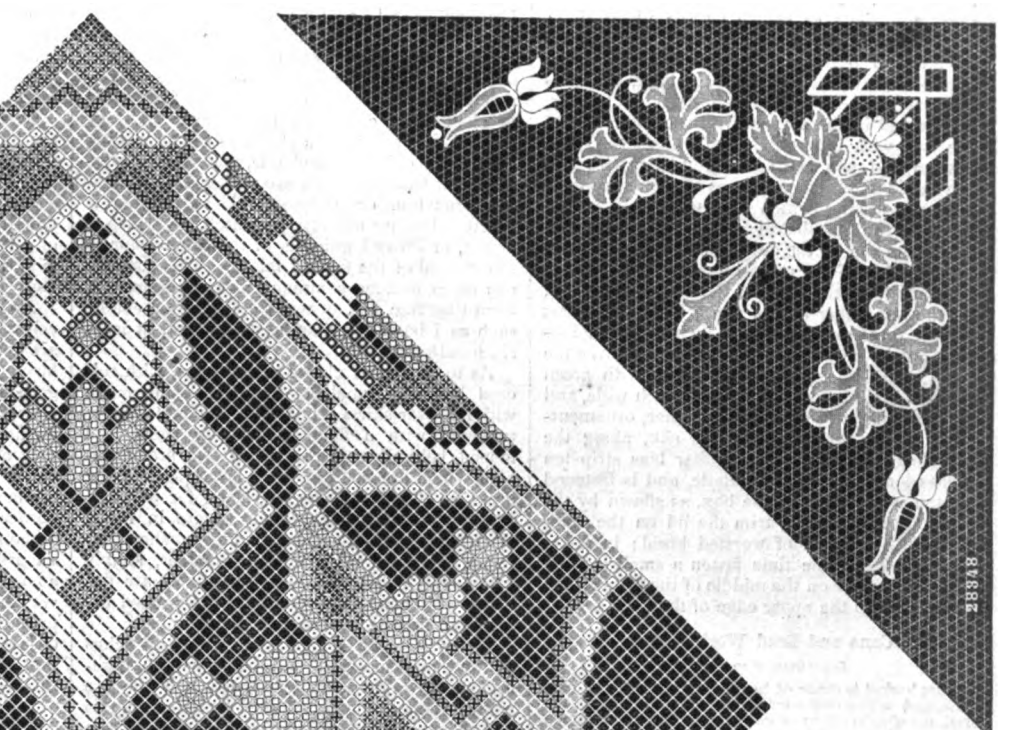


Fig. 2.—CORNER OF BORDER FOR TOILETTE CUSHIONS, TIDIES, ETC. SWISS APPLICATION ON LACE.

TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR SOFA-PILLOW, ETC. QUARTER SECTION.

Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ■ 1st (darkest), ■ 2d (lightest), Red; ■ 1st (darkest), ■ 2d (lightest), Green; ■ Blue; ■ 1st (darkest), ■ 2d, ■ 3d (lightest), Fawn (the last silk): — White Saddle's Silk.

figures, and work the remaining parts in satin, half-polka, and knotted stitch, observing the illustrations. The design shown by Fig. 2 is also worked in ladder stitch.

Tapestry Design for Sofa-Pillow, etc.

This design is worked on coarse or fine canvas with tapestry or zephyr worsted, and with silk of the colors given in the description of symbols. In working the embroidery the design is repeated on both sides in opposite directions; the outer row of symbols on both sides forms the middle; no notice is therefore taken of it in completing the design. This is a very pretty design for a brioche or footstool. The colors may be varied to harmonize with the furniture of the room.

the sides and trimmed with smaller velvet tabs, and edged on the bottom with satin piping and wide black lace. The layers of pleats on the sides are covered by velvet bands. The low-necked basque-waist is trimmed with narrow lace and with a front piece of velvet. Pleated Swiss muslin and lace chemise Russe. Bow of cherry gros grain ribbon in the hair.

Box for Sewing-machine Utensils.

See illustration on page 300.

THIS box is designed to hold an oil-can and bottle and a soft linen cloth for cleaning the sewing-machine, and may be hung upon the latter. The original is made of thick pasteboard and black carriage leather, and is trimmed with green worsted braid and point Russe embroidery of white sewing silk. A bow of black silk ribbon is set on the handle. Cut for the bottom and lid two pieces of pasteboard eight inches long and two inches and three-quarters wide, round off the corners slightly, and cover each part smoothly on both sides with carriage leather. For the rim cut a strip of pasteboard three inches and a quarter wide, which must be half an inch longer than the circumference of the bottom, and lay the ends half an inch wide on each other, so that the strip is closed in a ring. Cover the rim on the inner side smoothly with carriage leather in such a manner that the material on the under edge may be folded half an inch wide on



BROWN SILK EVENING DRESS.

Brown Silk Evening Dress.

THIS brown silk dress consists of a double skirt and low-necked basque-waist. The skirt is trimmed with five folds of the material, the upper of which is set on with a piping. The overskirt is draped in the back and on the sides, and trimmed with a row of wide black lace turned downward, and a row of narrow lace turned upward. Between both rows of lace is a puff of light brown crêpe de Chine. On the sides are bows and bands of brown velvet ribbon. The waist is trimmed with black lace, and on the top with a puff of crêpe de Chine. The sleeves consist of crêpe de Chine puffs, from which falls a wide black lace sleeve. White lace is set on the neck. A rose and pink silk ribbon are worn in the hair.

Gray Silk Evening Dress.

THIS dress is made of gray silk. The skirt is trimmed with a kilt-pleated flounce, the seam of which is covered by a fold which is piped on both sides with gray satin and edged with black lace. On the flounce set three-cornered black velvet tabs at regular intervals, which are edged with black lace. The overskirt is draped on



GRAY SILK EVENING DRESS.

the outside. Then fasten in the two compartment partitions as shown by the illustration; each of these partitions consists of a four-cornered piece of pasteboard two inches and three-quarters wide and three inches high, which is covered on both sides with carriage leather, and joined in the corners with the side edge of the box with long stitches of white silk. The bottom and rim are sewed together with two rows of long, crossing stitches of white saddle's silk; in sewing which the needle is passed through the pasteboard and carriage leather. Cover the rim on the outside with a strip of carriage leather of the requisite width, which is set on smooth on the back of the box, and pleated on the remainder of the rim. This strip must project three-quarters of an inch from the bottom on the under edge of the box. Cover the seam made by sewing on the strip with green worsted braid seven-eighths of an inch wide, and set on a bias strip of carriage leather, ornamented in point Russe with white silk, along the middle of the braid. A similar bias strip ten inches long serves for a handle, and is fastened on the upper edge of the box, as shown by the illustration. Finally, trim the lid on the outer edge with a ruche of worsted braid; in doing which at the same time fasten a small loop of carriage leather on the middle of the front; then sew the lid to the upper edge of the back.

Cane and Bead Work-Basket.

See illustration on page 300.

This basket is made of bamboo or cane, brown chenille, and yellow enameled beads. For the edge of the basket cut thirty-four pieces of cane three inches and a quarter long, and three pieces twenty inches long, which at the same time form the handle. Bore holes with a fine auger through each of the shorter pieces, at a distance of half an inch from the ends, and through each of the longer pieces at a distance of half an inch and two inches and three-quarters from the ends. Through the longer bars bore holes also for the trimming at a distance of five inches and a quarter and five inches and three-quarters from each end, and six times more through the middle at intervals of an inch and a quarter. Coat all the bars with copal varnish. Join the bars, as shown by the illustration, with two pieces of wire, taking up first seventeen short bars, then one end of each of the three longer bars, again seventeen short bars, and finally the other end of each of the three longer bars. It must be observed that two enameled beads are taken up on the wires after each bar. The three bars which form the handle are joined in a similar manner in the middle with wire and beads, as shown by the illustration, and are trimmed on the sides with the same. Trim the edge of the basket with brown chenille. To do this wind the chenille first on the under edge of one bar, pass it on the inside in a slanting direction to the next bar, wind it on the upper edge of the latter, and continue in this manner, always going forward; then carry the chenille back again, winding it on the still free ends of the bars so that it is crossed between every two bars, and finally braid it once more on the edge of the basket, always alternately drawing it over one bar and under the next chenille cross stretched previously (see illustration). Trim the handle in a similar manner. For the bottom of the basket cut a circular piece of card-board of the requisite size, cover it on the under side with black carriage leather, and on the upper side with a flat cushion of wadding covered with brown silk and embroidered with brown chenille. Before working the embroidery underlay the silk with brown muslin. Fasten the completed bottom on the under row of bead wire of the basket with long button-hole stitches. Set a small flat tassel button, covered with brown silk and trimmed with chenille, on both sides of the handle underneath the bead trimming.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE struggle is begun between two principles, two ideas, two opposing systems. Which will prevail, the old or the new, simplicity or the overloaded extravagances, the fatal inheritance of the empire? Will women consent to rid themselves of the burdens with which they have been loaded for so many years, and which have been hung around their waist in the guise of puffs, paniers, and over-skirts, and on their heads in that of chignons, crêpes, and bandeaux? No one dare predict the issue of the strife, and thus far the attempts at reform have remained rare examples, which few have dared follow. But as fashion must change, for the very reason that change is the essence of its being, we may presume that the reaction as usual will be in proportion to the action, and that we shall have as great simplicity as we have had extravagance.

If the Oriental proverb is true that a fish always begins to spoil at the head, it is with the head that the reformation will begin. The style of hair-dressing is, indeed, the part of feminine toilette which is always least opposed to innovation; now all things are linked together here on earth, even in a lady's dress; the chignon is only the repetition of the pouf; and if the chignon disappears, all that is inflated in the dress falls with it. We already see many coiffures without the chignon; the hair is worn lower in the back, and is arranged in front in small curls, resembling those in vogue at the epoch of the Restoration. The hair, arranged in this style by a tasteful hair-dresser, who knows how to harmonize the transition from yesterday's fashion to that of half a century ago so that the change should not seem too abrupt, is singularly effective, and far more becoming than the tall coiffures and gigantic chignons that have prevailed of late.

The prevailing feature of the season is the lining of garments with a silk of a different color from the outside material. Flowing sleeves, wrappings, the headings of flounces, etc., are lined in this manner; and when a vest is worn with the suit it is of the same color as the lining. The colors which are most frequently associated are *vert-de-gris* with a pink lining, *gris-fumée* with a cherry or blue lining, gray with a green or blue lining, and noisette brown of all shades with pink, cherry, blue, green, or yellow lining. To make my meaning more fully understood, I will add that the outside material is always of a negative or neutral shade, while the lining is of a decided bright color. In general the bonnet linings are of the same color as the lining of the dress, while the parasol is of the same color as the dress itself, and is lined to correspond with it.

Figured fabrics are the novelty of the moment. Pompadour and Louis XVI. designs on crêpe—challie, linen, cotton satin or cretonne, muslin, and organdy are the distinctive features of Parisian fashions. Very elegant suits of crêpe or challie are composed as follows: Skirt of plain faye, of the same shade as the prevailing color of the crêpe or challie, polonaise or over-skirt and basque, which are sprigged with flowers, branches, or bouquets. The trimming is composed either of fringe to match, or, which is newer, of fringed guipure, of the same color as the ground of the figured fabric. This costume can never become common; its price secures it from that fate. A dress of crêpe or challie such as I have described costs, indeed, at least six hundred francs.

As to dresses of chintz or cretonne, with colored bouquets, small or large, they are made without over-skirts; but with a simple skirt, trimmed with a flounce, not very short, and looped behind with the aid of two broad ribbons which are tied under the large pleat of the dress, so that it may be shortened for walking. Plain waist, shawl-shaped, or square in front. With these dresses are worn white muslin mantelets, trimmed with muslin flounces, simply hemmed. These mantelets sometimes are finished with hoods, and the ends are crossed behind and fastened at the middle of the belt.

A very popular fashion is that of small fichus of the same material and color as the high-necked waists or polonaises over which they are worn. This fashion is adopted by ladies who do not esteem it decorous to appear in the street without veiling the figure somewhat. These fichus are also made of bright-colored crêpe de Chine, and are worn over dresses of neutral tints. Those which cross in front are confined under the belt, when one is worn with the dress, but in all cases the ends extend from six to eight inches below the waist. They are trimmed with white guipure, or else with fringed guipure of the same color as the fichu; they will also be made of white muslin for thin summer dresses.

Little boys' dresses are classic, so to speak. Until two and a half years old they are dressed like little girls in low-necked frocks, almost always of white piqué, both for winter and summer. At three years of age they wear kilt-pleated skirts, with a waist of the same material, or black. For summer this costume is made of coutil, nankeen, or gray or écarlin. At four and a half they assume a more masculine costume—trousers, with little short blouse or waist. In summer, from four to eight or nine years old, they wear a simple, light, and convenient dress, composed of half-full trousers, reaching just below the knee, and a shirt, all made of printed, écarlin, or gray percale, white linen, or coutil. A broad sash or scarf of fringed black silk is knotted round the waist, or simply tied behind.

As to little girls, there is as much diversity and fancifulness in their dress as in that of ladies; no absolute fashion, but as much simplicity or luxury as comports with the tastes of the families to which they belong. One wealthy mother lets her daughters wear nothing but woolen dresses without the shadow of an over-skirt or drapery; another, with moderate means, arrays hers in velvet-trimmed with fur, or silk adorned with costly laces, over-skirts, puffs, and, in a word, all the follies of fashion in miniature. It is chiefly among the *nouveaux riches* and the tradesmen that these deplorable extravagances of children's costumes are seen. The old French aristocracy, and the substantial and sensible bourgeoisie, carefully preserve their children from this dangerous epidemic; and while we meet on the muddy sidewalks little girls arrayed in silk and velvet, edged with costly furs and rich lace, coupés emblazoned with the armorial bearings of our oldest families pass filled with children simply dressed in gray, blue, black, or brown woolen stuffs. Little girls' hats for the coming summer are generally of the Swiss shape—that is, small and flat; these are ugly and inconvenient, but they are fashionable, and that is an argument which admits of no reply. Boys wear universally the sailor hat, with a flat crown and brim, or else the Boule hat, which looks precisely like a hemisphere.

Wrappers no longer display that extravagance which is in the worst taste, considering their use. The prettiest are made of cashmere and silk; they are open from the throat to the bottom, and are folded back on each side in broad revers, and edged with a silk ruche; they do not, however, open over a trimmed white petticoat, but are completed by a front piece or plastron in two parts, which is buttoned in the middle from the throat to the feet, and which is cut in one piece lengthwise like the princess dresses. This plastron is made of silk. The handsomest wrapper of this kind that I have seen was of wood-violet cashmere. The plastron was of silk of the same shade, as were also the ruches that edged the revers of the wrapper and the sleeves. The latter were half-flowing, with plain undersleeves. A broad white muslin cravat was tied round the throat.

It is difficult to pass by in silence what is only as yet an exception, but we never know in France at what moment the exception may become the rule. The fact is that a few of the most fashionable ladies of Paris have taken a fancy, on visits of etiquette, to wear very long dresses, quite plain, without over-skirt or pouf. These dresses are cut in the princess style, in one piece, and are worn with a scarf of the same material. Now a scarf is the most inconvenient of all wrappings, since it constantly requires the use of both arms to keep it in place, and is, moreover, excessively ungraceful. It is to be hoped that this fashion will not become general; indeed, it bears no comparison to the style of the present day, which may be so pretty, provided that women have the good sense not to choose

its most complicated features and to diminish its exaggerations. Nevertheless, it is necessary to chronicle this innovation, which may suddenly spring into favor, and gain adherents among the ladies of high life, ever eager for changes and innovations.

Broad sashes are much worn, tied behind on the left side; a few belts with buckles are also seen; these are very becoming to slight persons, and to those who do not wish to appear more slender than what they are in reality. These do not militate against basque-waists, which are of all shapes and sizes. Belts are worn chiefly with polonaises, and those with buckles with Dolly Vardens.

An exaggerated and senseless use is made of velvet ribbons of all widths. Whole polonaises are formed of them by joining them with wide black lace insertion, or with strips of black grenadine of the same width as the velvet ribbons; the latter, of course, are arranged perpendicularly like the stripes or insertion with which they alternate. On each side of the velvet ribbon is sewed narrow black lace, laid flat, so that the points stand out from the velvet and form a border to it. These polonaises are worn over a plain silk or foulard dress—violet, green, réséda, gray, blue, etc., and the dress is completed by a large Alsacian sash of black velvet. These velvet ribbons are manufactured at St. Étienne, at prices much lower than those that have prevailed of late. Our manufacturers are learning to content themselves with moderate profits, and in this way to revive the industry of France.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

WOMEN'S WORK.

IN the Middle Ages the work of women was clearly defined and unmistakable. If they were of the lower class, they made the clothes, spun the linen, kept the house. If of the higher, they received the guests, they embroidered, they presided at tournaments, and they were the family doctors. They knew the virtues of those simple herbs which they gathered in the garden and the fields; from these they concocted plasters and poultices for bruises and hurts, which must have been common enough in those days. Nicolette—in the old French novel—handles Aucassin's shoulder till she gets the joint into its proper place again, when she applies a poultice of soothing herbs. For medical purposes—perhaps also for a secret means of warming their hearts when they grew old—they brewed strong waters out of many a flower and fruit. All the winter long—when there was little fighting, and therefore few disorders save those due to too much or too little feeding—they staid in the castle and studied the art of healing. With the spring came dances, hawking, garland-making, sitting in the sunshine and under the shade, while the minstrels sang them ditties, and the knights made love, and preparations were made for the next tournament.

Here, it seems, was a fair and equitable distribution of labor. Both man and woman had to work. Why not? Man fought, tilled, traded. Woman spun, kept house, and healed. Surgical operations, if any were required, were conducted in the handiest and simplest method possible—with the axe.

There came a time when the art of healing passed into men's hands. Then women had one occupation the less. They made up for this at first by becoming scholars. Every body knows about the scholarship of Lady Jane Grey and Queen Elizabeth. The ladies of the sixteenth century read every thing and knew every thing. Then, too, under the auspices of Madame De Rambouillet, was born modern society. Learning went out of fashion as social amusements developed. Then women substituted play for work, and made amusement their occupation. The art of housewifery vanished with that of healing. The occupations of embroidery and spinning disappeared with that of study. In the eighteenth century woman was either a fine lady or a household servant. If the former, she gambled, dressed, received, and went out. If the latter, she cooked and washed and tended the children.

Of course the women of the last century accepted, patiently enough, the rôle thrust upon them by circumstances. They were submissive to their lords, were thankful for their kindnesses, and forgave them their many sins. And it was not till early in the present century that the blue-stocking appeared to become a subject of ridicule. This was unfortunate, because the blue-stockings, in a desultory, hesitating way, only tried to recover a portion of woman's lost ground. For a long time women who studied were looked upon with disfavor and suspicion. Why could not they make samplers and puddings and play on the harpsichord? Some of them—poor things!—were obliged to learn in order to become governesses. But, really, what more ridiculous than that a woman should learn the same things as a man? Above all, why seek to change things?

Social prejudices are almost as hard to eradicate as those of religion. It was not till quite lately that the feeling against woman's rights as regards education was successfully combated; and even now there are hundreds of respectable parents who would far rather send their daughters to a fashionable boarding-school, where they are sure to learn nothing, than to a place where they will be taught with the same accuracy and thoroughness as men.

We go up and down, like a see-saw. After two hundred years our women are going to become students again; and after three hundred years they are going to become physicians again. Women can become at once nurses and doctors; their gentleness, not greater than that of some men, in spite of what is said, is more uniform; they have more patience; they are ready to de-

vote more time. Only the conditions of things are changed. It is no longer necessary to know merely the properties of simples: it is necessary also to study the anatomy and frame-work of the body, to gain experience in the symptoms of disease, to go through a great deal that is repulsive and hard. It is no light thing to become a physician. We do not think that there will ever be a large proportion of women who will have the courage to face the difficulties and brave the labor. Many may, however, learn enough to make themselves invaluable nurses.

So will be restored the medieval condition. Women will occupy themselves in household work, in study and literature, in looking after and educating children, in social amusements, in dances, music, and love-making. Man—poor, dear, patient animal!—goes on always the same: working for those he loves, striving to keep the nest warm, and caring little enough for aught else.

(Continued from No. 16, page 275.)

LONDON'S HEART.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER X.

FELIX GOES OVER TO THE ENEMY.

THEY were in mourning, and were in deep grief. Humbly they stood before the minister and his son, and there was silence for a moment or two in the gloomy study. From the window of the study the parish church-yard could be plainly seen, and Felix, looking through the window while the conversation between his father and the housekeeper was taking place, saw a coffin lying by the side of a newly made grave, and a little group of persons standing about it, in the sun's light. This group was composed of Gribble junior and his wife and Mrs. Podmore and her little Polly. Gribble junior's heir was also there, under shade. The youngster was asleep on the turf at the foot of a tall and weary tombstone, on which was an inscription to the effect that the soul that had once animated the clay beneath it had assuredly gone to the place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. The letters which recorded this desirable consummation of a life's labor were nearly worn away by time, and the woful tombstone, as it leaned toward the earth, exhibited in its attitude a yearning to fall upon its face, and to go also to the place where the weary are at rest. Over the head of Gribble junior's heir a large umbrella was spread, to protect him from the sun. The umbrella served two purposes—it kept the child in shade, and advertised the business. For glaring upon the Cambridge blue silk was an advertisement, in yellow paint, of Gribble junior's Royal Umbrella and Parasol Hospital; and the proprietor of that establishment, complacently surveying the announcement, did not seem to think that it was at all out of place in the old church-yard. Little Polly, to whom every thing that she had never seen before possessed surpassing interest, was looking about her with that solemn wonder which is often seen on children's faces. The grave-digger, a young man who should have known better, stood with his foot resting upon his spade; and the group was completed by two very old men who took an interest in funerals, and three dirty children with the usual dirty pinafores and the usual staring eyes.

The occasion was made into quite a holiday by Mrs. Podmore and Mrs. Gribble junior. When Lily's mother died there was much sympathy expressed for her and her grandfather in the crowded house in Soho; and the women, notwithstanding they had ordinarily not a minute to spare from their own pressing duties, busied themselves unostentatiously in assisting Lily and the old man through their trouble. Thus, Mrs. Podmore took upon herself Lily's household work, and cleaned and tidied her rooms, and cooked the meals for them until after the funeral; and Mrs. Gribble junior, being a perfect marvel with her needle, set to work at once making a black dress and bonnet for Lily. This quick practical sympathy is very common and very beautiful among the poor. Then Mrs. Podmore and Mrs. Gribble junior had settled that they ought to go to the funeral, which was to take place somewhere near Gravesend, in accordance with the wish of the dying woman. They spoke of it to their respective husbands. Gribble junior said, "We'll all go, and we'll take the young un. He's never been to a funeral; it'll open up his ideas, as a body might say." As if such an opportunity should, for the baby's sake, on no account be allowed to slip. Mrs. Podmore told her husband when they were in bed. He had come home, worn and tired out as usual, and while his wife expressed her views he held his little treasure—his darling Pollypod—close to his breast. He had a very perfect love for his child.

"All right—old woman," he said, in his weary manner, when his wife had finished. "Go. It will be—a holiday for you."

"And Polly?" said Mrs. Podmore. "What shall I do with Polly?"

"What shall you do—with Pollypod?" he repeated, drowsily, hugging the child. "Take her with you. It will be a treat—for her. My Pollypod! She'll smell—the country—and see—the sun." He was falling off to sleep, when he pulled himself up suddenly and said, "And look here—old woman! Don't bother about—my dinner. I'll make shift—somehow."

"Lord bless you, Jim!" exclaimed Mrs. Podmore; "I shall have a nice meat-pudding

for you. My Jim ain't going without his dinner."

So it was settled, and when Mrs. Podmore, the next morning, spoke of it to old Wheels, he was grateful for the attention, and said there would be plenty of room in the coach for them all. Mrs. Podmore's great difficulty was a black dress to go in; she could not go in a colored dress, and could not afford to buy a new one. But on the day of the funeral she made her appearance in black, having borrowed her plumes of a neighbor who was in mourning: Polypod went in colors.

As they had nearly twenty miles to go, the coach was at the door early in the morning. All the neighbors round about came into the street to gaze at it and the mourners. They stood and talked in whispers. Their sympathy was chiefly reserved for Lily and the coffin. "Hush-sh-sh! There's the coffin. Hush-sh-sh!" as if their very whispers might disturb the dead. Then, when Lily came out, the women shook their heads and said, "Poor dear! Poor dear! How pale she is! Ah, she didn't look like that the other night at the White Rose." Presently they expressed surprise because the children were going, but said, a moment afterward, "Ah, well, it will be a nice ride for them."

Gribble junior's father, master of the chandler shop and foe to co-operation, having been assured by his son that his late lodger was not to be buried by co-operation, also patronized the starting of the funeral with his presence. He had a corrugated face, not unlike the outside of an old walnut shell, and it would have been difficult to persuade him that there was hope of salvation for the deceased if the coffin had been a co-operative production.

The party being a large one, a coach of an extra size had been provided.

Gribble junior rode outside the coach with the driver; the others, each mother with her child on her lap, and the coffin, were inside. He liked his position on the box, and thoroughly enjoyed the ceremony. As he sat upon the box, he looked round with a sad gentle smile upon his neighbors. The day was fine, and the coach moved slowly through the narrow streets, as was befitting and proper. Common as the sight is, every body turns his head or pauses for a moment or two to look at a coach with a coffin in it. Women come to the windows and gaze at it with a kind of quiet fascination; dirty children suspend their games and stand in admiration at the corners of the streets; idle shopkeepers come to their doors in their aprons; and mothers bring their babies to see the coach go by—truly suggestive of the cradle and the grave. Gribble junior relished this attention on the part of the public. He took it in some measure as a tribute to himself, and even derived satisfaction from the thought that many of the persons who stopped and gazed must believe him to be a near relative of the deceased. He was as little of a hypocrite as it is in the nature of human beings to be, but he deemed it necessary to his position to assume a mournful demeanor; and he did so accordingly, and sighed occasionally. When the coach got away from the narrow streets it moved faster. Gribble junior had brought a Cambridge blue silk umbrella with him, which, however, he did not open on the journey. He and his wife and Mrs. Podmore enjoyed the ride amazingly. To escape for a few hours from the narrow labyrinths of Soho was good; to get into a little open country, where grass and flowers were growing and blooming, was better; and to see bright color come to the children's cheeks and bright sparkles to their eyes was best of all. It was, as Mr. Podmore said, a treat for them. The wives had brought sandwiches and bread-and-butter with them, and water in ginger-beer bottles. (Gribble junior, outside the coach, had two bottles filled with beer—fourpenny ale—which he and the driver drank and enjoyed.) The women offered part of their refreshments to the relatives of the dead woman, but not one of the mourners could eat. In the early part of the journey little Polypod was inclined to show her enjoyment of the ride somewhat demonstratively, but Mrs. Podmore whispered to the child, "Hush, Polly dear! Lily's mother's in there!" pointing to the coffin. Polypod had blue eyes, very bright, though not very large; but the brightness went out of them and they grew larger as she learned this fact and looked at the coffin. A little while afterward, having watched and waited and debated the point with herself, without being able to come to a satisfactory conclusion, Polypod asked why Lily's mother did not get out of the box.

"I would!" said Polypod. "If I was shut up there, I'd cry, and you'd let me out; wouldn't you? Wicked box! Father couldn't play with me if I was shut up in you!" And listened and wondered why the clay in the coffin did not cry to escape.

Once during the ride Lily nursed Polly for comfort, and the child, with her lips to Lily's ear, said,

"Lily, I want to know!"

It was one of Polypod's peculiarities that she was always wanting to know.

"Well, Polly?"

"Was Lily's mother naughty?"

"Oh no, Polly! Oh no!"

"What is she shut up in the box for, then?" asked Polly.

"She is gone from us, Polly dear."

"Was you naughty, Lily?" continued the inquisitive little Polypod; "and is that the reason why she's gone?"

"No, Polly dear."

"What is the reason, then, Lily?" inquired the pertinacious little maid. "I want to know."

"God has taken her, Polly," said Lily, in a tearful voice.

"Where has God taken her to, Lily?"

"There!" pointing upward.

What did the matter-of-fact little maid do, there and then, but go to the window and look into the bright sky for Lily's mother. Mrs. Podmore kept her there, and whispered to her that poor Lily was not well and must not be teased. But the child, at intervals, turned her perplexed eyes to the coffin and then to the beautiful clouds, not at all satisfied in her mind, and with all her heart "wanting to know."

At length the ride, weary to some and pleasant to some, was over, and they were in the church-yard and by the grave. There a man, taking old Wheels aside, spoke a few words to him. An expression of amazement, almost of horror, came into the old man's face.

"It is impossible!" he exclaimed, in a tone of uncontrollable agitation. "Here—beneath God's sky—Surely you are mistaken!"

The man replied that there was no mistake.

"Where is the minister?" inquired the old man. "Is that his house? I will go and see him. Come, children, come with me."

And leaving his friends by the grave, the old man, followed by his grandchildren, walked swiftly to the house of the Reverend Mr. Emanuel Creamwell.

When the relatives of the dead woman entered the gloomy study, Felix, seeing a tender girl among them, offered Lily a chair. She bowed without looking into his face, and although she did not sit down, she rested her hand upon the chair, as if she needed support. If the thoughts which animated the minds of the five persons in that sombre study had been laid bare, the strangest of contrasts would have been seen. There sat the Reverend Mr. Creamwell; behind him was his son. They were at variance with one another, and each felt himself so much in the other's way that if it had not been for the tie of kinship that bound them their opposing natures would have led to the plain expression of scorn and contempt on the one side, and of harsh and bitter condemnation on the other.

There stood the delicate girl, whose nerves during the last few days had been strung to the highest point of which her nature was capable. A pure and tender Lily indeed, as graceful as the flower from which she derived her name, and whose white bells, as they arch among the vivid leaves of green, tremble in the lightest breath from zephyr's mouth. It was so with Lily at this time. A harsh word would have caused her to quiver with pain. The effect which the suddenness of her mother's death, and the terrifying dreams that followed, had produced upon her had not passed away. Like the Lily she stood there, dependent upon surrounding things almost for very life itself; kind looks and sweet words gladdened her and helped to make her strong, as kind sunshine and sweet breezes gladden and make strong the flower. And like the flower, the light in which she stood seemed to come from inward brightness and purity.

Her brother Alfred stood by her side. What was stirring in his mind? Well, it was the day on which the Northumberland Plate was run for at the Newcastle-upon-Tyne races. The race was over by this time. Had Christopher Sly won? He trembled to think that it might have been beaten—had come in second, perhaps; had lost "by a head." If it had, there was woe in store for him. If he were in London he would know; this uncertainty was torturing. Now he was in the depth of misery: Christopher Sly had lost, and he had to pay money and to make money good out of an empty purse. Now he was in the height of gladness: the horse could not lose—every one of the prophets had said so; Christopher Sly had won, and every thing was right. It was like a reprieve from death.

Lastly, the grandfather. What his thoughts were will be seen in words. A strange and unexpected trouble had been added to his grief, and his handsome, thoughtful face showed traces of perplexed anxiety.

Felix, standing behind his father, looked at the fair girl before him and wondered what was to come. When he had offered Lily a chair, the Reverend Mr. Creamwell had killed the proffered courtesy with an irritable wave of his hand, which expressed, "You will not presume to sit in my presence." In every thing that Felix did he found cause for anger, and he believed that his son was animated by a distinct wish to thwart and oppose him: this very proffered courtesy to one of these persons was another argument in his mind against Felix. Marble in the hands of a sympathetic worker was more capable of tenderness and gentleness than was the face of the Reverend Mr. Creamwell as he sat in his arm-chair and waited for the intruders to speak.

"My name, Sir, is Verity," commenced the old man, in a humble and respectful voice.

"So I understand," said the Reverend Mr. Creamwell, in a hard and cold voice.

Lily shivered as the harshly spoken words fell upon her ears.

"These are my grandchildren," indicating Lily and Alfred.

"A gentleman," thought Felix, as he followed the courteous action of the old man.

The Reverend Mr. Creamwell received the intimation with a scarcely perceptible nod, and a colder chill came upon Lily's sensitive spirit as she raised her eyes to the dark face of the minister.

"They are the children of my dead daughter," continued the old man, "who, before she died, expressed a wish to be buried in the place which had been familiar to her in her younger and happier days."

"These details are scarcely necessary, I should say. What are you here for?"

The old man's agitation was so great that he was compelled to pause before he answered; but strength seemed to come to him as he looked at the Reverend Mr. Creamwell's stony face.

"The mother of these children," he said, "is waiting in the church-yard to be buried."

"You received my message, I have no doubt." "Some words were spoken to me as coming from you."

"Were not they sufficient?"

"I could not believe, Sir, that the words which were delivered to me came from the lips of a minister of God."

A flash of something very like anger lighted up the small eyes of the Reverend Mr. Creamwell.

"And so you come here to revile His minister?" he said.

"I come here in all humility, Sir," replied the old man.

"Do you wish me to repeat the message?"

"I wish to know, Sir, that I have been mistaken. I can not believe that what I have been told is true."

"It is the evil of the ungodly that they can not answer straight. Do you wish me to repeat the message?"

"Yes, Sir."

"It is very simple. My intimation was to the effect that I can not perform any service over the deceased woman."

"The prayers for the dead—" exclaimed the old man, almost imploringly.

"Are not for her!" said the minister, finishing the sentence sternly.

At these dreadful words Felix started forward to Lily's side; the young girl was trembling, and he feared she was about to fall. Indeed, she would have fallen but for his helping hand. Inward fire possessed the soul of the Reverend Mr. Creamwell at the action of his son, and his wrath was expressed in his face. Felix saw it, but did not heed it; his lips were firmly set as he yielded Lily to her grandfather's arms, who, as he bent over her, murmured,

"I would have spared you the pain, my darling! But I thought that your helplessness and your innocent face would have pleaded for us."

Then he turned to the minister. "Why do you refuse to perform the last rites over the body of my daughter?"

"I am mistaken if you have not been informed. Her parents were members of the Wesleyan Methodist body, and the woman was not baptized in the Church of England. Therefore I can not say prayers over her."

"Is that God's law?"

"It is mine," replied the Reverend Mr. Creamwell, with inconsiderate haste. If, when he heard the rejoinder, he could have caused the old man to fall into dust at his feet, he would have done so.

"You say truly, Sir," said the old man, in a tone of bitter calmness. "It is not God's law; it is yours."

The Reverend Mr. Creamwell shaded his face with his hand. He did not choose that the feeling there expressed should be seen. He knew, by his son's sympathetic movement toward Lily, that Felix had gone over to the enemy, and a consciousness possessed him that Felix was not displeased at his discomfiture. Still it was his duty to assert himself, and he did so accordingly in severe measured terms, and in tones utterly devoid of feeling:

"I have already told you that you came here to revile—to revile God through his minister. It is such as you who set men's minds afire, and drive them into the pit."

But the old man interrupted him with,

"Nay, Sir, do not let us argue; I, at least, have no time. A dead woman is waiting for me. I must go and seek a minister who will say prayers over the poor clay. Come, my children."

"To seek a minister!" echoed the Reverend Mr. Creamwell. "What minister?"

"A Methodist minister, as that is your will."

"Presumptuous!" exclaimed the Reverend Mr. Creamwell, in wrath so pious that a color came to his usually pale face. "No Methodist minister can be allowed to pray in My church-yard"—with a protecting look and motion of his fingers toward the ground where the dead lay—a look which said, "Fear not! My lips have blessed you; my prayers have sanctified you. Thou shalt not be defiled!"

"How, then, is my daughter to be buried?" asked the old man, with his hand to his heart.

"The woman must be buried in silence!" replied the minister.

As if in sympathy with the words, a dark cloud passed across the face of the sun, and the sunbeam, with its myriad wonders, vanished on the instant, while the truant flashes of light that were playing in the corners of the room darted gladly away to places where light was.

The old man bowed his head, and the words came slowly from his trembling lips.

"Cruel! Unjust! Wicked!" he said. "Bitterly, bitterly wicked! Do we not all worship the same God? What has this innocent clay done, that holy words may not fall upon the earth that covers her? What have we done, that the last consolation of prayer shall be denied to us?" Then looking the minister steadily in the face, he said, in a firm voice, "According to your deserts may you be judged! According to your deserts may you, who set your law above God's and call yourself His priest, be dealt with when your time comes!"

Turning, he was about to go, when the voice of the Reverend Mr. Creamwell stopped him.

"Now that you have done your reviling, you will attend to me for a few moments. You lived in this parish once?"

"Twenty years ago," replied the old man.

"All my life up to that time—I and my poor daughter. There will be some here who will remember me."

"I remember you myself. You had a son?"

"No; I had but one child, she who lies yonder."

"Pshaw! it is the same—you had a son-in-law—"

The old man looked up with apprehensive eagerness, and Alfred, who had hitherto been perfectly passive—having, indeed, for most of the time been engrossed in torturing himself about Christopher Sly and the Northumberland Plate—made a sudden movement forward. The old man laid his hand upon his grandson's arm, cautioning him to silence.

"The father of these young persons," continued the Reverend Mr. Creamwell. "Where is he?"

"Alfred," exclaimed the old man, "take Lily away. It is too close for her here. I will join you presently outside."

Indeed, Lily was almost fainting. The long, weary ride, the abstinence from food for so many hours, and the sufferings she had experienced during the dialogue between her grandfather and the minister had been too much for her strength. Seeing her weak state, Felix stepped forward to assist Alfred, and presently they were in the porch.

"Stay one moment, I pray," exclaimed Felix, hurriedly; "only a moment."

He darted into the house and brought out a chair.

"There!" he said. "Let her sit here for a minute or two. It will do her good. We face the west, and the sun is the other side of us."

It is a fact that Felix, with quick instinct, had selected this place as being likely to revive the girl. They were out of the glare of the sun.

"Now if you will oblige me and not let her move," he said, in the same hurried, eager tone, "you will lay me under an obligation that I shall never be able to pay."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he was up stairs, in his own room, tearing open his valise; he scattered the things wildly about, and came flying down again, with a fine white handkerchief and a bottle of Cologne-water in his hand. He poured the liquid upon the handkerchief, and, with a delicate consideration, handed it to Alfred.

"Bathe her forehead with it," he said; "place it on her forehead—so. Now blow gently—gently. Let me!"

He blew upon the handkerchief, and the deliciously cool breeze revived the fainting girl. She looked gratefully into his face, which turned crimson beneath her gaze. But his task was not yet completed, it seemed. He took from his pocket a flask, which he had also found in his valise. There was a little silver cup attached to the flask, and he poured a golden liquid into it.

"Taste this," he said; "it will do you good. Nay, put your lips to it; there's no harm in it. Your brother will drink first to show you how reviving it is."

His voice was like a fountain; there was something so hearty and frank and good in it that it refreshed her. Alfred emptied the silver cup, and his eyes brightened.

"Take a little, Lily," he said; "it will do you good."

She drank a little, and felt stronger at once.

"Where's grandfather?" she asked then.

"He will be with you presently," replied Felix. "I am going in to him. I will tell him to come to you. But before I go—and here his voice faltered and became more earnest—"I want you to say that you forgive me for any pain that you may have felt in—in there," pointing in the direction of the room they had left.

"Forgive you!" said Lily, in surprise. "Why, you have been kind to us! It was not you who said those dreadful words to grandfather. There is nothing to forgive in you."

"There is much to forgive," said Felix, impetuously; "much, very much, if it be true that the sins of the father shall be visited on the children. I am in that state of remorse that I feel as if I have been the cause of your suffering and your pain."

"Nay, you must not think that," she said, in a very gentle voice; "I am not well, and we have come a long, long way."

"Well, but humor my whim," he persisted; "it will please me. Say, 'I forgive you.'"

"I forgive you," she said, with a sad sweet smile.

"Thank you," he said, gravely, and touched her hand; and as he walked into the house again, and into the study where his father and old Wheels were, Lily's sad smile lingered with him, and made him, it may be presumed, more unreasonably remorseful.

While this scene was being enacted outside the Reverend Mr. Creamwell's house, the conversation between the minister and old Wheels was proceeding. When Lily was out of the room the old man said,

"Will you please detain me here as short a time as possible, Sir, as we have much to do and far to go?"

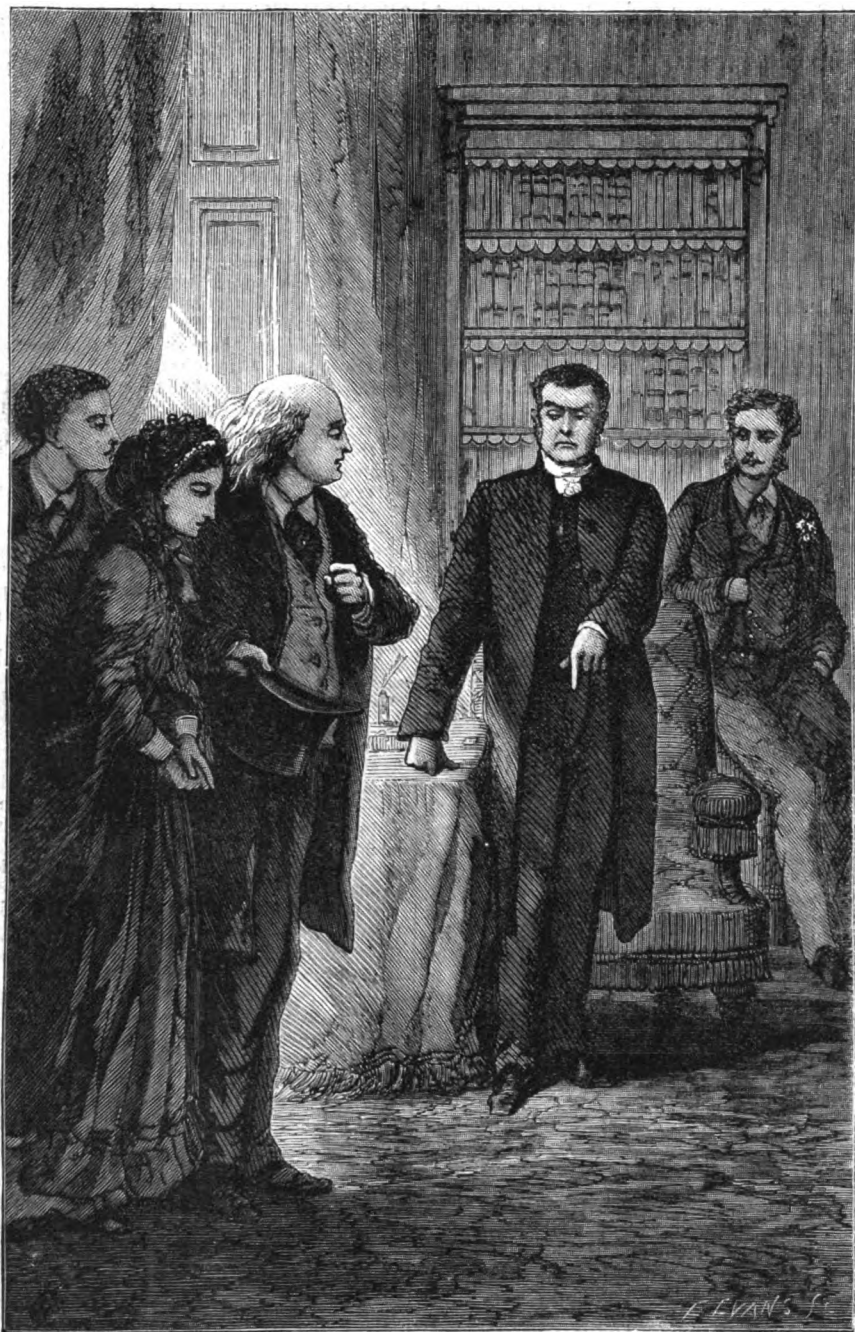
"I will not detain you long," said the Reverend Mr. Creamwell, in the tone of a man who is about to smite his enemy on the hip: "possibly you would not have remained had you not been curious to know what I have to say respecting your son-in-law."

"Possibly not, Sir; you may guess the reason why I wished the tender girl who was here just now not to be present while you spoke."

"Because I might say something unpleasant. Well, it is not a creditable story. Searching among the papers of a deceased man, having warranty to do so, his effects being the property of my son, I came upon this paper. It recites a singular story of an embezzlement which took place—let me see; ah, yes—which took place nearly eighteen years ago. You know the story, probably?"

"There are so many stories of embezzlement. Is my name mentioned?"

"Otherwise I should not have spoken of the matter to you. After reciting the manner of the embezzlement and the name of the criminal, it



"THE WOMAN MUST BE BURIED IN SILENCE."

speaks of intercession made by you on his behalf, and how, somewhat out of compassion and somewhat out of policy, criminal proceedings were withheld. You undertook to repay the money, and after the payment of one large sum dates are set down on which smaller sums were paid on account from time to time."

"I have nothing to say," the old man observed, as the minister paused.

"Any thing to deny?" asked the minister.

At this point Felix entered the room.

"Nothing to deny. The story is true."

"And you," exclaimed the Reverend Mr. Creamwell, loftily, "the father of a criminal who should be expiating his crime in prison, presume to lift your voice against me! Truly, I should but be doing my duty to society if I were to make the matter public."

"Do I understand that the man from whom the money was embezzled is dead?"

"He is dead."

"There is a balance still due," said old Wheels; "one hundred pounds. Has he left the claim to any one?"

"My son is heir to the property," said the Reverend Mr. Creamwell.

"Your son!" There were traces of disappointment in the old man's voice as he looked at Felix. "Is this he?"

"This is he."

"You shall be repaid, Sir," said the old man, humbly, to Felix, "to the last farthing." Felix, who had stood before the old man with head inclined, turned away abruptly at these words, and looked out of window. "It is but just," continued the old man, in firm and gentle tones, "that you and he should know that no one was to blame but the unfortunate man who committed the crime—for crime it was undoubtedly, although the law judged it not. The children who were here a while ago were babes at the time, and it was to save all of us from shame and misery that I undertook to repay the money. I have been all my life paying it, as you may see by the statement in your hand. I did not know that such a document was in existence. I have a signed quitance for the money at home, and have had from the time I paid the first installment, which, as you see, was large enough to wipe off at once three-fourths of the debt. But the moral claim remained and remains. It is my pride to think that some part of my dear granddaughter's earnings have gone toward the clearing of her father's shame, of which, up to the present moment, she has never heard. Depend upon it, Sir, the balance that remains shall be faithfully paid. Have you any thing farther to say to me?"

"Nothing farther. You can go."

The old man lingered as though he were wishing to say a word to Felix; but that young gentleman, standing with his back to him, gave him no

opportunity, and he left the study in silence. Then the Reverend Mr. Creamwell rose and paced the room, indulging in bitter meditations. It had been an unfortunate afternoon for him; every thing but this last small triumph had gone wrong with him; he had been crossed, almost defied, at every turn. First his son; then this presumptuous old man, whose words were still burning in his mind. And his son's silence now irritated him. Every moment added to his irritation. Felix, standing with his face to the window, looking out upon the church-yard, and upon the figures of the old man and his grandchildren walking toward the grave, showed no disposition to move or to speak. In the eyes of his father this implied disrespect. He was not destitute of a certain decision of character, and in harsh tones he called upon Felix to speak.

"I have been considering, Sir," said Felix.

"I ask your pardon for keeping you waiting."

"Considering what?" demanded the Reverend Mr. Creamwell.

"The proposition you made to me before these persons intruded upon us. You offered me a shelter here until I determined upon a profession."

"On the express understanding that you conform to my rules."

"I do not forget, Sir. Those were your very words. Will you permit me?" He took from the table the document which had been referred to in the conversation that had lately taken place. "And this old man has been all his life paying a debt for which he was not liable! There is hope yet for human nature, Sir." A queer smile came upon his lips as he uttered these words in a half-gentle, half-bantering tone.

"Speak plainly," was the stern rejoinder of the Reverend Mr. Creamwell.

"I will try to do so. My uncle left a request that all his papers should be burned, and I am my uncle's heir. Why was this preserved?"

"You have heard: for your good. It is worth money to you. The man admits the claim."

"Money!" exclaimed Felix, with a light laugh, in which there was bitterness. "But the dead must be obeyed."

He went to the fire-place, struck a match, and applied the light to the paper. The Reverend Mr. Creamwell, with face white with anger, watched the burning of the paper. Felix let the ashes fall into the fender, and tapped his fingers lightly together, with the air of one wiping away a soil.

"So!" he said. "I wash my hands of that."

"You know what you have done?" said the Reverend Mr. Creamwell, placing his hand upon the table to steady himself.

"Yes, Sir," answered Felix, gravely; "I shall never trouble you again."

Then he left the room quietly and sadly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PASSIFLORA.

STANDING in the lovely shade,
Tranced in the morning air,
Lady fair and little maid,
What hath stayed thy footsteps there?

Something makes the lady linger,
Following the childish finger
Pointing where, from depths of dew,
Peeping fragrant shadows through,
Graceful in the golden hour,
Lifts and leans a radiant flow'r.

Mournful memories enfold her;
Yet she whispers, with a smile,
Lightly pressing the child's shoulder,
"Leave me, darling, for a while;
Roll your hoop a little way;
I will watch you at your play."

Sweet and strange the haunting power
Of that dream-recalling flower;
Every petal seems to be
Moulded of a memory.

There is hunger in her eyes:
Looking on herself she sighs,
Stricken with the changeful shine
Of her gems and vestments fine—
Fetters, though, of festal grace,
Symbols of a bondage base.

"Can it be?" the lady thinks;
"Was I, then, so vilely bought
By the glitter of the links
Of a chain no love had wrought—
Self-expelled from the sweet heav'n
Of my lover's loving thought?"

Gentlest zephyrs swayed the flower,
Wandered in and out the bower,
Whispered with her dress, and then,
Flitting through the bow'r again,
Kissed the rosy child at play,
Softly sighed, and swooned away.

In the breathless air the leaves
Seemed, in mute enchantment lying,
Like the glistening wings of birds
Charmed in the act of flying.
Through the stillness to her side
One sad shadow seemed to glide.

Dainty hands, that hung apart,
Now she clasps with sudden start,
Thinking, with an aching heart,
"I would give, had I the power,
All, to know one perfect hour
In his arms who, with a kiss,
Gave me once a flower like this!"

Then the shadow, grown so bright,
Fairer, finer than the light,
In its radiance bending, pressed
That pale lady to its breast,
Kissed her trembling lips and smiled,
Pointing to the little child—

Smiled, and vanished in the glow
Of the morning. Did she know?
Who can tell? Yet something seemed
To have blessed her as she dreamed.
Dreaming still, with drooping head,
Thus within herself she said:

"For dear love betrayed and slain
Nothing, nothing can atone!
I have earned mine own regret,
Won the bitter wage of pain:
Groping loveless ways—alone,
Life hath left one promise yet
Leaving thee—my little one!"

"Love shall save my little child!
Not the sunny heav'n's shall be
More inviolate and free
Than thy gentle heart in thee."
Thinking thus the dreamer smiled.
"Love shall be as summer skies
In the deep blue of thine eyes;
Ever on thine open brow
Shall thy heart reveal, as now
Glorious and undefiled."

Slowly from the lovely bow'r,
From the dream-recalling flow'r,
Glides the lady. In her face,
'Neath its olden haughty grace,
Through its cloud of vain repining,
Something new is softly shining.

While the lady's looks are bent
On her child with high intent,
They who know her not, and they
Who have seen her day by day,
Greeting her with transient gaze,
Glance again in vague amaze:
Some a trivial wonder feeling,
Faintly felt, and quickly flown;
Others from her heart's revealing
Turn to visions in their own.

Many through the summer day
Come and go that sylvan way,
Linger for a languid hour
In the shadows of the bow'r.
Did that flow'r, unheeded, bending
Meekly in the fervid noon,
In its dying fragrance lending
To the blending sweets of June,
Bloom in vain or die too soon?



PASSIFLORA.



THE CITY OF ANTIOCH, SHOWING THE OLD WALLS AND CASTLE.

DESTRUCTION OF ANTIOCH.

At an early hour of the morning of April 8 the inhabitants of the ancient city of Antioch were roused from slumber by a rumbling noise, louder than thunder, which to their terror-stricken minds portended some awful catastrophe. Rushing into the streets, they found the ground rocking to and fro, the houses toppling over in all directions, and the air filled with the shrieks of the maimed and dying. The panic-stricken citizens flocked in crowds toward the open country, hoping to make their escape; but fifteen hundred perished in the flight, and were buried beneath the ruins of the falling buildings. To add to

the terror of the scene, the river Orontes rose and swept over the lower portions of the city, carrying away the two bridges that spanned it, and the greater portion of the walls of the town.

Antioch the Beautiful, the Queen of the East, was once the most magnificent city of Syria, even outshining its wealthy rivals Aleppo and Damascus. It was built 300 B.C. by Seleucus Nicator, founder of the Syro-Macedonian empire, and named in honor of his father Antiochus. For six hundred years it was esteemed the most prosperous city in Western Asia, the centre of arts and civilization. Its climate, tempered by the west wind, was the most delicious, though enervating, in the world. Its very origin

was a romance. When its founder decided upon his great undertaking, the sanction of auguries was sought for the establishment of the new metropolis. Like Romulus on the Palatine, Seleucus is said to have watched the flight of birds from the summit of Mount Casius. An eagle, carrying in his talons a fragment of the flesh of the sacrifice, decided the site of Antioch. This legend is often represented on the coins of Antioch by the figure of an eagle carrying the thigh of a victim; while the astrological propensities which characterized the Antiochians are signified by the figure of a ram combined with a star, denoting the vernal sign of the zodiac, under which the city was founded.

It was at Antioch that the followers of Christ first assumed the name of Christians; it was from there that St. Paul commenced his missionary labors, and that St. Chrysostom, the "golden-mouthed," was born. But misfortune already hovered over the doomed city. About 145 B.C. a hundred thousand of the inhabitants perished in a war with the Jews. In 115 A.D. the city was visited by an earthquake which lasted several days and nights, and destroyed a large portion of it. The Emperor Trajan narrowly escaped with his life by leaping from a window. Thirty years later it was nearly annihilated by fire, but was rebuilt by Antoninus Pius. In 331 A.D., after having been thrice captured and plun-



FOUNTAIN AT ANTIOCH.

dered, it was scourged by a terrible famine; and in 881 by another still more severe, which was followed by the plague. In 458 it was almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake; in 526 it suffered the same fate again; and twelve years later Chosroes, King of Persia, captured it, burned it to the ground, and put all the inhabitants to the sword. In 587 it was again blotted out by an earthquake, in which thirty thousand lives were lost. It subsequently passed from the hands of the Crusaders into those of the Egyptians, and sank into a state of complete insignificance. Another earthquake, in 1822, swallowed up all that remained of the relics of the past. A miserable little Arab town of about seven thousand inhabitants rose on the ruins, and one-half of this has just been leveled to the ground by the last in a long line of unparalleled calamities, that have crushed the destinies of what was once the greatest city of the East.

POPPING THE QUESTION

I RECOLLECT, in former days,
I loved a maiden with blue eyes;
Her style was gentle, and her hand
Exactly formed the proper size.

Her voice in cadence had the sound
An eddy makes in mossy nook,
And when she spoke to me, I thought,
With slightly extra interest shook.

Thus dawning of sweet love began—
Delightful tremblings in my chest
Foretold the bliss to come at noon,
When all the truth had been confessed.

One charming day when larks were high,
And we were on the walk alone,
I thought that Providence had marked
The hour especially our own.

I told her in few words my love;
She answered with accepting tear;
And just before the sealing kiss,
Sighed, "What's your income, dear?"

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

An Opportunity for Benevolence.—Our Universities.—The Boat-Races.

WOULD you like to join in a subscription for the enfranchisement of an innocent prisoner and in the cause of "right against might?" because, if so, there is now an opportunity such as is not likely to occur again. The claimant to the Tichborne estates has issued from Newgate an address to the people of England, asking for funds to defend him upon his approaching trial for perjury, and I have no doubt he would have no objection to have them supplemented by a few American dollars. It is just possible that you may decline to take advantage of this chance of showing your love of justice; but, seriously, I do think if there is any truth in the statement that "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," your Tammany and Erie rings ought to do something for this poor gentleman. He has attempted *alone* what they have striven for shoulder to shoulder, and is the hero of the most gigantic swindle in the Old World as they in the New. "Sir," observed one of his believers yesterday (who has subscribed to his story, but not, so far as I could gather, to his relief fund), "I believe that man to be as much a martyr as any saint in the calendar."

"So do I," was the cruel rejoinder—"in the *Newgate Calendar*."

This injured innocent, though his love of sport is well known, was not even permitted to leave his cell to witness the boat-race between Oxford and Cambridge on Saturday, which, notwithstanding the snow and hail, attracted its tens of thousands, as usual. Curiously enough, the popularity of this event has so greatly increased of late years that I should not be surprised if it prolonged the existence of both universities in their present state. The exclusiveness of their course of education, which is almost wholly confined to classics and mathematics, its inefficiency, and, above all, the immense expense attending it, has been long felt to be a national grievance, while the conservative character of the opinions promulgated therein has not tended to conciliate the public toward them. Five hundred pounds is the very least for which it is possible to obtain a university degree, its average price being more nearly double that sum; and when it is gained, unless a fellowship chance to be obtained with it, our graduates leave the apron strings of their *alma mater* wholly unprovided with the intellectual weapons by which the battle of life is to be fought. Yet, thanks to the sixteen young men of thew and sinew, and to their two coxswains of inconsiderable weight, who delight our metropolis yearly with the gratuitous spectacle of a boat-race, I am compelled to own that the cleansing of the Augean stables on Cam and Isis seems farther off than ever. A certain gentleman in "Pickwick" observes of his friend, whose moral qualities are called in question, "He can imitate six cats in a wheelbarrow—six distinct cats, I give you my word of honor; and how can one help admiring a fellow with traits like that?" And so it is in this case. "No matter what lads learn or don't learn," says the public, "one can not help admiring a university system that produces eight distinct men in an outrigger, all rowing like one"—and, it must be confessed, a very good one.

Two or three days before this event comes off, the great current of life in the West End is perceptibly swelled by an alien stream. Old university men, country curates perhaps, glad to be reminded of their palmy days, and willing thus to expend one of their few holidays in the year, come from afar to see "the race," while all the young under-graduates who can muster a ten-pound note rush up to town with the same object, and perhaps some others. They throng

the theatres, the music-halls, the casinos; and not being under the vow of abstinence that the competitors in the aquatic contest have to keep, astonish the natives by their capabilities of enjoyment. Even the circles of the City, of the marts and banks, are stirred for a few hours; and every one drives, or rides, or steams to the river-side. For a week before we sedulously renew our acquaintance with Smith, who has a house at Haunersmith, or Jones, who has a villa at Mortlake, in hopes to be asked to the breakfast that they always give on such occasions. The week afterward we have dropped them again, for their dwellings (which are also invariably damp) have no attraction for us except that they command a view of this exciting spectacle—and their proprietors know it. "We shall see you, I suppose, next year," says Jones, with a look of comical remonstrance, as we leave his hospitable door.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

INTELLIGENCE has been recently received from Yedo by one of the Japanese embassy to the effect that the barbarous custom which has existed to an alarming extent of inflicting punishment upon all persons professing faith in Christianity has been gradually growing into disfavor ever since the present Mikado ascended the throne. The news now comes to us that the Mikado and his able counselors have determined to recognize the inalienable right of all persons to such a mode of worship as is consistent with the dictates of their own consciences. Only a short time ago reports were circulated that native Christians at Nangasaki, Japan, had suffered cruel tortures for their religion, and that a high official at the Mikado's court was the chief instigator. These reports have been wholly contradicted both by London journals and by prominent members of the Japanese embassy. It is believed that the persecution of native Christians is a thing of the past on the part of the Japanese government; that while it is possible, in the transition state of the empire, some ex-prince, not yet deprived of all power, may have enforced some old edicts against Christianity, the government itself would entirely discountenance any thing of the kind. Recent missionary letters from Yokohama speak of the obstacles to the propagation of the Christian faith in Japan as "fast disappearing."

A writer in a Milwaukee paper asks, "What have I gained in a son who, at twenty years of age, is an example of scholarship, but at twenty-one dies of consumption?" This is a question which all thoughtful parents may well consider. Extensive learning and a broken constitution will avail little. Training of the mind and body should keep pace with each other.

Thump goes the Speaker's gavel, its sullen thud marking the hour of twelve, and calling to order the House of Representatives at Washington. The chaplain, with painful punctuality, commences his officially religious service. Perhaps one-quarter of the members are present. Of these some assume a standing position, or bow the head in acknowledgment of the religious exercise; some sit, with no recognition of it; occasionally one continues to read his newspaper or goes on with his writing; and very likely one may see a couple of members engaged in a whispered conversation. The prayer ended, the clerk reads, in a hard, unyielding, but extraordinary voice, certain records. That voice, we suppose, would the sooner wear out were it modulated at all to give the least expression. Bills are in order to-day, and the clerk has no sooner ended than "Mr. Speaker," "Mr. Speaker," comes from every part of the House, which by this time is somewhat fuller. That same Speaker must stand a chance of growing crazed by the continual hurrying of that note in his ears. The member from *so and so* gets the floor, and then follows a little speech, or a big one, as the case may be. Does any body attend to what he is saying? Possibly: the *Globe* reporter certainly does; but as for the majority of the others, why, can they not read it all in the *Globe* the next morning? Watch for a moment from the gallery the general aspect of the house. Members are walking restlessly about, apparently better contented any where else than in their own seats. A favorite and characteristic position is with both hands in the pockets; this is varied by one hand in pocket and one behind the back, or both behind the back or over the head. Some who retain a sitting posture poise their feet on opposite chairs or desks; many tip back at an angle supposed to be comfortable in the extreme; while others still, converting their chairs into temporary rockers, jog themselves back and forth contentedly. Some sit sensibly in their seats listening to the one speaking, or are quietly reading or writing. The aspect below changes. A motion to adjourn has been made; the Speaker calls for a vote by yeas and nays, then by count, and finally the long roll is read. But how long must be the adjournment? Another vote is taken, again the tedious roll is called, and so half an hour or even an hour is spent. Unsophisticated lookers-on think, "What a waste of time!" and mentally calculate: with one hundred and twenty-five members in the House, one hour wasted by all makes a big slice of time. But all this is with a purpose; filibustering is not an uncommon device of politicians.

Young girls receive another warning from the fate of Marie Van Noort, of Paterson, New Jersey. One evening recently she surpassed all her companions in "jumping the rope" four hundred times in succession without stopping. She died the next day.

An exchange gives the following method to discover spurious greenbacks, or national bank notes: Divide the last two figures of the number of the bill by four, and if one remain the letter on the genuine will be A; if two remain it will be B; if three, C; and should there be no remainder, the letter will be D. For example, a note is registered 2461; divide sixty-one by four, and you will have one remaining. According to the rule the letter on the note will be A. In

case the rule fails, be certain that the bill is counterfeit.

A new historical relic is to be added to the treasures of Notre Dame, Paris, in the shape of the cassock worn by Monseigneur Darboy on the day of his death. Visitors to the church may then see the cassocks of the three archbishops of Paris who died by assassination: of Monseigneur Affre, killed on the barricade of St. Antoine; of Monseigneur Sibour, killed in the Church of St. Etienne du Mont; and of Monseigneur Darboy, killed by the Communists in the prison of La Roquette.

On court occasions the Queen of England is usually dressed with simplicity. Her favorite dress is black silk, with a train trimmed with ermine and jet, and the usual long white tulle veil surmounted by a coronet of jet. In addition to this she usually wears some jet ornaments, the ribbon and star of the order of the Garter, the orders of Victoria and Albert and Louise of Prussia, and many German family orders. The princesses generally wear black and silver, with pearl ornaments. But the attendant crowd of dukes, duchesses, viscounts, countesses, distinguished foreigners, consuls, ambassadors, and honorable and honored people are radiant in magnificent garments and costly jewelry.

The Prudential Assurance Company, of London, has created a department of service for which only the daughters and widows of professional men, merchants, and gentlemen engaged in public offices are eligible. This restriction is made with a view of securing ladies of the best education who are compelled to seek employment. In London women are quite generally employed as clerks in telegraph and post offices, and usually give entire satisfaction.

An exchange tells a pretty bit of a story, which contains such a good lesson for children of small and larger growth that we give it, somewhat abridged: One day a fine Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a sharp discussion over a bone, and warred away as angrily as two boys. They were fighting on a bridge; and the first thing they knew, over they went into the water. The banks were so high that they were forced to swim some distance before they came to a landing-place. It was very easy for the Newfoundland; he was as much at home in the water as a seal. But not so poor Bruce; he struggled and tried his best to swim, but made little headway. The Newfoundland dog quickly reached the land, and then turned to look at his old enemy. He saw plainly that his strength was fast falling, and that he was likely to drown. So what should that noble fellow do but plunge in, seize him gently by the collar, and, keeping his nose above water, tow him safely into port! It was funny to see these dogs look at each other as they shook their wet coats. Their glance said as plainly as words, "We'll never quarrel any more."

An Orange County farmer went out one morning to dig in a muck swamp. Most unexpectedly he turned up the bones of a mastodon, for which relics, it is said, he has refused fifteen hundred dollars. It is to be hoped, however, that all the Orange County farmers will not neglect their butter and cheese and milk to look for mastodons. It would not pay as a steady business.

Japan now possesses a large fleet of war and transport steamers. The government has constructed a stone dry-dock which will admit steamers of the largest size; also it has foundries and machine-shops containing the best machinery obtainable in France. A railroad is being constructed between Yedo and Kiogo, a distance of about 400 miles. Sixteen hundred pupils are studying foreign languages in the government schools at Yedo, three-fourths of whom are under American teachers. An American fills the highest office that a foreigner can hold under the Japanese government—that is, imperial councillor—whose duty is to frame codes of general laws for the empire. Four Americans compose a scientific commission to introduce new methods of agriculture, mechanics, mining, roads, etc.; while another American has been appointed to revise and organize a system of internal revenue somewhat similar to our own. About one thousand Japanese have been sent abroad during the last four years to study the laws and languages and customs of Christian countries. The embassy now visiting the United States for international purposes will be keen observers of our republican institutions.

Many of the streets and avenues of Washington are from 130 to 160 feet wide, and none are less than 90 feet. This peculiarity in the laying out of the capital gives a free and airy aspect to the whole city; but it can easily be seen what a burden it must be to construct properly, and to keep in good repair and in a cleanly condition, such wide streets. A few huge thoroughfares like these would be excellent, but so large a number is needless. They are inconvenient to cross, and, from the difficulty of shading them, intolerably hot in summer. In laying out Washington, streets seem to have been the main idea in view, and building lots a matter of secondary importance.

As earthquakes are becoming of so frequent occurrence—in our own country to a slight extent, and more seriously in other countries—it is comforting to recollect that Sir John Herschel and other scientific men were believers in the great usefulness of these convulsions of nature. The theory is that were it not for the changes in the earth's crust which are constantly being effected by the action of subterranean forces, of which the earthquake is the most active manifestation, the action of the sea beating upon the land, together with the denuding power of rain, would inevitably cover the entire earth with one vast ocean.

The terrible earthquake in California, which wrought such destruction of life and property in the town of Lone Pine, was sensibly felt in San Francisco, Sacramento city, and other places. The Sacramento *Union* relates the effects produced at a ball which was in progress when the earthquake arrived: "Suddenly, while

dancing, the ladies looked in an astonished manner at the gentlemen, and the gentlemen at the ladies, each apparently having a suspicion that the other had been indulging too frequently in exhilarating beverages. Then followed a more severe shock, and the word 'earthquake' passed from mouth to mouth. The dance suddenly stopped; many of the ladies fainted, while others clung to one another in terror. One young lady, who had started to descend the stairs leading from the gallery to the main hall, was precipitated from top to bottom, but escaped uninjured. A score or two started to rush out of the front entrance, but were checked by officers."

It is consoling to be assured by certain parties who have investigated the matter that a goodly proportion of the milk sold in our city is free from injurious adulterations and untainted by disease. It is not so pleasing, however, to be informed that daily frauds are perpetrated by the systematic dilution of the milk with water. It is said that the average percentage of pure milk in the adulterated article with which this city and vicinage is supplied is a little less than three parts in four; that is, to three quarts of pure milk a little over one quart of water is added.

LITTLE POLLY PILKERTON.

CHAPTER I.

OLD Pilkerton—old by virtue of his being Polly's father—kept a saddler's shop in Long Acre. He was the third generation which had dealt in pig-skin, and had been duly apprenticed to his father, who, in his turn, had served his own father, and had been dutifully instructed in the art and mystery of making saddles. The Pilkerton saddle had a good name, and the artists who built them knew their own work. The shop was excellently kept—a pleasant large room, smelling of new leather, glittering with new bits, curbs, and snaffles, and ornamented with a finely carved head of a horse upon which the Pilkerton headstall, worked curiously and with a multiplicity of stitches, was exhibited to perfection. Herein old Pilkerton received his customers, gentlemen of large estates, masters of hounds, young heirs who took an interest in hunting and in horses, and fair ladies who would step from their carriages to see their side-saddles built.

Pilkerton was a handsome dark man on the right side of forty-five, bald-headed, well-shaven, and with a neat black whisker. His manner was that of a sound, honest English tradesman. Quickly deferential in taking orders, firm and manly in pointing out what could and should be done, and of that kind which generally won its own way. "Leave that to me, Sir," he would say. "I have worked in leather more than five-and-twenty years, and I know what can be done with it."

The saddler was a widower; his only daughter, Polly, rising twenty, had been well educated at the Misses Blumberry's Establishment, near Bedford Square, was an adept at music, and had carried off two or three prizes in French. On the whole she was superior in accomplishments to the general run of tradesmen's daughters, and was soberly religious, being a Wesleyan and a Sunday-school teacher.

As a rule, tradesmen who mind their shop find that their shop minds them, and have at their banker's plenty of money to fall back upon in the rainy day. But there are exceptions. Pilkerton was one. He was just as the story opens subject to a run of ill luck. His banker had "broken," and, in breaking, broke some hundreds of smaller men into little pieces. The old saddler, however, weathered the storm. The shop did not look less bright and workman-like, but it had less stock in it: Pilkerton was in debt to his leather-seller, had to send in his own bills at an earlier date, and, instead of a clerk, Polly, who never saw her father's customers before, came into and ornamented the little glass case which served for a counting-house, and kept his books.

When sorrows come they come not single spies. Pilkerton, the saddler, tried to hold his own, and seeing a contract from a great house for saddlery, sent in—and blessed his luck when he got it!

The great Earl of Sangpur, a military nobleman who devoted himself to his regiment—the Red-legs, a dashing light cavalry corps—determined to astonish the world. He had invented a new demi-peak saddle, and, as the government looked coldly on it, had obtained from his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief the great favor of presenting the whole regiment with new saddles. H.R.H. looked upon this craze with a kindly pity, but the earl had proved himself a household soldier to the back-bone, and had once added £20 per man to the regulation price of the horses of the regiment. Sangpur was beloved by the men, but hated by his officers, whom he put to all manner of expense. "What does a fellow," he once said, "do in my regiment with less than three thousand a year?" and the question was unanswerable.

Messrs. Moses, Macbeth, & Company, the well-known army clothiers of St. James's Street, took the contract. English society will not allow the real workers to do such large jobs without a middle-man. Moses, Macbeth, & Company thereon sent round to various saddlers, and Pilkerton—whose name stood very high—was selected to carry out the order of "seven hundred and fifty saddles, as per sample."

"We've got the best man in the 'orld, mi lud," said little Moses (a red-headed Israelite with a Roman nose and a heavy mustache, dressed in the most perfect civil-military costume). He had originally been a tailor at Chatham, but had prospered—in spite of two bankruptcies—which ill-natured persons said made his fortune.

"Who is he?"

"Pilkerton, of Long Acre."
 "He'll do," said the earl, who knew the sadder's fame in the hunting-field. Why, then, did he not give the order to Pilkerton? This is one of the mysteries of trade.

"We've got to find him the money," said Mr. Moses, with a jeer. "These good workmen are so poor."

"You can draw, Mr. Moses, when part of the order is executed," said the nobleman, kindly.

Moses, Macbeth, & Co. did draw; poor Pilkerton did not. Like an old-fashioned tradesman, he liked to have his money in a lump, and had a pious horror of prepayment. His spirits rose with his luck, and he worked bravely at his contract.

The Wesleyan minister under whom little Polly Pilkerton sat was the Reverend Samuel Stoker, a pious man, who did not disdain to sport an American degree of D.D. Dr. Stoker had prospered, lived in Bedford Square, had a son who was in a good position in the Metropolitan and Provincial Bank, and a daughter who, when poor Pilkerton lost his money, tried to help Polly by taking music lessons from her. Miss Stoker was very stupid but very good-natured, and Polly was delighted. So was young Samuel Stoker, who delighted in his second name of Keach—Keach Stoker, Esq.—he was named after a celebrated divine who had expounded the prophecies.

Keach Stoker was fond of music, went every Saturday to the Crystal Palace Concerts, and returned so late that he was never seen at his father's chapel. It is a way with clergymen's sons, as well as with those of pious Non-conformists. Sally Stoker, named Sarah after the wife of the patriarch, and born in days before D.D. ornamented her father's name, mourned over this, and the preacher himself improved the occasion in his celebrated "Lectures to Young Men," on what Keach called profanely the "Double Event," that is, on "Making a Bank in both Worlds." But Keach dressed fashionably, rose in his bank, shook his head when any one talked about marrying, said he was a beggar on five hundred a year; and so he was a beggar in slate-colored kid gloves, splendidly cut trousers, a glossy hat, and unexceptionable boots.

This did not—this miserable state of poverty, I mean—hinder him from making covert love to Polly. When Polly gave her evening lessons, Keach, who was more than suspected of having been seen at theatres and promenade concerts, managed to stay at home, to the great delight of Sally and the D.D. He even joined in family prayer, carefully kneeling down on a scented pocket-handkerchief. He was a universal favorite this young fellow, so sober, so staid, yet so awake to all the doings of the world. His father, in spite of his absence from chapel, and his presence in a new very high church where he could leave before the sermon, looked upon him with high favor.

Keach on his part coached his father up on the state of the funds, and had he advised Pilkerton would have saved him from his losses. When the D.D.'s congregation, upon the conclusion of a ministry of twenty years, presented him with a silver tea-pot and six hundred sovereigns, Keach took his father aside, made him spend all the six hundred in "Egyptians," and in two months after sold out at a premium which made six into eight. Then he split the eight into two parts, and divided them equally between "Russians" and "Turks;" both went up, the first more rapidly; and when Dr. Stoker thought fit to retire, Keach congratulated the pater, as he called him, upon having a neat little "thou," a pet abbreviation with City men for a thousand.

"You were quite right to sell just before dividends, pater. 'Egyptians' don't stand quite so well *ex div.*"

"I don't touch the interest," said old Stoker. "It smacks of usury."

"Quite right, Sir," said Keach, paring his nails. "I will tell you always when to sell out—and when to buy in." "Why not?" he whispered to himself; "it will come to me some day."

So Keach Stoker, Esq., rising at his bank, and beloved at home, prospered with every body except Polly Pilkerton.

The reason was not far to seek.

Almost every evening, except on those of the music lessons, young Benjamin Mansell, who also sat under the great Stoker, and made his boots, came round ostensibly to talk about the leather market and the price of skins, but in reality to look at Polly Pilkerton. Old Mansell and old Pilkerton were boyhood's friends, but the saddler, consorting with a higher class of customer, had learned to look down on the boot-maker.

In his "line" Mansell was as good a workman as Pilkerton; so there could be no reason for this show of pride. But when has pride a reason? Old Mansell, a thoughtful man, like his son, and boot-makers in general, smoked his pipe, thought that his friend "showed a stiff upper lip," and said nothing. Young Mansell, on the contrary, felt the slight and would have resented it; but he was over head and ears in love with Polly. Love makes a man swallow a good deal. Ben thought that he was not fine enough, and therefore improved himself both mentally and as far as bodily adornment went. He was a fine manly young fellow, thoughtful and observant, and determined to win his way. He did not take a bad way to do it: Polly observed his improvement, put his motives, with the unerring perception of women when they are themselves concerned, down to the right cause, and liked him all the better for it.

"I can't think why you encourage that young shoe-maker, Polly?"

"He is a boot-maker, father—and we are but saddlers."

"Boot-makers and shoe-makers are all the

same—'snobs!'" said old Pilkerton, bitterly. The loss of his money had made him very cynical, and his darling wish was to marry his daughter to a man who was not only rich, but above his own station in life.

"Snob or not," said Polly, coloring at the insult, "he is more polite to you than Mr. Keach Stoker."

Both were thinking of the same person at the time.

"Ah! that is a man!" said Pilkerton, with gusto. "He's sure to rise in the world."

"I hope he will," said Polly, tossing her head. That same evening she consoled young Ben by going out a walk with him round Russell Square and down by what old Pilkerton called the Fondling. She had a will of her own, this Polly.

"Tain't quite a proper place for a young lady to walk, it's so lonely," said her father.

"Law!—and you and mother used to go a-courting round there when London wasn't half so full," said Polly, with a laugh, holding up her face for her father to kiss. "I can take care of myself; and Ben and I have walked and talked together since we were ten. He's so clever and so fond of poetry, and tells me such pretty things."

This was true. Ben was an enthusiast; never talked of himself but when he had read some noble book or poem; and he was always reading, and spouted it out to Polly—sometimes the people thought the young couple quarreling. They had not come to that yet; they had not even made love.

But if Ben had puzzled his long head for a week—and he was no fool—he could not have hit upon a better way to catch Polly. When he recited in his grave tones and manly voice, and his good reading—taught him more by his own heart than by the *Penny Elocutionist* he took in, and the quarter he spent at a Mechanics' Institute elocution class—Polly insensibly connected herself with the heroine, and Ben, as the nearest male creature at hand, with the hero, and her pretty eyes, turned on his, often glimmered with dewy tears under the gas lamps. Ah! those happy autumn walks; happy Russell Square; happy "Fondling"—then so appropriately named.

"I say, Ben," said Polly, taking hold of his arm so closely that it made him shiver delightfully, "tell me more about the 'Patrician's Daughter'—when Mildred won't have him, and she's in love with him all the time, you know. How stupid women are! are they not, Ben?"

"No, Polly; how can I think so when you can take all the points so well? They are not stupid. They think with their hearts."

"That's why they break them so often, putting 'em to an improper purpose. But, Ben, if a Miss Mildred—wasn't it Mildred?—rejected you on your being a—a—not a patrician, you know—what should you do, Ben?"

"I should break mine, Polly, if I loved her as I can love."

"How's that?" said Polly, with a feigned funny little laugh.

"With all my mind, with all my heart, and with all my soul!"—here he gave Polly's arm, quite mechanically on his part, a tremendous squeeze, and the same delicious shiver ran through her frame—"and my neighbor as myself," said Ben; "that's in the Church Catechism which Dr. Stoker preaches against, Polly."

"Is it?" said Polly. The tone of her voice was strangely altered. "Gracious! there's ten o'clock, Ben. How late it is! What will poor father say?"

Somehow Polly felt rather guilty that night.

CHAPTER II.

THE old saddler worked away at his contract early and late, and took so much trouble that each saddle was indeed furnished "as per sample." Seven hundred and fifty saddles took a good deal of work and leather; and work and leather have to be paid for.

Pilkerton was too proud to unburden himself to Moses, Macbeth, & Co., and it would have been of little use had he done so. He followed a well-known custom, and made use of a little paper instrument; he, in the slang of Mr. Keach Stoker, "flew a kite," drawing upon his old friend Mansell, who was a "warm" man, so far as a few hundreds can make one warm, for "value received." Mr. Mansell carried out the fiction like a man and a brother tradesman; some "gentlemen" in the City discounted the bill, and Pilkerton was furnished with cash. Still, although the boot-maker had obliged his early friend with the use of his name, Pilkerton did not think it any more proper that the boot-maker's son should marry his daughter.

There was, therefore, some little coolness when Polly came home, but the saddle contract was so nearly done, the money was so sure to be paid, and the saddler was too full of hope to be very full of anger.

So father and daughter found the time go very pleasantly, Polly thinking of the "Patrician's Daughter," and admiring her Ben when he recited "Romeo and Juliet," while the father stuck closely to work with his men, paying them liberally, too, until the whole seven hundred and fifty demi-peak saddles were delivered to Mr. Moses, who looked somewhat coldly at them before Mr. Pilkerton, but was loud in his praises of the work to Lord Sangpur.

Had the saddler heard the words uttered by the Jew to the nobleman, he would have been full of praise if not of pudding. However, the work merited all that was said by Moses, Macbeth, & Co.; better saddles were never delivered; and my lord drew a check for the balance due on the spot.

Messrs. Moses, Macbeth, & Co. did not go and do likewise. They well knew the value of money, and sent poor Pilkerton wearily back with hardly a sovereign in his pocket. He had

exhausted all his own money and the bill as well, and sat down, miserably enough, to wait. His contract had taken up his whole time; he had even offended some of his best customers; and he sat in his almost empty shop, lately so full of bustle, with his strong muscular hands spread idly before him.

"You're dull, father, to-day," said Polly, apparently as gay as a lark.

"Idle men generally are dull."

"Law! you're not idle; why, you are always at work. All work and no play, you know. Why don't you go and smoke a pipe with old Mr. Mansell?"

"I shall be thinking of that bill—comes due next week!" sighed Pilkerton.

"Never mind; I've got all our accounts out, and if they would only pay up—"

"Ah! but my customers are all out of town, and that man, Moses—I never saw a Macbeth about him."

"What a funny name! That's the same name that Ben talks about so beautifully," said Polly to herself. "They must pay, father," she said, aloud. "It was a ready-money job, and at a ready-money price."

"Ah!" sighed Pilkerton, "I do wish they would think so. You see, gentlemen of their persuasion have not got to do as they would be done by."

"No; Ben says they 'do, or else they would be done,'" whispered Polly. "I don't much like them. But there are good among them. Hallo! here's the postman, father—with a check."

Pilkerton hurried forward, and trembled as he took a lawyer's letter. He stammered, hardly knowing what he said, "I can't have made a mistake with that fresh bill of mine; it hasn't come due; and this isn't a writ, is it, Polly?" Poor old fellow! he was too innocent of those useful bits of paper.

"Heavens, father! what is it?"

He had torn open the letter, and one glance at it was enough for him. Messrs. Moses, Macbeth, & Co. could not pay him the money, but they did the next best thing they could—they put his debt in a schedule.

"Oh, Polly, Polly!" said the poor man, big drops gathering on his bald head—"bankrupt!"

"You, father!"

"Worse. The something Jews—I shall be sold up, stock, lock, and barrel, frame and flap, headstall and crupper!" Then he sank on his stool, and taking up his leather-cutting knife, threw it on the floor with such force that it shivered like glass, the blade flying out of the door and nearly cutting a dog's tail off. Then the good man—and he was good—swore a great oath that he would never work more.

"Be a man, father," said Polly, trembling at his great rage, and yet somehow admiring him.

"Be a man!" said he; "yes, and work for these desperate cheats—these fellows who take contracts, screw you down to the last penny, and then, aided by the law, cheat you out of that; these men who live in great houses upon the fat of the land and the lives of the poor. Be a man!—be a slave. By Heavens! the fellows who slouch about and won't work are right, after all. How many an honest tradesman and his family have been brought to misery and starvation by such as these! Many a tender gal and many an honest, hard-working mother—Polly, thank God, my wife's gone!"

"Oh, father, father! I never heard you say so before. What wicked men they are! May God forgive them! But, father, are you sure this isn't their misfortune?"

"Sure," said the father: "when it's the third time! My mates warned me to look sharp. Old Mansell did, and he knows a thing or two."

"Will you get any thing, father?"

"What! when the lawyers have done their worst and had their pickings? No; do you suppose, Polly, as those gentlemen work for their own families or for their creditors? Why, they are as glad when there's a bankruptcy as an undertaker is when there's a funeral coming off."

"How bad the world must be, father!"

"Well, it is not a good one—just now. About half a crown in the pound is all that will come to me."

"Just the eighth part!"

"Little better than the tithe of mint and cummin," said the saddler, bitterly.

"And will that aid you? When does the bill come due?"

"In a week; the bankruptcy may be settled in six months."

"Why don't you go through the court too, father?" said Polly, with a sudden inspiration.

"What, I?" said the old man, a gleam of humor sparkling in his eye—"what, I, Polly? No; I'd rather go and rot in prison, and be a journeyman again and make saddles. My right hand hasn't forgot its cunning: let the worst come to the worst, I'll earn a crust for my gal."

"Oh, father, dear old father!" cried Polly, "come into the back shop and let me kiss you. You're all a man, father, and you always were."

These good people, although so shaken to their bases that they were quite subdued and spoke almost in a whisper, were not without a secret sustenance of hope. Polly counted up all the silver spoons, ran in and out her little glass case, and added up the bills again, to try and make them a pound or so more in case she had made a mistake against themselves; sought Mr. Keach Stoker, and asked him what was to be done when a bill became due; upon which he said, "Meet it like a British tradesman."

"But what if you can't, Mr. Keach?"

"Well, then, you may, perhaps"—he was going to explain about renewal, but Mr. Keach had a small opinion of a woman's knowledge of business, and was silent for a time—then he said, "The bill's dishonored, for, of course, one's friends have been applied to."

Polly blushed, and remained silent; she had it upon her lips to ask some help of Keach, but her heart failed her. As for the banker's clerk, he knew all about the failure of M., M., & Co., and knew very well that his father's old friend and disciple was put in great straits thereby. He loved Polly after his fashion, was jealous of young Mansell, but, having his own little game to play, would not hold forth his finger.

He, however, took care to warn the divine against lending money.

"You are too generous, father," returned the son, with a slightly perceptible sneer wholly lost on the preacher. "It is not to be expected that a man who subscribed a guinea to your testimonial should borrow a hundred. You may have such an application."

"By my word," said Dr. Stoker, a day or two afterward, "Keach, you are a prophet."

"Keach also among the prophets," said his sister.

"Father means profits. I have put all his money in the 'Greeks,' and they are moving up. You have not a penny to play with."

"You guess what I was about to say," said the D.D. "Old Pilkerton came to me, and wanted to borrow money."

"Like his impudence," said Keach. "What next, Sir?"

Sally Stoker turned pale. She was about, at Polly's instance, to prefer the same request. "Oh, father," she said, "you could have done it! He is a most honest man."

"But a falling one, Sir," said Keach. "And, remember, never catch at a falling knife or a falling friend. 'Tis a Scotch proverb, and indicative of that shrewd and cautious people."

"Poor old man!" said Sally. "Don't you remember, father, when he was much richer than we are—how he befriended you, and stood by you in the controversy about the sons of Noah?"

"Bother the sons of Noah, Sally," said Keach. "Are we not befriending him by taking music lessons?"

"They are worth every penny we pay, Mr. Keach," said Sally, indignantly; and she hurried from the room to have a good cry. Sally was the only one who felt for her friend.

In the mean time the poor old saddler and his daughter fell from hope to hope deferred, and from that into a profound melancholy as the time drew near. To almost the last moment he was ready to trust to any broken reed of hope rather than have his bill and his name dishonored. He would have applied to his friend old Mansell, and have urged him to renew his bill; but he could at present only scrape together a few pounds; his debts seemed to be accumulating, and Stoker's almost severe rejection, accompanied with some of that religious advice which is so singularly unpalatable when offered without any relief of his petition, quite unnerved him. He could not apply elsewhere; and he sat down to wait, as the Roman in his dungeon sat down to meet the assassin who was sent to dispatch him.

"We must be sold up, Polly. If old Mansell chooses to put the law in force, what am I to do?"

Polly was almost as hopeless as her father. The only cheerful person about her was young Ben, who quoted generous bits of stage-plays and poetry, and always declared that, by a poetical justice, the good man nine times out of ten came up all right in the play.

"Ah! but the play isn't the world, Ben: I've heard say it's a great deal worse."

"No, it isn't, Polly. You shall go to it when we are married."

"Don't talk so, Ben," returned Polly. "How can you? It's hard-hearted, it is, Ben, and father so troubled and cut up. I wish it was all over."

"What, the marriage, Polly?" said Ben, dryly.

"No; the dreadful bill, you cruel wretch, you. There's one comfort," she said, flashing at him an indignant and reproachful look: "you'll have to marry a beggar."

"Law!" said Ben, "is that all? She'll never be a beggar when she's my wife, and God gives me strength and health. Polly, don't cry. If that was all, it would be well. And if I had thousands now, Polly, they should be yours."

"I wish you had, Ben," cried Polly, with a gulp and a sob.

"I don't. I'd rather you'd take me for nothing. All for love, Polly; for true love. It is the best thing in the world, and never wears out."

And then, with true delicacy, born of his poetic temperament, Ben so comforted Polly that while he was there, at least, the young girl felt brave and comforted.

In the mean time Mr. Keach tried to press his suit, which was not of the kind of cloth that Ben's was, and offended Polly mortally. He, as Polly might have well known, might have helped her; but he made her love, in his obscure hints, a condition, and Polly flung away from him in disgust. And yet what a power has money! Polly's two lessons to Miss Sally Stoker produced some fifteen shillings a week; and this was the gold and silver hand which held Polly to her engagement, and also to enduring Keach's presence.

That gentleman himself, mortified by Polly's refusal, gloated over the coming misfortune of her father, all the more so as he had found out by ocular demonstration that Polly had preferred a plebeian young boot-maker to an aristocratic banker. The notion that they who made sound boots could be preferred to those who took care of other people's money in banks—which sometimes cracked, and let the money run out—was, he observed to himself, absolutely revolutionary.

"I'll be revenged," said Keach to himself.

"I'll put a spoke into his wheel."

When one is awaiting a great trial—and to



"THE WEATHER SUDDENLY CHANGED."

the honest saddler this was indeed one—the sooner it is over the better. As the time approaches a sort of desperate courage is given one; and poor old Pilkerton, who would be a broken man on the morrow, was absolutely a brave and ready one on the evening before the fatal day. He balanced his books, made every thing clear as daylight, performed the office of a boy, and swept up the shop and polished the snaffles and curbs himself, as if, with the presentation of the bill, one of the Commissioners in Bankruptcy and a file of policemen would walk into his little shop and declare him ruined.

"Now, father, it's all ready," said Polly, ruefully, with a sad smile. "Ready, if they come at six in the morning."

"Umph! they are bound to present it before twelve."

"Don't talk of it, father. Let us have some tea." It was a little past six o'clock. Old Pilkerton was as obedient as a child. Polly led him in and poured out his tea, and stood up to say grace. Now all was to pass from him, the man looked round the comfortable room with a sigh and a groan, and thought how dear it was to him. His home had never looked so well before; so homely, yet so neat and comfortably warm.

"We thank Thee for this our daily bread," said Polly, with tears in her voice.

"We have wept, and we have not been comforted; we have prayed, and we have not been answered," said old Pilkerton, savagely.

"Don't, father," said his daughter, imploringly. "Gracious! what's that?"

Rap, rap. How both started! It was the postman, who was in the middle of the shop, with a registered letter. With trembling fingers Polly signed for it, and took it in. "What's this, father?" she said.

"Nothing; some pertikler order for saddles, with drawings: them swells think every thing belonging to them valuable."

It was just one week before Christmas-day; for bills will come due through feasts and fasts—except on the free days and the new bank holidays—and sometimes new saddles were made up as presents; so the old man was not, perhaps, so far out.

"Let me open the letter if it's business," said Polly, forcing a cheerfulness, and sitting down after closing the glass door of the parlor. "How nice and red and warm postmen do look! Do you like your tea, father?"

"Pretty well, my dear; perhaps it's the last we may have. Yes, they are drawings."

"Oh, my! Oh, father, dear father, look here!"

She opened the letter, found two stiff cards, which caused the old saddler to utter his remark, and then unwinding the string which bound them pretty tightly, opened six new, crisp, charming-looking pieces of copper-plate engraving, worth at least fifty pounds each, for they were bank-notes.

When old Pilkerton fully comprehended that they were real, he laid down his bit of bread-and-butter, smoothed his hands upon his apron, and fell down on his knees, crying, "God forgive me for my wicked haste!" Then he gave way to a torrent of tears, in which Polly joined him, laughing and choking in the mean while, with one hand round his neck, or sometimes patting his back, while she said, "Cry away, father; it will do you good."

Christmas came and went; the bill was paid. Old Pilkerton wanted to rush at once to old Mansell, waving his notes over his head; but Polly told him to bear himself like a man; to change some of the notes, and to await the clerk.

A very gentlemanly young man called and presented the bill just about twelve, whereupon Pilkerton took him into his glass cupboard; and

Polly—"My clerk, Sir"—produced the money from the desk, and it disappeared at once in a black leathern pocket-book chained round the young gentleman's waist. Then the old man got his bill, and, when the clerk was gone, tore it into fragments, and vowed he would never take a contract nor draw a bill again. His shop was not shut up. A customer more thoughtful than the rest paid his bill, and put our old saddler in possession of some ready money; and, to Keach's disappointment, Polly got another engagement, and determined to give up her friend Sally Stoker—after finding out that it was not, as old Pilkerton long protested that it must be, that generous man, the D.D., who had furnished the money.

"That's a mystery, father," said Polly; "and we will rake the money together, bit by bit, to pay our generous benefactor when we find him."

"It's mysterious; it's providential. So was that old bad debt turning out so wonderfully a month after. That gave us a hundred toward it, Polly."

"Ben said we should be helped," said Polly. To which the father gravely replied, "Benjamin Mansell was right—for once in his life." It was curious that the opposition he had shown to that young man had not decreased, nor the admiration he felt for Keach Stoker.

It was more than a week after Christmas that Polly, meditating still upon the grateful mystery which had saved her father's credit, and perhaps his life, hurried away home from giving a lesson at her new pupil's. The weather suddenly changed, and Polly, who had brought no umbrella, found herself obliged to stand up for a regular London down-pour. She had scarcely adjusted her clothes, looking most ruefully on some spots on her neat and handsome silk dress, meanwhile grasping her music-roll in her hand like a policeman's baton, when Mr. Keach Stoker came upon the scene. Polly could not refuse his offer of a shelter. Keach was delighted.

He talked of every thing; then led up to races. There had been some steeple-chasing in the South; and he had understood that an acquaintance of theirs—he would not say friend—had dropped something on the race.

"Dropped something. What is that?"

"Lost some money."

"Who was it?"

"Why, nobody less than Mr. Mansell, the boot-maker."

"Poor old gentleman!" said Polly.

"'Twasn't the old; it was the young."

What, he take to racing—her Ben. And he lose money at racing—large, heavy sums, when her father was suffering. Polly's head was, as she afterward said, in a whirl.

"Are you sure of this dreadful accusation, Mr. Keach?" said Polly, sharply; for to her a gambler was a creature to be ever avoided.

"We're close home; now I will leave you; so sorry," said Keach, as they approached the door, rejoicing that he had planted a wound that would rankle. "Sure, Miss Pilkerton. Oh yes! we men of business are sure. I was told of the name." (Mr. Keach belied himself.) "And on the 18th of December—settling day—young Mansell, who had been saving up money, drew the whole out—six ponies."

"What are ponies, Sir?"

"Ponies? Oh! I forgot; six fifty-pound notes—for I paid it him. Good-morning—evening, I should say."

The arrow sped; and a wondrous effect it had upon Polly. In she rushed to the shop; in again to the little parlor, and fell upon her knees, crying, "Oh, father, father! I've found out who our benefactor is—"

"Hush, child! there's that bothering young Ben in the shop, a-waitin' upon some pretense or another."

Out rushed Polly, dragging in Ben, astonished and alarmed. "What is it?" he asked.

"Ben," said Polly, beseechingly, "promise me you will never tell me a falsehood."

"I never did," said Ben, "and never will."

"Then you sent the three hundred pounds—"

"And saved my honor!" cried old Pilkerton, taking hold of both his hands.

"And won my heart," said Polly, falling on his neck and kissing him.

"Well," said the struggling hero, rather ruefully, and blushing at his secret doings having been found out, "I thought I'd won that before, and I wasn't going to be beholden to money; for isn't a heart of gold worth more than a bag of gold, Polly?"

"You shall have both, Ben. One you've got, you darling, and when we've paid you the money you shall have the other. And, Ben," said the earnest girl, her heart bounding with joy, "I'll work my fingers to the bone before—"

"I'd rather have them as they are, Polly," said Ben, seizing her pretty hands and covering

them with kisses; "and provided you and the governor are willing, I'll take them to-morrow."

Would you be surprised to hear—the form of question is original—

1. That Polly married Mr. Ben Mansell, and that old Mansell came down on the occasion?

2. That Lord Sangpur came to congratulate Mr. Pilkerton on the new saddles of her Majesty's celebrated regiment the Redlegs, and hearing then and there of his misfortune, vowed to make it up to him, and really did so?

3. That Messrs. Moses, Macbeth, & Co., finding many tough customers in their third bankruptcy, paid in full and got it annulled?

4. That Messrs. Pilkerton & Mansell are celebrated saddlers by appointment to H.M. the Q—and H.R.H., etc., etc.?

5. That Mr. Keach Stoker was a little too venturesome with the "Greeks," and that the funds of those islanders let the D.D. in?

If you are, I must have told my story very badly.

SHALL I?

SHALL I? Shall I? What would she say

If I asked her to be my own,

Here, where the gleams from the lanterns play,

Where the shades of the leaves are thrown?

We've danced, we've chatted—the room was hot,

While here 'mid the plants 'tis cool:

Shall I tell her I love her? Well, yes; why not?

But after—who then would rule?

She's fair and bright, she can dress and dance;

Can manage her fan, bouquet;

Has traveled—the usual—Switzerland—France;

Draws a crowd when she sits to play.

Archery good, and at croquet true;

Sings well—operatic style;

Reads fairly, but claims no cerulean hue;

And a hermit would melt at her smile.

But I linger still, and the words don't spring;

There's a something more that I seek

To find at heart in the belle I ring,

It is—well, perhaps I am weak—

It is that soft love that the eye can tell,

Untaught, untried, and untold;

And does it live in a two seasons' belle,

At twenty a flirt grown old?

Exact, hard—call me what you will;

I've flirted too in my day;

But your flirt's but straw, and no husband's skill

Can make it cling to its stay.

For I seek e'en now for the gentle vine,

Who'd bind me with tendril hand;

Each year grown tighter, and ever mine

While I, the protector, stand.

Shall I? Shall I? She's calm; and here

The strains of the music float;

The memory taught from this hour be dear;

Shall I say the old words by rote?

"I love you dearly!" What would she say?

Would the words in her heart be burned?

She jilted Sydney, and Grant, and Gray—

It's time to the dance we turned.



"WHAT WOULD SHE SAY?"

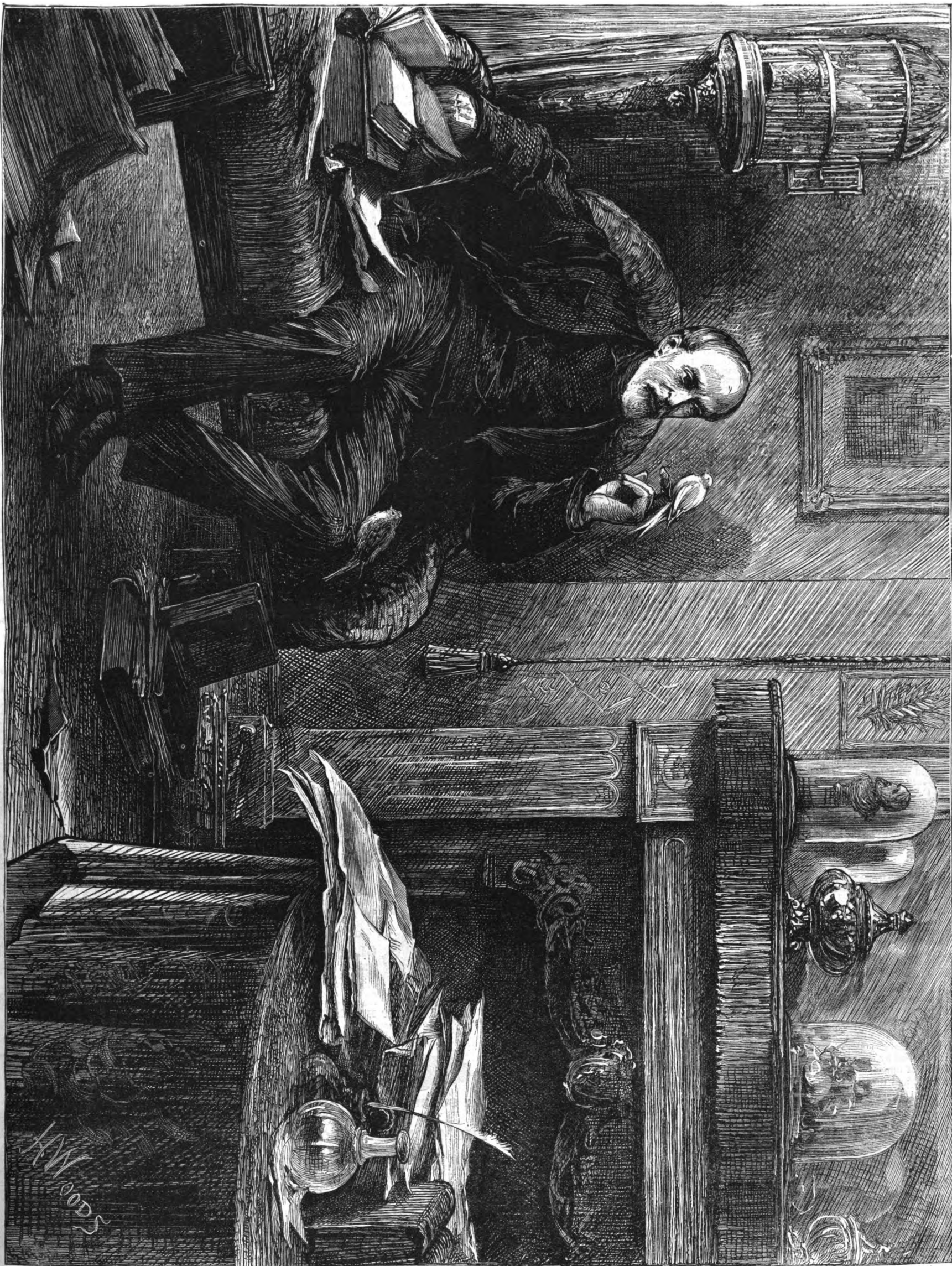
JOSEPH MAZZINI IN HIS STUDY AT BROMPTON.

WE need not here write a formal biography of Joseph Mazzini. Concerning such a man it is difficult to write with moderation and yet avoid displeasing persons of extreme views. In the eyes of ultra-liberals and re-

own beliefs were much more moderate and sensible than those of many of the men whom he employed as his instruments, and during his brief tenure of power at Rome he governed with justice and liberality. Throughout a long life Mazzini was a perpetual conspirator, and though we do not accuse him of lacking personal courage, he employed many of his followers in

regarded as a most attractive and lovable man. Let us now turn to his Brompton study. During the whole of the eleven years which he passed in London Mazzini lived at No. 18 Fulham Road, where he occupied a pleasant first floor, fitted with every comfort necessary to a man of his simple habits. His hostess, Mrs. France, describes him as one of the quietest and gentlest of

of duty than of necessity, for his circumstances were not so straitened but that he could aid his needy compatriots. He used to sit for hours upon the sofa in the corner of his small room in Onslow Terrace, surrounded by books and papers, with his inkstand on the sofa at his side, and his canary-birds loose in the room. Like Count Fosco, he was greatly attached to these feath-



JOSEPH MAZZINI IN HIS STUDY AT BROMPTON, ENGLAND.

publicans he was a God-inspired man, belonging to that choice family of prophets and teachers who from time to time are born into the world; in the eyes of those who uphold the ancient beliefs, both in religion and politics, he was the incarnation of mischievous activity. Looking at him from an unbiased point of view, we naturally see much to admire and much to condemn. His

missions which resulted in death or imprisonment, while he himself remained in comparative security. Nor can we help feeling somewhat repelled by one who was currently believed to hold the doctrine that assassination was, under certain circumstances, justifiable. We should not blink these facts just because a man is dead, and because among his intimate associates he was

men, without a thought for himself or his physical needs. Had not others attended to these needs he would have been starved. He had an extensive library, and often spent fourteen or sixteen hours a day in literary employments. When suffering too severely from illness to sit at a table, he used to compose with his writing-pad resting on his knee. These labors were rather the result

ered companions. In his fits of musing he not unfrequently upset his inkstand, and the sofa is so stained that it is difficult to tell what might have been its original color. Our engraving represents the great Italian in the corner of the room, where he habitually sat. Behind him hung a view of the city of Verona, and near it a bird-cage. Two of the birds are

At No. 15 EAST NINTH STREET, New York.



BRAND BLACK ALPACAS,
For Spring wear, in a beautiful shade of
PURE BLACK.
Are to be found at the principal Dry-Goods Stores
throughout the United States.
Purchasers will know these Goods, as a ticket
is attached to each piece, bearing a picture of the Buf-
falo, precisely like the above.
PEAKE, OPDYCKE, & CO.,
427 & 429 Broadway, New York,
Sole Importers of this Brand for the United States.

Waltham Watches.

We send them by Express to any place
in the United States or Canada. We send
the bill to collect on delivery, but allow
you to open the package and examine
the Watch before paying, and if after-
ward it should not prove satisfactory,
we will exchange it without expense,
or refund the money.

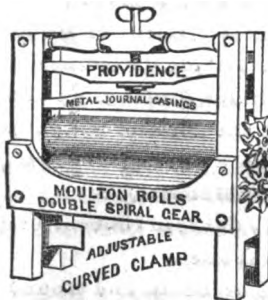
It is first necessary that you should have a copy of
our Descriptive Price-List. This we send free to any
one who writes for it. From it you will learn full par-
ticulars in regard to the different styles and grades;
also prices of each. The Silver Watches cost from \$16
upward, and the Gold Watches from \$35. All are war-
ranted. We sell none but solid Gold and Silver. We
can refer to over Ten Thousand different persons who
have had these watches from us. Send for a Price-
List, and mention HARPER'S BAZAR. Address

HOWARD & CO.,

No. 865 Broadway, New York.

Providence Wringer,

NEW 1872.



Moulton Rolls,
Most Durable;
Double
Spiral Cogs,
Easiest Work-
ing;
Curved Clamp,
Holds Firmest;
Metal Journal
Casings.

NO WEAR OUT.

PROVIDENCE TOOL COMPANY,

11 Warren St., N. Y., and PROV., R. I.

ELGIN'S

"PHANTOM."

The rapid growth into public favor, and the constantly
increasing popularity of this Beautiful Face Powder is
due to the simple fact that it gives to the skin a clearness
and softness, and to the complexion a brilliancy and beauty
attainable by the use of no other Powder, Lily White,
or Tablet in the market. Price, 25c. and 50c. per box.
Sample packages of the powder free by all druggists.
JOHN F. HENRY, Wholesale Agent, New York.

We request the ladies to
judge from personal examina-
tion whether it is any exagger-
ation to say the

"FAMILY FAVORITE"

will execute a greater variety
of sewing, with fewer attach-
ments and less annoyance, than
any other

SEWING MACHINE.

Universal adaptation, une-
qualed beauty and simplicity,
perfection of material, and style
of construction and finish rec-
ommend it as **THE BEST.**

WEED SEWING MACHINE CO.

Salesrooms in Every City.



THEA-NECTAR,
A Pure Chinese Tea,
The Best Tea Imported.
Warranted to Suit all Tastes.
Put up in our trade-mark Half-
Pound and Pound Packages only.
30 and 60 Pound Boxes.
For Sale, at Wholesale only, by
The U. S. Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.,
New York City; P. O. Box 5506.

"IT IS WORTH \$3." Said a lady of
mo. "A Bouquet of Moss Roses." And so it is, yet we
have given away 25,000 to subscribers to the Star-
Spangled Banner, a large 8-page paper, suits
every body. YOU want it, only 75 cts. a year, chrono-
free. Address STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H.

BAZAR

Cut Paper Patterns,

For Ladies, Misses, Girls, and
Children of Both Sexes.

The great design of the proprietors of the Bazar
Patterns is to furnish cut paper patterns of every de-
scription, and for every size, at a moderate price.
These patterns are intended to be the most perfect,
the most practical, and the most economical ever pro-
duced in this country, and so arranged as to be easily
understood by those not accustomed to making their
own garments. We avoid as far as possible every form
of extravagance in cutting up material, at the same
time combining all that is desirable with fashion and
good taste. Our business will be conducted in a spirit
of progress. Every pattern we issue will be the prod-
uct of the ablest and most experienced gentlemen
dressmakers in the country, all under the supervision
of Mr. Moschowitz, a gentleman who stands at the
head of his profession, and who is unquestionably the
ablest dressmaker in the United States. What Worth
is to Paris, Moschowitz is to New York—the highest
authority on all matters pertaining to fashion. We
have carefully prepared a catalogue of 96 pages, con-
taining over two hundred figures, showing the leading
fashions of the day. From this catalogue may be se-
lected patterns of every description and of every size,
ranging from 30 to 46 inches bust measure; also for
misses from 10 to 16 years of age, and for children of
both sexes under 10. On receipt of postage stamp, the
above catalogue will be sent to any address free of
charge. In this catalogue will be found a list of two
valuable premiums, both of which are offered to sub-
scribers for Harper's Bazar. One subscriber will get
at least one of these premiums, and we confidently as-
sert that, for liberality and magnitude, the premiums
offered to each and every new subscriber for the Bazar
have no parallel, an offer in which thousands of fami-
lies will be benefited, and will, we trust, be the means
of adding much to the comfort and economy of every
household. We are confident that this premium will
be hailed with delight by every lady in the land. For
terms to Agents, or for catalogues, address
JAMES MCALL & CO.,
643 Broadway, New York.

Important to Ladies.—Read the fol-

lowing extraordinary offer: The Wheeler & Wilson Sew-
ing Machine Co. manufacture and warrant two different
Sewing Machines, one called the **ELLIPTIC**, the other
called the **WHEELER & WILSON**. The Elliptic Machine ex-
cels in many important points. It is so light that a child
can run it with ease; or an invalid, whose strength is
sufficient to walk about the house or to do the work of a
child ten years old, can sew all day without being over-
fatigued. It is impossible to convey by language a
title of the merits belonging to this deservedly popular
Machine. To see it perform the different operations,
such as hemming, filling, gathering, embroidering,
tucking, cording, filling, quilting, fringing, etc., it
seems more like a thing of life than a machine moved
by the will of the operator. It has adjustable gauges
for every description of work, and can be changed in
a moment to suit any material, coarse or fine. The
economy of the Elliptic Machine in a family is almost
incredible—with one, a good operator can do the work
of twelve hands. A breadth of a skirt can be sewed in
less than a minute; a gentleman's fine shirt can be
made in three hours; or a child's dress, with many tiny
pleats, in less time than the hands can fold them—in
fact, every description of sewing is reduced from a
question of hours to one of minutes. We make the
following offer: Any person in the United States de-
siring one of these celebrated Machines can buy one
and pay for it in work (not sewing) furnished at their
own home. The work is pleasant and profitable, and
can be accomplished by any lady, old or young. We
send circulars on receipt of stamp. Address

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

J. B. SMALL, Manufacturer of Cut Paper
Patterns for Ladies', Misses', Boys', and Chil-
dren's Garments, of all ages and sizes. We furnish
Harper & Brothers with all the suits of Cut Paper
Patterns issued with this paper.
Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Address
J. B. SMALL, 643 Broadway, New York.



No. 822, Front and Back View
Lady's Polonaise Over-Dress, with Cape. Nine even
sizes, 30 to 46 inches bust measure. Sent on receipt
of 25 cents and measure.

J. B. Small's Cut Paper Patterns have a printed label,
showing their size, the amount of cloth, trimming,
&c., required, with instruction for cutting and mak-
ing, and a Picture of the garment when finished.

COLORED FASHION PLATE,

For Spring Styles, will be ready March 1st. Sent on
receipt of 25 cents; or, with Four Cut Paper Patterns
on plate, for 60 cents.

YOU WANT THE CHOICEST

Ornamental Foliage

PLANTS

Ever offered in this Country. See our Illustrated
Catalogue of New and Rare Plants. Send Stamp.
Address **OLM BROS., Springfield, Mass.**



You ask WHY we can sell
First Class 7 octave Pianos for
\$299? We answer—It costs
less than \$300 to make any \$600
Piano sold through Agents, all
of whom make 100 per cent profit.
We have no Agents, but ship
direct to families at Factory
price, and warrant Five Years.
Send for illustrated circular, in
which we refer to 300 Bankers,
Merchants, &c. (some of whom
you may know), using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories.
U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, New York.

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key-
Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples, and
full particulars FREE. S. M. SREZOK, Brattleboro, Vt.

WEBSTER'S PATENT

BUTTON-HOLE WORKERS.
Patented June 27, 1871.
One of the most important inventions of the age!
The most perfect Button-Hole Worker ever invented!



So simple that
a child can work
a more perfect
button-hole with
it than the most
experienced hand
can work without
it. Every stitch
is taken with the
most perfect me-
chanical accu-
racy. Is used en-
tirely independ-
ent of the sewing
machine, and will
last a lifetime.
Does away with
pricking the fin-
gers, straining
the eyes, and with
imperfect and ir-
regular worked
button-holes.
They give uni-
versal satisfac-
tion. Ladies who
use them say that
they are worth
their weight in
gold. Over eleven thousand sold during the first week
of their introduction.

The most liberal inducements offered to the trade.
Dry-Goods and Fancy-Goods Merchants find it an
excellent selling article.

Local and traveling Agents wanted every where.
Samples and terms, with full directions for use, sent
prepaid on receipt of 50 cents. Orders by mail receive
prompt attention. Address

A. W. WEBSTER & CO., 599 Broadway, N. Y.

WARREN WARD & CO.,

ESTABLISHED 1850,

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers, are prepared to
furnish Country Cottages, City Residences, and Hotels
with first-class

FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY,

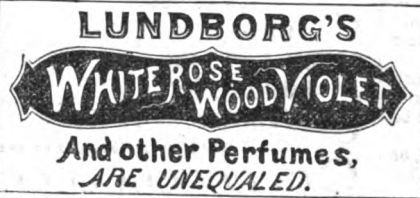
at as low prices as the same quality of goods can be
furnished in the city. All goods warranted.

SPRING, cor. CROSBY ST., NEW YORK.



Beautifies the complexion by removing Pimples and all
other disagreeable disorders of the skin. Twenty-five
cents per box. **JOHN F. HENRY, Sole Proprietor,**
No. 8 College Place, New York.

Agents—Wanted
\$75 to \$250 per month, every where,
male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED
COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING
MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck,
quilt, cord, bind, braid, and embroider in a most
superior manner. Price only \$15. Fully licensed
and warranted for five years. We will pay \$1000
for any machine that will sew a stronger, more
beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It
makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second
stitch can be cut, and still the cloth can not be
pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents
from \$75 to \$250 per month and expenses, or a
commission from which twice that amount can be
made. Address **SECOMB & CO., Boston, Mass.;**
Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.



And other Perfumes,
ARE UNEQUALED.

MAGIC PHOTOGRAPHS—Wonderful, curious,
amusing. 25c. a package; 5 assorted packages, \$1.
Sent postpaid by **W. C. Wemyss, 780 Broadway, N. Y.**

HILLER'S MAMMALIAN BALM re-
stores and develops the bust. Price \$2, postpaid.
Mrs. Dr. **HILLER, 1488 Washington St., Boston, Mass.**

Cut Paper Patterns

OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
IN
HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and
are fitted with the greatest accuracy, THE NAMES AND DI-
RECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON
EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be ad-
justed by the most inexperienced. The bust measure
is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body
under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder
blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the
chest; and for Children, straight around the body
under the arms.

The following are the latest Patterns published:

Vol. IV.
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Ad-
justable Court Train and Round Skirt.....No. 49
WATTEAU MANTLE, with Pleated Blouse,
Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt... " 50
MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALK-
ING SUIT..... " 52
WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pom-
padour Waist and Trained Skirt..... " 52

Vol. V.
DOUBLE-BREADED SACQUE, with Postil-
ion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Un-
der Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).... " 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER..... " 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset
Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke
Chemise, and Drawers)..... " 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt
and Walking Skirt..... " 8
DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT..... " 11
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with
French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Wat-
teau Postillon, and Walking Skirt..... " 13
MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALK-
ING SUIT, with Cape..... " 15

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail,
prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine
Patterns will be sent for \$2.00. No patterns separated
or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper con-
taining Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied
at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

MONITEUR

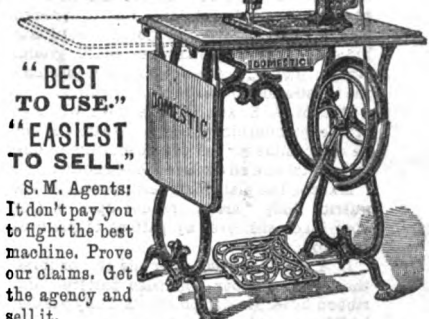
DE LA
MODE
FOR APRIL.
For sale by GEO. B. ROYS, Bookseller and Station-
er, 823 Broadway, New York; or sent to order, post
free, on receipt of one dollar (\$1).
MONITEUR
FOR
SIX MONTHS,
COMMENCING WITH
APRIL,
FOR FIVE DOLLARS. Address as above.



H.W. COLLENDER Successor to PHELAN & COLLENDER.
738 Broadway, New York.
ILLUSTRATED PRICE-LIST SENT BY MAIL.

A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y.,
will dispose of One Hundred Pianos, MELODEONS, and
ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters',
at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS
MONTH, or will take a portion cash and balance in
monthly or quarterly installments.

THE "LIGHT RUNNING"



"DOMESTIC" S. M. Co., 96 Chambers St., N. Y.

AN INDISPENSABLE HAND-BOOK

for every member of a deliberative body:
Cushing's Manual

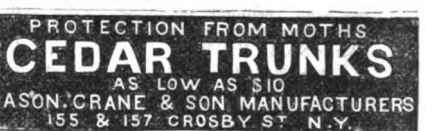
OF PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE.
Rules of proceeding and debate in deliberative as-
semblies, by Hon. Luther S. Cushing.
"The most authoritative expounder of American Par-
liamentary Law."—Charles Sumner, March 27, 1872.
The standard authority in the Legislatures of nearly
every State in the Union. Price 66 cents. For sale by
all Booksellers. Sent by mail on receipt of price.
THOMPSON, BIGELOW, & BROWN, Pub'rs, Boston.

LADIES!

Dr. Kennedy's Hair Tea
will prevent the hair from
falling out, and preserve
its health and beauty. Sold by
Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

COLGATE & CO'S

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP
has a novel but very delightful per-
fume, and is in every respect superior
for **TOILET USE.**
Sold by dealers in perfumery and
Toilet Articles.



EARTH CLOSET COMPANY.

MOULE'S PATENT.
The simplest and cheapest effective Earth Closet yet
made. Call or send for Circular.
EARTH CLOSET COMPANY,
31 Cortlandt St., New York.

PARTURITION WITHOUT PAIN. With an Essay
on "The Care of Children," by Mrs. Clemence S.
Lozier, M.D. Godey's Lady's Book says: "We would
like to see it in the hands of every mother in the land."
By mail, \$1. **WOOD & HOLBROOK, 15 Laight St., N. Y.**



Send for Circular. 89 WHITE ST., N. Y.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and

BAZAR.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year.....\$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year..... 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year..... 4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S
BAZAR, for one year, \$10 00; or any two for \$7 00.
An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or
BAZAR will be supplied gratis for every Club of FIVE
SUBSCRIBERS at \$4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six
Copies for \$20 00, without extra copy.
The Postage within the United States is for the
MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR
20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quar-
terly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from
the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with
24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for
the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.
In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft
payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is prefer-
able to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft
be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to
the sender.
Address **HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

FACETIÆ.

THE time-honored practice of a young lady winning a pair of gloves by kissing a somnolent old gentleman may be described on his part as kid-napping, and on hers as kid-nabbing.

A USEFUL THING IN THE LONG-RUN—Breath.

It is a curious fact that although England has produced a number of poets, Ireland has produced Moore.

IGH ART—Winking.

When a young lady read our question last week, of whether any one had ever seen a magic-lantern slide, she said she had seen—a bun-dance.

NOTICE OF MOTION—A railway whistle.

SKIN DEEP.—A contemporary, commenting on the sale at Paris of a book bound in human skin, says this is not the only instance of this style of binding, and mentions several cases. We have ourselves known of cases in which a thin-skinned author has been so bound up in his works that it would have been inhuman to cut them up.

THE BEST INN FOR A POET—Inspiration.

THE CHURCH AND THE DRAMA.—A feminine child of this world, no doubt wise in her generation, naively says, "I never dress much for the play, because every one is looking at the stage; but no one is more particular about her dress at church."



THEOLOGICAL MENSURATION.

SEVERE CHURCHWOMAN. "I didn't like the Sermon at all: it was much too 'Broad.'"
LIVELY NIECE. "Well, Auntie, I'm sure you can't say it was as Broad as it was Long!"

"ON THE PLEA OF INSANITY."

Of fashions—which forever rage
Midst fallible humanity—
The foremost fashion of the age
Appears to be insanity!
Whene'er a crime committed is,
Unusually bad,
Its author thus acquitted is—
"Of course he must be mad!"

A scholar has a shrewish wife,
Who little things complains about;
He gets enraged, and takes her life
By scattering her brains about.
He'd ne'er, had he retained his wits,
Have done an act so sad;
His studies overstrained his wits—
Poor fellow, he was mad!

A woman, dragged by passion down,
To hide her criminality,
Sowed poison broadcast through a town
With hideous prodigality;
By strychnine shed diffusively
She chanced one luckless lad
To kill—which proves conclusively
That she, of course, was mad!

Brought up on mad Dick Turpin tales,
And sick for notoriety,
An idiot the Queen assails,
And horrifies society:
But when to tales he's read so oft
We nine more tails would add,
Again—it has been said so oft!—
We're told, "Poor thing, he's mad!"

Of Intellect's vast march we hear—
But this I say unfeignedly,
The march of Intellect, I fear,
Is marching March-hare-brainedly.
That "madness" is paronymous
With "badness" seems the fad:
If so, why they're synonymous,
And every one's gone—mad!

A CANNIBAL SENTIMENT—If foe manger.

HARD ON THE PROPHETS.—It is said that the end of the world has put off Cumming sine die.



VICE VERSA.

Boy. "I say, Pa, I'm top of my class—first at last!"
Pa. "Yes; but you were very much behind before."

REALLY VERY SERIOUS.

LAURA LAVINIA. "Are not you well, Dearest? You look so pale."
CLARA CONSTANTIA. "Do I, Darling? I had such a terrible dream last night! I dreamed that Madame Folie had made my new Pink Satin Boullonné à l'Impératrice instead of Ruchée à la Vierge."
LAURA LAVINIA. "How awfully Dreadful!"

[Left shuddering.]

WELSH VERDICT.—A coroner's jury in Wales lately held an inquest on the body of a convict who died in the county jail, and rendered a verdict that "the way of transgressors is hard, and the deceased came to his death by natural causes."

Why is an omnibus strap like conscience?—Because it is an inward check on the outward man.

A LOOP LINE—Calcraft's.

SAILORS AND HUSBANDS.—Somebody tells us that sailors are never so much at sea as when they are on shore. In this they are like hen-pecked husbands, who are never so much at home as when they are abroad.

The saying that "it is more pleasant to give than to receive" applies only to medicine and advice.

THE GREATEST FREE THAT ENGLAND EVER PRODUCED—Shakespeare.

A characteristic anecdote is related of an out-at-elbows poet, who, by some freak of fortune coming into possession of a five-dollar bill, called to a lad and said, "Johnny, my boy, take this William and get it changed."

"What do you mean by calling it William?" inquired the wondering lad.
"Why, Johnny," replied the poet, "I am not sufficiently familiar with it to take the liberty of calling it Bill."

REGARDLESS OF COST.—A collector of old china—slightly cracked, as his friends assert—is anxious to treat for the purchase of the "Atlantic Basin."



FOR BACHELORS THINKING OF MARRIAGE.

MRS. JONES. "Oh, Malcolm, look! That's the very Mrs. Brown we met at the Robinsons' last week! I should like to Sink into the Earth!"
MR. JONES. "Why, dearest? Why?"
MRS. JONES. "Oh, Malcolm, just think!—I wore the Same Dress I've got on to-night!"

MEN OF THE TIMES.

The gentleman whose eye lit on a passage in the paper called in the engines to put it out.

The party who said he was acting under a strong conviction is still in the Tombs.

The youth who was divided by doubts was completely sewn up at the hospital.

The man who always acted on impulse has got a better engagement at a concert-hall.

The person who sat down on the spur of the moment thinks he shall know better in future.

RATHER CONTRADICTIONARY—Gay's grave.

A student who has been afflicted with a sermon one hour and a half long grumblingly says that these professors study so much about eternity that they have no conception of time.

THE BALANCE OF COMFORT—A rocking-chair.

A recent visitor to Carlyle's study says that an earthquake might turn it upside down, but could not add to its disarrangement.

A WATCH-YOU-MAY-OALL-IT—A pocket time-piece.

A lady well known as a politician always accosts a stranger with, "I think I have seen you somewhere," which often leads to a clew for her finding out the history of the party. One evening she played off her usual game on a gentleman who understood her character, and who replied, "Most likely, madam, for I sometimes go there."

FINISHING.—A lady being asked what was her husband's occupation, she said he was engaged in "finishing." It was subsequently ascertained that it was a term of penal servitude to which she referred.

Ought not a hermit to call his house a man-shun?

A subscriber wishes to learn if poets have to pay for a poetical license.

DYING GAME—A hare in extremis.

"What do I think o' Lun-nun, ask ye?" said old John Wilson, a Stirling worthy, on being asked his opinion of the great metropolis—"what do I think o' it? It's just a lump o' gude ground spoilt wi' stane and lime."

CHEAP ARCHITECTURE—Free-masonry.

"Assault with intent to become insane" is the way they put deadly attacks now.

BORES THAT MOST PEOPLE HAVE TO PUT UP WITH—Neigh-bores.

Who was the straightest man mentioned in the Bible?—Joseph, because Pharaoh made a ruler of him.

What is the riddle of riddles?—Life, for we all have to "give it up."

LIVING ON ARMS.—A pretty young wife, on being lately asked what she should do if her husband should fall, replied, "Live on arms, to be sure. I have two, and he has two, with hands at the ends of them." We will venture to say that couple will never fall.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 19.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1872.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

PRACTICAL NOTES ON CEMENTS.

IT may be a somewhat bold assertion, but it is nevertheless a true one, that nearly every man, woman, and child in the country is interested in this subject. It is not alone the carpenter with his glue, or the professional paper-hanger and the book-binder with their paste, but it is the business man with his bottle of mucilage, the housekeeper with her cements for mending broken furniture, glass, and crockery, the school-girl with her scrap-book, the boy with his kite, and even the little girl with her toys, that feel a desire to know the best methods of preparing and using cements. We consequently find that no contribution is more acceptable to those journals that deal in practical matters than a recipe for a new cement, and the paragraph containing it is sure to be extensively republished. Now the truth is that we do not so much require a knowledge of improved cements as of the best methods of using those that we have. Good glue leaves nothing to be desired as an article for uniting pieces of wood. When it is properly applied, the pieces united by it will part any where rather than through the joint. Well-made paste will cause pieces of paper, cloth, etc., to adhere to each other, and to wood, plaster, earthenware, etc., so that the very substance of the paper, cloth, etc., will give way before the paste separates; and the same is true of many cements in use for mending earthenware, glass, etc., when these are applied by persons who thoroughly understand the proper method of doing it. And yet how often do we see articles of furniture, that have been joined by glue prepared and applied by those who have had no experience in its use, which actually fall to pieces by their own weight! And how frequently do we find housekeepers purchase bottles of cement for mending broken glass, china, etc., and condemn the vendor as a cheat, when the fact is that the very same cement, in the hands of those who know how to use it, is capable of uniting pieces of broken glass so that the joint will be the strongest part of the object!

The art of using cements depends upon certain general principles, which are easily understood and put in practice. The power which all cements have of uniting separate pieces depends upon the strength of the cement itself, and upon its adhesion to the objects to which it is applied. Strange to say, it has been found in practice that a joint may actually exhibit a strength which is greater than that possessed by the cement when the latter exists in large masses. A bar of solid glue an inch square and a foot long is not so strong as a similar bar composed of thin strips of wood glued together; and the little sticks of cement that are sold for mending earthenware are very brittle, although they form joints that bear a great deal of rough usage; and this principle seems to be the foundation of the fact that the thinner the layer of cement the stronger will be the joint. Most inexperienced persons err in using too much cement. Actuated by liberal motives, they are determined not to stint matters, and in their desire to use enough they use far too much. Let us take, for example, the case of the coarsest and simplest cement—the mixture of resin, shellac, and finely ground brick-dust, that is so frequently sold for mending earthenware. The directions are to apply it hot; and, indeed, it can not be used cold, since it must be melted before it can be applied to the surfaces that are to be joined. But in nine cases out of ten the broken pieces are merely warmed so far that the cement may be smeared over

them, and when they are brought together a thick layer of cement is always allowed to intervene. The result is either that the joint breaks along the line of the cement, or the cement separates from one of the surfaces. If the pieces had been made sufficiently hot to render the cement as fluid as possible, the layer of cement would have been exceedingly thin, and the adhesion between it and the surfaces to be joined would have been so great that separation would have taken place any where else rather than along the line of union. We must, therefore, select a cement that will be as strong as possible, and we must also see that the layer of cement is as thin as it can be made without leaving any part of the surfaces bare.

The adhesion of any cement to the surface to which it is applied depends largely upon the closeness with which the cement and the surface are brought together; and this depends very much upon the condition of the surface as regards freedom from grease, dirt, and even air. It may sound strange to talk of freeing a surface from air, and yet the feat is not impossible. All surfaces that have been exposed for some time to the air attract a thin film of that gas, which pre-

vents the intimate contact of other surfaces. This fact is well known to electrotypers, who find it necessary to take the utmost pains to get rid of the thin adhering layer of air which invariably attaches itself to their plates. A very striking example of the influence of this layer of air may be shown as follows: take a new and clean needle and lay it gently on the surface of some water, and it will float. The explanation is that the water is prevented by the adhering layer of air from coming into contact with the needle and wetting it, and the combined influence of the buoyant power of the air and the cohesion of the water is sufficient to float an ordinary sewing-needle. The easiest way to drive off this adhering air is to heat the article. If the needle be heated, it will be impossible to cause it to float until after it has cooled and has been exposed to the air for some time, and the same process is applicable to most surfaces to which cement is to be applied.

Whenever an article is broken which is considered worth mending, the broken surfaces should be kept scrupulously clean until such time as we are ready to repair the damage. When a valuable glass or china vessel is broken, the usual

practice is to fit the surfaces together a dozen or twenty times, and rub them all over with the fingers. This is done without any object except to gratify the mere idle curiosity of the moment, but the result is that the broken edges are chipped, the surfaces are covered with the oily exudations of the fingers, and a neat and strong joint becomes unattainable. Keep the edges away from each other until you are ready to cement them together, and keep your hands off them. The same is true in regard to the joining of pieces of wood, such as broken furniture. We have seen people attempt to glue together two pieces of wood the surfaces of which were covered with old glue, the remains of former efforts to unite the parts. Such joints can not hold even if the very best glue be used. In all cases where it is desired to unite joints that have been previously imperfectly cemented the old cement should be carefully removed. Glue may be removed by water, shellac and resin by means of alcohol, and other cements by means of their appropriate solvents. There are two other points that demand attention, the first being the necessity of bringing the surfaces together by means of heavy pressure. Pieces of wood that are firmly clamped together by means of powerful screw clamps while the glue is hardening will adhere with a force far greater than if they were merely stuck together. In the second place, we must allow abundant time for the cement to harden. Those cements that merely cool, and do not dry out, require very little time. Cements of which the solvent is water or alcohol dry out in a few days; but those which have an oily basis, like white-lead, require half a year to dry perfectly. People frequently attempt to use articles cemented with such compounds before the drying process has been completed, and, as a consequence, fail in their efforts.

These general principles are applicable to all cements, and a careful observance of them will frequently enable us to attain success where others have failed.

MODE OF ROASTING COFFEE.

M. JOLY has lately published an essay upon the proper mode of roasting coffee, and remarks that, as far as this operation is concerned, coffee may be distinguished into three very different classes: first, green; second, yellow; and third, the tender. Among the green coffees are to be included the Guadeloupe, Martinique, Porto Rico, Porto Cabello, Gonaives, St. Mark, Cape Haytien, Port-au-Prince, etc., the last four being all Haytian. Under the yellow are embraced the Java, Mysore, Demarara, Manilla, Winard, Jacmel, and the Jeremie—the last two also Haytian. As tender coffees, M. Joly enumerates the Mocha and Bourbon. Although there are other varieties used in commerce, these are believed to be the most generally employed.

A special process of roasting is necessary for each kind of coffee, according to M. Joly. For the first, a bright and continuous fire is needed, these coffees readily assuming a reddish color; and it becomes necessary to moderate the fire and remove them when all the grains are chestnut-colored. For coffees of the second class the fire must be less intense, and kept at a uniform heat. These coffees, although more tender, require a longer and more delicate roasting, and it is necessary to remove them when done to a light chestnut-color. Coffees of the third class are exceedingly delicious, and special care is necessary in treating them, as in less than a minute they



Fig. 1.—BLACK GROS GRAIN PALETOT.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV.,
Figs. 19*, 18*-22.

Fig. 2.—BLACK GROS GRAIN PALETOT.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV.,
Figs. 18*, 18*-22.

lose all their aroma, if allowed to remain over the fire without stirring. The roasting must, therefore, be prosecuted very gently over a regular fire, and they must be removed whenever all are of a dark rufous brown. When the operation is complete, the coffee must be cooled as promptly as possible, as the vapors which exhale from it constitute the greater part of its force and aroma.

TRUST.

THOUGH tangled hard life's knot may be,
And wearily we rue it,
The silent touch of Father Time
Some day will sure undo it.
Then, darling, wait;
Nothing is late
In the light that shines forever.

We faint at heart, a friend is gone;
We weep, for a grave is filling;
We tremble at sorrows on every side,
At the myriad ways of killing.
Yet, after all,
If a sparrow fall,
Our Lord keepeth count forever.

He keepeth count. We come, we go,
We speculate, toil, and falter;
But the measure to each, of weal or woe,
God only can give or alter.
Then why not say,
From day to day,
"Thy will be done forever?"

Why not take life with cheerful trust,
With faith in the strength of weakness,
Doing the best we can to walk
With courage, yet with meekness,
Lifting the face
To catch God's grace,
That lights the soul forever?

For ever and ever, my darling, yes.
Goodness and love are undying:
Only the troubles and cares of earth
Are sure in the end to go flying.
Fleeting as bubbles
Are cares and troubles,

And "now" is a speck that tricks us ever,
Till it floats and is lost in the vast "Forever."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1872.

WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be published the Second Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is sent out gratuitously in Monthly Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A Cut Paper Pattern of a new and elegant Talma with Pointed Hood, Postilion-Waist, Dolly Varden Over-Skirt, and Walking Skirt, will be published with our next Number.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain numerous full-sized Patterns, with Illustrations and Descriptions, of Ladies' House and Street Dresses; Lace Over-Skirts and Jackets; a great variety of Parasols; Coats, Cloaks, Paletots, Basques, and Mantelets for Children from 2 to 14 years old; Work-Bags, Knitting-needle Cases, Vignettes, Embroidery Patterns, Parasol Covers, etc., etc.; together with brilliant literary and artistic attractions.

HAVING ONE'S OWN WAY.

"HAVE your own way, and live the longer," says the proverb; but show us the one who has proved it. What an anomaly he would be among mankind!—for it is needless to assert that no woman ever did have her own way. What crowds would flock to see him, to shake his hand, and thus establish a magnetic connection between themselves and fortune! He would be more sought after than the Grand Duke; his photographer would be able to retire; his autograph would be in what demand! And yet life would necessarily get to be a very monotonous and narrow affair with him; the sensations of expectation, of chagrin, of uncertainty, would become totally foreign to his experience. Possibly he might live longer by virtue of exemption from the excitement and toil that obstacles engender, and which leave their traces on the material frame; but it would be only by sacrificing breadth to length. His mental landscape would be circumscribed; he would live in a rut, and never guess the nature and relish of the invisible conflict going on about him. It would be a life without light and shade or picturesque effect, a life without the exercise of faith. The experiences of such a man would be all one-sided; he could never "put himself in another's place," nor afford sympathy to thwarted souls.

Fate, or Providence, or whatever we may please to call the power of the universe, is apt to teach us hard lessons at our own ex-

pense when we persist in having our own way; and it is this strong desire, which we all possess in common, together with its repeated frustration, that gives us the intense interest which we have in each other, which makes the novel and the drama so popular; while those to whom these avenues of knowledge are interdicted find the same humanities revealed at the prayer-meeting and the confessional. They meet a demand similar to that of the servant-maid who wished she might stand in the door and see herself go by; they reproduce our faults and follies, and invite us to self-criticism, in order that we may discover how our mental and spiritual garniture becomes us, and in what respects it is lacking.

Having one's own way would be a very pretty experiment if one were only infallible; if action did not induce reaction; if any one knew positively what it was that he wanted, and did not rely on guess-work, and did not shape his desires after his neighbor's pattern, nor yet to the confusion of his enemies; in short, if we bore no resemblance whatever to children crying for the moon!

"Our very wishes give us not our wish," quoth the poet; and in the same manner our own way is not always, not often, the way we should choose if we knew our own needs, if we could guess among what rocky passes this way of ours winds, over what morasses, across what yawning chasms. How many have had their own way to their undoing, and now wish that Heaven had denied them what was so ill to choose! and how many more, who, not having had their choice, upbraid Him whose ways are not our ways, and who leads us beside the still waters if we will but follow and cease from pursuing our own wills! Each one of us is fitted to his niche, as well as each back to its burden; but we are eternally hankering for something we have not, to be other than as we are, to do other than as we may. One is a drudge, and would fain write the immortal poems, so she satisfies her soul with doggerel, and the drudgery goes by the board; but the reward is always commensurate with the work performed: eternal justice is not appeased with selfish aspirations that leave duties unfulfilled. Or one is vexed with poverty, and does not stop to take breath in the struggle to heap up riches; wherefore his blood gets deoxygenized and stands still in his veins—and whose are all these things? And so on through innumerable instances, great and small. Miss Rue had her own way when she eloped with her dancing-master, and penury and divorce ensued. Lady Macbeth had her own way, at what cost! To speak the truth, it is usually the most expensive route on which you can travel, and one upon which there are more collisions and miscarriages than upon any other that was ever prospected, the grade being mostly up hill, peppered with sharp curves, and crossings at which there is no law compelling you to stop.

So we render assistance to others in our own way, not in theirs, and then wonder at the ingratitude of mankind; so we spend our money in our own way, and are astonished that it goes no farther; we speak and act in our own way, and are mortified that no one applauds; we treat our neighbor in our own way—often an exceedingly insolent way—and are surprised and aggrieved when he improves on the treatment. And thus the fight never slackens: no one ever voluntarily resigns his own way; and though he should happen to be successful in it, he sometimes experiences a disappointment more profound than failure could have taught him. His bubble breaks only to assure him that the prismatic hues which fascinated him did not belong to it, but were merely refractions due to the medium of his imagination.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Temper and Temperament.

MY DEAR SILAS,—I hope that the police do not consider me a suspicious person when they see me loitering about the wharves, as they may on any of these lovely days. Perhaps it is because my mind is so constantly set upon traveling and upon our traveling manners that I feel myself drawn to the piers from which the great ships sail away to every part of the world. It is an old fascination with me, and I remember long ago writing some sketch about it, which if I could find I have no doubt would express my present feeling. I still stroll to the wharf when I remember that it is the day for some steamer to sail, and I place myself in a convenient shadow, whence I can see what I wish. I learn that it is not upon the battle-field only, or when great peril impends, that we show our heroism and our character, but that suddenly at the most unexpected moment we reveal, and often, I suppose, as much to ourselves as to others, the real quality of our manhood.

If, as we are rolling along in the train some beautiful morning full of hope and happiness, with the one human being of all in the world that we would choose sitting beside us, sharing and infinitely multiplying the joy of life, we were apprised that in five minutes the train would crash through a bridge to sure destruction, how should we behave? What would our manners be? O young lover! O happy traveler! that would be the terrible test of your courtesy, of your character, of all that is most truly yourself. More than thirty years ago a steamer sailed one winter night from the city, and was burned before midnight. Of all the persons on board only one or two escaped. The rest were drowned or frozen. Among those who were lost was Dr. Follen, one of the many Germans whose genius and influence have been so freely given and so beneficently to their adopted country. He was a clergyman, and a personal friend of the great Dr. Channing, who afterward preached a sermon upon the event. I shall always remember the beautiful picture he drew of the calmness with which unquestionably Follen died. He was sure of it, because he was sure of his friend's character; and as you read the simple and pathetic words they seem to describe conduct which the preacher had seen.

In the sudden emergency how should we behave? It is an extreme case which I suppose, but there are others where the quality of a man is tried. Indeed, it was only the other day that I was waiting and watching in my ambush upon the wharf, when at the last moment, after the cables were loosened, and the wheels were beating the water, and the ship was on the very point of sliding away, I saw a gentleman, whom for some time I had remarked as anxiously awaiting something which did not arrive, hand his wife and children over the side, and descend the plank from the ship to the wharf. The moment they were off the plank it was raised, and the next instant the ship glided into the stream, a gun boomed over the water, and she was on her way over the ocean.

The gentleman and his family watched the ship disappear in which for many weeks their passages had been taken, and which they had left so reluctantly at the last moment. I in turn watched them, not intrusively nor impudently, I hope, but because I saw in the gentleman's face no sign of anger, nor, indeed, of very serious disappointment. While I was admiring his self-command—for I have seen people surly because dinner was delayed—a truckman with a heavy load of baggage drove rapidly along the wharf. He saw the situation in a moment, and was confounded and frightened. The gentleman pointed to the receding ship and said, quietly, to the truckman, "You have prevented our going." There was no anger, no harsh or scolding tone. The gentleman evidently did not choose to lose his temper as well as his passage, and his mildness and generosity brought tears to the delinquent's eyes. The truth was, as I remember telling one of my young friends in one of these letters, not that he had idly lingered, but that, thinking he had time enough, he had turned aside to send a physician to his wife, and had then been impeded upon his way to the ship.

It was, after all, a little thing—the gentleman and his family had only missed their passage. It was merely an immense inconvenience, a derangement of plans carefully laid, with the general absurdity of all balked endeavors of the kind; but it was, for all that, a sudden and sharp test of temper. That of some of us would have snapped; and I pity that truckman if he should ever bring the baggage of most of us too late to the ship. I saw the new Maltese minister promenading in the sun yesterday, arrayed in new and wonderful trowsers; and just as he was lifting his hat and saluting in choice French the beautiful Maria Grunter, heiress of the whole Boar property, a butcher's wagon dashed along, and the horse threw mud upon those trowsers. But if his Excellency's soul had been soiled by the circumstance he could not have been more furious. And as his airy salute to Miss Grunter instantly changed into an angry shaking of his fist at the rude butcher boy, who cried, derisively, "Hi! hi!" I could not help regretting that a gentleman should wear wonderful trowsers who can not endure these misfortunes with equanimity. I have since learned that Miss Grunter has stated to a friend that his Excellency had made a serious impression upon her heart, but that it had been quite effaced by the lamentable spectacle of his fury upon this occasion.

It is, indeed, very possible that a man who would fall into a passion if his trowsers were spattered with dirty water might be very calm and courageous in the presence of sudden and great danger. But life is made up of small occasions. We wish to be ready for the stinging of mosquitoes and the tickling of flies as well as for earthquakes

and strokes of lightning. It would be no satisfaction to me, if I were a married man, and my wife were always vexed and worse about sauces and milk-pans, and spots on the window, and a hue of gloves that jarred with the shade of a cravat, to know that if a squadron of the enemy's cavalry should surround the house and summon a surrender, she would be equal to the occasion. The occasion will not arise. There is no enemy; and if there were, I defy his squadrons of cavalry. Would it be any satisfaction to me, when, on the most perfect of May mornings, my wife, in the freshest and fairest muslin, sat pouting and beating her foot upon the floor, to know that if I were just dying in my bed, she would be a very marvel of composure and resignation? I should not die every morning, but I should eat breakfast, and I should wish my wife's manners to be as admirable at the breakfast-table as at the death-bed. And I hope she would wish mine to be the same. What satisfaction should it be to her to know that I had made a prodigious speech and saved my country the evening before, if I sat absorbed in my newspaper at breakfast, hushing the gayety of the children, and snarling at the coffee? Indeed, I am inclined to believe that the boys at school can spell words in six syllables if they can spell those in two. If your temper is equal to little annoyances, I will trust it in great emergencies.

But what is it that puts it into repair and keeps it so? Is the secret what we call temperament, merely? Is one man born placid and another irritable, and is that the end of it? Is Saint Vincent de Paul merely indulging a natural bent for humanity, and Caligula a natural bent for cruelty? Is the minister from Malta just as admirable when he rages at the butcher boy for spattering his trowsers as the gentleman who lost his passage when he mildly tells the truckman that his negligence has caused such enormous inconvenience? I know two saints, one of whom says that his own virtue is the fruit of long toil, but that the virtue of his friend comes by nature. "I have more moral struggles every morning before breakfast," he says, "than my friend ever had in his whole life."

There are those also who, I am very sure, could no more acquire a delicate sense of duty than they could acquire an ear for music. Poor Colonel Newcome used to sit for hours before Clive's great picture of the "Battle of Assaye"—I think it was; but though he stared at it all day, he could see nothing in it. He had no sense of art, and he looked in vain. No, dear Silas, it is a popular philosophy that naught is every thing and every thing is naught; but we are masters of our fate, not its slaves. If, rolling along in the great train through the beautiful landscape, and with the "inexpressive she" by our side, we have at every moment trained and restrained what we call ourselves—becoming thoughtful and patient and gentle—when the impending doom is announced we shall at least have done what we can to meet it, and to meet it as conquerors, not as cowards. If, indeed, we are born heroes, let us be grateful. But if we are not, let us repair the defects of birth. You know that what is a conscious effort at first becomes an involuntary habit. When my uncle was a little boy he slammed the door whenever he went out of a room; but one day his mother called him back and compelled him to close the door quietly. And every time that he forgot it he was recalled, until very soon he would no more have shut the door with a crash than he would have kicked it open. My great-aunt Bachelor was very careful of the manners of her children; and when she made my uncle close the door quietly she began to teach him that he need not lose his temper because he had lost his passage to Europe, and that his manners under all circumstances were within his own control.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MOURING DRESS GOODS.

THERE are no new goods to record for mourning dresses, but there is a perceptible improvement in many of the well-known fabrics. All materials are made more soft and flexible, and those of mixed silk and wool are furnished in lighter qualities, making them more pleasant for summer wear. Experienced merchants say the goods most sought after for mourning dresses are bombazine, Henrietta cloth, and tamise cloth. The first two are silk-warped; the third is all wool. English bombazine is less lustrous and far more durable than that brought from France, and is chosen for the deepest mourning. English crape is its appropriate trimming. The prices of bombazine range from \$1.50 to \$4 a yard. Henrietta cloth is simply a substantial cashmere, though it is not as heavy as drap d'été. It is too finely twilled to hold dust, falls in soft, graceful drapery, and may be comfortably worn in this climate the greater part of the year. Tamise cloth, like fine soft mouseline de laine of light quality, is especially desirable for

spring suits. It has a smooth surface that will not permit brushing, as that raises a down that destroys its beauty. It can be cleaned by being well shaken. The cost is from \$1 25 to \$1 75 a yard. For serviceable dresses destined to hard wear the beaver mohair and good alpacas are the best fabrics.

Among thin goods the striped grenadines, so fashionable for ladies wearing colors, are also used to give variety to mourning costumes. They are shown in silk and wool mixtures and in all silk for prices ranging from \$1 25 to \$2 50 a yard for goods three-fourths of a yard wide. The most stylish stripes are an inch wide, or wider, and are alternately thin and thick, as if made of satin and grenadine. The entire costume may be striped, but the present fancy is for a plain grenadine skirt with striped flounces, and a striped polonaise with coat sleeves of the plain fabric. These thin fabrics are made up over silk. A substantial gros grain is the only lining for the waist of the polonaise: its skirt is, of course, without lining. The skirt must be worn over a petticoat of thin black silk, or else a good silk must be used for the dress skirt, and the flounces of grenadine be sewed upon it; in the latter case the flounces must extend high enough for the top to be concealed by the skirt of the polonaise. A novelty this season is an all-black grenadine with damask figures, called the Dolly Varden grenadine. This is meant for polonaises only. It is all silk, and \$3 a yard. Ladies in colors will wear these polonaises over black or colored silk skirts. Iron grenadine, a mixture of silk and wool in square meshes, is still the popular goods for summer. Instead of the large canvas meshes formerly worn, those of medium size are now preferred. Grenadine comes in various widths; that which is three-fourths of a yard wide cuts to best advantage. It may be bought as low as 50 cents a yard; qualities sold for 85 cents or \$1 a yard are durable, and do not grow rusty.

BONNETS AND VEILS.

Bonnets for first and deepest mourning are of English crape laid plainly on the foundation and edged with piping folds. Crape bonnets are worn in winter as well as summer, except by old ladies, who use bombazine bonnets. The shape is that now worn, with large high crown and half coronet. Strings are of bias doubled crape hanging loosely, with narrow ribbon strings to tie under the chin. The widow's cap is a slight bouillon or ruche of white tarlatan sewed in the bonnet just above the forehead; the white tarlatan bow formerly worn under the chin is abandoned, except by very old ladies. For lighter mourning, black or white tulle ruches are worn inside bonnets of tulle, or thread net, or gros royale silk, and some jet ornaments are used by way of garniture. Two yards of English crape with a string run in one end, the other finished by a hem three-eighths of a yard wide, is the veil prepared for widows. It is tied around the front of the bonnet and worn hanging over the face. For other mourners the crape veil is shorter, and is drawn on one side, or else behind to form drapery over the chin. A jet pin holds it in place on the crown or left side, and a small veil of thread net without dots is worn over the face. Squares of gray grenadine take the place of the blue veils formerly worn to protect crape bonnets from dust.

WIDOWS' MOURNING.

Bombazine is the first dress selected for a widow, and the handsomest suits are made as plainly as possible, and entirely covered with English crape. They consist of a simply shaped polonaise, usually the Marguerite; each length of the polonaise is cut out both in bombazine and crape, and sewed up together; the edge is faced underneath, and is without trimming. The dress skirt has the front breadth covered with crape, and also those parts of the other breadths that are visible below the polonaise. Simpler suits have merely a deep band of bias crape for trimming. A suit of English bombazine, trimmed with an English crape band three-eighths of a yard wide, costs \$80. A house dress for a widow has a basque plainly covered with crape; the skirt is a demi-train trimmed around the bottom with crape three-fourths of a yard deep. In this instance the crape is not bias, but is cut lengthwise, and sewed in with the skirt seams. A milliner's fold heads the crape; but this is dispensed with when absolute plainness is desired.

DRESSES, TRIMMINGS, ETC.

Suits of tamise and Henrietta cloth have self trimmings of folds or kilt pleating. It is stylish to cover all that part of the skirt visible with overlapping folds two inches wide; this is exceedingly becoming to tall figures. The overskirt and basque, or the polonaise, is edged with a group of narrower folds. Deep kilt pleating, with the top concealed by the upper skirt, is preferred by short ladies. Kilt pleats two inches wide are used now instead of the narrow ones lately in vogue. Grenadine suits made in the fashion just described are very handsome.

Talmas and double capes of drap d'été, trimmed with fringe and many narrow folds of silk, are the mantles provided at this season for mourning.

For the cambric dresses worn in summer even stripes of black and white are chosen. They are made with box-pleated blouse, over-skirt, and skirt of walking length. Polka dotted cambrics are made into Dolly Varden polonaises, and trimmed with bands of solid black percale. Morning wrappers are in the flowing Watteau fashion, made of white Victoria lawn, and worn with jet jewelry. Suits of white Victoria lawn, trimmed with side pleatings, are also worn in the house by ladies in deepest mourning.

COLLARS, JEWELRY, ETC.

Black collars of crape, doubled and without trimming, are worn at the funeral and on a few occasions afterward; but these are fast falling into disuse, as they are very disagreeable to wear. White tarlatan ruches or frills, box-pleated, and worn standing around the neck, are being adopted as deepest mourning even by widows. Crape lisse, organdy, and tulle pleatings are also worn. The fabric is doubled and pleated to a band to be basted inside the neck of the dress; similar trimming is at the wrists of the close coat sleeves. Simply shaped collars of fine sheer linen cambric, made double, without any ornament, are worn in the morning. Under-sleeves with small square turned-back cuff of linen cambric accompany the collar.

Scarcely any jewelry is worn in deep mourning. A brooch of massive jet fastens the collar, and a watch-chain of small jet beads is passed around the neck. After the first six or eight months are passed many ladies wear diamonds. Solitaire diamond ear-rings, from which falls a long jet pendant, are considered admissible.

SECOND MOURNING.

The mourning stores no longer offer gray and purple goods for second mourning. Instead of these, black goods with white stripes are used, or else solid black dresses are worn with white laces, and abundantly trimmed with the new jet trimmings. This style of dressing is so like that now worn by ladies who are not in mourning that it needs no special description.

Black net, both plain and with a Spanish figure, will be used for a variety of outer garments in the summer, such as fichus, blouses, jackets, and polonaises.

VARIETIES.

Sleeveless basques of white muslin, with an over-skirt to match, worn over silks of solid color, will be fashionable for afternoon dresses at the watering-places. Swiss muslin polonaises are also made without sleeves.

The pretty fichus in Marie Antoinette style are greatly in favor again. They are made of folds of China crape of pale tints, edged with white lace, and worn with black silk or grenadine dresses. Swiss lauslin and white and black tulle fichus are also shown. They are also of the dress material.

The newest summer silks have four deep flounces reaching to the belt on the back of the skirt, while the front has a long narrow apron. This is seen on some of the handsomest French dresses. Readers of the *Bazar* who will look over last year's file will find that the *Bazar* introduced this style last November in No. 45, Vol. IV.

Valenciennes lace is much used for trimming pale-tinted silks for evening dress, and is also used on imported polonaises of Sicilienne. Duchesse lace has lost its popularity; it is, however, imported in new designs with medallions of round point. It costs from \$8 to \$15 a yard. Chantilly laces of trimming widths are in prettily shaded patterns: \$9 to \$25.

Sailor hats of straw will be in favor this spring for school-girls and very young ladies. The brim curls up, and is faced with silk. A ribbon band is passed around the crown, and a cluster of short ostrich tips is placed far back on the left side. Felt hats of Alpine shape, with ribbon band, and a slender wing stuck on the left side, are also worn. The serges and cashmeres in blocks of black and white so fashionable abroad begin to be worn here by young girls.

A new fabric among late importations is crépeline, a soft silk of the texture of China crape, but with long crinkle like that of English crape. It is used for over-skirts and polonaises of faille dresses. A polonaise of white crépeline cut in the Marguerite Dolly Varden shape is trimmed with netted fringe like that seen on Canton crape shawls. The bows down the front and on the back are of black velvet. This is to be worn with lavender blue or Nile green silks.

A Swiss muslin costume prepared for watering-place visiting, garden-parties, etc., is worthy of description. The skirt has a twelve-inch flounce richly needle-worked, headed by two puffs each five inches wide. These puffs are separated by Swiss insertion laid upon sky blue ribbon. The polonaise front is formed entirely of lengthwise strips of insertion and muslin; the back forms a large pouf below the belt; a sash of wide faille is folded as a belt, passed under the pouf, and droops on the left side. Fringed bows of ribbon fasten the front. The neck is heart-shaped, with standing frill of lace. A folded ribbon passes around the neck and forms a Watteau bow behind. Antique sleeves with embroidered ruffle and a bow at the elbow.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and JACKSON.

PERSONAL.

THE venerable Dr. TYNG, of St. George's Church, in this city, sailed for Europe on Wednesday last. One reason for his doing so was that his congregation presented him with \$5000 on purpose to do it.

—Mr. SCHENCK, our minister to England, was recently written to by some one for his autograph. The reply of the general is said to have been this:

"Sir,—I hasten to comply with your request, and take this method of informing you that you are an unmitigated nuisance. R. C. SCHENCK."

—A memorial edifice to THEODORE PARKER is to be erected in Boston. Fifty thousand dollars of the seventy-five needed for the purpose have already been subscribed.

—Very notable people in the high life of England attended the marriage of the Marquis of Bute to the daughter of Lord HOWARD, on the 16th of April—among them the Baroness BUR-

DETT-COUTTS, the Duchess of Argyll, Baron ROTHSCHILD, the Duke of Norfolk, and such. Among the many presents sent to the bride was a set of cameo brooches from his Holiness the Pope.

—DISRAELI enlivens the tedium of official duty as Secretary of the Exterior by preparing another novel for the press.

—GOUNOD has this little peculiarity, that he composes all his operas after midnight, scarcely ever having written a line of music by daylight.

—Mr. LOWE, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has made the official announcement to the House of Commons that the annual expenses of the government of Great Britain is \$300,000,000.

—Madame PAULINE VIARDOT has been appointed Professor of Vocal Music in the Conservatory of Paris, her teaching being confined exclusively to females.

—In Buffalo, a few days since, the nice people of the city, upon benevolent thoughts intent, resolved upon getting up a series of amateur theatricals, the proceeds of which should go to the "Church Home" and "Home for the Friendless." The committee in charge, with Mrs. WILLIAM G. FARGO at the head, comprised the élite of the place, and the performers were among the brightest and best of the clever folks of that city. The result was that two thousand dollars were divided between the two charities, and the people of the propinquity had the pleasure of enjoying one of the very best amateur performances ever given in the United States.

—One of the most successful amateur entertainments of the season was that lately given for the benefit of that most deserving charity, the Woman's Hospital, of New York. It extended through two evenings, and comprised a play, a choice concert, and an act of "La Favorita," performed by several well-known leaders of the *haut ton*—Messdames FLORANCE HENDRICKS, YENAGA, Miss CARRIE SIMS, and Mr. DOUGLAS, aided by Madame GAZZANIGA, Señor ALBITES, and others. Miss SIMS, who has a charming soprano voice, and was the prima-donna of the operatic part of the entertainment, was, we understand, the prime mover in the affair, which put a large sum into the coffers of the excellent institution, whereof her father, Dr. J. MARION SIMS, was among the chief founders.

—We have in New York a personage purely metropolitan—Mr. BROWN. There are in this metropolis many Messrs. BROWN. The Mr. BROWN for the purpose of this "personal" is Dr. PORTER'S Mr. BROWN—Mr. BROWN, sexton of Grace Church, and announcer and introducer in the political circles of the *haut ton* of New York. Mr. BROWN is a man and a Mason; moreover, master of a lodge of F. and A. M.; and he knoweth how things should be done "in the east." Recently he got up a musical entertainment at the private theatre of Dr. WARD, in Rue de Forty-seven, for the Masonic "Widows and Orphans Fund," which netted \$1500. It was a success both of mind and of matter. Mr. BROWN was grateful, and he tipped them a little speech, which was so infinitely superior to most of the "thankful" speeches made in the political circles of New York's "upper ten" that we quote it entire. You must imagine Mr. BROWN—whose personal physique reminds one somewhat of a lemon placed on end (he kicks the beam at 324 avoirdupois)—with an immaculate handkerchief in hand (a "show-off," not a "blower"), addressing his "orjune" thus:

"Ladies and Gentlemen My speech is not on the programme, but I must appear before you and thank the lady managers of this entertainment. I must thank Dr. WARD, who has generously furnished his private theatre for different charities until \$40,000 has been collected directly through him for the poor and needy. [Applause.] I must thank Señor ALBITES, the musical director of the evening, and the amateurs who have so kindly volunteered to lend their talents to charity. [Applause.] I am told that Italy, the birth-place of song, does not have so many wonderful amateur singers as we have in this country. In conclusion, let me say that charity is the brightest gem which can adorn a nation or a people. [Applause.] Charity harmeth not her neighbor: revenge or malice has no place in her heart. Again I thank you all."

That is a better practical speech than is made at nine-tenths of the assemblages of clev-ah people, who think that they, better than most people on the planet, know how to do it (which they don't).

—The London *Saturday Review*, one of the highest literary authorities in England, and never too friendly in its criticisms of American books, says of our poets: "It is a noteworthy fact that while in most other branches of literature the United States can boast of comparatively few writers either of the first or second rank, and are mainly dependent on England for all but the lower and more ephemeral class of books, in poetry, serious or humorous, they are hardly less fertile, either in quality or quantity, than the mother country. England has scarcely more than one or two living poets whom the common consent of cultivated men would rank decidedly above LONGFELLOW, BRYANT, LOWELL, and WHITTIER; no living satirist superior to the author of the 'Biglow Papers'; no master of the special humor which depends on an adroit use of dialectic peculiarities who can pretend to surpass LELAND, or BRET HARTE, or HAY. Of minor poets, who will hardly make their mark in so busy a generation and in a field so crowded, but who nevertheless can write what is worth reading, the name is Legion."

—Mr. TETSUOSKE TOMITA, recently appointed Japanese consular agent at New York, is a young man of twenty-five, who has completed a thorough business education at Newark, New Jersey, during the last four years. He is a man of superior ability.

—Mr. TOYAMA, late secretary of the Japanese legation, has resigned, and purposes to fit himself for journalism. He goes to the Michigan University. He is the author of several papers that have been published in the *Tribune*.

—Senator AMES, of Mississippi, is described by a lady as "handsome enough to be the husband of his beautiful wife: a small, well-formed man, quick in his movements, but always dignified. He is thirty-three. His dark brown hair is combed smoothly from his forehead, and his dark mustache keeps exactly to the proper curves. Yet he is neither vain nor priggish. It is as much his nature to be neat as it is that of some of his colleagues to be the reverse."

—The "Mrs. MASON" whose name has appeared frequently in print of late in connection with the "arms investigation" at Washington, claims to be the widow of the MASON of MASON and SLIDELL notoriety. She claims to have

married him in France. She was in Washington during Mr. JOHNSON's administration, and being believed to have, as she said she had, influence at the White House, was often employed to transact business there. When this was discovered, A. J.'s secretaries stopped. It seems, however, scarcely possible that she can claim to be the widow of either JOHN Y. MASON, of Virginia, who was minister to France during Mr. PIERCE's administration, and afterward again sent there by the rebels, or of Senator JAMES M. MASON, also of Virginia, as each of these gentlemen left a widow, and these Mrs. MASONs, if now living, are very old ladies, and not in the least likely to be engaged in the sale of arms.

—Professor CHADBOURNE, who succeeds Dr. HOPKINS in the presidency of Williams College, is a graduate of the year 1848. He is a laborious and scientific man, and has written on natural theology, instinct, and natural history.

—R. H. DANA, Sen., recently read a paper in Boston on "Hamlet." Mr. DANA is now eighty-five. He and the Rev. Dr. CHANNING were first cousins, their mothers being sisters, daughters of WILLIAM ELLERY. WASHINGTON ALLSTON was allied by marriage to both, his first wife being a sister of Dr. CHANNING, and his second a sister of Mr. DANA. Mr. DANA is also a cousin to BUCKMINSTER, the celebrated preacher.

—All save one of Queen VICTORIA's ladies in waiting are widows—her choice since Prince ALBERT died. They receive four thousand dollars per annum, and are widows of deceased peers.

—JOAQUIN MILLER has lately written one excellent thing—a letter to his Boston publishers. It says: "Please invest whatever is due me in interest-bearing government bonds, and lock them up in your safe for the benefit of my babies."

—Miss EDMONIA LEWIS, the American sculptress of African descent, and the only person of that tint who has ever won fame with the chisel, is said to be making her fortune in Rome on orders received from English lovers of art.

—Mrs. FAWCETT, wife of Professor and M. of Parliament FAWCETT, is lecturing in England on the woman question. She is described as a young woman with a pleasing face and presence, and superb eyes. She reads her lecture clearly and unaffectedly in a voice of some sweetness and a certain penetrative quality, and lends good effect to some humorous passages by expressive glance and tone.

—JOSEPH CHEEVER is believed to be the oldest man in Massachusetts. He has tallied just one hundred years on life's score, and he lives in Sanguis.

—The only sister of our young friend ALEXIS is just eighteen. She possesses several good things, such as a lovely face and figure, large estate, well-cultured mind, \$30,000 a year, golden hair, and saucers full of diamonds.

—One of the courtliest men in Congress is Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, of this city. He is solely the artificer of his own fortunes. He began life as a cigar-maker, failed, dabbled in politics, and went to Congress. He fitted out the first sailing ship from New York for San Francisco after the news of the discovery of gold, and realized a small fortune by the venture. His investments many years since in lands lying contiguous to Central Park have made him a millionaire, and both here and in Washington he entertains in a style befitting his opulence and official position.

—Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, speaking of ministers, lawyers, and doctors, says that the lawyers are the cleverest men, the ministers are the most learned, and the doctors are the most sensible.

—STANISLAS BAZYKOWSKI, the last survivor of the Polish National Government of 1831, died recently in Paris at the age of eighty.

—Ex-President FILLMORE presided at the MORSE memorial meeting held in Buffalo a few evenings since. Mr. FILLMORE rarely appears on public occasions nowadays, though his health is perfectly good. None of our ex-Presidents lead a life of more refined leisure than Mr. F. He dwells in a fine mansion, has a fine library, and mingles, with a certain dignified freedom, with his neighbors and fellow-citizens.

—Only three ladies have ever received the decoration of the Legion of Honor. They are Lady FIDGOTT, decorated for her devotion during the war; Mlle. BERTHA ROCHER, of Havre; and Sœur VICTOIRE.

—Mr. GORINI, an Italian professional, has undertaken to petrify the body of MAZZINI within eight months. Mr. GORINI has been for years engaged in special studies of this nature, and has arrived at the most extraordinary results. Among other proofs of his skill the doctor possesses a stick of which the head is formed of a human eye, perfectly preserved and hard as crystal.

—Mr. LAURENCE OLIPHANT, well known in the literary and political circles of England, and noted also for his odd little experiment at social perfection at a little community he aided in organizing on the shores of Lake Erie, which "didn't work," is announced as about to be married to a Miss L'ESTRANGE, daughter of a distinguished Briton, of Norfolk.

—Mr. BARON MARTIN, in charging recently the Grand Jury in Cornwall, stated that ninety-nine out of every hundred cases of homicide that had come before him during the twenty-one years he had sat on the bench arose from drunkenness.

—A notable character in St. Petersburg has recently deceased—Count SCHEREMETEFF. In consequence the chorus of male voices for the performance of religious music will cease to exist. This chorus cost him \$30,000 a year, and his heirs are not sufficiently inclined to melody to keep up the costly pleasure.

—The Italian government is in a great pother about the Pope. He proves an elephant of mammoth proportions. Already they have voted to pay him \$540,000 per annum, but the money doesn't appear to satisfy. The Italian Premier is reported to have stated in the Chamber of Deputies that the coexistence of the two sovereign powers in Rome was possible without detriment to the freedom of action of either.

—The Royal Albert Hall in London has been completed, at a cost of \$1,040,000.

—A very unusual advertisement has just appeared in the London papers, setting forth that millinery in the latest styles will be supplied to the nobility and gentry of London by the Princess PIERRE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. The princess (whose husband killed VICTOR NOIR) is described as a lady of prepossessing appearance and polished manners, a self-sacrificing mother, and a devoted wife, and this adds to the romance of her very courageous resolution.

Basket of Covered Card-board Rings, Figs. 1 and 2.

This basket is made of card-board rings graduated in size and of whalebone bars. The former are covered with dark brown zephyr worsted, while on the latter similar worsted is wound. For the bottom of the basket cut of thick card-board three rings of different sizes; the smallest ring (the middle) of the bottom is an inch and three-quarters in diameter, the second three inches and three-quarters, and the third five inches and three-quarters in diameter; each ring must be half an inch wide. Cover the rings of the bottom closely with button-hole stitches of brown worsted, as shown by Fig. 2. Pass three covered whalebone bars five inches and three-quarters long crosswise through the rings, and fasten them on the latter. For the rim of the basket cut sixteen rings two inches and a half in diameter and half an inch wide, and cover them with worsted. Through these rings, observing Fig. 1, pass a whalebone bar twenty-two inches and a half long covered with worsted, and close it in a ring by laying the ends half an inch wide on each other and sewing them together. The rim thus completed is joined with the outer ring of the bottom. Make the handle, as shown by Fig. 1, of sixteen covered rings an inch and three-quarters in diameter and of a covered whalebone bar sixteen inches and a half long.

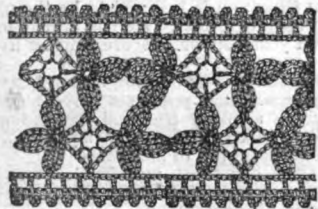


Fig. 1.—CROCHET AND LACE INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

section of the collar. To make the latter first work the requisite number of separate figures, observing Figs. 1-5. Transfer the outlines of each figure to linen, baste nansook on the latter, run the outlines, and overcast them closely with thread, No. 80; fill the leaves of the figures, as shown by Figs. 2-5, with long close running stitches of thread, No. 120, taking up two threads of the material for each stitch, and passing over from eight to twelve threads. Cut away the material on the outer edge of the figures. Then transfer the form of the collar, which is given by Fig. 82, Supplement, in one piece, to linen, and on the latter baste the separate figures, as shown by Fig. 1. Before joining them with lace stitches baste the lace on the outer edge of the collar. In order to join the lace with the foundation so that it shall look like a part of the latter, cut out the upper edge of the lace to suit the scal-

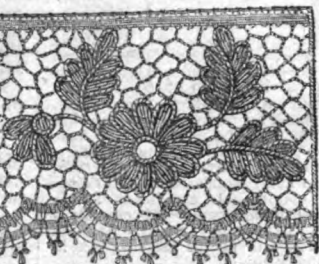


Fig. 6.—SECTION OF NEEDLE-WORK AND LACE COLLAR.—FULL SIZE.



Fig. 2.—NEEDLE-WORK FIGURE FOR COLLAR, FULL SIZE.



Fig. 4.—NEEDLE-WORK FIGURE FOR COLLAR, FULL SIZE.

Fig. 1.—NEEDLE-WORK AND LACE COLLAR. IMITATION OF BRUGES LACE.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI, Fig. 82.

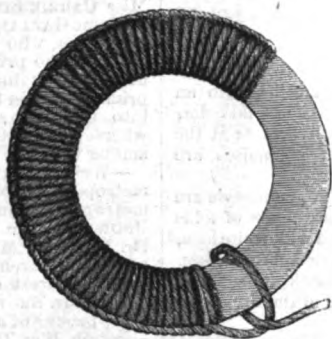


Fig. 2.—WINDING OF CARD-BOARD RING.

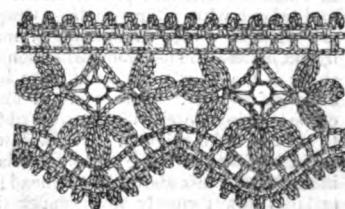
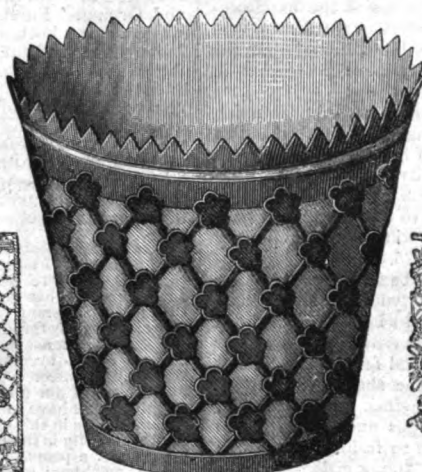


Fig. 2.—CROCHET AND LACE EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

Fig. 5.—NEEDLE-WORK FIGURE FOR COLLAR, FULL SIZE.

but together; 4 ch., 1 sc. (single crochet) on the first of the 5 ch.; this completes one leaflet. Work two more leaflets like the preceding, 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the first ch. of the first leaflet, 13 ch., three leaflets like the preceding, 1 sl. on the first ch. of the first leaflet, 13 ch., 1 sl. on the lower vein of the first of the preceding 13 ch., fasten the thread and cut it off. Repeat from * until the insertion is of the length required, fastening the leaflets together as shown by the illustration. Now work a similar row of leaflets and ch. scallops, which are fastened to the leaflets and ch. scallops of the preceding row, so that they are transposed, as shown by the illustration. Edge the middle part of the insertion thus formed on both sides with the following three rounds: 1st round.—* 1 sc. on the middle of the next 13 ch., 6 ch., 1 sc. on the middle stitch of the next leaflet, 12 ch., 1 sc. on the middle stitch of the following leaflet, 6 ch., and repeat from *. 2d round.—Always alternately 1 dc. (double crochet), 2 ch.; with these pass over 2 st. (stitch) of the preceding round. 3d round.—On every 2 ch. of the preceding round work 1 sc., then always 1 p. (picot), that is, 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first ch. After finishing the crochet-work, sew in the wheels with twisted crochet cotton, No. 150.

The edging shown by Fig. 2 is also worked of separate figures, similar to the insertion. For each figure crochet three leaflets like those of the insertion, 1 sl. on the lower vein of the first ch., 6 ch., three leaflets as before, 1 sl. on the lower vein of the first ch. of the first leaflet, 6 ch., three leaflets as before, 1 sl. on the first ch. of the first leaflet, 13 ch., 1 sl. on the first of the first 6 ch., fasten the thread and cut it off. Fasten the following figures together as shown by the illustration. For the upper straight edge and for the scalloped outer edge of the edging crochet three rounds, each like those on the outer edge of the insertion; in working these rounds on the scalloped edge of the edging narrow and widen, observing the illustration. The wheels are worked in the same manner as was described for those of the insertion, Fig. 1.

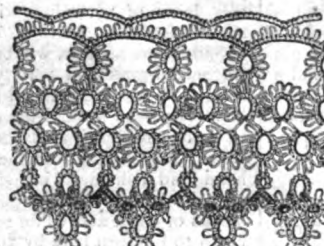


Fig. 2.—CROCHET AND LACE EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

CARRIAGE LEATHER FLOWER-POT SCREEN.

lops on the outer edge, allowing a part of the edge an eighth of an inch wide each to remain between the scallops; these parts should come exactly above the hollows of the outer scallops of the lace. Besides this baste the upper straight edge of the lace on the neck of the collar, having first cut the edge from the lace; instead of this edge, narrow point lace braid may also be used. Work the lace foundation (wound thread bars), observing Figs. 1 and 6, with fine thread; in doing this pass the needle partly through the outlines of the needle-work figures and partly around the thread bars stretched previously (see foundation of Fig. 6).

Carriage Leather Flower-pot Screen.

This flower-pot screen is made of light brown and dark brown carriage leather, and is lined with the former. The cover is five inches high, and is eighteen inches wide on the upper edge and eleven inches and three-quarters wide at the bottom. Cut the cover first of light brown carriage leather of the size described, draw the design given by the illustration on the leather, then cut the stripes and figures of this design of dark brown carriage leather, and paste them on the foundation, observing the illustration. Along the middle of the pointed strip of dark carriage leather on the upper edge of the screen set a narrow strip of light carriage leather as shown by the illustration. Finally,



Fig. 1.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV, Figs. 73-81.

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV, Figs. 73-81.



Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV, Figs. 64-72.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII, Figs. 55-63.

Black Lace and Bead Sprays for Bonnets, Head-Dresses, etc., Figs. 1-4.

THE sprays of leaves shown by Figs. 1 and 3 are suitable for trimming mourning bonnets, caps, and head-dresses. They are made of black lace and wire, and are ornamented



Fig. 1.—SPRAY OF BLACK LACE AND BEADS FOR BONNETS, HEAD-DRESSES, ETC. REDUCED SIZE.—[See Fig. 2.]

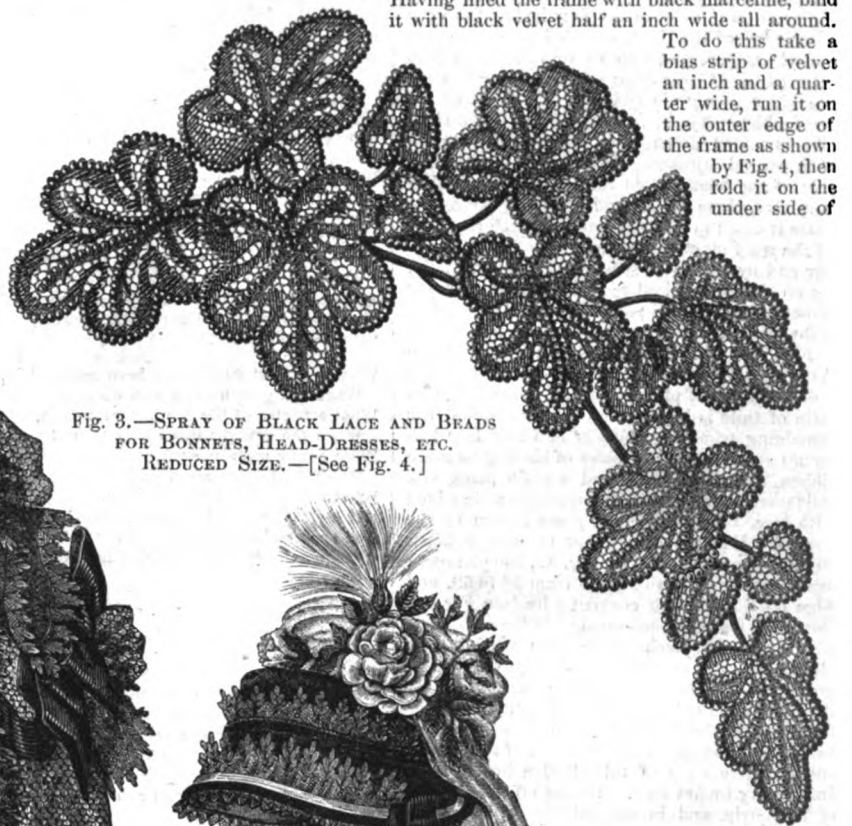


Fig. 3.—SPRAY OF BLACK LACE AND BEADS FOR BONNETS, HEAD-DRESSES, ETC. REDUCED SIZE.—[See Fig. 4.]

Having lined the frame with black marceline, bind it with black velvet half an inch wide all around. To do this take a bias strip of velvet an inch and a quarter wide, run it on the outer edge of the frame as shown by Fig. 4, then fold it on the under side of

with black beads. To make these sprays take wide black lace of a leaf pattern; cut out the leaves of this lace, and to the outer edge of each leaf overseam a piece of fine covered wire, the ends of which should project each from an inch and three-quarters to two inches; when wound about each other they form the stem of the leaf. Surround each leaf on the outer edge with black beads, which have first been strung on thread, and simulate the veins of the leaves shown by Fig. 3 with beads in a similar manner. In default of woven lace, the leaves may easily be made of fine black tulle, darning the tulle with fine black silk in the manner shown by the full-sized illustrations Figs. 2 and 4. The leaves made in this manner are also furnished with wire and ornamented with beads. If the sprays are designed for colored bonnets or head-dresses, they are made of colored crape, and are button-hole stitched on the outer edge with fine silk of the same color.



Fig. 1.—FIGURED BLACK LACE BONNET.—[See Figs. 2-9.]

For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 36-39.



Fig. 12.—BLACK LACE BONNET WITH LILAC GAUZE SCARF.—[See Fig. 13.] For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 33-35.

the frame, and hem it down there as shown by Fig. 5. These hem stitches are similar to running stitches, but in taking them pass the needle only through the material of the frame and the edge of the binding which is folded on the inside, so that the seam is visible neither on the outside nor the inside of the frame. In binding the bonnet a double or single cording of gros grain, satin, etc., may also be fastened on the outside. Fig. 6 shows a binding ornamented with a double cording. Then sew the cape, Fig. 39, which is bound with velvet around the outer edge, on the frame along the straight line given on Figs. 36 and 37 so that the corresponding signs come together. On the under ends of the front on the outside of the bonnet set the strings of gros grain ribbon two inches and seven-eighths wide, and cover the joining seam of the crown and front with the narrow ribbon, which is folded on



Fig. 13.—FRAME OF BONNET, FIG. 12. For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 33-35.

Fig. 10.—BLACK VELVET BONNET WITH AL-SACIAN BOW.—[See Fig. 11.] For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 32.

Spring and Summer Hats and Bonnets of Tulle, Crape, etc., Figs. 1-13.

THESE bonnets are partly made of black or colored lace, and partly of crape. The frames shown by Figs. 2 and 13 for the bonnets shown by Figs. 1 and 12 are made of black stiff lace and covered wire, and are cut from Figs. 33-39, Supplement. Directions for making the frames and bonnets are given by illustrations Figs. 3-9 and 11, and the accompanying descriptions.

Figs. 1-9.—FIGURED BLACK LACE BONNET WITH FRAME. This bonnet is made of figured black lace, and is trimmed with black gros grain ribbon two inches and seven-eighths wide, a bunch of black heron feathers, a scarf of figured black tulle and lace, and a spray of pink roses. A white blonde ruche and a black velvet band are set in the front of the bonnet. Strings of black gros grain ribbon. For the frame of the bonnet (see Fig. 2) cut of double stiff lace one piece each from Figs. 36-39, Supplement. Cover each of these pieces on one side first with a fourfold layer of crape, and then with a single layer of figured lace. Overseam a piece of covered wire to the outer edge of Figs. 36 and 39 (see illustration, Fig. 3), sew up the rim, Fig. 37, from 67 to 68, and furnish it with wire on the outer edge from 69 to 68 on both sides. Join Figs. 36-38 according to the corresponding figures, so that the wired outer edges overlap the edges without wire.

Fig. 2.—LACE AND BEAD LEAF. FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 1.]

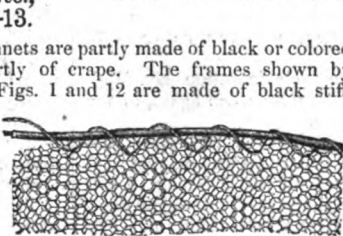
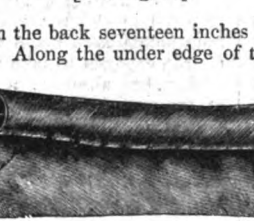


Fig. 3.—SEWING ON WIRE.



Fig. 7.—BLACK VELVET BAND.

Fig. 4.—LACE AND BEAD LEAF.—FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 3.]



the upper edge seven-eighths of an inch wide on the under side. This ribbon hangs down in a

loop in the back seventeen inches and three-quarters long. Along the under edge of the ribbon (excepting the part which forms the loop) set two rows of gathered black lace turned toward each other. A ruche and velvet band are set on the inside of the bonnet in front. Fig. 7 shows the band reduced in size, and Figs. 8 and 9 illustrate the manner of making it. For this cut a strip of black stiff lace eleven inches and three-quarters long and two inches wide, fold down the edges on both sides three-quarters of an inch wide, laying in a piece of black covered wire along each fold, and overseam this

Fig. 2.—FRAME OF BONNET, FIG. 1. For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 36-39.

square, round off three corners slightly, surround it with lace, and fold the pointed corner on the outside so that it is eleven inches and a quarter long, measuring to the fold. Arrange the double layer in two box-pleats three inches and a quarter from the fold so that the scarf is only six inches wide there,

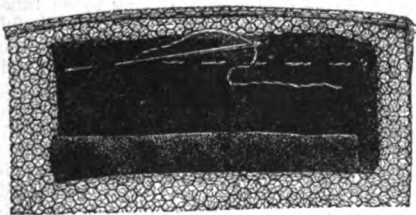


Fig. 4.—BINDING OF BONNET. FIRST PROCESS.



Fig. 9.—MAKING OF BAND.—SECOND PROCESS.

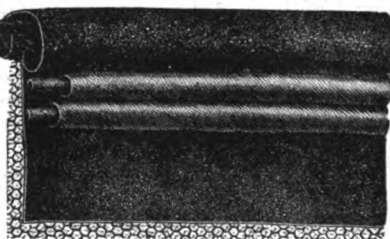


Fig. 6.—BINDING WITH DOUBLE CORD.



Fig. 11.—HEMMING OF EDGE OF FIG. 10.

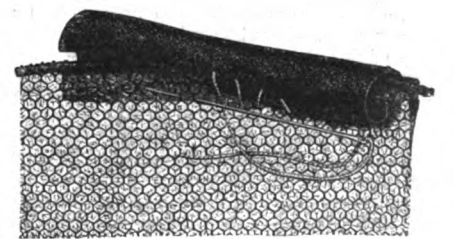


Fig. 5.—BINDING OF BONNET. SECOND PROCESS.

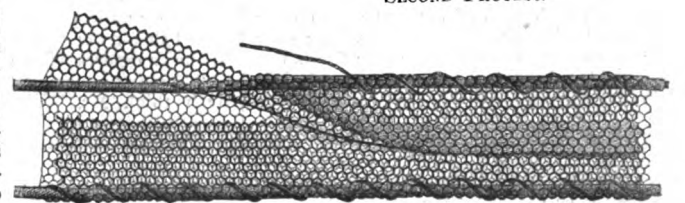


Fig. 8.—MAKING OF BAND.—FIRST PROCESS.

and sew it on the middle of the cape. Arrange the scarf on the right side, four inches from the outer edge of the right, rounded corner, in several pleats also, and fasten it on the ribbon loop referred to. Cover these stitches with a bow of the wider gros grain ribbon. The point of the scarf which projects from the bow on the right side is folded down on the bow and fastened with several stitches. In the back, on the left side of the bonnet, fold the scarf on the ribbon loop also, three inches and a quarter wide, and baste it down in this position. Fasten the sides of the scarf together sixteen inches from the under end by means of several stitches. Finally, set on the flowers and feathers as shown by the illustration, and two pieces of elastic braid, furnished with a button and button-loop, for closing.

Figs. 10 and 11.—BLACK LACE BONNET WITH ALSACIAN BOW. This bonnet is covered with a double layer of plain black silk tulle; a pleated strip of tulle is laid around the crown, and the remaining trimming consists of black lace two inches and a half wide, bows of black gros grain ribbon, sprays of roses, and a plain black silk tulle scarf an inch and three-quarters wide edged with lace. Strings of gros grain ribbon tie the bonnet. For the frame cut of double black stiff lace one piece from Fig. 32, Supplement; sew up the ends of this piece from 58 to 59, and edge both sides with covered wire (see Fig. 3). Cover the front on the outside and the under side with threefold black crape, then with double plain tulle, and bind the outer edge with black gros grain half an inch wide (see Figs. 4 and 5); the inner edge is left without a binding. Cover the seam of the binding with a gros grain roll half an inch wide. For the crown of the bonnet cut a double strip of tulle twelve inches wide and twenty inches long. Round off the corners of this strip, and in the middle of each side (upper and under edge of crown) lay it in deep pleats, and toward the ends in flatter pleats. Lay several pleats also in the ends of the tulle in the middle so that the outer edge of the crown and the inner edge of the front are of the same width. Then join the crown and front, and cover the former with a single layer of tulle, which should be somewhat larger than the crown, and is pleated in a similar manner. Having sewed the strings on both sides of the front, trim the latter with gathered lace; this lace should project its full width from the edge of the bonnet in the middle of the front; it is therefore sewed on a black tulle strip an inch and three-quarters wide, and is gathered more closely there besides. The joining seam of the crown and front is covered with a silk tulle strip two inches and seven-eighths wide, pleated lengthwise (see illustration). For the scarf cut a piece of plain black tulle twenty-three inches and a quarter square, surround it with lace, and fold one corner on the outside so that it is eight inches long to the fold. Arrange the scarf in four pleats along the fold so that it is four inches and seven-eighths wide there; the middle two pleats are turned toward each other and come close together. Having fastened the scarf on the cape in the back, cover the seam with a bow of four loops two inches and seven-eighths long each, and a pleated knot of gros grain. The loops and knot are hem-stitched half an inch wide on the outside (see Fig. 11, which shows the manner of making the hem). On the knot fasten a cluster of roses with a long spray. A similar bow with roses is set on the bonnet in front. Sew a row of gathered lace on the inner edge of the bonnet. Black marceline lining.

Figs. 12 and 13.—BLACK LACE BONNET WITH LILAC GAUZE SCARF. This bonnet is made of figured black tulle. The trimming consists of black lace an inch and a half wide, black velvet, a scarf of lilac silk gauze, a bunch of lilac heron feathers, and a spray of tea-roses with brown leaves. Strings of gros grain ribbon two inches and seven-eighths wide tie the bonnet. The latter is furnished, besides, with two elastic bands, which are closed under the chignon by means of a button and loop. For the frame of the bonnet cut of double stiff lace one piece each from Figs. 33-35, Supplement. Sew up Fig. 33 from 60 to 61, Fig. 34 from 63 to 61; then furnish Fig. 33 on both outer edges, Fig. 34 on one outer edge from 63 to 64, with covered wire (see Fig. 3), and join Figs. 33-35 according to the corresponding figures, having previously covered each part first with threefold black crape and then with double figured black tulle. Cover the front also on the under side with crape and tulle, and bind it on the outer edge half an inch wide with black velvet (see Figs. 4 and 5); in doing this at the same time fasten a lilac gauze piping on the outside. Sew the strings on the front, and cover the joining seam of the rim and front with a bias strip of black velvet an inch and a quarter wide, pleated lengthwise. The upper edge of this strip at the same time covers the seam made by sewing on a row of gathered black lace. A similar row is set on the front from one string to the other so that the gauze piping covers the seam of the lace. Besides this, sew a row of gathered lace on the inside of the front from the middle of the front to the strings. For the scarf cut a bias strip of lilac silk gauze forty-four inches long and fourteen inches wide; cut off one corner in such a manner that the strip ends in a straight line there, and the shorter side is only twenty-eight inches long. Hem-stitch both sides of the bias strip on the right side half an inch wide (see Fig. 11); edge the pointed end on the selvedge with fringe two inches wide. For this fringe ravel out a straight strip of lilac gros grain two inches wide on one side. Pleat the other end of the scarf lengthwise so that it is only three inches and a quarter wide, and on this end form two loops four inches and seven-eighths long each, which are sewed on the bonnet as shown by the illustration. The end of the scarf which is trimmed with fringe is suffered to fall loose on the back. Inside of the

front loop fasten the bunch of feathers described, and on the left side of the bonnet the spray of roses. Black marceline lining.

LOST HOURS.

It was a mournful watch she kept,
In the soundless winter night,
While all her world around her slept,
And the pitiless stars shone bright;
For she saw the years in long review,
The years she had trifled past,
The years when life was bright and new,
And what had they left at last!
And she cried, as she thought of her drooping flowers,
Her baffled hopes, and her failing powers,
"Oh, my lost hours!"

What a harvest might have been garnered in,
When the golden grain was wasted!
What a nectar of life it was hers to win,
When the draught was barely tasted!
What happy memories might have shone,
Had folly never stained them!
What noble heights to rest upon,
If a steadier foot had gained them!
And she cried as she sat 'mid her faded flowers,
"Rashness and weakness bring fatal dowers:
Oh, my lost hours!"

Too late for battle, too late for fame,
Comes the vision of better life.
With eyes that are burning with tears of shame
She looks on the world's keen strife:
The patient love can not pardon now,
Or the fond believing cheer.
Where the white crosses stand and the violets blow
Lie the loved that made life so dear.
Kind Nature renews her perished flowers,
But death recks nothing of sun or showers:
Ah, for lost hours!

(Continued from No. 17, page 292.)

TO THE BITTER END.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUNT-LET'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"RECALL HER TEARS, TO THEE AT PARTING
GIVEN."

GRACE went into the parlor with her basket only a quarter full of withered roses—there were plenty of faded flowers left to perish on the trees. The door of the passage that led to the kitchen was open, and she could hear a confusion of tongues, and her aunt's voice protesting about the awkwardness of something.

"It couldn't have fell out awkwarder," cried Mrs. James—"a good two months before we'd any right to expect it; and all my arrangements made, even down to the weekly washing. I'm sure I'd thought of every thing, and planned every thing, and nothing could have been straighter than it all would have been, if the baby had come to its time."

Grace listened wonderingly, but had no occasion to wonder long. Mrs. James bounced into the parlor. "What do you think, Grace? Priscilla Sprouter's baby was born last night."

Priscilla was the married daughter, united to a prosperous young grocer in the small town of Chickfield, Sussex, about forty miles from Brierwood. This unarithmetic infant, which had arrived before it was due, was Mrs. James Redmayne's second grandchild; and Mrs. James had solemnly pledged herself to pay a fortnight's visit to Chickfield whenever the event should take place, in order to attend to the general welfare of her daughter's person and household. The usual nurse would be engaged, of course; but Mrs. James was a power paramount over that hiring.

The interesting event, however, was to have occurred in October, and all Mrs. James's arrangements were made accordingly: a reliable matron engaged to take the helm at Brierwood during her absence; a fortnight's suspension of those more solemn duties of brewing and preserving, which could not be performed without being duly provided for; and behold, here was a special messenger, mounted on a sturdy unkempt pony in the butcher interest, come with a letter announcing the untimely advent of a fine boy.

"Fine, indeed!" cried Aunt Hannah, contemptuously. "And please will I come at once; for father—that's William Sprouter—is so uneasy?"

"I suppose you must go, aunt," said Grace, dubiously.

"You suppose I must, do you? And a sieve and a half of Orleans plums in the back kitchen. Who do you suppose is to look after them?"

"Couldn't Mrs. Bush make the jam, aunt, if you must go?"

"Of course Mrs. Bush could. Every one that can put a saucepan on the fire will tell you they can make jam; and nice slop it will be—a couple of inches deep in blue mould before it's been made a month. No, Grace, I am not the woman to treat your father's property like that. I shall make the jam, if I drop; and I suppose I must start off to Chickfield as soon as it's made. And I should like to know who's to see after Mr. Walgrave's dinners when I'm gone."

"Couldn't I manage that, Aunt Hannah? I don't think Mr. Walgrave is very particular about his dinners."

"Not particular—no, of course not: as long as every thing is done to a turn, a man seems easy enough to please; but just try him with a shoulder of lamb half raw, or a slice of salmon boiled to a mash, and then see what he'll say. However, I must go to Priscilla for a few days,

at any rate, and things must take their chance here. I've sent Jack across to tell Mrs. Bush she must come directly; and I do hope, Grace, you'll show a little steadiness for once in a way, and see that your father's goods ain't wasted. If Mr. Walgrave wasn't a very quiet kind of gentleman, I shouldn't care about leaving you; but he isn't like the common run of single men—there's no nonsense about him."

Grace blushed fiery red, and had to turn suddenly to the window to hide her face. Mrs. James was too busy to perceive her confusion, skirmishing about the room, peering into a great roomy store-cupboard in a corner by the fireplace, filling the tea-caddy and the sugar-casserole, calculating how much colonial produce ought to be consumed during her absence.

"You'll give Mrs. Bush a quarter of a pound of tea and half a pound of sugar for the week, remember, Grace—not a grain more. And don't be letting them have butcher's meat in the kitchen more than twice a week. If they can't eat good wholesome bacon, they must go without. Sarah knows the kind of dinners I get for Mr. Walgrave, and Mrs. Bush is to cook for him. But be sure you see to every thing with your own eyes, and give your orders to the butcher with your own lips. The broad-beans are to be eaten, mind, without any fuss about likes or dislikes: your uncle didn't sow them for the crows. And don't be giving all the damsons to Jack and Charley in puddings. I shall want to make damson cheese when I come back; and if they want to make themselves ill in their insides, there's plenty of windfalls that's good enough for that. And I should like to see those linen pillow-cases darned neatly when I come home. Miss Toulmin had a deal better have learned you to mend house-linen than to *parley-vous Français*. I'm sure anything I give you to darn hangs about till I'm sick of the sight of it."

"I'll do the best I can, aunt," said Grace, meekly. "Shall you be away long, do you think?"

"How can I tell, child? If Priscilla and the baby go on well, I sha'n't stop more than a week at the outside. But she's a delicate young woman, and there's no knowing what turn things may take. I sha'n't stop longer than I can help, you may take my word for that. And now I'm going into the best parlor to tell Mr. Walgrave."

Grace sat down by the open window, fluttered strangely by this small domestic business. Her aunt would be away—the scrutiny of those sharp eyes removed from her; a week of almost perfect freedom before her—she could not help thinking that in her aunt's absence she would see more of the man she loved. She knew that he had been obliged to diplomatize a good deal in order to spend half an hour with her, now and then, without creating suspicion. It would be different now. For one happy week they might meet without restraint. And then—and then the end of all things would come, and they must part. That bitter parting must come sooner or later; he had told her so in sober seriousness. She tried very hard to realize the fact, but could not. She was too much a child; and a week seemed almost an eternity of happiness.

"Will he be glad?" she said to herself. "Oh, I wonder if he will be glad!" If she could have looked into her lover's heart after he heard Mrs. Redmayne's announcement, she would have discovered that he was not glad.

"I wish I had gone away this morning without any leave-taking," he said to himself; "to go now, when she has asked me to stay, would seem sheer brutality. And to stay, now that the dragon is going away, and we can be together all day long, is only heaping up misery for the future. I did not believe myself capable of being made unhappy by any woman; but it will be a hard struggle to forget this farmer's daughter. I wish I had never seen her. I wish I had never taken it into my head to come here. Pshaw! am I the kind of man to make a trouble out of any such sentimental absurdity as this? Why shouldn't I enjoy a week's innocent flirtation with a pretty girl, and then go back to my own world and forget her?"

And with this laudable intention Mr. Walgrave strolled out into the garden again, in the hope of meeting Grace.

He was disappointed, however, this time. Mrs. James was up to her eyes in preserving, and kept Grace in the kitchen with her, listening to solemn counsel upon all the details of domestic management. It was rather a hard thing to have to stop in the hot kitchen all through that lovely summer day, wiping out jam-pots, cutting and writing labels, and making herself useful in such small ways; but Grace bore the infliction very meekly. To-morrow there would be perfect liberty.

Mr. Walgrave prowled round the garden two or three times, then stretched himself at full length in the orchard, and slumbered for a little in the drowsy August noontide—a slumber in which his dreams were not pleasant—awoke unrefreshed, went back to the house and reconnoitred, caught a glimpse of Grace in the kitchen through a latticed window half buried in ivy, lost his temper, and took up his fishing-rod and wandered out in search of an elderly and experienced pike he had been waging war with for the last six weeks; a wary brute, who thought no more of swallowing a hook than if it had been a sugar-plum, and had acquired, by long usage, a depraved appetite for fishing-tackle.

CHAPTER IX.

"AE FOND KISS, AND THEN WE SEVER."

It was late in the afternoon when Hubert Walgrave came back to the farm, and there was a holy calm in the atmosphere of the old house which told him somehow that Mrs. Redmayne had departed. Your household Martha is the

most estimable of women, but is apt to make a good deal of superfluous clatter in her trouble about many things. There was an air of perfect peacefulness in the house to-day which was new and welcome to the lodger. His dinner was served without the usual bustle—not quite so well cooked, perhaps, as when Mrs. James's own hand basted the joint, or made the gravies and seasoning; but he was not a man to whom a well-cooked dinner is the supreme good of life. He liked the repose and tranquillity which Mrs. James had left behind her, liked to think that when he strolled into the garden presently he would find Grace free to give him her society.

He found her sitting at her work—those inexorable pillow-cases—quite alone under the cedar. James Redmayne was by no means a man of dissipated habits; but liberty is very sweet to those who taste it rarely; and he had snatched the opportunity of walking over to Kingsbury to discuss the ruling topics of the day with the small politicians of the place in the comfortable parlor of the Moon and Seven Stars. Harvest was near, and every man had a good deal to say about his crops. The burs were beginning to show on the bine. What with politics and agriculture, Mr. Redmayne was in for a long evening. As to Jack and Charley, they never staid any where except for meals. Their normal state was locomotion.

So Grace sat quite alone under the cedar; and all that evening the lovers roamed in the garden and loitered in the orchard, and there was no one to interfere with their happiness. O halcyon time! O summer-tide of joy, shadowed by no thought of to-morrow! Grace abandoned herself to her happiness as simply as a child at the beginning of a holiday. He was with her—he had granted her prayer and staid. Never had she dreamed that life could hold so much joy. And yet it was only the old story: passionate protestations of unchanging affection—a love which was vast enough for any thing except self-sacrifice—a strange mixture of sentiment and worldly wisdom—a good deal of melancholy philosophizing after the modern school—and the perpetual refrain, "I love you, Grace, but it is not to be."

One sweet summer day followed another, and their liberty was undisturbed. Uncle James made the best use of his freedom, contrived to have business at Tunbridge one day and at Kingsbury the next, and had what the Yankees call "a good time." Grace went out fishing with her lover—went wandering along the winding bank of a delicious streamlet that twisted here and there through that not too well watered country, and saw him do battle with the ancient pike, or capture an occasional barbel or half a dozen roach. A great deal of walking and talking went to a very little angling in these rambles. He cut her name upon the silver bark of an old beech, like any rustic Corydon. He could not help wondering what Augusta Vallory would have thought if she could have seen him engaged in that sentimental labor, with Grace watching him, enraptured.

Well, it was a sweet life, if it could have lasted. He thought of his own world with a dreary sigh.

"And yet by the end of a month I should be tired to death, I dare say," he said to himself. "How much better to break with my darling while our love retains all its freshness—to have each a sweet poetic memory to carry down to our graves! How much better not to have worn our emotions threadbare! I shall marry Augusta, and Grace will marry one of her cousins; and in the secret drawer of our desks we shall each keep a withered flower, or a lock of hair—'only a woman's hair'—in remembrance of a buried love."

This was very comfortable philosophy, and for the man of the world who meant to make a name and a fortune, and live the life which seemed to him altogether best worth living, highly satisfactory—not quite so consolatory, perhaps, for the girl who had given him all her heart, and was to be left behind to vegetate with a farmer.

The days slipped away. The week was very near its end. Aunt Hannah wrote to inform her family that Priscilla Sprouter was going on admirably, and the baby in perfect health; and that, with the blessing of Providence, she, Mrs. James, would be home early on Monday morning—in time for the wash.

This was a signal for Hubert Walgrave's departure. He did not care to encounter the scrutinizing gaze of the matron in his altered relations with Grace. The rustic idyl had lasted long enough. It was best that it should come to a sudden close. And yet—and yet—this man of the world counted the hours that were left to him before that black Monday, and looked forward with a foolish delight to the quiet of the long Sabbath—the church-bells ringing hymn tunes across the golden corn fields—the drowsy blissfulness of the old-fashioned garden, where flaunting hollyhocks proclaimed that autumn was at hand.

Grace woke with a strange tremulous feeling of mingled joy and sorrow on that Sunday morning. Another long day—without him! It was the last; but while it still lay before her it seemed such a sum of happiness. At twilight it would be different; but with the morning sun still shining she could not think of the evening. The garden was still bright and dewy when Hubert Walgrave came in quest of her, and she brighter and fresher than the morning itself. They walked together until breakfast-time—went to church together afterward—were together, more or less, all day long. There was no one to interrupt their perpetual *tête-à-tête*, even upon this day of rest; Mr. Redmayne improving the shining hours by refreshing slumber, sleeping off the effects of his unwonted dissipation at Kingsbury, that he might meet his wife with a serene front on the morrow; the two young men loafing about any where and every where—sitting on gates for the

greater part of the day, conversing with stray plowmen, or descending to the intellectual level of a passing cow-boy.

Halcyon Sabbath! happy summer-time among the flaunting hollyhocks and fading roses! It was meet this should be the end. In all Grace Redmayne's young life this one bright week made up the sum of perfect happiness. In the fashionable world there are experienced beauties who count their happy seasons—summers that are one perpetual festival—who look back regretfully to the golden years in their calendar; but Grace's season was bounded by the span of seven days. She had her brief day of delight and brightness, like a flower or a butterfly, and that was all.

Toward evening Hubert Walgrave saw her face change. She grew very pale; her hands trembled as they touched the flowers; and when, in the course of their purposeless sauntering to and fro, one little hand rested on his arm, he found that it was icy cold.

"My darling, is there any thing the matter?" he asked, tenderly.

"Nothing, except that you are going away to-morrow. You do not expect me to be very happy to-night, do you?"

"But, my sweetest, you have known from the first that it must be so. We agreed to make your aunt's return the signal for our leave-taking. This parting has been before us from the beginning."

"Yes, it has been before us, but I did not know it would be so bitter," she said, and then burst into tears.

It was hard for him to bear, but a man who means to get on in the world must endure a good deal of hardship in the way of outraged feeling. He would have given a great deal in that moment to be able to clasp her to his heart and claim her for his fair young wife—a great deal, but not quite all. If he had been an unsuccessful man, with nothing to sacrifice, it would have been easy to forget any differences of social position, slight at the best, and to cast in his fate with the woman he loved. But he was very far from being an unsuccessful man, and his standpoint was a critical one. He owed much to one strong hand that had helped him to mount several rungs of the ladder, and could help him higher. To marry this girl would be to forfeit the best friend he had; in plain words, would be simply ruin. A judge may marry his cook; but a rising young barrister, dependent on the breath of attorneys, has an important card to play in his marriage, and may make or mar himself thereby. Hubert Walgrave did not mean to imperil his chances. He had begun his career when a young man fresh from college with the determination to make a name for himself. There were circumstances in his life that made this desire keener in him than it is in most men. Nor had he ever swerved by a hair-breadth from that intention. This luckless passion for a farmer's daughter was his first folly.

He comforted her as best he might, dried her tears, beguiled her into smiling at him, a very faint, wan smile.

"Shall I ever see you again after to-morrow morning, I wonder?" she said, piteously. And then she quoted "Romeo and Juliet," which they had read together in the garden:

"O Heaven! I have an ill-divining soul: Methinks I see thee, now I'm parting from thee, As one dead in the bottom of a tomb."

"My dearest, we shall meet again. I shall come to see you one day, when you are married, perhaps."

"Oh no, no, no!" she cried, shaking her head.

"Oh yes, yes, yes, Grace! This has been only a sweet poetic dream, this love of yours and mine. We are each to go our way in the world, and live our lives. You remember what your beloved Longfellow says,

"Life is real, life is earnest."

And my sweet Grace will be an honored wife and the happy mother of children. That is what a woman's life was meant for, after all, Grace—to watch beside a cradle. I shall come to see you, and find you the fair central figure of a happy home. Your father will have returned by that time."

The pale face whitened in the moonlight.

"My father!" the girl repeated, with something like a shudder. "You have almost made me forget my father."

The morning came; rosy-fingered Aurora in her opal car, and Mrs. James Redmayne in a chaise-cart. She arrived at Brierwood about breakfast-time—a metropolitan breakfast-time, that is to say—having risen at a preternaturally early hour in order to do forty miles and be at home in time for the washing. All the poetry of the cool shadowy old homestead seemed to vanish at the sight of her. There are people at whose coming all mystic creatures disperse; people who carry with them every where a delightful atmosphere of commonplace; whose conversation is as interesting as a rule-of-three sum; whose countenances are as expressive of tender emotion as the back of a ledger. Mrs. James was one of these.

She gave her niece a mechanical kiss, with her eyes exploring the corners of the room all the while to see if the solemn rite of cleaning had been duly performed in her absence; and finding nothing here to complain of, turned her scrutinizing gaze upon the girl's face, and pronounced immediately that she was looking "bilious."

"You've been lolling about in-doors all day, I dare say," she remarked, "instead of taking a healthy walk every morning."

"No indeed, Aunt Hannah," protested Grace, blushing; "I've been out a good deal—for long walks."

"Oh, you have, have you?" said her aunt; "and pray are those pillow-cases mended yet?"

"I've—almost—finished them."

"Almost! You've never done more than almost finish any work I ever gave you to do. But that comes of sending girls to stuck-up boarding-schools. I've no common patience with such trumpery."

"Is the baby a very nice one, Aunt Hannah?" Grace inquired, meekly, in the hope of giving a pleasant turn to the conversation.

"He's got the red-gum," Mrs. James answered, sharply; "I don't believe I ever saw a child so speckled."

"But he'll come right, I suppose, aunt?"

"Oh, he'll come right soon enough, I dare say; but as for your monthly nurses, of all the lazy lumber I ever had to do with, they're about the worst. If children could only be brought up to the month by machinery, so as to get rid of them, it would be a blessing to families. How's Mr. Walgrave?"

"He's very well, Aunt Hannah. Uncle James told you in his letter that he was going away, didn't he?"

"Well, yes, he said something about it; but it was as much as I could do to make top or tail of it. Your uncle's a poor scribe. When is he going?"

"To-day," faltered Grace, dragging one of the ill-fated pillow-cases out of her work-basket, and studying a darn.

"To-day! That's uncommonly sudden. However, he's a good paymaster, and free to go when he likes. If one must take a lodger, one couldn't have one that would give less trouble. And we've made a fair profit out of him. I shall put from ten to fifteen pound in the savings-bank for your father out of what he's paid me."

Mrs. James took off her bonnet, washed her face at a sink in the back-kitchen with the strongest yellow soap, and a most profound indifference to the effect of such ablutions on her complexion, put on a clean cap, and then went to pay her respects to the departing lodger. His portmanteau and carpet-bag had been brought down into the old-fashioned low-ceilinged lobby, which served as a hall; the Kingsbury fly was at the door. Grace stood at the parlor window, pale as a ghost, watching. Would he seek her out to say good-by? or would he leave her without a word? The eyes of the world were on him now—would he play his cruel part coldly, and without heed of her anguish?

She heard his voice in the lobby, talking commonplace to her aunt, and listened as if every word had been inspiration.

"So sorry to leave you, Mrs. Redmayne," he said, in his slow, languid way. "I did not believe I could have enjoyed country life so much. I have to thank you a thousand times for all your attentions; nothing but an actual necessity to perform other engagements would induce me to leave you. I hope to be allowed to come again some day."

"We shall be pleased to see you anywhen, Mr. Walgrave," replied Mrs. James, in her blandest tones. "I'm sure there never was a gentleman gave less trouble."

Mr. Walgrave smiled faintly. One poor little innocent heart had been sorely troubled by his coming. He was a man of the world, but not quite iron; and he had a guilty feeling that his presence in that house had wrought evil.

The fly was at the door, his portmanteau and book-box bestowed upon the roof, and he had only a given time for the drive to Tunbridge junction; yet he lingered, looking round him doubtfully.

"I think I ought to say good-by to your niece, Mrs. Redmayne," he observed at last.

"You're very polite, I'm sure, Sir; and I dare say Grace might take it unkind if you went away without wishing her good-morning. She's been brought up at boarding-school, and is full of fancies. Bless my soul, where is the girl? Grace!"

The parlor door opened quickly at that shrill cry, and Grace appeared on the threshold, pale to the lips, scarcely able to stand. Happily for her, Mrs. James's attention was distracted at that moment by her son and heir, who had just contrived to smash a pane in the half-glass door with one end of the traveler's fishing-rod.

For a long time Grace Redmayne's image, as she looked at that moment, haunted Hubert Walgrave. The pale plaintive look, the despairing eyes, with a kind of wildness in them. Her image in many shapes was destined to haunt him all his life, but he never forgot that one look, that mute unconscious appeal.

He went to her as she stood by the door, and took her hand.

"I could not go away without wishing you good-by, Grace," he said. "I have been telling your aunt how happy I have been here, and that I mean to come again—some day."

He waited, half expecting her to speak, but she said nothing. The pale lips quivered slightly, and that was all.

"Good-by," he repeated; and then in a lower voice, "good-by, and God bless you, my darling!"

He turned quickly away, shook hands with Mrs. Redmayne, and then with the elder of the lads, on whom he bestowed a couple of sovereigns for fishing-tackle; the house-servant had been already fed, and was smiling the smile of gratitude from the background. In another minute the driver smacked his whip, the wheels grated on the gravel, and Hubert Walgrave was gone.

"It makes us a full hour late for beginning the wash," said Aunt Hannah; "but every thing is in soak, and we've got a good drying day, that's one blessing."

Grace dragged herself up to her room, somehow, groping blindly up the familiar old staircase, with a mist of bitter unshed tears before her eyes. O weary limbs! O heavy, heavy heart! Was there never again to be any joy for her upon this earth?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IT was a brilliant assemblage that gathered in the hall of the House of Representatives on the evening of April 16 to do honor to the memory of Samuel F. B. Morse. Long before the hour appointed for the services the galleries were crowded, although none were admitted except by ticket. A portion of the galleries was reserved for the ladies of Senators, Representatives, and others who occupied the floor of the House; and a picturesque sight they made, fresh and gay in their spring garments, the long rows of seats in that section unbroken by sombre garb of any gentleman. The floor of the House was provided with extra seats, and Representatives, Senators, judges, cabinet officers, the President of the United States, and other distinguished guests paid by their presence a tribute of respect to departed genius. The hall was unadorned, save by a portrait of Professor Morse, which hung from the parapet of the gallery opposite the Speaker's desk. It was draped in mourning; but on the white bordering which alternated with the black was worked in ever-green the well-remembered message first sent on Morse's telegraph, "What hath God wrought!" The Marine Band occupied the part of the gallery just above the portrait, while on the floor of the House beneath was the Choral Society, both of which furnished appropriate music for the occasion.

We do not propose to give a report of the exercises; that has been fully done by the daily press. The speakers in eloquent words testified their own and the world's appreciation of the invaluable result accomplished, with difficulty and opposition, by Professor Morse. But to us, as we looked down from the galleries upon the wonderful little instrument which had been arranged in front of the Speaker's desk, and was heard through all the evening's exercises, the clear, sharp click, click of its electric tongue seemed by far the most eloquent speech of the occasion. It required no effort of fancy to imagine the life-like machine mourning the death of its inventor. Nothing in all that memorial meeting was so impressive as the tireless little voice of that electric telegraph. And when messages expressing deep regret at the loss of the great man were read during the evening—messages sent that very day from foreign countries; from England, India, Egypt, and China; messages sent from other similar gatherings then being held in distant cities of our own land—the sense of the wonderful power and world-wide influence of the telegraph grew stronger and stronger as it uttered its many requiems over departed genius; and no words seemed more appropriate to express the feelings than the simple exclamation, "What hath God wrought!"

It is said that when the youngest Japanese girl who is now at school in Georgetown left Japan, her mother placed in the bottom of her trunk a package carefully sewed up in cloth, and labeled, "For my little daughter—not to be opened until she shall have arrived in America." When at length settled in her new home, the child—she is only eight years old—opened it. Every little girl can guess what was in the package: of course it was a doll, in all the splendor of Japanese costume. The little Oriental had a good hearty cry over it at first, for the sight of it made her long for home and mother. But in the end the doll proved a comforter.

The *Cologne Gazette* gives some particulars in reference to the new method for heating the railway carriages in Germany. The new combustible is coal, prepared by a peculiar chemical process. Four pieces of coal five inches long, four wide, and one thick are sufficient to warm a compartment for twelve hours. The coal burns in copper boxes placed under the seats, or even under the flooring. The air required to produce combustion is conducted through pipes, also placed under the carriages, and a similar contrivance is used to get rid of the gas. This arrangement prevents the escape of fresh air and the introduction of foul air. Several railway companies are making a trial of this system.

During the year 1870 nearly 15,000 letters were posted in Great Britain without any address at all. This is a very suggestive fact. The whole number of letters which passed through the postal department of Great Britain was 831,914,000, of which nearly 4,000,000 were returned to the department. Over 3,000,000 of these were returned to the writers, and 100,000 were reissued to corrected addresses.

Rheumatism is the bane of many a person's life. A San Francisco paper assures its readers that some most obstinate cases of this painful affection have been relieved by one application of a very simple remedy—namely, to bathe the part affected in water in which potatoes have been boiled. It should be applied as hot as it can be borne immediately before going to bed. So simple a remedy can, at least, be tried without fear of injury.

The clerks in the banking house of Coutts & Co., in London, are all supplied with dinner inside the establishment at the expense of Miss Burdett-Coutts. The dinner, or "lunch," as it is called, is first class, and this is the way it happened to be provided: One day Miss Coutts entered the bank about one o'clock, and noticed that the building seemed very empty.

"Where are the gentlemen?" she inquired. "They have gone to lunch. They generally do so every day at about this time," answered one of the partners.

She expressed herself as not approving of "the gentlemen" going out in all weathers from one coffee-house to another in search of a meal, and she then inquired if there were no possible remedy for it, and why they could not dine at the bank.

"Extra expense," suggested the partner. Whereupon Miss Burdett-Coutts authorized the providing of a meal regularly for the gentlemen, and her account to be debited with the necessary expense.

"An American Girl Abroad" gives some very sensible advice to ladies in regard to the clothing which is most suitable and comfortable on board a steamer. So many are now preparing to go abroad that we think some of her suggestions will be seasonable. She recommends "a double gown or woolen wrapper, in which you

may sleep; flannels (even though you cross the ocean in summer); merino stockings; warm gloves or mittens; as pretty a hood as you please, only be sure that it covers the back of your head, since you will ignore all cunning craft of hair-dressing for a few days at least, and even after you are well enough to appear at the table, perhaps. Bear in mind that the Northern Atlantic is a cold place, and horribly open to the wind at all seasons of the year; that you will live on the deck when not in your berth or at your meals; and that the deck of an ocean steamer partakes of the nature of a whirlwind. Fur is by no means out of place, and skirts should be sufficiently heavy to defy the gales, which convert every thing into a sail. Take as many wraps as you choose—and then you will wish you had one more. A large shawl, or, better, a carriage-robe, is indispensable, as you will very likely be rolled up like a cocoon much of the time. By all means avoid elaborate fastenings to garments. A multiplicity of unmanageable 'hooks and eyes' is untold torment at sea. And let these garments be few but warm. You will appreciate the wisdom of this suggestion when you have accomplished the herculean task of making your first state-room toilette."

For many years past the subject of the extension of the Capitol grounds at Washington has been annually presented to Congress without any result accomplished. Recently, however, a bill has been passed appropriating to public use the squares north and south of East Capitol Park. The contemplated improvements will add much to the beauty of the surroundings of the Capitol.

There are, it is said, five ladies with the Japanese embassy, none of whom have appeared at any of the receptions, since it would not be in accordance with Japanese etiquette for ladies to appear on such occasions. Rumor says, however, that these gentle Japanese were on one occasion persuaded to try the effect of fashionable American costume. A stylish madame was employed to transform them. They were laced, ruffled, paniered, flounced, bowed, trained, and crowned with the requisite amount of genuine American hair, and were pronounced "perfect." An hour after the operation, however, on the return of the *artiste* with some little ornament she had forgotten, she found her supposed victims smiling and happy in their own accustomed habiliments. They had no fancy for the bondage of American fashion.

A Washington paper makes the following reply to an inquiring stranger: "The big marble shaft 'down by the river-side' upon which your eyes rested on reaching the city is the same Washington Monument you saw on your 'previous visit twelve years ago.' You don't suppose these monuments can be run up in twenty years, even if 'the great American nation' is the builder?"

We foresee a marked increase in the consumption of common salt and of lemons. How can it be otherwise when a German physician has just discovered that small-pox originates from an excess of albuminous matter in the blood, and that the best remedies are common salt and the juice of lemons? We do not understand that these two articles are to be mixed for use, but rather that salt is regarded as a preventive and lemon juice as an active remedy against too much albumen in the system. These are very simple medicines, and certainly can not do much harm. They may do good, and the theory of the German may be worthy of medical investigation.

Paris *maisons de santé* are scarcely sufficient to accommodate the overwhelming number of lunatics who require care or restraint, and the Morgue is too small to contain the bodies found in the Seine. Medical investigation has led to the conclusion that the greater part of the lunatics have become deranged by the strain of the political misfortunes which have afflicted France. It is stated that two per cent. of the Communist prisoners have become lunatics since their imprisonment.

"A man who would be a good worker," says Henry Ward Beecher, "must be a good sleeper. The quality of mental activity depends upon the quality of sleep. Men need on an average eight hours of sleep a day. A lymphatic temperament may require nine; a nervous temperament six or seven. A lymphatic man is sluggish, moves and sleeps slowly. But a nervous man acts quickly in every thing. He does more in an hour than a sluggish man in two hours, and so in his sleep. Every man must sleep according to his temperament—but eight hours is the average. Whoever by work, pleasure, sorrow, or by any other cause, is regularly diminishing his sleep, is destroying his life. A man may hold out for a time, but the crash will come, and he will die. There is a great deal of intemperance besides that of tobacco, opium, or brandy. Men are dissipated who overtax their system all day, and undersleep every night."

The sale of what is commonly known as "bob veal" is strictly prohibited by the health authorities of our city. Over three thousand pounds of this unwholesome meat were recently found in Washington Market. A careful supervision of this matter will increase the health of citizens, and purchasers should be exceedingly careful.

The Italians are so much interested in the great exhibition to be held at Vienna next year that the ministry have recommended to Parliament the appropriation of half a million of francs to enable the country to be represented in the best manner. Italy has many objects of fine arts and manufacture for which she desires a market, and such an opportunity for displaying wares for the inspection of the world is not to be neglected.

It has been suggested that contagious diseases are spread by means of infected bank-bills and currency. Certainly some of the paper money which is in circulation is mutilated and filthy to that extent that it is suggestive of all foul maladies. Let us have clean money, by all means, to which end all banks should frequently reissue notes to exchange for the dirty and diseased ones in circulation.

SELECTION OF ANNUALS.

PROBABLY many of our readers have had sent to them during the past month or two the annual catalogues of some one or more of the leading seedsmen in various parts of the country. These catalogues have become quite elaborate books, comprising much useful information regarding the cultivation of flowers and vegetables, illustrated by colored plates and wood-cuts of many of the more prominent varieties of each, but containing such long lists of names (one catalogue now before us enumerates 1700 varieties) that they become quite confusing to the novice, who is still more bewildered by the descriptions given of them; these, again, being in many cases highly colored—shall we not say in too many cases exaggerated?

Under such circumstances our flower-loving friends often have to order at hap-hazard, and meet with great disappointments, as they find, after all, that they get a great many things that are weedy or coarse in their appearance, or are of difficult cultivation, as they are not well adapted to withstand the excessive heat of our summers. To assist them in making such a choice as will prove to give general satisfaction, we append a selection of fifty varieties of annuals, dividing them into three classes. It will be seen that the list includes many of the old stand-bys; but this is impossible to avoid, for it is not possible to get novelties of equal merit of their individual characteristics. Their retention in the flower lists year after year only proves the truth of the poet's aphorism, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." We will first select six varieties with

VARIEGATED OR COLORED FOLIAGE.

Amaranthus tricolor, a well-known plant, with green, red, and yellow leaves (there is a stronger-growing variety, known as *A. tricolor giganteus*); *A. melancholicus ruber*, with blood red foliage; *A. sanguineus*, with crimson foliage during the summer, but toward autumn becoming tipped with yellow; *A. salicifolius*, a novelty of the present season (the leaves are long, undulated, and narrow: at first green, and as the season progresses they become of an orange red color; the plant has a remarkably elegant drooping habit).

Euphorbia variegata has green and white leaves.

Perilla nankinensis has very deep mulberry-colored foliage.

CLIMBERS OR VINES.

Tropæolum peregrinum, or canary-bird flower, curious and beautiful; *T. lobbianum*, scarlet flowers; *T. Géant des Batailles*, carmine flowers. These are varieties of the *maritimum*.

Ipomœa quamoclit, or cypress-vine, and also the white-flowered variety; *I. coccinea*, with entire, not cut leaves; *I. limbatæ*, blue and white flowers; *I. hederacea superba*, blue flowers with white margins; *I. hederacea alba*, pure white flowers. All the *Ipomœas*—and there are many varieties—are beautiful climbing plants, and are similar in appearance to the convolvulus, or morning-glory, to which they are closely allied.

BORDER FLOWERS.

Asters: all the varieties of these are interesting, curious, or beautiful; we think, however, that Truffant's new Peony-flowered Perfection variety is the finest of all. There are about twenty shades of colors among them.

Bartonia aurea has showy golden-colored flowers.

Balsams, or lady's-slippers; the camellia-flowered varieties in their various colors are the best.

Callirhoe pedata, a prostrate-growing plant, with flowers of purplish-crimson and a white eye.

Clarkia elegans, double rose-colored, and *C. integrifolia*, double white, are two fine varieties.

Clianthus dampieri, a beautiful plant, with curious pea-shaped flowers of a rich scarlet color, and a large black spot in the centre of the flower. It is comparatively new, and is a most elegant plant. There has been introduced within a year or two a white-flowered variety.

Convolvulus minor monstrosus, a trailing plant with violet purple flowers; *C. minor uncaulis*, of upright growth, and close heads of flowers of a bluish-purple color.

Dianthus diadematus, double-flowered, and *D. laciniatus*, with double-flowers and fringed petals, are the best two varieties of the Chinese pink; they are both very beautiful.

Discus ceruleus has lavender blue flowers.

Erysimum peroffskianum has showy orange-colored flowers.

Linum grandiflorum coccineum is a species of flax, with bright crimson flowers.

Mignonette: a new variety of this indispensable flower, called *ameliorata*, or large pyramidal flowered, is much superior to the old sort, being of stronger growth, and the flowers of a reddish tint.

Nasturtium: the two varieties, Tom-Thumb scarlet and yellow, are dwarf, bushy-growing sorts, and very showy.

Falava flexuosa, of late introduction, is a dwarf, bushy plant, producing a profusion of bright rosy pink flowers with a dark spot at the base of the petals.

Phlox drummondii is one of the finest of annuals. There are many varieties; the most distinct are *alba*, *Black Warrior*, *leopoldii*, *oculata*, and *heynholdii*.

Pansies are universal favorites; the finest

are the English Prize, the Fancy or Belgian, the King of Blacks, and the pure white.

Petunias: the best varieties are those known as Buchanan's Hybrids.

Portulacca: bright brilliant flowers, opening in sunshine. Of very dwarf habit. The best varieties are *alba*, *aurantiaca*, *caryphylloides* or *Car-nation-flowered*, *thellusonii*, *splendens*, and the double-flowered: these last are very beautiful.

Santivallia procumbens: double-flowered; bright golden yellow. Very dwarf habit.

Scabiosa elegans, or sweet scabious: the dwarf double-flowered varieties are the best; they are of various shades of color, such as white, carmine, lilac, maroon, etc.

Tagetes signata pumila is of the marigold family, it is of a dwarf habit, has fern-like

MAKING BOTH ENDS MEET

THE Irish gentleman who remarked that the best way to "make both ends meet" was to "burn the candle at both ends," took a very cheerful view of a lugubrious subject. Problems there are in science, in morals, and in theology which will puzzle philosophers to the end of time, but the grand *arcana* how to make both ends meet troubles a thousand brains for every one which disturbs itself about the origin of species, freedom, and necessity, or "fixed fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute." He who has discovered it may very well dispense with many other items of useful knowledge, certain that he may evermore sit under his own vine and fig-tree, while no bailiffs shall make him afraid; while he

ence lies in favor of the man who succeeds, and consequently can look the world in the face, and against the man who fails, and as the inevitable result is driven either to a dozen mean shifts, or to accept obligations of that particular kind which it takes no special virtue to feel it is "more blessed to give than to receive." Some years ago a literary personage, anxious to procure authentic memorials of certain self-made men of the manufacturing districts, sent round blank forms to their *quondam* fellow-workmen, requesting that they might be filled up with reminiscences. A space was left on each form for the most salient characteristics of the person whose biography was to be written; and on this space in one case was inscribed the solemn remark, "His greatest peculiarity was the intense

Nothing would be also a little melancholy council of ways and means recognized that ran somewhere, and the "What shall we do not very serious, and will bring both ends factorily together, the lively feelings of hold committee, and her particular luxury effect is electric. "give up our little of society I care for seem to enjoy so much screams Materfamil-



Fig. 1.—GRAY PONGEE DRESS.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—BUFF LINEN CAMBRIC DRESS.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—LAVENDER DELAINE SUIT WITH POLONAISE.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 40-43.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 44-45.

Figs. 1-5.—LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESSES.

foliage, and bears a profusion of flowers of a bright yellow color, with a reddish-brown stripe down the centre of each petal.

Zinnia elegans: this old inhabitant of our gardens has been greatly improved by the introduction of double-flowered varieties, which resemble those of dwarf dahlias; they are of various colors—white, chrome, crimson, maroon, and shades of brown, lilac, etc.

The above selection contains plants of all shades of color and great variety of foliage, producing flowers alike suitable for the flower bed in the open air or for filling vases with cut flowers, and avoiding such as are wanting in neatness or elegance of habit.

who fails to find it out may grow old, like Solon, learning something else every day, and yet be a miserable fool at the end of the chapter. True, there is theoretically something chivalrous and "fast" in being a spendthrift. Nothing is more unromantic than to pay one's butcher's bills every week; and, on the other hand, it is almost heroic to talk like Rochester of trees as "an excrescence of the earth provided by nature for the payment of debts;" or to say, like the Frenchman, "My debts! why on earth should I think of my debts?—*Ça regarde mes créanciers*." But practically, somehow, when it comes to the actual result of succeeding or failing in making both ends meet, it must be admitted the prefer-

sense he manifested at all periods of his life of the inestimable value of ready money." The "peculiarity" has perhaps been shared by a few other persons; but we have no doubt it contributed very essentially to the eventual edification of Mr. A.—'s colossal fortune. To possess this delightful "ready money" and to "make both ends meet" are very nearly the same problem, and to solve them there are obviously two methods, and two only: first, to live within one's income, which for all of us, except millionaires, may be described as the method of saving; second, to add to one's income enough to cover all current expenses, which may be described as the method of earning.

dresses. Surely out as dowdies and brother John, "ny I keep cost nothing, that new piano just b don't run up stable bous quaver; and so t in households of na wine, the servant's w and the weekly bills, tiny, and nearly al There are invariab though economy ir even indispensable, item suggested is

using, were it not to assist at a fam- when it has been must be made is to be debated, If the case be derate reductions family income satis- necessity checks mers of the house- one hears his or ed for sacrifice, the ries Paterfamilias, aries, the one kind hich all our friends Don't say a word," out the dear girls'

impracticable. At the end of the longest and most arduous discussion, the matter generally rests where it did at the beginning. Only one case have we known where a retrenchment was agreed on unanimously by all the persons concerned. Neither food, nor fuel, nor light, nor servants, nor expenses of locomotion could be curtailed, though each of these departments was managed on rather lax principles in the house in question. But one great thing could be done. The Times should be taken in future—not to keep—only to read! Whether so radical a reform enabled that frugal family to make both ends meet ever afterward we are unable to say. Seriously the real thing to be done, is not to pare and pinch at little details—a process extremely aggravating to the temper, and which

they will not notice the pinching and paring on the old model; but the man who dislikes that his acquaintance should know that he is resolved to live within his income deserves to be in difficulties, and as to the inconvenience and privation entailed by such wholesale reductions of style of living, they are infinitely smaller than the eternal worry of looking after every trifling detail, a course which never fails in the long-run to prove a penny-wise and pound-foolish plan of life. Well within the income, whatever that income may happen to be, and a liberal margin for freedom in detail or to meet chance emergencies, this is the real philosophy of economy. But there is a method far more pleasant than that of retrenchment for "making both ends

from lands or other investments, things may all go straight for many years, but even here, unless the lands or other investments produce an income increasing at the same rapid ratio as the general increase in the cost of living, there must always come a day when the dread problem of how to make both ends meet will stare the proprietors in the face, and force them to have recourse either to the method of saving or the method of earning, as they best may choose. But when in a family it is the wish of every body to earn, how pathetic are the debates (worse than those about retrenchment) which take place to determine how that most desirable process of earning is to be commenced! Of course the first idea of every human creature who can hold a pen is that grand refuge of

formance, and the consequent firm persuasion of the unhappy writer, and all his or her relations, that by bringing sufficient force of interest to bear, the way to fame and wealth is clear. Or there are, perhaps, other hopes, from paintings by Maria, which the great Mr. Dauber, R.A., once observed were "very pretty;" or songs composed by brother Robert, "which used to be so admired by the young ladies when he sang them in Lackmansville!" It is all pretty much the same. Amateur literature, amateur art, at first without training, and at last brought forward not because there is any thing true or wise to be said, or any beauty to be created, but simply because money is wanted, can never be of real and permanent avail. Literature and art are noble professions, not flowery paths into which any one can turn who chooses. The wise course for those who seriously desire to make money, and who have not hitherto done any thing of the kind, or received the training qualifying them to do so, is to forbear from looking always along the plane of their own social level, or a little above it, but rather to turn their eyes somewhat below, and see whether there, where their gentler breeding will place them at an advantage over competitors, they can not do something to better their state. One thing is certain: making money is a more pleasant process, on the whole, than saving it: but there is no making money without some sacrifice of leisure, of pride, of enjoyments of various kinds, and all habits of idleness and self-indulgence. One kind of money-getting calls for greater sacrifice of one sort, and another of another, but there is always something to be sacrificed. Let these things be carefully considered at the outset, and the choice made where the self-denial shall be, either in saving or in earning, and then there will be more chance for success in the grand experiment—how to make both ends meet.

THE TEA-POT.

By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THERE was once a proud Tea-Pot: it was proud of its real china, proud of its long spout, and proud of its broad handle. It had something at both the front and the back—the spout in front, and the handle at the back; and about this it used to talk; but it did not talk about its lid, for that was cracked and riveted: it had a defect, and one does not care to talk about one's defects; other people do that quite enough. Cups, Cream-Jug, and Sugar-Basin—the whole tea-service—would think about and talk over the lid's deficiency much more than about the fine handle and the distinguished-looking spout: the Tea-Pot was aware of that.

"I know them!" it said to itself. "I know my own weakness too, and I acknowledge it; that is my humility, my modesty. Failings we all have, but one has gifts too. The Cups receive a handle, the Sugar-Basin a lid: I receive both gifts, and one thing in front which they never get. I get a spout, which makes me queen of the tea-table. To the Sugar-Basin and Cream-Jug it is granted to be the ministers of sweet flavor; but I am the dispenser, the manager: I distribute the blessing among the thirsty sons of men. Within me is the Chinese leaf brewed up in the boiling, tasteless water."

All this the Tea-Pot used to say in the merry time of its youth. It stood upon the well-spread table; it was lifted by the daintiest of hands. But the dainty hand was awkward; the Tea-Pot fell: off snapped the spout, off snapped the handle; the lid is not worth mentioning—enough has been said about that already. The Tea-Pot lay in a fainting-fit on the floor, while the boiling water ran out of it. It was a heavy blow, and the hardest part of it was that they laughed: they laughed at it, and not at the awkward hand.

"I never get the remembrance of it out of my head," said the Tea-Pot, the last time that it was recounting its career to itself. "I was called 'invalid,' put by in a corner, and on the next day was given away to a woman who used to beg for dripping. I sank into poverty, stood without a word, either without or within, but there as I stood began my better life."

"We are born one thing and become altogether another. They put mould inside me, which for a tea-pot is to be buried; but in the mould was laid a flower bulb. Who laid it there, who gave it me, I do not know; given it was, in exchange for the Chinese leaf and the boiling water—in exchange for the broken-off handle and spout. And the bulb lay in the earth, the bulb lay within me; it was my heart, my living heart, and such a one as I had never had before."

"There was life within me, there was strength, and vital force. The pulse beat, the bulb shot out sprouts; it was near bursting with thoughts and emotions. They broke out in flower; I saw it, I held it; I forgot myself in its beauty: a blessed thing it is to forget one's self in others!"

"It did not say 'thank you' to me, it did not think about me; it was admired and praised. I was so glad about it—what must it not have been!"

"One day I heard some one say that it deserved a better pot. They hit me right across the side; it was fearfully painful, but the flower got into a better pot—and I was thrown out into the court-yard, to lie there like an old potsherd; but I have the memory: of that I can not be deprived."



Fig. 6.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 7.—FAWN-COLORED POPLIN DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 8.—BUFF PONGEE DRESS. FRONT. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 46-54.

Fig. 9.—BUFF PONGEE DRESS, BACK. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 46-54.

SPRING AND SUMMER DRESSES.

not have them go "Bosh!" growls and the two hacks nothing. Look at Jane!" "Planos is in Jane, in dolor-ent goes on. And means the cabs, the coals, the candles, under solemn scrup- the same results. of reasons why, tract is good and in the particular undesirable, even

the ever-growing prices of all articles of consumption must continually render seemingly nugatory. The axe should be laid lower, and where retrenchment is necessary at all it should be done in the shape of a reduction in the framework, not in the minor pieces of which the household puzzle is composed. Carriages and horses, a man-servant, a woman-servant, the practice of giving dinners or evening parties, in extreme cases the habitation of a house larger or in a more expensive locality than is necessary—these are the reductions which alone really tell on an income, and effect the purpose for which they are made. People shrink from them because their neighbors notice them, while they think

meet." It is the method of earning money instead of saving it. In the classes of society in which such earning, or at least the attempt at earning, is a matter of course for both men and women, there is a tenfold more cheerful spirit than in that hapless class, just a grade higher, wherein the ladies are too "genteel" to think of adding to the family means (except by a marriage more or less mercenary), and wherein, therefore, it depends on the chance of there being a male bread-winner, industrious, healthy, fortunate, and generous enough to bear up single-handed the seven women who, in such cases, always cling in apocalyptic fashion to his skirts. Of course, where there is a large fixed income

the destitute—literature. Every body knows somebody who "writes for the magazines," and is reported to obtain from that abounding source a perfect Pactolus of wealth, which, of course, can easily be partially diverted so far as to irrigate the small domain of the ambitious Ernest or Anna, who is saluted by the rest of the family as the future glory of the house. Then comes all the dreary story of tormenting friends for an introduction—"only an introduction, because a new author's works, they are told, are sadly neglected if not properly introduced"—and then the good-natured editor's civil refusal of the manuscript with "many thanks," or (more fatal far) his indulgent acceptance of a mediocre per-

TWO WAYS.

AFTER THE WHIPPING.

Pouring and sobbing and bitter thought;
Forceful regret that can come to naught;
Smarting reproach and doubt of its mother
(God! that those two should offend one another!);
Fears taking hold that may keep it in check
Till tossed by some sudden release to its wreck.
Alack, who the bitter succession can know
That follows the wrong, followed fast by a blow?

AFTER THE KISS.

Vanishing anger and softened dismay;
A half-naughty little one, yearning to pray;
Unconsciously yearning, and sobbing the rest,
Pressed in its grief to a grievous mother's breast—
Neither angel nor sinner all good to withstand,
Only God's little child with the world close at hand.
O mothers! weak petting may oft be amiss,
But never came harm from a sorrowful kiss.

MR. SUTHERLAND'S SICKNESS.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

HE was a single gentleman of some fifty-five summers—winters you could not say, for there was not a trace of snow on his elegantly curled locks—and being well preserved, and with almost all of his youthful tastes, he was still the beau in society that he used to be; and living in another city from that in which he passed his first youth, the precise number of years in this second youth of his was not generally known, and very seldom guessed at. In only one thing did Mr. Sutherland betray his advancing age—though I am by no means sure that youth is not as fond of its comforts as age; but however that may be, Mr. Sutherland was very fond of his, and he never dispensed with any of them. His bed was of the finest and best; his coffee was the clearest and most golden, or else his landlady's life became a burden to her; his breakfasts were dainty bits of the richest morsels in the market; nobody's fire burned as brightly as his did; nobody's chairs were more luxurious; he had a fresh-blown flower every day on his table; he had the first reading of the newspaper; and when Sir Oracle spoke, no dog presumed to bark. Sickness and death and distraught for rent might enter the house, but Mr. Sutherland's slippers and dressing-gown must be warm and ready for him; it was no excuse with him for a tardy dinner that the mistress of the house in upsetting her chair and breaking her arm had upset the household as well; it was no excuse for disobedience to his bell that the baby was just dying; a heavy heart was no excuse for heavy bread. A single lapse from the straight line of his exactions Mr. Sutherland always met with battle-arrays; a second lapse, and he packed up his impedimenta for a new boarding-house.

It may well be imagined, then, that when Mr. Sutherland found himself, for the first time in his life, a little ailing, and presently much worse, with a bad aching in his back and dreadful pains in his limbs, and his head splitting and his throat sore—for to his unaccustomed senses, as to a child's, any pain seemed the worst there was—it may well be imagined, then, that a vague and dim consciousness began to possess him, and soon to dominate him, that if he was really going to be ill he was going to be served with stern severity, perhaps, as to potions and lotions, but certainly with no loving watchers, no tender care of faithful friends, no anxious and affectionate smoothing of the pillow and bathing of the brow—served with that attendance merely which money brings and which selfishness obtains; and if he died, those that sat up with his dead body would, for all he knew, be playing cards in the next room for the pennies on his eyes. Mr. Sutherland felt cold chills creeping down his back that he was sure did not belong to his complaint, and he sent post-haste for the doctor.

When Dr. Murray came he found his patient hovering over a fire and wrapped in a drift of blankets in spite of all the summer weather outdoors. "I am suffering from a fearful rheumatism, doctor," he quavered. "All my limbs and my head—my whole system is racked. Give me a prescription, and don't lose a minute! I walked ten miles to-day in hopes to walk it off. If I don't sleep to-night I shall lose my head!"

"Oh, I guess not so bad as that," said the doctor. "Rheumatism?" he asked, after feeling his pulse and scanning him closely a minute. "Pain in your limbs?"

"All over me—everywhere!"

"In the back?"

"Of course! I told you so."

"In the groin?"

"Like a knife!"

"Throat sore?"

"Rough as a grater, doctor."

"And your eyes?"

"Oh, very uncomfortable!"

"How are the glands?"

"The glands?"

"Yes—in armpit and groin and behind the ears. Swollen?"

"Good Lord! doctor," cried the terrified Mr. Sutherland, in a moment, "they are the size of pigeon eggs! This is a fearful attack! Give me some potash, some colchicum, some—"

"Are you treating this case, or am I?" laughed the doctor.

"But I have always heard that colchicum—"

"Ridiculous, my dear Sir. Who ever heard of giving colchicum for the small-pox?"

"The what!" cried Mr. Sutherland, springing to his feet, and startled into comparative health.

"Well, the varioloid, perhaps; and a light form of it too. Yes—obscure; but the eruption is beginning to appear. Pustule white—dark

red crown; slight fever—extremely slight. You are doing very well."

"Shall I get over it, doctor?" gasped Mr. Sutherland.

"Why, you are as good as over it now."

"And will it mark me, doctor?" he stammered, white and shaking with apprehension.

"Mark you?—nonsense! no; as soon as the efflorescence is complete you will be quite comfortable. You will be out again in a fortnight. Here is something," said the doctor, after a moment's scratching on his prescription-book, "that will help you a little. Don't need any medicine. Keep warm; light diet. A lemon will cool your throat. Good-night, Sir. I will see you to-morrow."

"No you won't," said Mr. Sutherland, as the doctor closed the door behind him. "I've no idea of being ill of the small-pox in a boarding-house!" And in an hour from that time—an hour whose interval had been spent in an anxious study of the hand-glass, and an artistic smearing of his countenance with glycerine till it shone like a huge animated capsule—he was on his way to the cars, into a berth of one of which he hurried himself, wrapped between the red quilts, careless that he had left all the people in the house ignorant of the infection to which they were exposed; that he had probably poisoned with it the coach in which he was driven to the station; that now he was scattering the fatal germs which were to carry death and desolation into a thousand homes along the whole of that line of travel—eager only to reach his old sister-in-law's house, and be put in a warm and comfortable bed, and be petted and coddled to his heart's content, as she, who knew him little, always petted him for his dead brother's sake; and looking forward to cure and convalescence in his sister-in-law's pleasant south room, let his bones ache now as they would, he was rolling along the road to Penleith.

Meanwhile the mountain village of Penleith, toward which the train traveled on its westward way, lay bright in the moonlight, bright and gay with flowers and summer and music and laughter; for its young people were clustered in a little impromptu party at Mrs. Sutherland's, an absurd little party in reality, a vaccination party: half the young people in town, indeed, if not all of them; the village surgeon having come in among them as they were making merry, in Sophy's absence, with her mother, bringing word that he had just heard from Dr. Martin's heifers, and could give all those who wanted it a safe vaccination now, and he thought they had better have it, as, whether it were from Piegan blankets or Levantine rags, the red fiend of small-pox was abroad in the land, and so he invited them literally to "walk up to the scratch."

What a gay party it was! what a coquettish rolling up of sleeves over round arms! what a discriminating choice of the prettier arm to exhibit! what a courageous advance on the part of the first brave maiden!—for I am bound to say that the young men gallantly gave the ladies precedence—what a pretty shrinking on the part of the timid! what a protecting tenderness on the part of the youth who held the little arm while its owner looked away from the operation! and then what gay groups going about with the decoration of the ruby drop till the surgeon bade them all good-night!

"What a pity Sophy is not here!" they cried. "And why in the world did you let her go off to-night, Mrs. Sutherland?"

"Oh, she can go up in the morning and undergo the process," said Mrs. Sutherland. "It will do just as well. I promised to be such beautiful moonlight, as I told you, and the air was so still, that I thought she and Cousin Nancy could have no better time to make their visit round the mountain than this afternoon; and I suppose they are jogging along home with old Calico now. Here they are, I declare! And—what in mercy's name—if it isn't brother Henry!"

For the chaise that came rocking up to the door had come home on the road that wound by the little station, a mile away, where no chaise waited for any passenger, and had been seized upon by a stout gentleman wrapped to the eyes in great-coats and blanket-shawls, who begged for a lift into the village as a sick person, and whom presently the blooming Sophy and the careful Nancy—one by his side and the other on his knee—had discovered to be their uncle coming home to be nursed and cared for. And if ever the leaves of autumn were seen to scatter at a blast, so was the gay party in Mrs. Sutherland's parlor and hall and porch seen to scatter as Sophy, white and grave, sprang down and bade them be off with themselves, for her uncle Henry was in the chaise sick with the small-pox. And Mrs. Sutherland gave one scream and fainted dead away, remembering then that Sophy had never had any protection at all against the dreadful pest, that her skin was like a rose petal, and that her lover was an artist who loved beauty as he loved his soul!

"I declare," said Mr. Sutherland, as these fled, and those hung above his sister-in-law, and nobody minded him, "if I had known I was going to create such a commotion I never would have come!" After which he divested himself of his wrappings with great dignity and indignation. And it was not till little Sophy had tucked him away into bed herself, and brought him a basin of gruel, and put hot water at his feet, and fresh glycerine upon his face and hands, that he condescended to be reconciled, and began to feel that now he was comfortably and delightfully ill.

"It is of no use, mamma," said Sophy, as her mother tottered to her feet and protested; "there's no need of our all getting it, and there being nobody then to take care of any body. If I can get it I've gotten it, for I've sat on his knee while we drove a whole mile, and he kissed me."

"The wicked wretch!"

"So I will take care of him, and you may sit quietly and wait and be ready to direct old auntie how to take care of me when I go under. Nancy was vaccinated last year when she was in Philadelphia, so maybe she will be safe; and if I need any body I will call on her."

"He doesn't seem very sick to me," said Nancy. "He's only playing sick, I say, and enjoying the play heartily. I haven't any patience with him."

"I know it," said Sophy; "so, you see, you would never do to be about him, even if your lame back would let you."

"I don't care! What right has he to come here and taint the whole village, and leave a trail of sickness and maybe of death after him all the way? Why didn't he stay where he was?"

"I don't know," said Sophy; and went up stairs again.

It was not without many a recurring struggle that Mrs. Sutherland acquiesced in this arrangement; but little Sophy was the master spirit in that house, and the mother, being herself of late years an invalid, had not much choice about it, as the fatigue of nursing was something that would very soon have caused her to change places with any patient.

So one miserable week followed another there, with apprehension and foreboding down stairs; all cheerful company being banished, as no one came near the house, of course, and even the trades-people left their parcels on the gate posts for old auntie, the colored servant, and Cousin Nancy to take in when they pleased; and with hard work, weary days, and sleepless nights up stairs, for Mr. Sutherland had a way of fancying himself at the last point of endurance when he was simply nervous, demanded and would have constant attention, though he was able to sit up the greater part of the day; and when his little niece was not lavishing his head, or bathing his feet, or otherwise actively engaged about his comfort, he would oblige her to read the yesterday's news, the current magazines, and a pile of old papers that he thought this the best time to haul over and dispose of, putting away in them, of course, a whole hospitalful of disease for future usefulness, till old auntie, hearing her voice drone on above in one ceaseless murmur, exclaimed that she was reading the eyes out of her head.

Perhaps it was well for Sophy that so much was exacted, for if the poor child had had time to think she might have been far more unhappy than she was; for, pleased to be doing a service, she was by no means discontented with her work. From long habit she held her grand city uncle in much reverence, after all, and was proud to care for him. It was only in an interval of rest, when she feared what had befallen her, and thought of Hasbrouck and his love of the red and white of her cheek, that her heart stood still a moment and she trembled and longed to fling the burden off on any one, no matter whom. But the intervals of rest were far too few for her to bemoan the possibility much; when one came, by any chance, she was so tired that she dropped asleep wherever it found her; and if a miracle had made her mother or Nancy strong enough to come and take her place in the sick-room, in spite of her longing to fling the burden off, she would certainly have driven them out of it.

But nothing is endless, not even the convalescence of a varioloid patient; and at the close of a fortnight Mr. Sutherland had stepped across a pan of burning brimstone and charcoal that old auntie had set outside his door, holding his handkerchief to his dainty nose with many oburgations upon the detestable odor of the while; had gone down stairs, had taken a turn or two in the garden, had discovered Penleith to be an insufferably stupid place, had kissed the three for all acknowledgment, and declaring himself recovered and with renewed youth, had been taken back by old Calico to the station; had bade good-by to the mountain village that his coming threw into such a panic, and had left Sophy slowly sinking under a heavy stupor in the room he had deserted.

"No varioloid here," said the little surgeon to himself, when he was called to her side; "this is the unadulterated article." But he said aloud that since the disease had taken on the nature of an epidemic, as it had, he had posted himself as to the last new notion of its treatment, and he would bring her out yet as fresh as a rose. But Sophy heard him in a bewilderment, and paid no heed. She did not believe him; she knew that the beauty that Hasbrouck loved was going; she was not certain that he loved her soul, her self, more than that beauty. How could she lose him? how could she let him go? And her heart cried out and ached more than her body did, and heated the fever in her veins, till soon she forgot all things in a wild delirium.

It was six burning weeks before Sophy opened her eyes again and saw the familiar surroundings of the best room, where her uncle Henry had been housed, and remembered what had happened to her, and looked at the hands that were bandaged to avoid injury, and saw her mother bending over her, and sighed off to sleep again in a fullness of satisfaction at being simply alive and out of pain, too weak to breathe aloud.

But when, some days afterward, it occurred to her to roll her eyes around the room, she saw that the looking-glass was gone, and she slowly turned her head toward where her mother sat, and knew from the expression of the mother's face, as well as if it were a glass, that the worst had happened. She said nothing, though, till she was stronger; ideas went and came feebly in her mind till then. But she knew where a hand-glass used to be in a toilette-drawer, and the first time she was left alone after she was able to stand and to sit up a few moments she crept to the place and laid hands upon it. One

glance, and it fell in a hundred splinters on the floor. This creature that had risen from the bed—this thing with a shaven head, with no lashes to its red eyes, with swollen features still distorted, with face a fiery blur of blistered flesh—was it she, Sophy Sutherland? When Sophy Sutherland came into this room to nurse her sick uncle she had seen herself reflected in the pier-glass, and might have been as dazzled by the picture as Hasbrouck had once been—the snowy skin, mantled with a damask flush that shifted to and fro with every fleeting feeling, like the lustrous tints of a pearl shell; the dark soft hazel eyes; the mouth, with its delicate crimson curves; the upturned chin, the chiseled outlines, the smiles, the dimples, and the glory of the red-gold hair, that flashed like an aureole in the sun, and seemed like sunshine in the shade! And had it turned into this? Had corruption overtaken her alive?

"Oh, why don't you let me die? why didn't you?" she cried to the doctor, when he came in. "Give me something now. I am only fit to have the earth cover me; you see I am."

"Have patience," said the little surgeon. "Rome wasn't built in a day. What do you suppose medicine is a science for if it hasn't learned in all these years to blunt the sting of this dragon? Tie the handkerchief down over your ears, my dear, till the curls come, and trust to time for the rest. You are not going to have a single scar on your face, I have made sure of that; the blotches of discoloration will slowly fade out, and in a year from to-day you will be prettier than you ever were. Can you believe it?"

"Believe it!"

"Neither can I," said he, laughingly, "believe that any thing can be prettier than you ever were."

For a week Sophy did not lift her head from the pillow again. I am not sure but that, full of disgust with life, she was trying to die, hoping her body would acquire the habit that her mind had taken, and would simply drop away from life through sheer physical indifference, if such a thing might be.

"Look here!" said the little surgeon, coming in one day. "It is very evident that you want to kill yourself."

"Of course I do!" she cried. "What does such a thing as this want to live for? I am hideous!"

"You are wicked!"

"I!" exclaimed the little martyr.

"Yes, you. You want to break your mother's heart. You know very well she can not live without you, and your loss would finish her. Do you want to be a murderer too? See how pale she is! see how she trembles! Why are you letting her wait on you now when there is no need of it? I am ashamed of you. Nobody had an idea you were so vain. You have had a severe illness; but going back to bed when you are well from it is nothing but hysteria, and the only treatment I ever use for hysteria is rough treatment."

"You are rough enough, then, to cure me!" cried Sophy. "You are a cruel man, and I don't want to see you any more."

"My poor little girl," said the surgeon, "you will be very much obliged to me before the year is out. I am not going to have all my trouble with you for nothing."

But the douche did her good: she rose and took on her burden, and was soon about the house once more; then she was out-doors in the garden, and before long had taken up all her home life where she dropped it—her home life, no other; for neither friend nor neighbor would she suffer to look upon her face.

"Certainly I have been through the dark valley of the shadow of death," she cried to Nancy. "Nothing but lying in the tomb could so have changed a face from beauty: I was a beauty once, you know!"

"Oh yes, indeed, Sophy dear."

"And now I never shall look into a glass again. Oh, it will break Hasbrouck's heart, and it is breaking mine!" cried the poor little thing.

"I have been through a terrible illness," she wrote Hasbrouck. "I am disfigured by it past recognition; the mould of the grave is on my face. You would pass me in the street without knowing me; you would only drop your eyes with a shudder. I could not bear to see it, Hasbrouck. I am not the same person you loved. That person is gone like a shadow. I am a monstrous and repulsive wretch, and I set you free from any bond that ever bound you to my side." And she inclosed her engagement-ring in the letter.

She could not have told you what she waited for then—what made her heart beat so hotly when the mail came galloping in, and Nancy ran down to the post-office to come back empty-handed. She meant all she had said in the letter; she was as firm as a rock in her determination to release Hasbrouck; but perhaps she longed for some word, some expression on his part, some intimation of regret, at least, that it must be so.

And nothing came. The days were long, hot Indian-summer days—interminable days. Slowly the light forsook the rosy hills and lay upon the purple, and the great harvest-moon, kindling all the cliffs, only stretched out the lonesome splendor of the hours; she wearied in every one of them for the black veil of some starless night to drop and cover her; she opened her eyes every morning with a shiver of dread at the coming bitterness of the day, with a new hatred of the light.

But, for all that, she did her duties about the house as she always had done them; she was quite well again before the great house-cleaning and disinfecting, the burning and scalding and burying.

"Oh, you kind old purifying earth!" she exclaimed, when the little surgeon had instructed them as to the way in which the soil would ab-

sorb and alchemize all that they wished to be rid of. "Why couldn't you have covered and purified me! That is the way they make angels of us, Nancy—by burying us in the brown earth—and we spring up into the spiritual atmosphere outside this, like a white flower from a black seed!"

She dressed her mother's hair—for, save the last three months, she had done that almost every morning of her life—shook up her cushions and cut out her work, prepared her luncheon, poured her tea, read to her, played to her, and made her happiness all day long, as she had been used to do since her mother's health failed. Then when her mother took her afternoon siesta, and Nancy—recovered from her prolonged indignation at the neighbors' horror and avoidance of them—had stolen away to chat with those of them that had been received into favor again, Sophy crept down to the garden's foot, and there, in the shade of the old pear-tree, took out the letters that she already knew by heart, and pored over them, and cried over them, and laid her pitiful face against them, only taking care never to kiss them with her poor lips, for they had done with kissing now.

And as she sat there, her face hidden on her knees against the well-thumbed sheet, and sobbing her soul out over it, a shadow fell in the sunshine beside her; and then she knew a figure stood before her, and she heard Hasbrouck's voice telling her to look up. But she only cowered down lower and lower upon the ground, and in a wild passion of weeping, "Oh, go away, Hasbrouck!" she cried. "Go away! That is what I can not bear. Oh, I told you that was what I could not bear!"

"Look up, Sophy," said the voice, with such love and tenderness in it. "I want you to look up and see me when I see you first, that you may be sure for yourself that there is no difference, that nothing can make any difference. Oh, Sophy, how could you think so poorly of me as to suppose it?—to suppose that I loved your face and not your soul, that your bodily beauty was more to me than your spiritual!" And he was kneeling on the grass beside her, and kissing the poor face with as heart-warm kisses as he had ever showered upon it when the lily and the rose were its only rivals. And Sophy trembled in his arms, not daring to accept his love, and yet not daring to accuse him of magnanimity, and refuse the sacrifice, since he had made it apparent that that was to accuse him of the sordid and low-minded materialism that his lofty nature spurned. "Oh, my darling," he murmured, "there is more beauty than white forehead or red lips—a beauty better than the beauty of the flesh; and I saw it in you and I loved it before I knew how fair you were, and neither sickness nor the grave can ever rob us of it!"

But, for all that, Sophy could not endure to have his eye rest upon her. She sat beside him at the table, by-and-by, rather than in her old place opposite, in order that she might hinder his gaze, though he turned about and sought for her at every sentence. She walked with him after tea, glad of an excuse to wear a veil over her face, though he paused and deliberately lifted it and threw it back, and led her down the village, where they might be in the full sight of all the gossips together, so far as the approaching twilight permitted; but when they came back again he allowed her to leave the lamps unlit, glad, perhaps, of the gloom himself; and she sat at rest at last, nestled in the shelter of his arm, where he could love her without seeing her.

Hasbrouck had been away on a journey, and by an accident of the mails had not heard of her illness, and had wondered and worried at her silence, until he received the letter of release, upon which he had made all haste to reach her side and manage matters for himself. He was to go away again now in the early train, to join the great marine expedition to which he had been attached. He would be at home in a year, and should expect, he said, to find no stitch unmet, to be opposed like a lion in the way to his bridal. The 30th of next October, one year from yesterday, was to be his wedding-day and hers. She walked to the station with him the next morning, the great mountains lifting their brown shoulders to jut off the early mists before them, the hoar-frosts silencing all the way, the rose and azure of the morning sky only one-half as bright as the hope and joy in her heart. And then she went back to resume her quiet life for a year, and to thank Heaven that had chosen to soothe and soften her stubborn heart and not to break it—only all her happiness a little tinged by melancholy to think that though she still kept the delight of Hasbrouck's love, he had lost the delight of her beauty.

But as for Hasbrouck, without doubt he lied when he said he made no sacrifice. An artist, an interpreter, an idolizer of beauty, whether it were material or spiritual, how was it possible for him to take pleasure in the countenance that disease had marked so shockingly, or to gaze upon it hourly without a shiver? If he did not acknowledge pain, how great must the effort have been that controlled it and kept it from showing its ugly head! But he loved his little sweetheart with all his being; he would have endured any torture rather than give her an instant's such suffering as he saw her struggling with on the grass under the pear-tree. He accepted the conditions of his happiness at the price of sitting, day after day, before and beside a horrid mask. That mask was to him only a visible barrier between them, as if it were a veil dropped over the old sweet beauty that she used to wear. It took half the bloom from life, indeed, that now he must always be waiting for the time when they should both be dead, and death should give her back to what would correspond to his old adoring vision. But he loved

her, as I said; he was grateful that out of the jaws of such an illness she had been spared to him at all; he reproached himself for sorrowing any after the lost loveliness; he declared that her lovely nature was lovelier yet; he never had a dream of being able to live without her. But, for all that, he would have had his right hand burned off with fire to bring that loveliness back to her face once more.

And so the long, lonely year crept over the mountain village—the snows of winter, the burgeoning of spring, the blossoms of summer; and every day the sweet-blowing air of heaven kissed Sophy's cheek, and every day the little surgeon looked at her as she went by and chuckled to himself.

It was the Indian summer, then, again; the cottage on the hill was gay with festal flowers, ablaze with scarlet salvias and autumn leaves, and bridal with white chrysanthemums. Hasbrouck was coming, and he had ordered his bride to be in waiting for him with her veil upon her head. No Quaker silks and sober array for him, he said, but orange blossoms and maiden snow and shimmer. Mr. Sutherland had come already, and waited in sublime state to give the bride away. And when, in the warm noon of the heavenly hazy autumn day, Nancy met Hasbrouck at the door, and whispered that Sophy had never once glanced in the glass since he had been away, he sprang forward, and took by the hand, almost before he kissed her, the slender snowy figure that had come floating toward him in all the mists of her veiling lace, and led her to the long mirror, and parted the veil from her face. And the blushing girl looked on an image where the year's lapse had done away with every blot and blur, where the cheek was only of the velvet texture of the rose leaf once again, the forehead was white as the camellia's crown, the long-lashed shadowy eyes gazed from a cloud of red-gold blossom-crowned hair, and a perfect beauty looked back on her and her lover, first in a slow amazement, and then in a radiance of smiles, and rewarded her for her patience and him for his faith.

Mr. Sutherland came bustling up to give the bride his arm. "Oh, Hasbrouck," she whispered, "what a debt we owe Uncle Henry! If he had not come here to be taken care of, I never should have known how much, how very much, you love me!"

But Hasbrouck turned his back on the man's compliments. He was going to endure him today, as he would have endured any thing to-day, but if he was sure of one point in all the future, it was that their acquaintance was about to cease. Faultless though his bride might think him, there was one flaw in the diamond: and Hasbrouck could not find it in his heart to forgive the year's pain that he had suffered by reason of Mr. Sutherland's sickness.

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]
THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

WE left them standing, not like the *peri* at the gate of Eden, but, like him, disconsolate, at the door of their apartment, while the concierge flew up the back stairs to open for them. They cast a hurried glance round the antechamber: the sun glared in through the curtainless window; there was not a scrap of portière to be seen anywhere, no chairs, or any sign of habitation further on. The salon and the dining-room opened off the entrance; their windows were equally divested of muslin or damask, the floors of carpets; there were only two articles of furniture in the salon; one was the lustre that caught the unobstructed rays of the sun on its gilded sconces and crystal lilies, and glanced down merrily on the scared faces of the three ladies, who came to a stand-still beneath it and surveyed the surrounding emptiness in dumb perplexity; the other was the *garçonne de cheminée*—a costly onyx clock with its accompanying chandeliers, that caught more sunbeams and shone with the same heartless brilliancy. The clock had been set going, and its tick-tick struck on the silence with an aggravating cheerfulness that was very trying to the nerves of its listeners. Mr. X—, after a cursory survey of the prospect, laughed good-humoredly at what seemed to him rather a sorry joke, sat down on a packing case in the middle of the room, and asked Mrs. X— what she meant to do.

"That is precisely what I should like you to tell me," replied his wife, with the faintest flavor of vinegar in her usually sweet voice. "What do you mean to do?"

"Well, under the circumstances, it strikes me the best thing I can do is to make myself scarce; I am only in your way here, you see," said the considerate husband, who prided himself on never meddling in the domestic arrangements of his family, like certain mollicoddles of his acquaintance. "So I will just call a cab and carry off my portmanteau to the Grand Hotel, and hang out there till you find it quite convenient to have me back again."

Without waiting to hear this answer to her question, Mrs. X— had sallied forth to inspect the rest of the premises, and was heard presently in animated parley with the concierge.

"But what are we to do, papa?" exclaimed his two daughters, who felt very much tempted to give way and indulge in the solace of a good cry.

"My dears, you know I never meddle in Mrs. X—'s arrangements; but if she consulted me," replied Mr. X—, "I should say, Come and do likewise. It is very unlike your mother to make a bungle of this sort; and how she came to land us all in a wilderness, after the weeks of shopping and ordering and measuring that have gone before, is beyond my comprehension."

Mrs. X— came back at this point.

"I find there are some kitchen chairs and tables, and three beds—the mahogany one for your room, Mr. X—, and two iron ones that ought to have been taken up stairs for the servants, but which have luckily been left down here. We three have, therefore, sleeping accommodation, and as we have come we had better hold our ground; but you can go, as you propose, to the Grand Hotel, and wait there comfortably till we get things into proper order here."

"Have you any idea when that may be, my dear?" inquired Mr. X—, with imperturbable good humor.

"Not the vaguest. I shall never pretend to have an idea of how or when a Frenchman means to keep a promise, especially when he swears to it. The concierge tells me the creature never set his foot in the house since the day I met him here to decide about the carpets. He sent up his van two or three times with what he called 'the articles of first necessity,' which, it appears, means in this country a lustre and a time-piece and one bed for a family of four; however, with that and what is in the kitchen, we can manage for a day or two. I will go out and buy some basins and jugs and plates; meantime these boxes are handy to lay things on, and they will do to sit down on when we are too tired standing about."

"Well, then, I had better be off," said Mr. X—, rising from one of the said boxes, which, from being punctured with big brass nails and begirt with strong cords, he found somewhat too penitential a seat to suit his peculiar taste. "If there is any thing I can do in town to help you, let me know."

He wished them good-by, and hoped they would not knock themselves up by too much fatigue, but just take their time and take things easily; and then, bethinking to himself what an invaluable wife his was, and what a sensible man he was himself to have chosen such a sensible woman, he lighted a cigar and sauntered away cheerfully toward the Grand Hotel.

Mrs. X— undoubtedly was a sensible woman, and this was a grand opportunity for proving it. Instead of expending herself in vain lamentations, she took the bull by the horns, and set to work in good earnest to remedy her misfortunes as quickly as possible. But how did it all come about, and why, at least, were the servants not forthcoming? Nothing simpler than the explanation given by the concierge. They received orders to be in the apartment that morning, to light the kitchen fire, etc., and make the place look as home-like as might be for the family, who were to arrive a little later. They presented themselves accordingly at about ten o'clock, but finding the house almost completely bare of any signs of approaching habitation, they naturally concluded that they had made a mistake, or that Mrs. X— had changed her plans, or, at any rate, that there was a misunderstanding somewhere; so they quietly took themselves off, intending to go down by-and-by to the hotel, and ascertain what they were to do next. The concierge could give no information concerning their new employers; he assured the maids that none of the family had been near the house for a week, and that he had received no message; so that clearly they could not mean to arrive that afternoon. The maids presented themselves at the hotel just as Mr. and Mrs. X— had started for the Avenue—. They turned and started after them, and came in in time to catch Mrs. X— and one of her daughters going off to look after the perfidious upholsterer and make the purchases necessary for the moment. The tale was soon told. The Frenchwomen, as soon as they heard it, burst into irrepressible fits of laughter.

"Madame took a fournisseur's word *au sérieux*! She trusted him as blindly as if he had been the Holy Gospel; never came to look after him, to urge, to supplicate, to threaten, but waited a whole week, and then walked up expecting to find every thing as he had promised! Oh, it was too amusing! One sees well that madame knows not the Parisian fournisseur."

This last remark was true; but as to its being amusing, madame could not see it at all. But there was no use trying to make out a case for herself: the more she insisted on the solemn assurances that had ensnared her into such perfect trust, describing the earnest manner of this particular fournisseur, his vows of delight at being honored with the job, which would enable him to prove to madame how chivalrous was the French tradesman when dealing with a foreigner who reposed confidence in his taste and integrity, the more the cook and the maid laughed, and threw up their hands, exclaiming, "Mon Dieu! and madame believed him! No, it is too amusing." It was altogether too comical to be viewed otherwise than as a capital joke.

We will hurry over the miseries of the ensuing month. Never was misplaced confidence more cruelly visited on its victim than Mrs. X—'s in this French upholsterer. He was, of course, profuse in his regret; he was desolated, he was in despair, and, needless to say, he was innocent. If it had depended on him, all would have gone like clock-work. But alas! it did not; it depended on his ouvriers. Had madame any experience of the Paris ouvriers? If she had, she must acquit him, her heart must bleed for him, and instead of reproaching him, she would rather shed tears over the difficulties that beset his path and interfered with the fulfillment of his most solemn promises. Far, however, from shedding tears of pity, Mrs. X— felt inclined to shed tears of rage on hearing this confession; for was it not an aggravation of his iniquities? Why did he pledge himself, since he knew to a certainty that his instruments would play him false? He was no better than a base deceiver. But "twere vain to curse, 'twere weakness to upbraid" him; so Mrs. X— bade him go and make what reparation he could for his misdeeds,

and hasten to regain lost time. He was about to swear, but she stopped him; she knew now what his oaths were worth. Henceforth she would worry him, pursue him day by day, and leave him no peace till he completed the work. Accordingly every morning saw her rattling in a cab to the remote region where the upholsterer had his ateliers, somewhere in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and there she went from the tables to the chairs, from the curtains to the consoles, urging and stimulating the workmen by promises of *pourboire* if they were ready within a given time. Things began to drop in by degrees, in a disorderly way, it is true; they stood not upon the order of their coming, but came. However, Mrs. X— was not going to quarrel with them for this; she took what she got, and was thankful. One day a sofa and an odd pair of window-curtains arrived; next day a wash-stand and an ormolu clock, the candelabra belonging to it making their appearance at the end of the week; and so on. But as patience and perseverance see the end of most earthly troubles, so they eventually did of Mrs. X—'s furnishing.

All this time, be it remarked, nothing had been cooked in the house; breakfast and dinner were ordered in from the neighboring restaurant, or the family joined Mr. X— at the table d'hôte of the Grand Hotel. The servants were put on board wages, and the only use made of the kitchen so far was to boil water. The cook was glad of this arrangement, as her apparatus was as yet incomplete, and she made herself useful in the house meantime, and in carrying notes and messages backward and forward to the fournisseurs, etc. But at last it was notified to Mr. X— that he would be made welcome to the bosom of his family. In order to celebrate the happy event of his return, and the final triumph of her own indomitable energy, Mrs. X— wished to give a nice little family dinner. It was the first that had been cooked in the house since their arrival; so the cook, who had carte blanche to do her best, was in high good humor, and resolved to achieve a dinner that should make her name once and forever. The rooms were made gay with flowers; every thing went merry as a marriage-bell all the morning. At two o'clock in the afternoon, however, the cook walked in to Mrs. X—, who was giving the last touch to her husband's room, and with a face on which indignation struggled fiercely with despair, she said:

"Is madame aware that it is impossible to cook a dinner in her kitchen?"

No, madame was not aware of that fact.

"Then would madame be good enough to come and see for herself?"

Meekly, but oppressed with a sense of new-coming troubles, the mistress rose to obey the summons. She followed the cook into the kitchen, and looking into the black chasm of the fourneau, she beheld a hole in the side of it big enough for a child's head to pass through. The iron, which had done good service to her predecessors, was entirely worn out, and the whole concern must be renewed before it was possible to cook a dinner on it.

"But how did it escape madame's notice when the apartment was taken?" inquired the cook. "It is the landlord's business to give up the fourneau in perfect condition. Did madame not examine it?"

No, Mrs. X— said, it had never occurred to her to do so. She saw the range black and bright on the outside, and the concierge assured her it worked to perfection; but what was this *état des lieux* the cook talked of?

"*État des lieux*! Is it possible that madame took possession of the apartment without having the *état des lieux* taken! Then, indeed, she was to be pitied." And the two women threw up their hands and filled the kitchen with a wail of lamentation. It was no consolation, but rather an aggravation, to Mrs. X— to feel that it was not malice but invincible ignorance that had led her into this labyrinth of adversity; that she had never till the present moment heard of an *état des lieux*, and had not the faintest idea of how it bore upon her case, and consequently was not to blame for neglecting the precaution. But what is an *état des lieux*? I hear you repeat with your misguided countrywoman. We will answer the question in our next. COMET.

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

SELECTED FROM "ADAM BEDE."

IF you feed your young setter on raw flesh, how can you wonder at its retaining a relish for uncooked partridge in after-life?

The sound of tools to a clever workman who loves his work is like the tentative sounds of the orchestra to the violinist who has to bear his part in the overture: the strong fibres begin their accustomed thrill, and what was a moment before joy, vexation, or ambition, begins its change into energy.

All passion becomes strength when it has an outlet from the narrow limits of our personal lot in the labor of our right arm, the cunning of our right hand, or the still, creative activity of our thought.

A peasant can no more help believing in a traditional superstition than a horse can help trembling when he sees a camel.

The vainest woman is never thoroughly conscious of her own beauty till she is loved by the man who sets her own passion vibrating in return.

We are often startled by the severity of mild people on exceptional occasions; the reason is, that mild people are most liable to be under the yoke of traditional impressions.

DOLLY VARDEN CARRIAGE COSTUME.

THIS new and tasteful modification of the picturesque Dolly Varden costume has an over-skirt of buff foulard dotted with red, and edged on the bottom with a deep fell of black lace, surmounted by a fold of the material and an upright frill of black lace. A jaunty short jacket with postilion basque, cut away very much in front and trimmed like the over-skirt, is worn over a blue-black gros grain Louis XIV. vest. Skirt of blue-black gros grain, trimmed on the bottom with a wide flounce of foulard like the over-skirt, covered with a black lace flounce two-thirds its width, and surmounted by a gros grain fold and upright frill of black lace. White silk and lace bonnet trimmed with red roses. Buff gloves. This jacket has coat-sleeves reaching to the elbow, and terminating in a blue gros grain ruffle covered with black lace.

THE ORIGIN OF LACE.

ONE fine morning last spring, while hunting after old books in a curiosity shop, I made the acquaintance of a very respectable old person, who furnished me with some curious details about lace-making, of which I was previously totally ignorant, and which, perhaps, some of my readers will not regret learning. This original personage is simply a lace cuff, as yellow from age as a bit of parchment of the eleventh century, still crumpled and partly torn as if it had been concerned in some serious encounter.

While searching among some old curiosities of carved chests, china, jewelry, and Bohemian glass, which have lately become fashionable again, I opened a small ebony box inlaid with arabesques in gold and mother-of-pearl. Its interior attracted my attention; it was lined with rose-wood, and had a scent which seemed to date back to the times of Louis XV. There was an anachronism of three centuries between the rose-wood lining and the inlaid box itself.

"This box has a false bottom or some secret drawer," said I to the curiosity dealer, as I tapped the sides and bottom of the box.

"I don't think so, Sir," said he, carelessly.

Just then I happened to press some hidden spring, and the secret drawer flew open, to the great astonishment of the dealer. It contained a bundle of letters tied together by a faded blue ribbon, a lock of auburn hair stiffened by the lapse of time, a small enameled key, and the lace cuff I mentioned before.

I leave you to guess how my curiosity was suddenly excited; I already traced out a whole drama in my mind. I did not buy the box, seeing its price was five hundred francs; but the dealer, in return for the discovery I had made, allowed me to buy the cuff, on condition that I should have the letters, the key, and the lock of hair thrown into the bargain.

While reading these letters, written in a firm and manly but delicately small hand, and signed by a name well known in the reign of Louis XV., I suddenly heard a long-drawn sigh. I looked up in astonishment, and I saw the lace cuff stretch itself out like a person who had been for some time in the same position.

I spoke to it, and it answered me gracefully and readily; but I must say, to the credit of lace in general, and of this in particular, it obstinately refused to answer any of my questions relating to the adventure in which it had so evidently been concerned. I pressed it at least to tell me the family names of the person to whom it had belonged, and of the lady who had so carefully treasured it up.

"Why, Sir," said the cuff, in a clear and penetrating tone of voice, "do you not know that discretion is our first and perhaps our only virtue? In what state would the world soon be if lace betrayed all the mysteries and love affairs in which it is so often implicated? Society would be shaken to its foundations, as men say in their political cant. No, these secrets are too terrible to be disturbed in their repose, even now; but if you like I can tell you something about myself, and I assure you my story is not without interest."

"I shall be too glad to listen to you," said I, hoping it would soon forget the restraint it had imposed on itself. "Speak, though I confess I do not see what there can be very interesting in the origin and the destiny of a poor little lace cuff."

"You do but betray your ignorance," promptly replied the cuff. "I should recommend you to speak of lace in a more respectful manner. You know Voltaire, who was no fool, has said somewhere that the forbidden fruit was so irre-

sistible to the mother of mankind because it probably contained a piece of lace. He wished in this manner to explain our irresistible influence on the female sex, but the fact is we do not date so far back.

"Lace is something more than the perfection of industry, it is the symbol of civilization, in which women are invited to play an important part. Our fragile and delicate texture would be impossible among coarse manners and brutal habits. The day that women began to wear lace—lace, which alike softens and heightens their beauty—that day they exacted from men a respect they had never before obtained. You see now how many generations were necessary for industry to carry off such a triumph as that.

"It was a shepherdess, or, if you like it better, a peasant woman of Alsace, who made the first imperfect attempt at lace-making. She had

tion of any sort to the cities where it flourishes still. In a very short time nothing was talked of but the laces of Venice, Valenciennes, and Mechlin. What a rage it became! Chateaux, and indeed many other properties, were disposed of for the sake of a lace head-dress or a lace flounce. But it was humiliating to the national vanity to be compelled to apply to the foreigner for these charming and delicate productions, which had become so prodigiously the fashion.

"Louis XIV., who hated to be dependent on strangers, and also, perhaps, stimulated by the coquettish demands of his mistresses, sent for Colbert one day, and expressed his wish to see the manufacture of lace introduced into his kingdom. A diplomatic agent was immediately sent to Venice, who induced about thirty work-people in the trade to settle in France. About the same time a young gentleman, the Count de Marsan, solic-

he authorized Madame Gilbert, of Alençon, with the help of an advance of 150,000 livres, to establish a lace factory in that town, the success of which he further secured by other letters, dated 1684, forbidding the importation of Venetian, Genoese, and Flanders lace."

I was confounded at the historical information displayed by this morsel of lace, which was to me in some degree humiliating. However, I plucked up courage. I took it in my hand and examined the extreme fineness of its texture and the elegance of its design.

"I would not mind betting," said the cuff, "that at first sight you could not tell my origin. Am I English or French, am I Venice point, or Mechlin, or Valenciennes lace—tell me?"

I was obliged to confess my ignorance.

"You are much to blame," replied the cuff, with a sigh. "That you should be unacquainted with the history of a production which has such a large place in industry and in female progression I can understand, but that you should be unable to distinguish between English point and Valenciennes at a time when men can arrive at nothing, not even the French Academy, without the aid of women, is simply unpardonable.

"Such as you see me now, I am French, and, moreover, one of the finest pieces of work ever made by that Madame Gilbert of whom I but just now spoke. In days gone by I was all the rage; I was a piece of splendid point d'Alençon; I was purchased by one of the most beautiful of the court duchesses, and adorned the front of her dress. When men adopted the fashion of wearing lace my young mistress parted with me, converted me into cuffs, and gave me as a love-token to M. De Richelieu, whom she had honored with her preference. Fashion, unfortunately, has since then dethroned Alençon lace, and in doing so has shown neither its intelligence nor its patriotism. Are you aware that the thread of which I am made is thread fine enough to make Arachne jealous; has cost 4000 francs the pound weight? Do you know what skill and what efforts have been required to design and perfect this piece of work in all its varied details? And here is the secret of my misfortunes. I was so frightfully expensive that only the wealthiest could become my purchasers; many tolerable imitations were circulated, but only calculated to deceive inexperienced eyes like yours. In my time some common laces were invented, to which they gave the vulgar name of 'gueuses' (beggars): the name was death to the invention; the 'gueuses' soon disappeared. Lace, the use of which was formerly confined to the richer classes, is now more or less worn by nearly all women, and so much the better. Lace is an undeniable sign of progress. There are now at Caen, Bayeux, and Lille most important manufactories, contributing to Spanish, Havana, Mexican, and American luxury. I make no mention of the Honfleur, Dieppe, Arras, Puy, Armentières, and Bailleul productions, as well as others, because those places only make lace of a common description, or imitation Valenciennes. In the name of truth I protest against all that is spurious; I do not like it, and I hope you will join me in protesting against it; for if ever the world relapses into barbarism, it will be by a road carpeted with cotton lace.

"I admire blonde lace a thousand times more; it was for a moment a formidable rival, which the tide of fashion has just now swept away, but at its flow may bring it back again. But talking of blonde to you is like discussing colors with a blind man. Have you any idea what blonde is? Are you aware that the departments of Calvados and La Manche have employed for a long time more than 150,000 workmen in its production, and that its value rose to the amount of twenty millions of francs a year? Yes, I, a thorough-bred piece of lace, the queen of all lace, I regret the fall of blonde, I mourn over that original and inimitable lace, which was, at least, not spurious, and which lent a charm and softness to the prettiest faces; but imitation lace is only poverty, only vice! It is a sham which every lady should despise just as she would paste diamonds and pinchbeck jewelry. But stop! I am going too fast. I have heard it rumored that this is a pinchbeck age, and that ladies nowadays delight in gilt jewels and counterfeit laces."

I did my best to soothe the susceptibilities of my irritated acquaintance, but I was quite astonished at the temper this little bit of lace displayed. I thanked it, and considerably locked it up in the same drawer which contained its old comrades in misfortune, the bundle of letters, the blue ribbon, the little enameled key, and the lock of auburn hair.



DOLLY VARDEN CARRIAGE COSTUME.

noticed certain leaves which, in winter, preserve their fibres while losing the softer tissue—as you know, nothing is more graceful than their natural cut-out work. The peasant, who passed her day in twirling her distaff, thought she would spin her flax as fine as possible; she then plaited it, and arranged the thread in such an original manner that at last she made a piece of lace, of which she made a cap for her child. This little bit of maternal coquetry has made a complete revolution in the dress, and perhaps the destiny, of women. This cap became the admiration of the whole country for many miles round. A Venetian trader passing by offered to buy the cap, obtained some instructions from the woman as to how she made it, and went his way. Passing through the Low Countries, he told several persons of his curious godsend, and while the trader benefited Venice by his discovery of a French art, Belgium created for herself an industry, the only one which has given a reputa-

tioned a patent for his nurse, Madame Dumont, who, aided by her four daughters, had started a flourishing lace manufactory at Brussels. Madame Dumont, pressed by the young count, determined to remove her establishment to Paris. The king, the queen, and all the great ladies of the court patronized the new establishment, which was situated in the Faubourg Saint Antoine. It received the name of the Royal Lace Manufactory, and had a guard of soldiers attached to it. Lace-making was esteemed a noble employment, and in a short time Madame Dumont had about two hundred young ladies, the most of whom belonged to aristocratic families, more or less ruined, working under her direction.

"The work they produced was so perfect that it very soon eclipsed Venice point, which had been hitherto unrivaled. The skillfulness of the French work-people did wonders, and the national vanity was flattered. But Colbert did not stop there; by letters patent, dated August 5, 1675,

Devices for looping Trained Skirts, Figs. 1-4.

The illustrations, Figs. 1-4, show how to loop trained skirts for street use.

Figs. 1 and 2.—To loop a dress in this manner a piece of woolen or silk cord seventy-two inches long, of the color of the dress, is required. Double this cord in the middle, join the ends so that it is closed in a ring, and sew both layers of cord flat together. In doing this, however, form five button-holes, leaving both cords disconnected at the ends and in the middle an inch and a quarter long; the remaining two button-holes should be at equal distances from the middle button-hole and the ends. Set the corresponding five buttons covered with the material on the outside of the trained skirt, fastening one button on the seam in the middle of the back, thirty-four inches from the bottom of the skirt, and one button each on the joining seam of the back breadth and back side breadths at a distance of thirty-eight inches each from the bottom of the skirt; sew the last two buttons on the belt at both sides, seven inches and a quarter from the middle of the front (see Fig. 1, which shows the skirt not looped). Now slip the buttons fastened on the belt through the button-holes on the ends of the cord, draw the skirt up in a puff above the cord, and slip the remaining three buttons through the corresponding button-holes.

Figs. 3 and 4.—This style of looping skirts at the



Fig. 1.—TRAINED SKIRT WITH BUTTONS FOR LOOPING.—[See Fig. 2.]



Fig. 2.—TRAINED SKIRT LOOPED WITH CORD.

same time forms a pretty trimming. For this a belt is required to which a ribbon loop covered with pleated material and trimmed with a bow is fastened. In this ribbon loop are five button-holes at regular intervals, through which the buttons on the skirt are slipped in looping the latter. Fig. 4 shows the belt with loop made of black velvet, and Fig. 3 shows a trained skirt looped by means of this belt. Of course the belt and loop may also be made of the material of the dress, but it is more useful when made of velvet, as it may then be used for different skirts. To make the belt,

which is closed with hooks and eyes, cut a strip of stiff net, pleated velvet, and silk lining an inch and three-quarters wide to suit the size of the waist. On both sides of the belt, seven inches and a quarter each from the middle of the front, sew the ends of a linen tape thirty-six inches long, an inch and a quarter wide, and covered with silk, to the under side of the belt, so that this tape forms a loop. Before sewing on the tape furnish it with five button-holes at regular intervals, and cover it with a strip of black velvet five inches and three-quarters wide, which is piped with black silk and lined with black silk. This velvet strip is sewed on the tape only at the ends and in



Fig. 4.—BLACK VELVET BELT WITH BAND FOR LOOPING TRAINED SKIRT. [See Fig. 3.]



GRAY PONGEE WALKING DRESS WITH CAPE IN TWO SHADES.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 23-30.

the middle, having first been pleated there to a width of two inches. Cover the pleats in the middle of the back with a bow made of black velvet and silk lining, as shown by Fig. 4. The buttons are set on the skirt similar to those in Figs. 1 and 2.

Tatted Edging for Lingerie, etc.

See illustration on page 317.

This edging is worked with tatted cotton, No. 100. Begin with the double row of rings, and work with one thread (shuttle) as follows: one ring of 2 ds. (double stitch—that is, one stitch left, one stitch right), 12 p. (picot) separated each by 1 ds., 2 ds.; turn the work so that the ring is turned downward, and the wrong side lies uppermost; after a thread interval of an eighth of an inch work one ring like the preceding, * turn the work, after a thread interval of one-eighth of an inch work one ring of 2 ds., fasten to the p.



Fig. 1.—STRIPED AND PLAIN DELAINE DRESS (WITH JACKET).—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 13-17.



Fig. 2.—STRIPED AND PLAIN DELAINE DRESS (WITHOUT JACKET).—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 13-17.

before the last on the ring before the last, 1 stitch right, 11 p. separated each by 1 ds., 2 ds.; repeat from * until the middle part is of the requisite length. Then work, first, on one side of this double row, for the upper straight edge of the edging, two rounds each with two threads as follows: 1st round of the edge.—On the foundation thread 2 ds., 3 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., turn this row of stitches, and with the foundation thread only, omitting the working thread, work one ring of 1 ds., 5 p. separated each by 1 ds., 1 ds., fasten to the seventh p. of a ring of the double row (counting from the beginning of the ring), 1 stitch right, 5 p. separated each by 1 ds., and 1 ds., turn this ring, * on the foundation thread work 2 ds., 7 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., turn

this row of stitches, with the foundation thread alone work one ring like the preceding, which, however, is fastened to the seventh p. of the second following ring, and repeat from *. 2d round of edge.—Tie the foundation and working threads together, fasten them to the first p. of the preceding round, and on the foundation thread work, always alternately, 16 ds., and fasten to the middle p. of the next scallop of the preceding round. Now work the outer round for the under edge of the edging on the free side of the rings, and with two threads also. Work with the foundation thread only * 1 small



Fig. 3.—TRAINED SKIRT LOOPED WITH BELT AND BAND.—[See Fig. 4.]

ring of 4 ds., fasten to the seventh p. of the next ring (counting from the end of the ring), 1 stitch right, and 3 ds.; turn the work, on the foundation thread work 2 ds., 4 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; turn the work; with the foundation thread only work one ring of 8 ds., fasten to the seventh p. of the next ring, 1 stitch right, 7 ds.; close to this ring work one ring of 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., one ring of 2 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, 1 stitch right, 1 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., one ring like the one before the last, but instead

of forming the first p. of this ring, fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring; turn the work, and again on the foundation thread work 2 ds., 4 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; turn the work and repeat from *.

SYMPATHIES AND ANTIPATHIES.

THE subject of sympathies and antipathies is extremely curious. Boyle fainted when he heard the splashing of water; Scaliger turned pale at the sight of water-cresses; Erasmus became feverish when he saw a fish. A curious story is told of a clergyman, that he always fainted when he heard a certain



GRAY POPLIN DRESS WITH CAPE.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5-12.

verse in Jeremiah read. Zimmermann tells us of a lady who could not endure the feeling of silk or satin, and shuddered when touching the velvety skin of a peach. Mr. Julian Young tells the story of an officer who could not endure the sound of a drum, and ultimately fell dead when compelled to hear it. There are whole families who entertain a horror of cheese; on the other hand, there was a physician, Dr. Starke, of Edinburgh, who lost his life by subsisting almost entirely upon it. Some people have been unable to take mutton, even when administered in the microscopic form of pills. There is the case of a man falling down at the smell of mutton, as if bereaved of life, and in strong convulsions. Sir James Eyre mentions three curious instances of idiosyncrasy: the case of a gentleman who could not eat a single strawberry with impunity; the case of another, whose head became frightfully swollen if he touched a particle of hare; the case of a third, who inevitably had an attack of gout a few hours after eating fish.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LELA.—For a girl of fourteen make a piqué with a basque and apron-front over-skirt, trimmed with side pleatings of embroidery. Make your own piqué by Dolly Varden polonaise pattern, and the nansook with a pleated blouse and over-skirt. For the grenadine use the French Blouse pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 18, Vol. V.

M. D. S.—The Worth basque skirt is a good demitain, and can be looped to walking length by tapes.

Mrs. M'D.—A lilac organdy Dolly Varden will look very pretty over a high-necked black silk dress.

C. F. D.—We do not send directions for making up garments by mail. For your black gros grain get the Plain-basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V., and trim by directions given in that paper.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Your sample is Dolly Varden calico. Make a Gabrielle for your boy just in vogue clothes. Very young infants wear lace or zephyr caps when they are taken out in the air. White china without gilt or figures is best for a young housekeeper who can have but one set.

CORA O.—Box-pleated waists and over-skirts ruffled will be pretty for your rose-colored Chambers.

ODessa.—The *Bazar* does not furnish names and addresses, as we have said before.

FANNIE.—Read about white dresses in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 14, Vol. V.—Braid your switches in three plaits, and twine them in a coil around your head.

SUSPENSE.—Plaids are not much used for Dolly Vardens, but any polonaise of your silk will answer with a black silk skirt. Trim with ruffles of the same. Use the plain-basque suit pattern for elderly lady's silk dress.

CHICAGO.—Little girls will wear white shirt waists of linen or of Victoria lawn made with both wide and narrow box-pleats.

DOMINION.—Make a flounced skirt with plain waist of your brown poplin, and get a fonlard polonaise of lighter shade.

FLORENCE.—Trim your percale with bias ruffles. Make a piqué basque and over-skirt by Plain-Basque pattern shown in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V. The latter pattern will answer for a black silk.

GREEN.—Your black grenadine should be made over black with high waist linings. Bind the grenadine seams with strong silk braid.

LOUISE.—Head your ruffles with bias velvet, or else velvet ribbon an inch wide.

COUNTRY DRESS-MAKER.—Basques are suitable for fleshy ladies. Do not make an over-skirt, but trim with flounces up the sides to outline a tunic.

ELLA B. A.—Make a short, loose, jaunty sacque of summer cloth, or else corduroy, gray, white, or brown, for your boy of three years.

GRETCHEN.—Marron is chestnut brown. Get a striped summer silk, and make by directions in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 14, Vol. V. It will cost no more than a pongee foulard.

ROSA Q.—The Marguerite polonaise is becoming to short, stout figures. Wear your front hair Pompadour fashion, the back hair in a coil.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Thin white polonaises are made in Marguerite fashion. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 14, Vol. V.

W. B. R.—It is scarcely possible to make a polonaise out of a dress skirt, as few skirts are long enough. You had better get a polonaise of darker stuff to wear with the dress as it now is.

H. C. E.—West Farms is in Westchester County, about eleven miles from New York.

Mrs. L. E. S.—You will scarcely be justified in buying a sash, as they are very little worn. Make plain high Gabrielles for your little girl; low Gabrielles and jackets for your boy. Your designs are tasteful.

PANSY.—Diluted alcohol is considered the best liquid for cleansing black silk.

THE RAY MONOGRAM.—Linen or fine percale with a ruffle, a wide hem, a row of fine tucks inside the hem, and an embroidered monogram or single initial in the centre—this is a full description of the pillow-shams most in use. Swiss muslin very much embroidered, and Nottingham lace shams with bed-spread to match, all lined with thin silk, either rose-color or blue, are also used. Both dotted and plain net scarfs will be worn with wider edging than that used in the fall. Heavy Spanish laces are now used for scarfs and veils.

MISS M.—Try fresh benzine to take out coffee stains, and if not successful use chloroform.

E. J. W.—Make lawn dresses for a child of six months with high yoke, long sleeves, and full skirt without a belt; for piqué use the Gabrielle pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 27, Vol. IV. The pictured illustration of the manner of embroidering in satin stitch will be found in *Bazar* No. 27, Vol. II.

LITTLE ONE.—Get black cashmere and make like the new Marguerite Dolly Varden Polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. V. A linen suit like that described in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 14, Vol. V., and a Dolly Varden suit of cambric, will be inexpensive wash dresses for you in the country this summer.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—Your plan for the black silk is good. Make gathered bias ruffles a finger deep in front, and a wide straight flounce with narrow ruffles set on the flounce for the back. Use the plain-basque pattern for the basque. Get a light brown foulard polonaise for the other dress. The *Bazar* has given many hints and illustrations of white ruffles for the neck. Your sample did not reach us. Narrow striped silks are fashionable made with polonaises and demitain. Strong twilled satine is a good lining for silks. You will find many hints about dresses in late numbers of the New York Fashions. Most basques have seams down the back.

AFFLICTION.—There is no more reason why a wife should drop her husband's full name on his death, and from Mrs. John be called Mrs. Jane Smith, than that she ever should have assumed it. This assumption of a husband's Christian name is sanctioned neither by law nor sense; but custom decrees it, and people blindly conform to the usage. For our part we can not conceive that there is any more sentiment in being addressed by the Christian name of one's spouse than there would be in wearing his coat, both being distinctively masculine property; nor do we think that the most enthusiastic advocates of woman's rights could go much farther than to insist on being called John instead of Jane; but *chacun à son goût*—if wives find any small comfort in masculine appellations, we should be sorry to deprive them of it.

MISS J. P.—An answer to "Poverty" was given in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. V. You speak of having taken the *Bazar* for three weeks to secure an answer. Are you not aware that these answers are especially intended for our regular readers and subscribers?

IVY LEAF.—Certainly you need not wait for an invitation to call on the guest of a friend whom you visit regularly.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. E. A. MAC RAE, Shoe Heel, N. C., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine since 1857 with perfect success in every respect, stitching the clothing for 30 colored servants and a large family of whites, and army clothing and hospital bedding during the war, without the slightest repair. It is now as good as when bought. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[Com.]

BUY Electro Silicon, a natural production. The best article for polishing Silver, Plated Ware, etc. Sold by Druggists, Jewelers, House-Furnishing and Grocery Stores.—[Com.]

"BURNETT'S reputation is a guaranty of the excellence of his preparations."—[Boston Journal.]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, the well-known, reliable, and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations of the Face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists.

MRS. C. G. PARKER

Makes PURCHASES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION for ladies, at a moderate charge. Samples sent on receipt of 25 cents. Refers, by permission, to Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., 713 Broadway; Mr. James McCall, 543 Broadway; Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., New York City. For Circular (free), address Mrs. C. G. PARKER, 713 Broadway, New York City.

JEFFERS, 1179 BROADWAY, LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES AT POPULAR PRICES.

MRS. C. C. THOMSON,

Will purchase any thing required for personal wear or household use, at five per cent. upon cost of article. Information in regard to styles, with circular, upon application. If samples are wanted, inclose eight Postage Stamps. Is permitted to refer to Rev. O. B. Frothingham; E. O. Flagg, D.D.; J. E. Cossart, with Arnold, Constable, & Co.; C. C. Merchant, with A. T. Stewart & Co.; G. Haven Putnam, of G. P. Putnam & Sons. Mrs. C. C. THOMSON, 341 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

FROM FORCED SALES.—Ladies' Solid-Gold Hunting-Case Watches, full-jeweled, detached-lever movements, \$28 each; usual price, \$45. Ladies' Frosted Watches, Ladies' Enamelled Watches, Ladies' Watches set with Diamonds, Pendant and Key Winders. Ladies' Watches with Nickel Works and Ruby Jewels. A large assortment from recent Forced Sales, at panic prices. Goods sent C. O. D., privilege to examine. F. J. NASH, 112 Broadway, New York. "Worthy of the fullest confidence."

—Christian Advocate, N. Y. "Just what he represents them."—Christian Union. "All that Mr. Nash says may be relied upon."—Christian at Work.

Daniel D. Youmans,

IMPORTER OF ENGLISH HATS,

719 and 1103 BROADWAY, N. Y.

LADIES' RIDING HATS.

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' HATS in every variety.

CORNICES, Lloyd's Patent Adjustable, to fit all windows. G. L. KELTY & COMPANY, 724 Broadway, N. Y.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

For particulars, address AVERY BELL, Care Harper & Brothers, 331 Pearl St., New York.



ESTAB. 1809.
ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS,
Office, 211 Washington St., N. Y.

THE CHAMPION SPRING MATTRESS,



HAIR.—HUMAN HAIR SWITCHES.

SOLID HAIR—NOT DYED.
RETAILED AT IMPORTERS' PRICES.
28 inches long, weight 3 1/2 oz., only \$6 00.
30 inches long, weight 3 3/4 oz., only \$7 50.
32 inches long, weight 4 oz., only \$9 00.
33 inches long, weight 4 1/2 oz., only \$12 00.
Crown Braids, 3 oz., 28 inches, only \$4 50.

BACK CURLS,
Now the fashion for evening wear. Full sets. Natural curly.

Size.	My Price.	Retails in N. Y. for
Medium.....	\$7 00.....	\$10 00
Large.....	8 00.....	12 00
Extra Large.....	10 00.....	15 00

LONG SINGLE CURLS.
No. 1.—18-inch Hair, only..... \$1 50
" 2.—30 " " "..... 2 00
" 3.—23 " " "..... 3 00
" 4.—24 " " "..... 3 50
" 5.—26 " " "..... 4 50

Every lady should embrace this opportunity, and purchase hair goods from the only hair importer who retails at wholesale prices.

CHAS. V. PECKHAM,
Established 1848. 687 Broadway, near Amity St., New York City.

Will send goods, C. O. D., by express; or by mail or express, prepaid, on receipt of color and money in registered letter or P. O. money order.
Correspondence answered by inclosing two 3-cent stamps.

A SELIG, Successor to S. M. Peyser, 813 Broadway, Importer of Zephyr Worsteds; Silks for Embroidering; Embroideries on Canvas and Leather—Slippers, Cushions, Light Screens, Suspenders, Strips for Oriental and Camp Chairs. Also, *Guipure* and *Point Laces*, and materials for making the same. Novelties in Fringes, Gimps, Buttons, Ornaments, and Laces. Fringes and other Trimmings made to order. All kinds of stamping done. Monograms and Crests designed and embroidered in gold, silk, or worsted, in artistic style, at the lowest prices.
A. SELIG, 813 Broadway, N. Y.

Something New for Ladies.

Prof. Richter's Dry Shampoo, for cleansing the Scalp and Hair, removes all Dandruff; applied personally, without use of water or loss of time; applied and finished in ten minutes, leaving the hair perfectly dry and ready for immediate dressing. No danger of taking cold. Give it ONE trial and be convinced. \$1 50 per Bottle; \$7 50 per half dozen; \$13 per dozen. Sent free on receipt of price, or C. O. D. by express.

Prof. FRANK RICHTER,
13 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

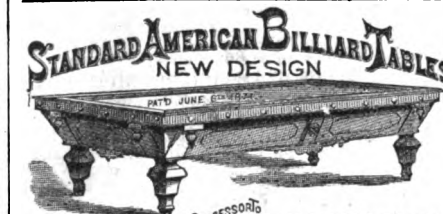
MOTHERS,

NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS FARINA,
THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE.

Extensively used and recommended by the most eminent physicians.
Sold by Druggists and Grocers.

H. ASTIE & CO., Sole Agents,
15 South William Street, New York.

INFANTS.



H.W. COLLENDER Successor to
PHELAN & COLLENDER.
738 Broadway, New York.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE-LIST SENT BY MAIL.

MADAME HENRIETTE BUHLMEYER,
formerly No. 5 Great Jones St., has on exhibition the most distinguished assortment of
Bonnets, Round Hats, &c.,
At No. 15 EAST NINTH STREET, New York.

LADIES!

Dr. Kennedy's Hair Tea
will prevent the hair from falling out, and preserve its health and beauty. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

TREAT THE HUMAN MACHINE GENTLY.

The winding passage, thirty feet in length, through which the main portion of the waste matter of the system is discharged, is lined with a membrane as delicate as silk and as sensitive as a net-work of nerves can make it. Neither constipation, colic, diarrhoea, dysentery, or any other bowel complaint can be cured by abusing and convulsing this tender membrane with a furious purgative. The best and safest remedy in such cases is that mild balsamic and delightful tonic laxative,

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT,
which heals, tones, and invigorates the irritated intestines, while it relieves them from the morbid humors which provoke abdominal disease. Sold by all druggists.

SAPOLIO

Cleans windows, scouring knives and table-ware, removes stains and rust, and is the very best thing ever used for general house cleaning.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.,

Broadway, cor. Nineteenth Street, N. Y.

NOVELTIES IN SUMMER DRESS GOODS.

PLAIN AND PRINTED PARIS GRENADINES,
GAZE DE SOIES, GAZE CHAMBRAS,
SILK AND WOOL GRENADINES,
GRENADINE BAREGES,
PLAIN AND STRIPED BAPTISTE CLOTHS,
PRINTED ORGANDIES AND JACONETS,
PRINTED LINEN LAWNS, PERCALES,
CAMBRICS, CRETONNES, PRINTS,
&c., &c.

GARMENTS,
PARIS-MADE and our own well-known manufacture, comprising all the LATEST NOVELTIES.

Also,
A superb assortment of
REAL THREAD LACE AND LLAMA POINTS,
JACKETS, SACQUES, EMBROID HOUSE
AND CARRIAGE JACKETS, &c.

HOSIERY AND UNDERGARMENTS

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF EVERY DESCRIPTION now in stock, at the LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

LADIES', CHILDREN'S, AND INFANTS' FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.

INFANTS' EMBROIDERED PIQUE LONG CLOAKS AND WALKING COATS.
MISSIES' PIQUE SUITS, CLOTH SACQUES AND CAPES.

LADIES' WHITE LAWN, NAINSOOK, AND CRETONNE SUITS.

CAMBRIC WRAPPERS, CORSETS, PANIERS, &c.

UNDERGARMENTS of every description, imported and our own manufacture.

N. B.—Outfits complete, ready made and to order.

SPRING AND SUMMER SHAWL DEPARTMENT.

Would call the special attention of their patrons to this Department, which is now REPLETE with all the LATEST NOVELTIES PRODUCED THIS SEASON; And having placed their orders before the RECENT LARGE INCREASE in prices in the FOREIGN MARKETS, they are now enabled to offer their stock at MUCH LESS THAN PRESENT MARKET VALUE.

AT JACKSON'S FAMILY MOURNING

STORE is offered the choicest and most extensive stock of Mourning Goods ever imported. Silk and Wool Iron Grenadines are a specialty, and may be purchased at present much below their actual value. Funeral outfits are furnished to order at short notice.

COR. BROADWAY & WAVERLEY PLACE.

R. H. MACY & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FANCY AND DRY GOODS, STRAW AND MILLINERY GOODS, RIBBONS, LACES, EMBROIDERIES, HANDKERCHIEFS, GENTS' AND LADIES' FURNISHING, CORSETS,

HOSIERY, GLOVES, LEATHER, LINEN, AND WHITE GOODS, HOUSEKEEPING AND FURNISHING GOODS, BOOKS, STATIONERY, CHROMOS, DRESS TRIMMINGS, BUTTONS, SMALL WARES,

NOTIONS, WORSTEDS, TOILET ARTICLES, SOAPS, PERFUMES, BRONZES, BASKETS, BABY CARRIAGES, OF TOYS AND DOLLS WE HAVE THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK IN NEW YORK.

WE RECEIVE EVERY WEEK, DIRECT FROM FRANCE, ENGLAND, GERMANY, AUSTRIA, AND SWITZERLAND, GOODS OF OUR OWN IMPORTATION, WHICH WE SELL AT THE LOWEST PRICE

POSSIBLE. SIXTH AVENUE, 14TH AND 13TH STREETS, N. Y.

COLGATE & CO'S

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

has a novel but very delightful perfume, and is in every respect superior for TOILET USE.

Sold by dealers in perfumery and Toilet Articles.

SOMETHING NEW.

This letter A is a sample of the size and style of our Ornamental Initial Stamps for marking with Indelible Ink (the initial of the surname only) on Table Linen, Pillow Cases, Handkerchiefs, &c.

Any Letter, including Ink, Pad, Glass, and directions for use, sent postpaid for \$1 00. Trade supplied. Stencil Tools and all Materials.

STAFFORD MFG CO.,
66 Fulton St., N. Y.

PARTURITION WITHOUT PAIN.

With an Essay on "The Care of Children," by Mrs. Clemence S. Lozier, M.D. Godey's Lady's Book says: "We would like to see it in the hands of every mother in the land." By mail, \$1. Wood & Housbrook, 15 Light St., N. Y.

A FLOWER GARDEN—EVERYWHERE!
PATENT PORTABLE WINDOW GARDEN, \$5.50
Rich Designs in Walnut each 6.50
(Can be put up by any lady.)
N. B. GRANT, 599 B-WAY NEW YORK

YOU WANT THE CHOICEST

Ornamental Foliage

PLANTS

Ever offered in this Country. See our Illustrated Catalogue of New and Rare Plants. Send Stamp.

Address OLM BROS., Springfield, Mass.

SAFEST & PUREST OIL
DENSLOW & BUSH'S PREMIUM
OIL, fire test 150° "This oil will not explode or ignite if a lamp be broken." N. Y. Tribune, Sold everywhere. Address Denslow & Bush, 129 Maiden Lane, N. Y., Boston, Baltimore or Chicago.
USED IN 100,000 FAMILIES

FACETIÆ.

THE height of stinginess might be said to be exemplified in the parsimony of a person who would grudge a steam-engine its fuel.

HOME RULE.—Curtain lectures.

What oath is commonly used by mammas when the fire is low?—"Blow the fire!"

FOUL PLAY.—Cock-fighting.

WHOSE BIRD?—A contemporary startles us with the following intelligence: "A new dance, called Decoicohicococanard, is said to have been introduced in fashionable circles, and bids fair to become popular." We have only to add that fashionable circles can not be brought round to acknowledging the existence of the dance as yet. We think there is a good deal less of the decoicohicocanard than of the canard about it.

VAINE LOOKS.—Seeing which way the wind blows.

A SO-SO PROCEEDING.—This looks very doubtful: "Among the competitors for the darling prize lately offered at the Georgia State Fair one lady presented a stocking so neatly mended that the judges could not find the mark of a needle." We suppose the judges said they were darned if they believed the stocking was, and that the lady said she'd be darned herself if she hadn't darned it. If so, the language, like the stocking, decidedly ought to have been mended.



JUSTLY GRATEFUL.
"ISN'T AUNT KIND, MAMMA? SHE'S LET ME BLOW MY OWN NOSE MYSELF!"

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

[In spite of numerous entreaties, we beg to say this must be our last batch of recipes. The princely salary we have paid the distinguished *Cordon Bleu* who supplies them, coupled with the gigantic allowances we make for expenses, are, he assures us, insufficient to enable him to try properly every recipe before publication. He declares he is on the verge of bankruptcy, and requires another three millions to do this week's work. In the interests of the public we assent once more. But we can not do so again. In order to reduce the expenditure we have abolished the gentleman who used to translate the *chef*. On this occasion our distinguished contributor will serve himself up in English.]

Pulled Bread.—One says this derive himself of the occasion over which the old gentlemen (name not to ears polite) have a *fracas* with the baker of breads. One regards the struggle, and one cries, "Pull, baker! pull —" (the other gentleman). To make the pull-bread you takes the bread. Then you calls in your kitchen-maid, scullery-girl, what you call it, and she pull one way and you pull the other. And behold him done!

Jugged Hare.—The hare is a four-footed quadruped. For to cash him you first find out his school, vere you shall see him sitting upon a form—vot you calls *banc* or bank. Then one digs a little hole for a jug, and one sprinkle all round it little *boules* of meat-force. Then you get behind the hare vare softly, and subtly you say "Boh!" Then the hare shall get up and run away, and then he stumbles at the little balls, and jug himself.

Sandwiches à la Diggings.—You takes to yourself as many twenty-dollar bills as you can get. It will be better to borrow them. You then cut a bread into thin slices and butter him. Then you puts one twenty-dollar bill between two slices of butter-bread, and serve him up; garnish with gold-leaf.

Another Way.—This all same up to where you cut the bread and butter him. Then you send out and get some nice white *papier d'éternement*, what you call tissue-paper. One writes on him *à la mode* de bank-note, cut him up into square of same big as twenty-dollar billet. One puts him between the butter-bread, and one puts the bank-note in the pocket to himself. N.B.—I have try this way often. It is much best than any other, and *economique*.

Curds and Whey.—I do not acquaint with him. I ask them what he shall be, but one tells me you get your curds from Kurdistan, and your whey any way you can. Kurdistan being long way off, this is a dish only for the millionaire.



A BROAD HINT.

SHE. "Ah, if you meant half you said, you wouldn't go away."
HE. "But, my Darling, a Sailor, you know—"
SHE. "Yes, I do know; but I thought a Sailor was always a *Mari-ner*!"

An absent-minded professor in going out the gateway of his college ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment he raised his hat and exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, madam!" Soon after he stumbled against a lady in the street. In sudden recollection of the former mishap, he called out, with a look of rage in his countenance, "Is that you again, you brute?"

What is the difference between the Romans and the Americans?—The Romans urned their dead, and the Americans earn their living.

A blacksmith brought up his son, to whom he was very severe, to his trade. One day the old man was trying to harden a cold-chisel, which he had made of foreign steel, but he could not succeed. "Horsewhip it, father!" exclaimed the boy; "if that won't harden it, I don't know what will."

A man gently corrects a newspaper by stating that the report of his death by drowning, which it published, is "extremely inaccurate."

A landlord, on lately presenting his bill for rent to his tenant, an M.D., was taken into his private office and shown a skeleton, with the remark that the man came in here just two weeks ago with a bill. He was somewhat startled, but very soon quieted down when told that he would be excused for this time. But in future—



PLEASANT SUGGESTION.

"I'M NOT A BIT HURT, PAPA DEAR; AND IF YOU'LL JUST TAKE HOLD OF THAT HIND-LEG, I SHALL GET ROUND HIM!"

What is the most desirable age of life?—We put this question to a few friends lately, and received the following replies, but do not consider any of them satisfactory: A banker thought coin-age the best age; a tailor, cabb-age; a soldier, pill-age; a toper, vint-age; a vicar, vicar-age; a hungry man, saus-age; an ambitious lady, a carri-age; a brave man, cour-age; a dram-drinker, drain-age; a joker, badin-age; a musician, band-age; a slave-owner, bond-age; a laborer, cott-age; a Scotchman, porridge; and two silly fools, marri-age.

A QUICKSET 'EDGE.—The edge of a razor.

An elderly lady states that when she was a girl she asked a gentleman to clasp her cloak. He did so—and its contents at the same time.

A SHARE-HOLDER.—A plowman.

The last novelty in sewing-machines is one that will follow the thread of an argument.

A PAYMATE.—An inquisitive wife.

A SOLICITOR.—GENERAL.—A poor beggar.

A Connecticut reporter says a boy swallowed three marbles and four bullets recently, and being somewhat of a bony structure, is now utilized by the neighbors, who borrow him as a rattle-box to amuse their babes and sucklings.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 20.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1872.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



LADIES' SPRING AND SUMMER DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 330.]

Fig. 1.—TALMA WITH POINTED HOOD, POSTILION-WAIST, DOLLY VARDEN OVER-SKIRT, AND WALKING SKIRT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

Fig. 2.—MAUVE SILK HOUSE DRESS.

[Cut Paper Patterns of Talma with Pointed Hood, Postilion-Waist, Dolly Varden Over-Skirt, and Walking Skirt, in Nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 48 Inches. Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

LADIES' SPRING AND SUMMER DRESSES.

See illustration on first page.

Fig 1.—**TALMA WITH POINTED HOOD, POSTILION-WAIST, DOLLY VARDEN OVER-SKIRT, AND WALKING SKIRT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).** This pretty suit, which is copied from a recently imported Paris model, is well adapted to any kind of material. A full description of it will be found in the New York Fashions article.

The pattern is furnished in nine sizes, even numbers only, from 30 to 46 inches, bust measure. To take the size, pass a tape measure entirely around the body, under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the bust, drawing it moderately tight. No other measure is required.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

This pattern comprises four articles—talma with pointed hood, postilion-waist, Dolly Varden over-skirt, and walking skirt.

TALMA WITH POINTED HOOD.—This pattern is in two pieces—half of talma and half of hood. The lines of perforations show where to take up the darts on the shoulders of the talma and to lay the fold forming the hood. Cut the talma with the longest and the hood with the shortest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid making a seam. Turn the front edge of the talma back to the notches at the top and bottom for the hem in front. Take up the darts in the talma at the lines of perforation, and try on wrong side out; if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the darts. Sew the seam of the under part of the hood on the right side. The middle of the hood is lined with silk, and gathered at the neck. Turn the hood on the right side evenly at the lines of small perforations, and cord the edge. Baste the hood on the neck of the talma, putting the middle of each evenly together, and finish with a silk binding. Close the neck of the talma with a hook and eye. The bottom of the talma is trimmed with silk knotted fringe three inches deep, and both talma and hood are embroidered with soutache.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 2 yards. Fringe, 2¾ yards.

POSTILION-WAIST.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, back, side, back, and Marie Antoinette collar, and sabot sleeve. The parts are notched to prevent mistakes in putting together. The lines of small perforations show where to baste the seams, and to take up the darts and cross basque seams at the waist line; those at the top show the size and shape of the under part of the sleeve. Cut the front with the longest straight edge laid on the edge of the cloth. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem. Cut the other parts lengthwise of the goods, baste the darts and seams across the front according to the lines of perforations, and baste the other seams in the notches and perforated lines. Lay the extra fullness at the side back and middle back seam in box-pleats turning under, forming three pleats, and tack them at the waist line. The seams under the arms from the waist line down are left open and worn under the skirt in front. Baste up, and try on wrong side out; if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. The front is closed at the waist line with buttons and button-holes, and finished with a Marie Antoinette collar. A belt of crinoline with four folds of silk, one overlapping the other and turning downward, is tacked at the seams under the arms, and closed in front with two hooks and eyes under a gros grain bow. Sew on the collar at the lines of small perforations in front, and conceal the stitches by a narrow fold of the material. Place the longest seam of the sleeve at the notch in the back of the armhole, and hold the seam toward you when sewing it in. Trim the postilion on the bottom and up the side to the waist line with a ruffle an inch and a half wide, scalloped on the edge, and bound with the material. The upper edge of the ruffle is laid in small box-pleats, and finished on the edge with narrow gimp. The collar is edged with a similar ruffle an inch wide. The sleeves are trimmed with two narrow ruffles from the bottom crosswise to the top of the opening in the back seam. Cord the neck and the bottom of the sleeves. If the sleeves are too long or short, take from or add an equal quantity at the top and bottom, keeping the same shape. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all other seams.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 3 yards. Extra for trimming, 1½ yards. Gimp, 3 yards.

DOLLY VARDEN OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in three pieces—front, side breadth for the back, and back breadth. Cut with the longest straight edge of the front and back breadths laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam. Sew up the seams of the three back breadths, and cut a slit in the middle of the back breadth for the opening. Lay four side pleats on each side of the middle, turning toward the front, and place the double holes at the top of the front evenly with the corresponding holes at the top of the side back breadth. Tack the top of the back edge of the front at the top of the opening in the back; then gather across the top of the back in the space between the double holes and the opening in the back, and sew on the belt. Tack the lower corner of the back edge of the front to the notch about four inches from the top at the opening in the back; gather the extra fullness, and join it to the opening. Conceal the ends by a large gros grain bow. Trim the bottom of the front and back breadth and half-way up the sides with a ruffle of the material five inches wide, scalloped and bound with the ma-

terial, and finished at the top like that of the postilion-waist.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 5 yards. Extra for ruffling, 1½ yards. Gimp, 4 yards.

WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front gore, two side gores, and back breadth. Only half the pattern is given. Cut the front and back breadths with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam. Cut two pieces like the pattern given of each side gore. Put the pattern together by the notches. The front and front side gores are sewed on the belt plain; the side gores for the back and back breadth are gathered. The skirt is trimmed with three graduated flounces, six, seven, and eight inches wide, scalloped and finished like those of the over-skirt and waist. The widest flounce is set on an inch above the bottom, and the other two with a space of an inch and a half between.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards. Extra for flounces, 1½ yards. Gimp, 11 yards.

Fig. 2.—**MAUVE SILK HOUSE DRESS.** The front of this skirt is trimmed *en tablier* with three gathered flounces, headed by a narrow pleated *ruche*, which meet on each side under a ribbon bow. Mauve silk over-skirt, edged with a double *ruche*. Vest basque with loose coat sleeves, trimmed in the same manner.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1872.

WITH the Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for May 11 was published the Second Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is sent out gratuitously in Monthly Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Cut Paper Patterns of the handsome Talma with Pointed Hood, Postilion-Waist, Dolly Varden Over-Skirt, and Walking Skirt, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents and Bust Measure.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain numerous full-sized Patterns, with Illustrations and Descriptions, of Ladies' House and Street Dresses; Lace Over-Skirts and Jackets; a great variety of Parasols; Coats, Cloaks, Paletots, Basques, and Mantlets for Children from 2 to 14 years old; Work-Bags, Knitting-needle Cases, Vignettes, Embroidery Patterns, Parasol Covers, etc., etc.; together with brilliant literary and artistic attractions.

THE OTHER SIDE.

WE have a great habit of pitying single women, of according them a sympathizing sort of patronage, of laughing at them a little mildly; but it seldom seems to occur to us to laugh at single men, to patronize and pity them; though, if we really considered their condition, they are as deserving of that sort of treatment as their sisters are. Certainly it is better to laugh at them than to be indignant with them, though their existence be an insult to the other sex—laugh at the peculiarities that no children's caresses ever smoothed over, no wife's good-natured gayety ever softened, that no necessity of self-repression or self-denial for the sake of others ever did away with; laugh at the primness that never knew what it was to have little fingers pull the well-starched linen out of place and ruffle the oiled locks; laugh at the general ignorance of one-half of human nature, the nature only to be learned from the daily life of virtuous wife and daughter; laugh at the immeasurable conceit which leads them to look on the world of women as some great garden where every pear hangs ripe for their plucking; laugh at the folly which chooses a single life and fancies it the happiest, and that in the face of the bright firesides of those friends of theirs who may have doubled their joys and divided their sorrows.

But for those who do not feel like laughing during contemplation of such prejudice and perversity, patronage must be something allowable to exercise toward those who linger thus on the borders of civilization. We do not perhaps altogether respect them, but they are the brothers and cousins of those we do respect, and we may feel it incumbent on us condescendingly to show them the inside of those charming homes of which they will have none, and, though they be the very Arabs of society, to teach them the superiority of our houses built on a rock to their shifting tents of the desert.

And certainly there is no law or regulation to prevent our pitying the poor creatures. Lonely—for what is the companionship of

the boon companions, men or women, who forsake you for the first that offers better!—with scarcely a soul in whom they can safely repose a confidence; totally unacquainted with that delightful freedom, which they look upon from the outside as slavery, but in which the thoughts and words of husband and wife are exchanged as free as air, and with the consciousness that either's interest is the other's, and that betrayal is all but impossible where the identity of interest is so complete; in a measure loveless, since they stand outsiders at every body's hearth, and the active affections of all are given to those who keep the fire alive there, and since they themselves love so little and so few—it is not a lot to be envied. Their single sisters keep their birds to love, their cats, their adopted orphans; they nurse the sick, and visit the poor; their hearts are full of warmth for something and somebody. But the brothers are cut off by the habits of society from any such solace as nursing the sick, they visit very few poor, and they rarely keep so much as a dog. They are not absolutely necessary to any body's happiness. If they are poor, they anticipate an old age which shall be a burden to others; if they are rich, one in which their heirs shall be looking forward to crape with complacency. They see themselves repeated in no future generation, know that, so far as the progress of the race is concerned, they are to drop off the vine like green fruit and come to nothing, and understand that when the first grass is green above their graves they will be decently forgotten, and the little ripple that they made will have run to shore without leaving a mark upon the sand. Ah, yes! certainly we must pity them—pity them if these misfortunes are involuntary on their part, all the more if they are voluntary: if they have been so blind as to believe the career that they lead is comparable to the career they might lead; that the smile they buy has one trait of the faithful smile, undying as the sacred fire upon the altar; that the opera, the petit souper, the rich cordial, the fast horse, the life about town, are more than a feather in the balance beside the prattle of children, the comfort of home, the hopes and plans and happiness of marriage; if they have been so destitute of noble self-abandonment as for a moment to consider the question of the curtailments and deprivations of a different course; if they have been so selfish as to decide that there were no more pleasures in life than they wanted to themselves, and so to throw in their lot, by malice prepense, with that of the single men!

In sober truth whatever deference is paid to the single man, whatever honor is accorded him, is paid and accorded to the individual, and not to the class. For the class is something dangerous to the organization of society, has no stake in its successes, gives it no gage of sympathy or of co-operation. The man who is not yet twenty-one is ranked as an infant in the purview of the law; but it may be questioned whether the man who prefers selfish celibacy to the benefits and blessings given and received by the head of a family ever arrives at years of discretion. And when we read the statistics of those philosophers in social science who declare that, in the broad generalization, our young men now no longer marry, we say to ourselves that there is much in the universe whose design our feeble intellects can not fathom; but something that seems inexplicable provision for a mere purposeless excrescence on the public trunk is the creation and preservation of single men!

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Meeting Ourselves.

MY DEAR LEONARD,—Every traveler upon the road meets many other travelers; but has it ever occurred to you that we sometimes meet ourselves? There is a picture in the library of one of my friends, not a large work—in fact, it hangs upon one of the shelves against the books. But it is one of the most fascinating of pictures. The scene is a wood—a kind of sombre bosage in which you are not to search for the veins of the leaves, but which is to suggest solitude to your imagination. There are two figures, a man and a woman, haggard, joyless, exhausted, and with that look of hopeless weariness which I suppose Heine saw in Alfred de Musset's face when he said that he had a great future behind him. These two, the woman leaning on the man, are suddenly confronted by two others, distinct, yet a little spectral, and apparently unconscious of the encounter. The two unconscious figures are those of a youth and maid, each, indeed, in the fullness of youth, with all its bloom and hope, and with an inexpressible repose of happiness in their attitude. They are lovers; young lovers; lovers in a world enchanted by their love; happy in the perfect purity of their passion. And upon these two the others stare with bewildered horror

and yearning. Under the picture is the legend, "How they met themselves."

For the two are one. The one is the double of the other. This wan, haggard, pitiful woman is that modest maid with downcast eye and cheek warm with the blush of joy. This dull, reckless, wrecked man is that blooming youth whispering his love. And the two who meet them know it. The wretched woman feels that it is she. The miserable man knows that it is he. If we could continue the picture, as it were, how should we do it? What happened next? When the shock was over, did they move on? Was it a vision through which they passed? Did it glimmer and glimmer far behind them as they went, and at last, growing fainter and farther, fade away? Or did it glide by them, an attending presence, a picture on the air which could not melt, and which they could not choose but see? How would it be with us, Leonard? If we should once see the brave boys that we were, could we ever help seeing them afterward? And you, dear lady, crossing the street under my window, with that delicate rouge upon your cheek, and that costly shawl, for which your husband can not afford to pay, over your beautiful shoulders—wishing often and often that you had thought twice before marrying him—if you should see the bright-faced, curly-haired darling that I remember bounding along the sidewalk, would you ever afterward fail to see her? You would meet yourself, but would you know her?

For we do not always recognize ourselves. Indeed, do we often? Yesterday afternoon I was sauntering in the Park, and seated myself upon one of the benches to look about and enjoy the scene, when I saw Lucy—that young woman who has something so winning and lovely in her aspect that, even if I had not known her, I should not have been surprised when I saw a youth join her whose face had so much manly candor that, like the stage father, I was fain to say, "Bless you, my children." Lucy, hearing my voice, turned and asked me if I had spoken to her. I smiled and made some apology; but her smile that met mine was so sweet and radiant that when they had passed on, my eyes still following, I arose and walked after them into the Ramble. I give you my word of honor that I staid respectfully far behind, and only wished to keep them in view like a beautiful scene or a flower. But when they seated themselves I could not turn back without seeming to have followed improperly, and remembering, what I am so constantly prone to forget, that my years save me from the jealous suspicions of young men, I made bold to saunter on until I reached them.

Lucy, with that warm smile which the soft air of the day seemed to diffuse, demanded an explanation of my remark as she passed; and so we fell into bright discourse, until she turned to her companion and said, "Gerald, see that beautiful pond-lily!" She rose and half ran, and we followed to the shore, and she stood on the edge of the water, a nymph of the garden and the grove, not Daphne fairer. And as she stood there gently swaying while she praised the perfect flower, the smile overflowing her face, as I may say, with warm sweetness, I looked from her to the rich lily, profuse of fragrance and pure as the dew, and I cried, exultingly, "Of course! of course! Do you know yourself? For that is you. Once you were that lily, but you have bloomed on into a woman."

"No, I did not know myself," she answered, and smiled.

"But we all know you, lily or woman; and you have met yourself," I said, and raised my hat.

Gerald looked a little puzzled.

Presently I seated myself upon another bench and watched the children with their hoops. Young Golding passed me with his hard, cold eyes. He is very successful in making money, I hear: a very high-priest of the golden calf. But I know him in his family, and I see that he has no thought but how to make a thousand dollars two thousand. He is a rich man, but he is a beggar for all his riches. He is young, and wears very fine clothes, and his carriages are costly, and his dinners are beautiful, and his wife's diamonds are splendid; and you, my good Leonard, are very happy to have the honor of accepting Mr. and Mrs. Golding's polite invitation. But as he passed me, and I thought of all these things, I observed an old, decrepit, miserable tramp turning over with his stick every little pile of rubbish in his path in the vague hope of finding something valuable. He was bending down, stupidly intent upon his search, as Golding approached. But he raised his head as the young man came nearer, and stood before him in the way. Golding recoiled a little, but instantly turned aside and passed on. "Young man!" my heart cried after him, "stop! stop! See what you are! You've met yourself!" But there was no other sound than the singing of the early birds.

Golding, I suppose, had no other emotion than a passing disgust. How many of us are not equally disgusted, Leonard, when, without knowing it, we meet ourselves?

I sat quietly, still thinking of that picture of the figures in the wood who met themselves. Eugenio on his horse trotted gently up. He stopped, and said that he had been reading Sir Thomas Malory's "Legends of Arthur," and Tennyson's "Idyls of the King." His eye kindled and his cheek flushed as he told me of his great pleasure in them. It was a fascination which he said that he could not explain. But I, who have long known that noble youth, was not surprised. Candid and generous, full of simple faith in men and women, so manly and pure that none would dare or wish to breathe foulness in his presence—a man in whose nature are all the possibilities of infinite forgiveness and pity for the wrong that stings him sharpest, and which the poet describes in Arthur—he would have been the well-beloved of the legendary king; and when he meets him in imagination riding down to Camelot, Eugenio meets himself. So with Clara, who, half by stealth, a young girl in her father's library, read the "Heart of Mid-Lothian." From that moment the sweet, simple force of Jeanie Deans magnetized her. And as modest Christians correct their lives by the thought of the devotion and self-sacrifice of the saints, so has the image of Jeanie Deans so possessed Clara's imagination that it has been a kind of touch-stone. Not that she has consciously held the young Scotch-woman before her, but that the portrait of Jeanie Deans was like a mirror in which Clara, looking, saw Clara. Walking in the woods, those young lovers, grown dull and haggard, met themselves. Reading that noble story, young Clara, unconscious, met herself.

And there was Lucilla, whom I knew, graceful and gay; light as a feather in head and—yes—in heart. Fascinated by the dizzy whirl of society, which is so much a tournament of riches, and where money buys what is most desired; fair and flattered and caressed, she glanced from one day to another, with offers here and offers there of every kind; lovers bending around her like saplings before a warm south wind, and she half conscious that she stood on sparkling sands that were sliding under her feet. One summer day upon the sea-shore she lay in the hammock upon the piazza over the water, and read the same tale of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," which she had not seen for many a year. And for her the picture of Effie Deans had a strange enchantment. She read with her whole heart. It was as if her nature and character and experience were all unrolled before her. She shuddered and wept and grew pale as she read. The beautiful, gay, lightsome Effie looked at Lucilla with her entrancing eyes. But the smiling light in them softened to pathetic tenderness of sympathy. Floods of tears washed all dimness from Lucilla's eyes. In the luxuriant tangles of the flowery grove of life in which she was dancing she had met herself.

Dear Leonard, as you look at the picture in my friend's library you will again and again wonder if the wasted, haggard pair who met themselves young and unsullied were won by the vision back to the long-lost purity of youth. The living Lucilla shows that they may have been. She, indeed, had not lost that purity. She was astray in a rose cloud. But the roseiest cloud is but a fog. In Effie Deans she met herself—a lovely warning; and, admonished by it, she is the charming woman that we know. Fellow-traveler, let us hope to meet ourselves upon our journey, and to know ourselves when we do meet.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING AND SUMMER SUITS.

THE suit which we illustrate this week (and of which a cut paper pattern will be furnished) has three of the most prominent features of the spring styles, viz., Worth's new over-skirt, the postilion-waist, and the talma with pointed hood. Suits of this kind among the latest importations are made of gros grain, grenadine, pongee, piqué, linen, and batiste.

The over-skirt has the same graceful effect as the skirt of the Marguerite Dolly Varden polonaise. The apron front is extended to fasten back over the tournure, while plain breadths fall from the belt beneath, making straight drapery behind. Many wrinkles in the apron are considered stylish; but fleshy ladies find short, smooth aprons most becoming. It will be an easy matter to shorten the pattern, and thus leave out some of the wrinkles. Those who desire still more bouffant drapery must make the back breadths of the over-skirt longer, and catch them up with tapes underneath. Sometimes a single loop is put in the centre of the back breadth, and fastened to a button just below the belt. This shortens the over-skirt behind, and makes it fall into a triangular fold.

The postilion-waist has a back like that of an

ordinary postilion-basque, while the front is simply a round waist with a belt. This round front is not cut off at the belt, but is four inches longer than the natural waist; the extra length is passed out of sight under the waistband of the skirt, and a belt of the dress material is sewed in at the side seams under the arm, passed over the waistband, and fastened in front. This belt is usually made of four narrow overlapping folds on a crinoline lining, and is fastened in front by a small bow. The neck of the dress is high, buttoned to the throat, and ornamented with a Marie Antoinette collar that fastens halfway down the front, also with a bow. These collars are made in various ways; sometimes they are of the plain material cut in shape and edged with lace, fringe, a ruffle, or pleating; again they are formed of two or three folds, either of the dress fabric or of China crape; and in many cases they are lengthened out to form fichus that cross on the bosom. In all these shapes they are graceful and pretty, as they give an appearance of breadth to the figure, and are fast becoming as popular as vests. The sleeves are close coat shape, with simple trimming at the wrist. The most fashionable sleeves now are those with very slight trimming.

The talma with long pointed hood is a pleasant summer wrap that we have already described. It may be of the suit material or of a heavier fabric; it is seldom made of silk, as that is not soft enough to hang gracefully. A talma of black cashmere or of gray cloth is very useful, as it can be worn with a variety of dresses. The rough camel's-hair or Indian cashmere is also used for these extra wraps. The trimming is heavy braiding with round braid. Jet galloon and guipure lace are also very much used on black cashmere mantles. The hood is braided, and a tassel finishes the point. Hoods are becoming to sloping shoulders and straight figures, but should not be worn by those who have round or high shoulders. For the latter the seam down the back of the cape should be left open about a fourth of a yard, and the trimming should extend up each side of this seam to the neck. A ruche of lace or silk finishes the neck. Talmas of linen, batiste, or other thin goods, made merely to veil the figure and not for warmth, are left open up the entire seam of the back.

The scalloped flounces now so much in vogue are shown on the skirt of this suit. Elaborate gros grain costumes of mignonette or sage green, cameo, and Paris gray silk are made by this pattern, with rich embroidery of the same shade on the flounces, upper skirt, and waist, or else the new guipure lace made of the precise tint of the silk. Black gros grain suits have flounces and elaborate fringe entirely of jet, or else facings of a faint shade of blue, pearl, or green. Batiste suits are trimmed with tamboured embroidery of a darker shade, guipure lace, and side pleatings. Grenadine suits are partly striped, partly plain, and the trimmings are striped side pleatings and gathered ruffles of plain grenadine. Piqué suits are trimmed with cambric insertion of the old-fashioned English needle-work in open patterns; a design in compass figures is especially popular. Ecru and tea-colored linen suits have folds of the material piped with white linen.

WEDDING DRESSES.

The polonaise is so universally fashionable that it has formed part of some of the handsomest wedding dresses worn since Easter. Heavy white satin or lustrous faille is the fabric selected. The skirt is not a full train, but a long demi-train, made without flounces, and finished at the bottom with a thick cord, or else leaf points that disclose a pleating of the material. The polonaise has a long bouffant back, while the front is cut off at the waist, where a belt completes it, and the skirt is fastened at the left side to form a short apron. This apron is almost covered with vines of orange buds. Lace wide enough for a flounce edges the polonaise; Valenciennes has been used for this purpose lately, but point lace is, of course, preferred. The neck of the dress is high behind and three-quarters low in front, either rounded or heart-shaped. The antique sleeves are straight to the elbow, like old-fashioned caps of sleeves, with ruffles of tulle and lace draping the arm below. A spray of orange flowers is placed high on the left side, and a bouquet fastens the belt. Tulle veils are not changed in shape. The bridal wreath is a coronet, with a high aigrette in the centre. It is formed of orange buds, with only a few full-blown flowers, and some fine sprays of bridal spiraea. Many brides this season have preferred the privacy of home weddings to the display of ceremonious affairs at church. For these low-necked dresses with Grecian folds are chosen instead of the high corsage worn at church weddings. The ceremony is performed in the presence of the relatives and a few intimate friends, and a general reception follows later. The house is literally draped with flowers, and the bridal party "receive" under a marriage bell of white flowers with a great Easter lily for the tongue.

Bride-maids' dresses are of tulle, tarlatan, or organdy, ruffled to the waist. A short wrinkled apron in front extends back over the tournure, and is edged with a garland of roses or of autumn leaves. At a recent wedding the bride gave a garniture of wild roses to her brunette maid, of blue convolvuli with shaded leaves to a decided blonde, and of mignonette to a demi-blonde with rosy cheeks and brown hair. Some beautiful dresses of organdy muslin had cascades of Valenciennes lace on the lower skirt, while the upper skirt and corsage were formed of alternate bands of insertion and muslin edged with lace.

A faïence costume of the prevailing sage green or cameo tints is selected by brides for a church and visiting dress, in preference to the gray or

lavender suit that would plainly proclaim bridehood. The bonnet is made of silk of the dress material, relieved by facings and flowers of becoming hue. A black tulle bonnet, or a white straw that may be worn either as a bonnet or hat, and will serve with various dresses, forms part of most trousseaux. Cashmere over silk is still the most desirable traveling suit. For handsome morning costumes a Dolly Varden of foulard, with delicate écru or mignonette ground, satin stripes of the same shade, and trailing vines of flowers of bright colors, will be worn over skirts of various colors, such as black silk, blue, brown, or green silk, and also with white muslin skirts.

Among other pretty dresses prepared for summer outfits for brides are striped silks, even stripes of a color with white, flounced to the waist behind, an apron in front, and a postilion-waist. These are worn in the house, and require a lace sacque or cashmere talma for the street.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames SCHMAUDER; and GEDNEY; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and A. T. STEWART & Co.

PERSONAL.

ON the 24th ult., a notable gathering of divines and college folk was held at Princeton, New Jersey, to celebrate the semi-centennial anniversary of the Rev. Dr. Hodge's connection with Princeton Theological Seminary. Dr. H. entered the college as a student in 1812, and in 1822 was elected Professor of Oriental and Biblical Languages. After an oration upon science and theology by the Rev. Dr. DURYEA, and a speech to Dr. Hodge by Dr. BOARDMAN, to which Dr. H. replied, there was, as a part of "the eternal fitness of things," a collation and much talk. But the pleasantest part of the entertainment was the presentation to Dr. Hodge of a purse containing \$15,000, to which every body contributed—a regular Hodge-podge.

—One of the last acts of the late ERASTUS CORNING was to consummate a purpose undertaken eighteen months ago, in conveying to the trustees of the "Corning Foundation for Christian Work in the Diocese of Albany" the deed of land for the erection of the building of St. Agnes's School.

—WACHTEL, the tenor, besides having achieved the highest fame in his profession, has the added happiness of a delightful family. He has been twice married, and has eight children. His second wife, a beautiful Rhenish blonde, accompanies him in his tour through this country. His permanent residence is in the German watering-place Wiesbaden, one of the finest spots in Europe; and there is the "Villa Wachtel," known as one of the most elegant and comfortable residences.

—A veritable prince—the Prince of Sayn-Wittgenstein—appeared in public recently as a tenor at the Wallner Theatre, Berlin, under the name of ARNOLD WALDEN.

—At a recent military reunion in Detroit General CARTER edified the warriors by bringing thereto the table on which Generals GRANT and LEE signed the capitulation of the latter.

—Dr. SAUNDERS, of Philadelphia, never weary of doing good, has pledged himself to go on raising funds for the Presbyterian hospital on Saunders Avenue till he obtains \$1,000,000, including the \$400,000 already subscribed.

—Mr. RUTKAY, of Des Moines, denies that Kossuth is in a state of indigence. On the contrary, he has an income that is sufficient to enable him to live in comfort. Mr. R. ought to know, as he is the nephew of, and in constant correspondence with, Mr. Kossuth.

—B. G. NORTON, of Connecticut, goes out to Japan as Superintendent of Schools, and will soon organize a Jap-an-easy way of teaching the young idea of those parts how to shoot.

—Madame VON OFFEN has finished her work entitled "No Fatherland." It will be published this month. It deals largely with the old but not inexhaustible topics of political enthusiasm, religious fanaticism, social intolerance, and the conduct and motives of the royal and imperial princes of the nineteenth century.

—Madame KIBRISLI PASHA, widow of the late Grand Vizier KIBRISLI MEHMET PASHA, is on the point of bringing out an autobiographical work of special interest, entitled "Thirty Years in the Harem."

—Miss ELLEN F. STARBUCK, confidential clerk to the last three Governors of Massachusetts—ANDREW, BULLOCK, and CLAPLIN—and who has successfully filled the post of chief clerk of the State Executive Department during the last year, has resigned because of ill health.

—M. JACQUES FELIX, father of the celebrated RACHEL, has recently deceased in Paris. He was seventy-six, and leaves a fortune of \$200,000 to his widow. During his later years he had devoted himself to literature. His daughters SARAH, DINAH, and LIA, all well-known actresses, were with him in his last moments.

—The Rev. Dr. PORTER, rector of Grace Church, New York, was at Easter-time presented with a purse of five thousand dollars by the members of his parish as a token of their regard. Dr. P. is one of the most laborious clergymen in the State, and has added largely to the membership and general efficiency of the parish.

—In consequence of the illness of Manager GRAU, the concert tour of RUBENSTEIN, the eminent pianist, in the United States has been indefinitely postponed.

—Mr. M. D. CONWAY, one of the most entertaining contributors to the publications of HARPER & BROTHERS, writes enthusiastically from Rome concerning Miss FOLEY and her success in sculpture. Her marble bust of THEODORE PARKER is believed to have been the best ever made since the original was laid in the cemetery at Florence.

—One of the wealthiest of the Japanese daimios has arrived at San Francisco, en route to this city, where he proposes to take up his residence. It is stated that several married ladies from Japan will arrive by the next steamer.

—Dr. DEWEES, of this city, has sent to Cincinnati, for the occupancy of the presiding officer of that curious Convention, a very notable chair. This chair was given by the public authorities to the late Professor DEWEES, of Philadelphia, father of Dr. DEWEES, of this city, at the time when some of the old furniture of Independence Hall was distributed. It was the

chair in which JOHN ADAMS was sitting at the moment he signed the Declaration of Independence.

—The Rev. Dr. JABEZ BURNS, of London, one of the most eminent divines of the Baptist Church, will visit the United States this summer.

—Professor AGASSIZ has added to his achievements in science by taking the photographs of some fishes and other marine animals in the water.

—There are at present in London thirty young Hindoo gentlemen studying for the legal profession. And the Chinese government has appropriated a sum for sending thirty Chinese youths to be educated at Yale College, New Haven, and to familiarize themselves with the notions of the inquisitive and acquisitive Yankee.

—Mr. R. W. EMERSON has enjoyed the pleasure for forty consecutive winters of lecturing before the people of Salem, Massachusetts.

—Bishop M'NIERNY, who was on Sunday, the 21st ult., consecrated Coadjutor-Bishop of Albany, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in this city, was born in the parish in which he was consecrated. He is a man of superior ability, and has for seventeen years filled the office of Archbishop's Secretary. He speaks four or five languages fluently.

—Mrs. DICKENS, deeming that Mr. JOHN FORSTER has not fully and fairly told the story of her divorce from her husband, proposes to come before the public with an accurate statement of that matter.

—TENNYSON, they say, is really coming over to see this great country of ours, and to familiarize himself with the workings of a republican government.

—The banking house of CUTTS & Co. has a peculiar history. It is the financial depository of all the old English aristocracy, from the Queen down. Her Majesty's "pass-book" is a superb book, inlaid with gold, bearing the royal arms, in which all the entries are made in the finest penmanship. It is one man's work to attend to the Queen's account, which is superintended by the "Keeper of the Privy Purse." The Baroness BURDETT-CUTTS has the interests of the employes of the bank much at heart. It is a hard matter to get into the bank. Noblemen's sons now seek positions in the establishment, and some of the partners are noblemen. College-educated men are alone taken as clerks, and then an examination is gone through, which is conducted with the same strictness as is the examination into the family, reputation, and general recommendations of the applicant. For every vacancy there are hundreds of applicants. But, when admitted, a clerk has a fine position. He will be told, on his being admitted, that he must not wear a mustache, but simply side whiskers; and in his dress, although nothing will be said to him on the subject, every modesty of style will be expected of him. This is done on account of the great dislike the real aristocracy of England have for the gaudy, showy fop of the middle classes, who so often, in his ignorance and self-conceit, apes the gentleman.

—Mrs. ELLIOTT, wife of the colored member of Congress from South Carolina, is quite a handsome, stylish woman, very light-complexioned, scarcely darker than a brunette, and dresses quite royally.

—Mr. NEESIMA, recently a Japanese student at Andover, Massachusetts, has been invited by Minister SANAKA to accompany the embassy to Europe as interpreter. He has a remarkable personal history. He was born poor in the interior of Nippon. When quite a lad he conceived the idea of obtaining education, and worked his way to an open port. There he worked and learned what he could. Having managed to acquire a little English, he obtained a fragment of the book of Genesis and read it. This still further excited his mind. Conversing with foreigners by whom he was employed, he conceived the idea of visiting Christian countries, and for that purpose got employment on an English ship, studying all he could as he worked. After some considerable time he reached Boston in a ship belonging to Mr. ALPHEUS HARDY. As the crew were being paid off, the captain spoke to Mr. HARDY about NEESIMA. His story aroused great interest, and the result was that he was enabled to study. He has been very diligent for several years, and having professed Christianity, he was entered at Andover to be fitted for the ministry. When the embassy arrived Mr. MORI invited him to Washington as an interpreter, having learned through friends of his capacity. The Christian profession and spirit of this young man are well understood by IWAKURA, and no obstacle is placed in his way.

—GARIBOLDI is to be peculiarly honored in Rome. The women of that city have collected the money for a statue of him, which is to be made and put in place in the Eternal City as soon as possible. It is the first instance in history where the whole thing has been done in this fashion.

—Mr. JULIUS A. SUMNER, of Akron, Ohio, says he is the man who rode on the first passenger car ever drawn upon a railroad in the United States, that he sailed on the first steamboat that ever navigated Lake Erie, and that he was the first man to build a rolling-mill and nail-factory in Ohio.

—Mr. DISRAELI was quite right when he said that the President of the United States is only "paid a salary equal to the income of a second-class professional man."

—Of the especially opulent men of the country the late ERASTUS CORNING had two sons, one of whom is dead. The survivor, ERASTUS CORNING, Jun., a thorough man of business, becomes heir to some \$8,000,000. For many years he was one of the secretaries of the New York State Agricultural Society, and took an active part in its proceedings.—Ex-Governor E. D. MORGAN has two.—Mr. A. T. STEWART is childless.—Mr. LENOX, who proposes to hand his name down to posterity as founder of the Lenox Library, the edifice for which is now in process of construction, is a bachelor.—WILLIAM B. ASTOR has three sons and two daughters. The sons are thoroughly familiar with every branch of the business of the vast Astor estate, and are in daily attendance at the office in Prince Street.—Commodore VANDERBILT has two sons and three daughters. The eldest son, WILLIAM, is a very superior business man. He has a son, CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jun., who is married, and gives promise of first-class ability. He is now treasurer of the Harlem.

Cravats in Venetian and Point Lace Embroidery on Lace, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—Cravat in Venetian Embroidery. This cravat is worked on fine cambric or nansook with fine white embroidery cotton in the well-known Venetian embroidery. First transfer the design shown by the illustration, which gives one end of the cravat in full size, to linen, baste on the material, and run the outlines of the design figures with embroidery cotton. Work the button-hole stitch bars at the corresponding points, and button-hole stitch all the outlines. On the sides of the cravat work button-hole stitch scallops, as shown by the illustration. Cut away the material underneath

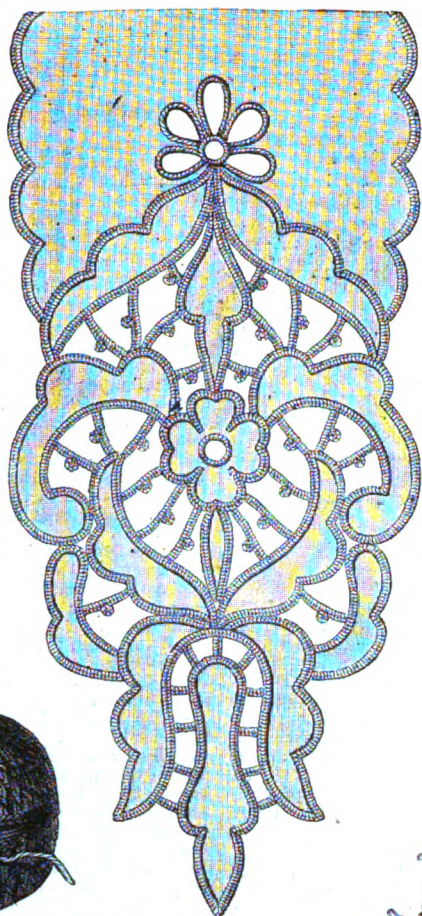


Fig. 2.—Joining of Crochet Cover of Tassel Head for Curtain Band.

Fig. 1.—Cravat End in Venetian Embroidery. Full Size.

the button-hole stitch bars and on the outer edge of the cravat.

Fig. 2.—Cravat in Point Lace Embroidery on Lace (imitation of real lace). This cravat is worked on fine Brussels lace with point lace braid of various widths and designs; the button-hole and lace stitches and the wheels are worked with fine thread. For the embroidery first transfer the design shown by the illustration to thick paper or linen, and baste the material to be trimmed on the foundation. Then sew on the point lace braid, observing the illustration, partly with close hem stitches and partly with button-hole stitches, without passing the needle through the foundation. Run the outlines of the small round dots with fine thread, and button-hole stitch them closely; the lace stitches are partly worked on the lace foundation, and partly inside of the design figures after cutting away the foundation. Edge the cravat with woven picots.

Tatted Cravat, Figs. 1 and 2.

This cravat, of which Fig. 1 shows one end in full size, is worked with one thread (shuttle) of tatted cotton, No. 120. The middle rosettes of each end are worked separately, and the lace on the outer edge of the collar is also worked separately. The separate parts are joined by means of picots. The lace for the whole cravat is worked in one piece; the narrow part of the cravat, which surrounds the neck, is formed by two rows of lace turned toward each other. Fig. 2, on page 333, shows

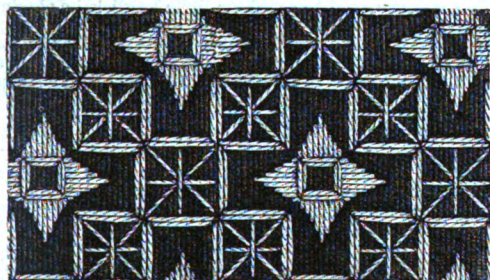


Fig. 1.—Tapestry Foundation for Lamp-Mats, Sofa-Pillows, etc.—Full Size.

a section of this lace considerably enlarged in size for the sake of clearness. First work the lower middle rosette of the cravat end, beginning with the outer figure at the left side of the rosette, which consists of six smaller rings turned downward, and six larger rings turned upward. One ring of 4 ds. (double stitch—that is, 1 stitch left, 1 stitch right), 1 p. (picot), 4 ds., 1 p., 1 ds. (when the length is not specially indicated, work the middle p. of each ring an eighth of an inch long, and the last p. of each ring somewhat shorter), t. (turn the work), so that the last ring is turned downward and the under side lies uppermost, 1 ring of 2 ds., 6 p. separated each by 2 ds., 6 ds., fasten to the last p. of the first ring, close to this 1 ring of 6 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., t.; 2 rings like the first, t., 1 ring of 2 ds., 8 p. separated each by 2 ds., 7 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding small ring, 1 ring of 7 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding large ring, 2 ds., 7 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., t.; 2 rings like the first, t., 1 ring of 2 ds., 6 p. separated each by 2 ds., 6 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding small ring; 1 ring of 6 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding large ring, 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., t.; 1 ring like the first, but instead of forming the middle p., fasten together all of the 5 small rings with

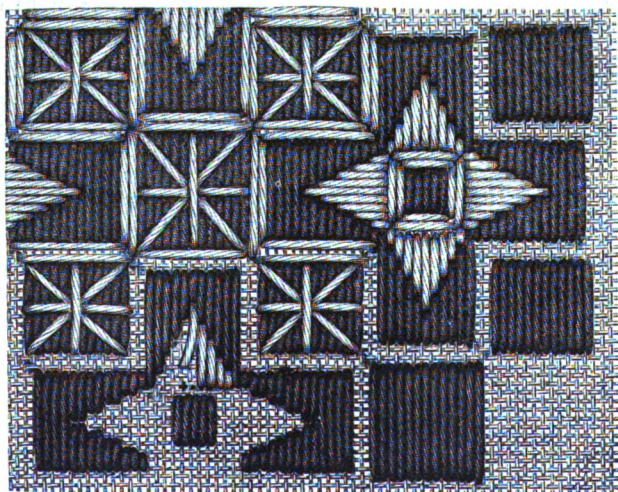


Fig. 2.—Manner of Working Tapestry Foundation, FIG. 1.—MAGNIFIED.

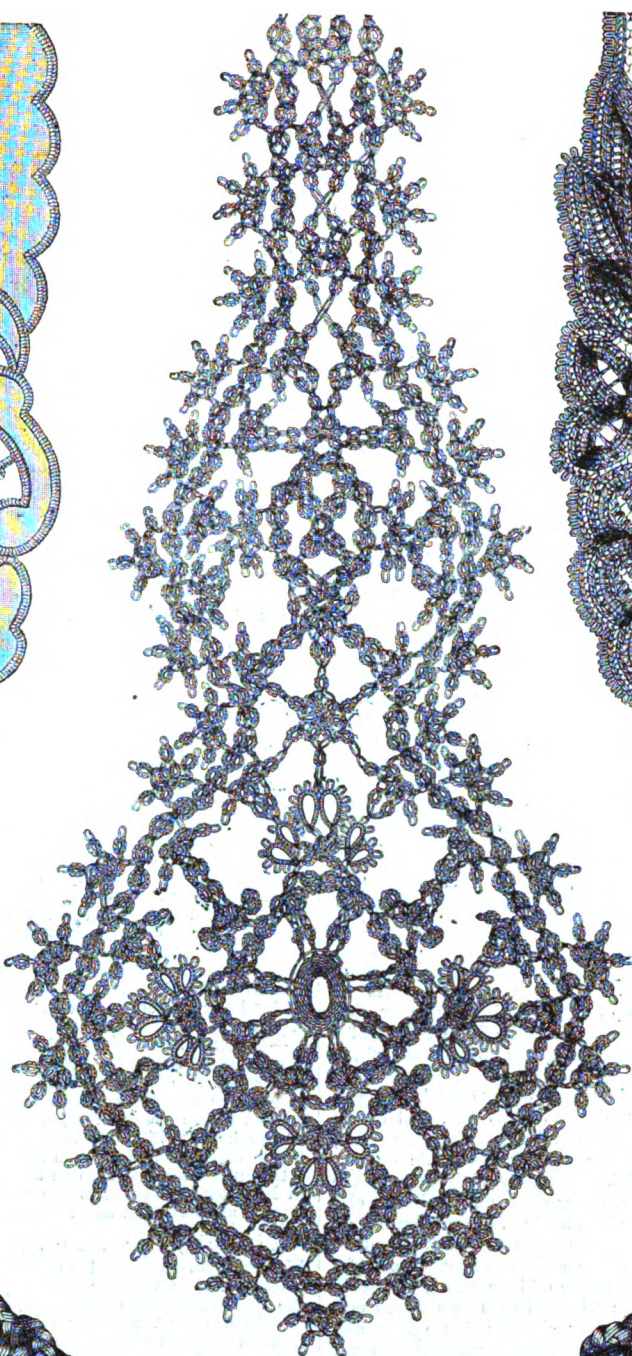


Fig. 1.—Tatted Cravat End. [See Page 333.]

Fig. 1.—Curtain Band.—Braid-Work, Knot-Work, Crochet, and Tatting.

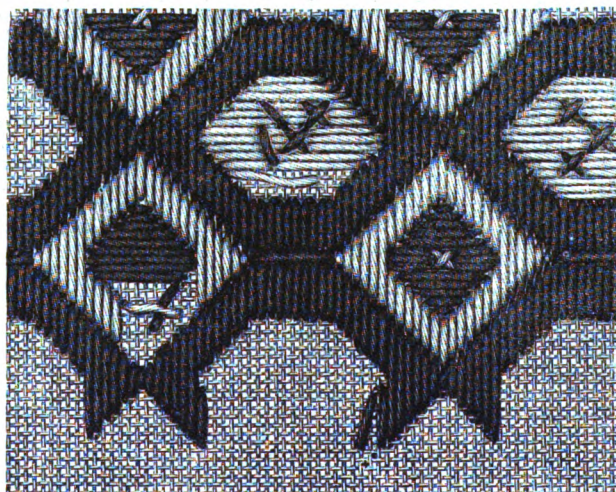


Fig. 4.—Manner of Working Tapestry Foundation, FIG. 3.—MAGNIFIED.

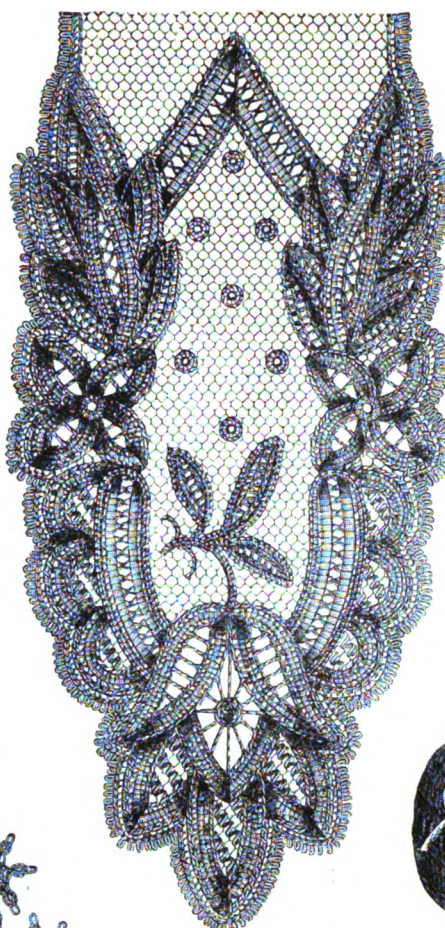


Fig. 2.—Cravat End in Point Lace Embroidery on Tulle.

Fig. 3.—Cross Seam on Crochet Cover of Tassel Head for Curtain Band.



the last ring, without drawing the thread tight. (see Fig. 2). Fasten to the last p. of this last ring, 1 ring like the first, t., 1 ring like the first, fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, t., 1 ring like the first, fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, t., 2 rings like the first, after the first of these rings fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring and the last p. of the (first) ring just worked, after the second ring fasten to the last p. of this ring, t.; 2 rings like the first, but the middle p. of each ring should be three-eighths of an inch long; after the first of these rings fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, and after the second ring fasten to the last p. of the last ring; t., 1 ring like the first, t., 2 rings like the first; after the first of these 2 rings fasten to the last p. of the

preceding ring; t., 2 rings like the first, after the first of these 2 rings fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, and in working the second ring fasten together the preceding 5 small rings, which are now turned upward; fasten to the last p., t. * One ring like the first, fasten to the last p., t., 2 rings like the first, but after the first of these 2 rings fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, and in working the second ring, instead of forming the middle p., fasten to the middle p. of the first of the 2 rings, fasten to the last p., t.; 2 rings like the first, t., 2 rings like the first; after the first of these 2 rings fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring; fasten to the last p. of the last ring, t.; 2 rings like the first, t.; 2 rings like the first, after the first of these rings fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, and in the second ring fasten to the middle p. of the first of these 2 rings, fasten to the last p., t.; 1 ring like the first, but in working this fasten together all preceding 5 rings, which are now turned upward. Fasten to the last p., t., 1 ring like the first, t., 1 ring like the first, fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, t., 1 ring like the first; instead of forming the middle p. of this ring, fasten together the preceding ring, which is now turned upward, and the two

opposite rings, which are turned downward. Fasten to the last p. of this ring and the last p. of the preceding ring turned downward, t., 1 ring like the first, fasten to the last p., t., 1 ring like the first, but the middle p. of this ring should be half an inch long, t., 1 ring like the first, fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, t., 1 ring like the first, but with a p. half an inch long, fasten to the last p. of this ring and that of the preceding ring, t., 1



Fig. 3.—Tapestry Foundation for Lamp-Mats, Sofa-Pillows, etc.—Full Size.

ring like the first, t., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, t., 1 ring like the first, fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, t., 1 ring like the first, fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, t., 1 ring like the first; instead of forming the middle p. of this ring, fasten together the preceding 5 rings, which are now turned upward; fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, t., 1 figure of 6 small rings turned downward and 6 large rings turned upward, like those in the beginning of the work. After the sixth small ring continue as follows: Fasten to the last p., t., 1 ring like the first, t., 1 ring like the first, fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, t., 1 ring like the first, fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, t., 1 ring like the first; in working this ring fasten together the preceding ring turned upward and the two opposite rings turned downward, fasten to the last p., t., 1 ring like the first, fasten to the last p., t., 1 ring like the first, but with a middle p. half an inch long, t., 1 ring like the first, fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, t., 1 ring like the one before the last with a p. half an inch long, fasten to the last p. of this ring and to that of the preceding ring, t., 1 ring like the first, fasten to the last p., t., 1 ring like the first, in working which fasten together the preceding 5 rings, which are now turned upward; fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, t., 1

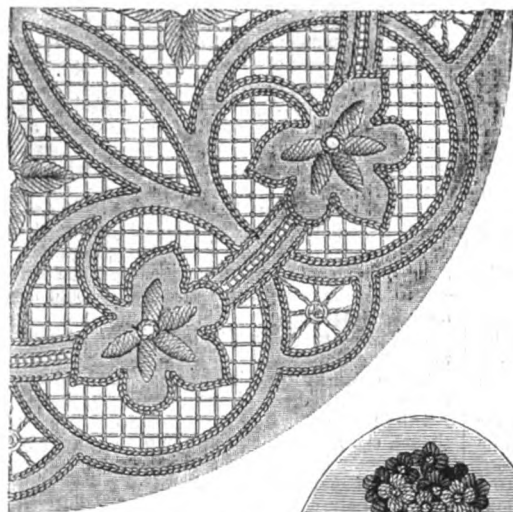


Fig. 1.—QUARTER OF COVER FOR TOILETTE CUSHIONS, ETC.—JACQUET APPLICATION ON LACE.

ring like the first, fasten to the last p.; repeat from *, always going forward. Care should be taken, however, that the p. of the middle 4 rings of the upper and lower figure of the rosette are half an inch long each, and the p. of the middle 4 rings of the side figures are only three-eighths of an inch long, which gives the rosette an oval shape. At the end of the rosette fasten the two free rings below the side figure and the two opposite rings together, and tie the ends of the thread together. All long p. of the middle rings are darned in point de reprise, as shown by the illustration, in doing which each p. is turned several times. Now work the upper oblong rosette, consisting of small rings only, and begin also with one (the left) side figure, as follows: * 1 ring of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., 1 p., 1 ds., t.; 2 rings like the first, after the first of these 2 rings fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, and after the second ring fasten to the last p.; t., 1 ring like the first, t., 2 rings as before, t., 2 rings like the first, t., 2 rings as before, t., 1 ring like the first, in working which fasten together the 4 rings, which are now turned upward; fasten to the last p., t., 1 ring like the first, t., 2 rings like the first; after the first of these 2 rings fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, after the second ring fasten to the last p.; t., 1 ring like the first, fasten to the last p., t., 1 ring like the first; the middle p. of this ring, however, should be a quarter of an inch long; t., 1 ring like the first, fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, t., 1 ring like the one before the last, fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring and to that of the last ring, t., 1 ring like the first, t., 2 rings like the first; after the first of these 2 rings fasten to the last p. of the



Fig. 1.—MEDALLION FOR CIGAR-CASES, CARD-CASES, ETC.—SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

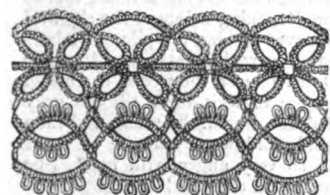


Fig. 1.—TATTED EDGING FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

preceding ring, t., 1 ring like the first, in working which fasten together the 4 rings, which are now turned upward, fasten to the last p. of this ring and to that of the preceding ring, t., 1 ring like the first, t., 2 rings like the first; after the first of these 2 rings fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, after the second ring fasten to the last p.; t., 2 rings like the first, t., 2 rings as before, t., 2 rings like the first, t., 2 rings as before, t., 1 ring like the first, in working which fasten together the 5 rings,

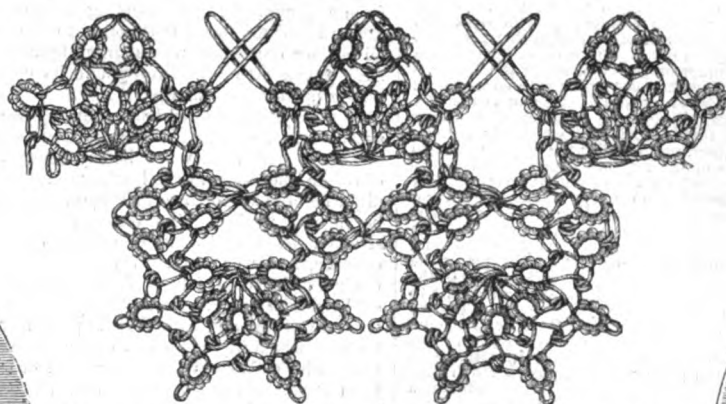


Fig. 2.—MANNER OF WORKING EDGE OF TATTED CRAVAT END. MAGNIFIED.—[See Page 332.]

which are now turned upward; fasten to the last p., t., 1 ring like the first, t., 2 rings like the first; after the first of these 2 rings fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, and in working the second ring fasten together the preceding ring turned upward and the two opposite rings turned downward; fasten to the last p., t., 1 ring like



Fig. 1.—TABLE-COVER WITH SATIN STITCH AND GOBELIN EMBROIDERY.

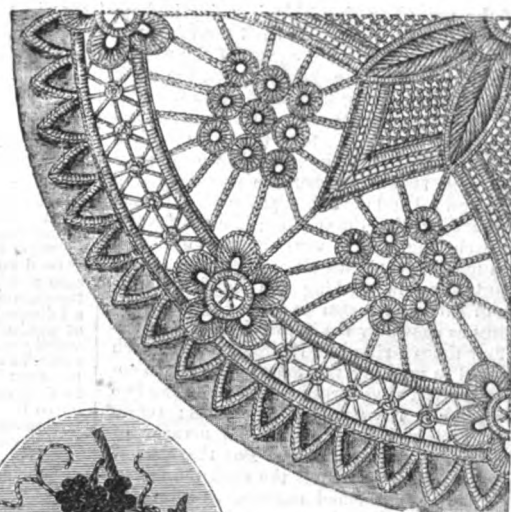


Fig. 2.—QUARTER OF COVER FOR TOILETTE CUSHIONS, ETC.—GUIPURE EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 2.—MEDALLION FOR CIGAR-CASES, CARD-CASES, ETC.—SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

the first, fasten to the last p., t., 1 ring like the first, but the middle p. of this ring should be a quarter of an inch long, t., 1 ring like the first, fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, t., 1 ring like the ring before the last, fasten to the last p. of the preceding and to the last p. of this ring, t., 1 ring like the first, t., 2 rings like the first; after the first of these 2 rings fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring; t., 1 ring like the first, in working which fasten together the 4 rings, which are now turned upward; fasten to the last p. of this ring and to that of the preceding ring, t.; repeat from *, always going forward, but in the next figure work the middle two of the six free rings turned upward not before, but after, the middle ring of the five rings turned downward, observing the illustration. At the end of the rosette fasten together the last two rings turned upward with the two corresponding rings. Darn the p. of the eight middle rings as shown by the illustration. Join the two finished rosettes as shown by the illustration—first at the points by means of a small star-shaped figure of 6 rings turned upward and 6 rings turned downward, each of which consists of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., 1 p., 1 ds., and is fastened to the last p. of the preceding ring; the 6 rings turned toward the inside are fastened together. Having worked two rosette figures joined in this manner for the other end of the cravat also, work the outer scalloped edge (the lace of the cravat) as follows: 1 ring of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., 1 p., 1 ds., t., 1 ring like the first, fasten to the last

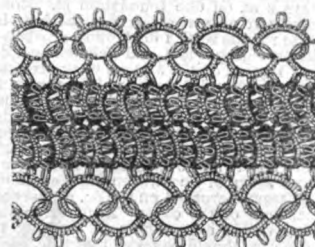


Fig. 2.—TATTED INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.

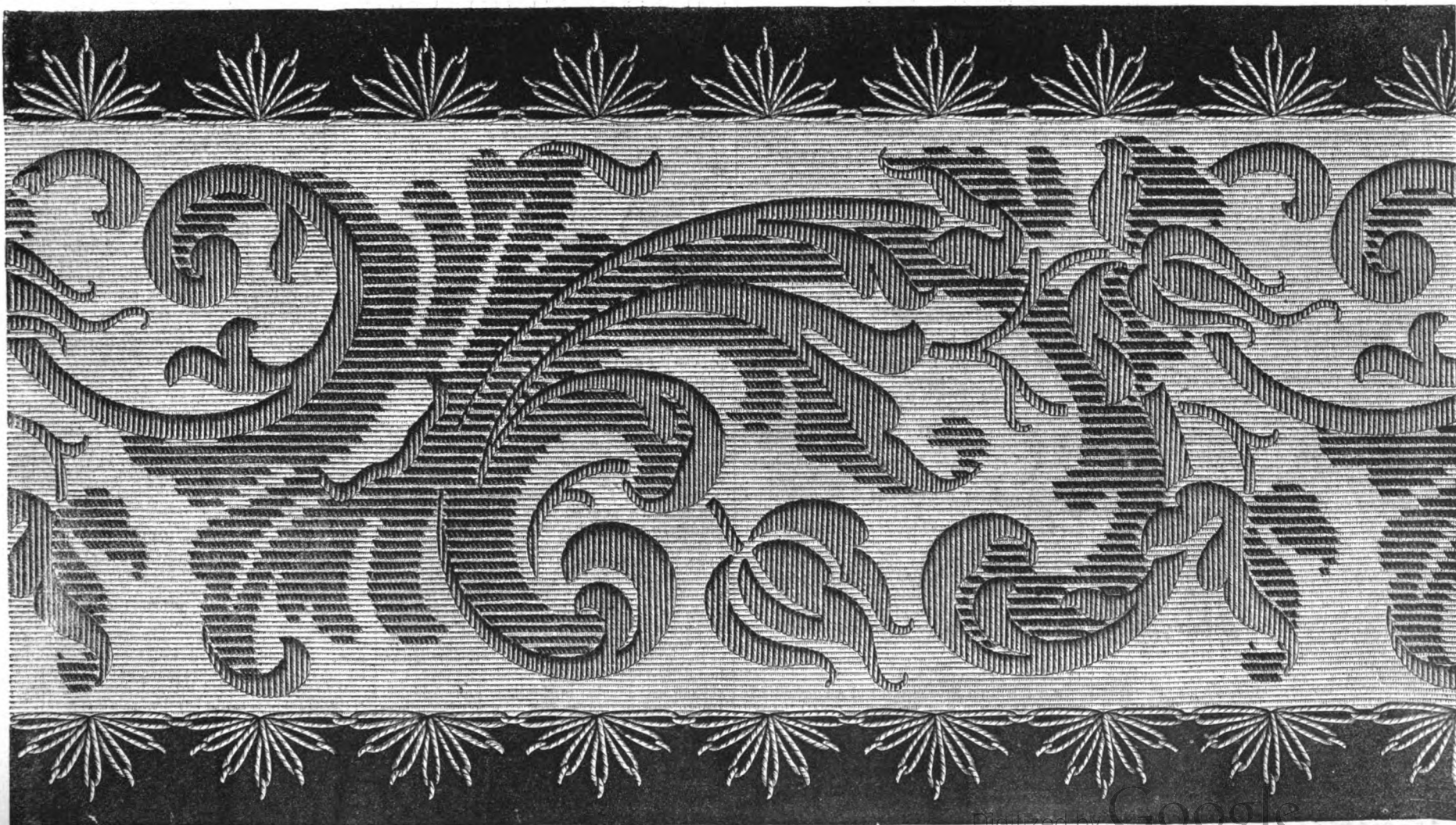


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF BORDER OF TABLE-COVER.—SATIN STITCH AND GOBELIN EMBROIDERY.—FULL SIZE.

p. of the preceding ring (this fastening is done after finishing each ring, we shall therefore not refer to it any more in the course of the work), t., ten times 1 ring like the first, turn the work after each ring, 1 ring like the first, in working which fasten together the last 4 rings, which are now turned upward, t., four times 1 ring like the first, t. after each ring, and in working the fourth ring fasten together the preceding ring turned upward and the two opposite rings turned downward, * nine times 1 ring like the first, t. after each ring, and in working the ninth ring fasten together the last 4 rings, which are turned upward; and in working the middle 2 free rings of this part fasten to one of the finished rosettes as shown by the illustration. Then follow four times 1 ring like the first, t. after each ring, and in working the fourth ring fasten together the last ring turned upward and the two corresponding rings turned downward; repeat from *, observing Fig. 1 for the manner of fastening the rings together. For that part of the cravat which surrounds the neck the figures of the lace are fastened together as shown by the illustration; in order to do this work the p. on both side rings of each of the inner small scallops half an inch long each, and cross them in fastening together as shown by Fig. 2, which is magnified.

Curtain Band.—Braid-Work, Knot-Work, Crochet, and Tatting, Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 332.

This curtain band, which is shown reduced in size by Fig. 1, is worked with three-strand braids of coarse white cotton in knot-work; the tassels are worked with similar cotton in crochet, with fine white woven cord in tatting, and with several balls of twisted crochet cotton. To make the curtain band form two three-strand braids seventy-two inches long of eight-fold white knitting cotton (Estremadura, No. 1). Lay each of these braids double and begin the knot-work, tying both ends of the braid, from two inches and a half to two inches and seven-eighths from the middle, in a flat knot as shown by Fig. 1, the coils of which are afterward sewed together on the under side. Work three more such knots with each braid at intervals of seven-eighths of an inch, then lay both free ends of each braid flat side by side, and with both braids work one knot like the preceding, so, however, that of each (double) braid one end of the requisite length remains free, on which the separate parts of the tassel are afterward fastened; thus both halves of the curtain band are joined, and the knot-work is completed. For each tassel take one ball of twisted crochet cotton No. 60 and two balls of No. 100; on each of these balls wind coarse knitting cotton in a vertical direction (in doing this always slip the thread through the opening in the middle of the ball), and then fasten each of these windings on the horizontal thread of the ball with a cross stitch of knitting cotton (see Fig. 1). After winding both balls of No. 60 cotton in a vertical direction they are also wound, besides, in a horizontal direction. For the largest ball-shaped part of each tassel head (see Figs. 2 and 3) take a ball of twisted crochet cotton No. 80, which is covered with crochet-work in the following manner: With twisted crochet cotton No. 60 make a foundation of 18 st. (stitch), which is closed in a ring with 1 slip stitch, and on this work one round of sc., working always 2 st. on one foundation st. Now follow three rounds of open-work double crochet; in the first of these rounds work 1 dc. (double crochet) on each st. of the preceding round, and 1 ch. (chain stitch) after each dc.; instead of the first dc. work always 3 ch. In the second and third rounds always work the dc. on the ch. of the preceding round. This completes one-half of the crochet cover; the second half is worked in a similar manner, and is overseamed, together with the first half, over the ball, as shown by Fig. 2. The ball thus covered is ornamented, besides, with a double cross seam of fine woven cord as shown by Fig. 3; this seam is worked on the dc. of the second round of each half of the cover. Each stitch surrounds 2 dc. lying beside each other; in working the first cross seam care should be taken that 2 dc. each remain free between the stitches. In working the second cross seam surround the 2 dc. which were left unnoticed in the first cross seam. With the same cord work both tatted rosettes, which form the upper trimming of the covered ball. For the smaller rosette work five rings close beside each other, each of which consists of 10 ds. (double stitch—that is, 1 stitch left, 1 stitch right), join them at the side edges with several stitches, and finally work one row of button-hole stitches inside of each rosette. The five rings of the larger rosette consist each of 2 ds., 1 very short p. (picot), 7 ds. separated each by 1 p., 1 very short p., 2 ds. In working the last four rings, however, instead of forming the first p., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring; and in working the fifth ring, instead of forming the last p., fasten to the first p. of the first ring. Fasten the ends of the cord carefully and cut them off. Now slip the free ends of the braids each through one of the balls, No. 60, through the smaller and larger tatted rosette, and through the large ball covered with crochet-work, and finish the end of the braid with two tassels. Each tassel consists of from twenty to twenty-four strands of knitting cotton four inches long, which are worked in the following manner: Take a piece of thread of the requisite length, lay it double, and with this double thread make a chain stitch foundation, leaving free a loop of the thread half an inch long, however. When the strand is of the length required, draw the thread through the last loop and cut it off so that an end of thread half an inch long remains free. The loops at one end of the fringe strands are fastened together with a double thread of cotton, and are sewed to a piece of cord from an inch and a quarter to an inch and three-quarters long; slip one of the smallest balls on this cord. Both tassels are then sewed to the end of the braid.

Tapestry Foundations for Lamp-Mats, Sofa-Pillows, etc., Figs. 1-4.

See illustrations on page 332.

These foundations are worked on plain canvas with split zephyr worsted. In working them always stretch the thread back and forth so that it forms long stitches on the upper surface of the canvas, and very short stitches only on the wrong side. In working each stitch surround only one thread of the canvas.

Figs. 1 and 2.—FOUNDATION IN TWO SHADES OF GREEN. For this foundation work, first, the darker figures shown by the illustration with the darker worsted. Then work the star figures with lighter worsted as shown by Fig. 2; the latter shows the foundation enlarged in size, and also the manner of working it. The point indicated by ● on Fig. 2 shows where to insert the needle in the canvas in working the next stitch, and the point marked × shows where to draw the needle out for the next stitch. Finally, work the point Russe stitches with the lighter worsted.

Figs. 3 and 4.—FOUNDATION IN TWO SHADES OF BROWN. Work this foundation in a manner similar to that of the preceding foundation, observing Fig. 4, and working first the darker and then the lighter figures. The cross stitches in the middle of the figures and the single long stitches between the squares are worked last.

Medallions for Cigar-Cases, Card-Cases, etc.

Satin Stitch Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 333.

For the foundation of these medallions use silk, cashmere, leather, cloth, etc., and work the embroidery with saddle's silk of different colors, or mottled in half-polka and knotted stitch, and diagonal and dog-eared satin stitch. The silk may also be of the color of the foundation.

Table-Cover with Satin Stitch and Gobelin Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 333.

This table-cover of dark brown plush is surrounded with a border of light brown woolen reps, which is ornamented in Gobelin embroidery with dark and light brown saddle's silk in the design shown by Fig. 2. A strip of plush seven-eighths of an inch wide is joined to the border on the outer edge; the border is edged on both sides in point Russe with corn-colored twisted silk. Brown muslin lining and coarse silk cord and tassels complete the table-cover. To work the embroidery for the border, of which Fig. 2 shows a full-sized section, first transfer the design to a strip of woolen reps of the requisite size, which has previously been basted on net or fine white muslin; by means of this foundation the reps is strengthened and the work is made more even. The border is worked in four separate parts, the ends of which are sloped off so that every two pieces may be set together in a rectangular corner. In doing this the threads of the reps should run horizontally. The darker parts of the design are worked with dark silk in Gobelin stitch; to do this insert the needle, always passing over one rib of the material, and between two such rows of stitches leave always an interval of one rib (see Fig. 2). The lighter parts are worked in straight satin stitch with light silk. These parts worked in satin stitch may be underlaid with worsted, or else worked without a foundation. In the middle of the table-cover set a circular piece of woolen reps of the requisite size, which is ornamented to correspond with the border in Gobelin embroidery, and surrounded with point Russe. The table-cover may be made without the embroidered centre. Having joined the embroidered strips with the foundation and with the outer strip of plush seven-eighths of an inch wide, and ornamented them in point Russe embroidery, finish the table-cover with lining, cord, and tassels as shown by the illustration.

ALAS! IT WAS.

FROM daily toil to nightly rest
Along the streets I went:
At home, with love and honor blest,
And gratefully content,
I cared not though the rolling world
Held more than me and mine—
My home was all the sky o'ercurled,
My own were all divine.

I had a wife; to her I bowed:
That angels dwelt in heaven
I knew, and I was bold and proud
That one to earth was given.
She was that one; her folded wings
Would sometimes wander forth,
And then I knew such glorious things
Were never made for earth.

We had a child—oh, she was dear!—
A link from heaven given,
To tie this angel wife so near
To me, so far from heaven;
Six years of bliss and hope to me
That I was worthy her;
And then—oh, work of misery!—
I dug her sepulchre.

A few months more and all was o'er;
Those angel wings had gone
To waft her o'er the eternal shore,
And I was all alone:
Alone, but oft, in waking dreams,
I see those angel wings,
And start to learn what baseless gleams
My overfondness brings.

I feel the autumn chill of age:
'Tis winter in my breast:
I beg to close my pilgrimage,
And find the boon of rest.
But shall I see those seraph plumes?
And shall I know that angel child?
Alas! how foolish hope presumes,
And doubt and darkness drive us wild!

JEANNETTE LABOULAYE.

IN one of the great rambling tenement-houses that huddle together in the heart of old New York Jeannette Laboulaye lived.

The court wherein the house stood was narrow and muddy; the house itself was old and rickety beyond belief; the stairs up which she daily climbed were worn and grimy with the tread of many feet, but, when you had once reached their summit and opened the door of her room, you found there a neat little apartment—a paradise in comparison with those surrounding it. The window was curtained with snowy muslin, the floor covered with a bright carpet. There was a white bed, a polished stove, a trim cupboard, a garden even, whose soil was confined in two wooden boxes which overflowed with geranium, mignonette, and pansies.

And in this place Jeannette lived all alone. The tenants around her changed yearly, monthly, even weekly; but she had lived there since her earliest recollections, for there it was that her French father, a widower and a refugee, had found a dwelling in this foreign land. In this very room she had seen him die, old and gray before his time. Isolated by mutual prejudice and inclination from those around her, she still clung to the place that had been her father's refuge in time of trouble. She had idolized this father in his lifetime, and she treasured the lock of his dear silver hair and the painted miniature of his face as holy relics.

But this little French girl had a buoyant nature. After the first bitter burst of grief his memory became to her a consolation, a cherished tenderness, rather than an unavailing sorrow. By her window she sat and stitched, and warbled over her stitching, day after day. I have said that she lived here quite alone; but Jeannette had one companion in her solitude, a most important member of the household, a great gray cat, and on this animal she bestowed all her sur-

plus milk of human kindness, as well as bountiful supplies of a less ethereal fluid. Let us hope that her affections were not utterly wasted.

"Une vieille fille," Jeannette called herself, with a laugh and a shrug; but she was not much past twenty, and very fresh and young in form and feature. In the years which had elapsed since her father's death she had changed from a slender girl to a blooming woman, and a dream had come to her that comes to us one and all ere we die. She was haunted by a face—a fresh young face with love-light in its eyes and tender meanings on its lips.

But the dreaming girl had an enemy she little suspected. He lurked in Jarvis's Court—so the place was called. By day he lay beneath piles of refuse and down in the loathsome sewers; by night he crawled forth to look upon the faces of his sleeping victims. And one and another were stricken down, and Jeannette came out of her solitude, and was bitter in self-reproaches for having hitherto held herself so far aloof. She sat by children's bedsides, and tended and nursed them carefully, and bathed their poor neglected bodies—which was indeed an unaccustomed luxury. She even drew her little hoard of savings from the bank to provide them with necessities their poverty denied. And when the fiend was departing he laid his hand upon Jeannette; and the fever came and racked her body, and heat and thirst consumed her, and all the sweet fancies were changed to the ravings of delirium.

She might have died, alone and uncared for, but that one of the women she had befriended came to her assistance and did all that a penniless creature could do, even stealing moments from her own hard toil to watch beside her.

And Jeannette, coming to life, found her room stripped of its treasures, her Sunday dress, her English books—the relics of her school-days, and those she had purchased with her own savings—all gone to pay the expenses of a tedious illness. Nay, not quite gone, perhaps, for a pawnbroker's ticket lay in their stead.

And there were worse discoveries to come—a pile of unfinished work on the table, and the rent collector at the door. This man was a callous wretch who had sold his soul to his employer years before, and could or would listen to no answer but hard cash, yet, perforce, consented to wait a week.

So the poor feeble girl set to work at her uncompleted task. It was weary work. Her back ached, her fingers fell powerless again and again; but at last it was finished, and none too soon, for the milk-man scowled darkly into the tiny pitcher of lacteal fluid delivered on trust, and the baker shook his head and groaned over the morning rolls as they disappeared into Jeannette's basket.

Yes, the last stitch was set, the snowy roses and buds and leaflets were all planted on the snowy cambric, and the little seamstress rose with a sigh of relief and donned her hat and shawl. The pretty gray dress she would have worn was gone, and she sighed as she looked in the glass at her thin, worn face.

Could she have seen herself a few moments later, when the fresh air and dawning hope had brought the color to her cheek and the sparkle to her eye, she might have been reassured. How her foolish heart beat as she neared her destination!

And Edward Dana, her employer's son, stood in the doorway and smiled. 'There was another with him, a gentleman who had some connection with the establishment, and whom she had often seen before: a handsome man he was called; but Jeannette had eyes only for one.

Her errand over, and a new stock of work in hand, she had turned to leave; but Edward had followed her in and drew her aside behind a bale of linen goods, and there they stood and chatted.

It was very sweet to know that he had missed her, that he would have called upon her long before had he known her dwelling-place; and the laughter rippled from her lips, and her eyes shone, and her very heart danced.

Then somebody called Edward away. A lady had stopped for him, and Jeannette saw the pink color flush his boyish face; and then he cried, "Good-by, my darling;" and he stooped and pressed a kiss upon her lips, and left her in a tremble of happiness.

"That is the lady Mr. Dana is to marry."

Those were the words that fell upon her ear and smote her like a cruel blow, for she raised her eyes to see him seated behind two dashing horses, with a lady by his side—a beautiful little blonde, a dainty, delicate creature, whose violet eyes smiled into his, who touched his arm with her little gloved hand as she talked.

He had called her his darling, he had kissed her but a moment before, and now the dashing horses and the dainty lady needed all his care; he did not even seem to know that she was standing there.

There were farther comments on this bride and bridegroom so soon to be. It was all so sudden, so terrible, that Jeannette longed to cast herself upon the pavement and die then and there, but for very shame she hurried on.

When the white-faced moon peeped into her chamber window that night it looked upon a prostrate figure, pallid and motionless as any corpse—a figure with long dark hair unbound and floating loosely all around it.

But when the morning came Jeannette sat at her daily task, her dress as neat as ever, her smooth hair braided in the same multitudinous braids, and her sweet face only a trifle paler. No careless observer could have guessed the change that had come upon her; but her heart knew its own bitterness. She sought to lay her short, bright dream to rest in her bosom, as she had her father's sacred memory, another living sweetness for the long, weary years that were to come. Surely Edward had meant no evil; though there had been words and glances that

his promised bride might not have cared to see. He had been kind to her only because she was poor and friendless. But he had kissed her! When she thought of that she felt that she could learn to hate him.

Another week. Again Jeannette folded away the dainty embroidery, smiling as she did so at the folly of those who valued such things. "There is nothing worth living for in this world but love," she said.

If one had told her that life had another sorrow in store for her, Jeannette would have laughed him to scorn; but it was an added pang when the dapper clerk, laying down the wages she had earned, informed her that her services would be no longer required.

Ah! Edward was guilty indeed, if he feared to meet her face.

There were no tears in her eyes. A hard armor seemed to have closed around her heart. All the busy outer world seemed as far away as though she had walked away into some craggy wilderness. But a touch recalled her senses.

The tall man who had stood and talked with Edward only a week before, who had uttered the never-to-be-forgotten words which had rung in her ears, it seemed for weary centuries, was close beside her. He questioned her. He was certainly very kind. She blamed herself for the vague dislike she had felt for him; but it is hard to love one's executioner, be he ever so blameless of any evil intent.

He was only a moneyed partner, the gentleman said, and did not like to interfere in any business arrangement, but would procure her employment elsewhere. And then—it seemed like a strange dream a moment after it was over—he had taken her hand, he was telling her of a house and carriage and dainty living and fine apparel that should be hers if she would have them at his hands; and Jeannette had lifted her honest eyes to his, and told him the simple truth, that she did not love him as a wife should love, and he had left her with a scowl upon his face.

Why was it that the hot blood mounted to her cheek? Why this desperate pang of helpless wrath and agony?

Surely he had done her the greatest honor a man could do to any woman. Had he not spoken of a home that they should share together? But he had uttered no word of love, of hers or of his. Did he think a woman's heart was bought with wealth and luxury and silk attire? Ah! Jeannette's true woman's instinct had taught her what her girlish innocence could not guess.

A cool breeze blew across her heated face. She raised her eyes to find that her aimless feet had led her far astray. She was standing at the entrance of a great lumber-yard built on the river-bank. There was no one near but a few ragged urchins playing among the piles of timber, and she wandered farther in and stood beside the water. Across the Hudson the great red sun was sinking over the black hills; and as she watched the deepening colors of the sky and water, and the waves lapping the pile of timbers at her feet, strange new thoughts crept into her mind. Would any one be the worse, she asked herself, if she were to wait there till the gray night had settled down upon the scene, and then slip into the cold, cold water and be at rest? Would God be so very angry with her? She was so very lonely and desolate!

Then she fell to thinking how the little room would look without her, how the spiders would creep in and hang their curtains under the snowy ones at the window, how the dust would sift in and lie thick upon all things, and then how strange hands would break open the door, and handle her dear father's miniature and the lock of his silver hair. "But what will it matter," she said, "when I am gone?"

What a little thing will turn the current of one's thoughts! A gaunt gray cat came down the pile of wood behind her, and sidled down beside Jeannette and rubbed against her dress with a pitiful cry; and as the girl stooped to stroke it a thought of her little pet at home smote her conscience.

"Poor little Minnie!" she said. "I have locked her in with my own hands. She would die there alone—perhaps go mad! What a selfish, heartless girl I am!" And she turned her back to the river and her temptation forever.

"This comes of living such a selfish, lonely life. Father mine!" she cried, "if you had lived, it would never have come to this."

And she planned her life anew, leaving love and home affections out of the scheme.

Her way lay through a park, and as she crossed its stony a figure rose to meet her.

Edward! Why had he come just now, when she was trying so hard to be good? He moved toward her hastily.

"Jeannette," he said, "I meant to have seen you to-day, but I was out of town. The train was late. It is growing dark, but you will let me see you home? I have something to tell you first."

And he stooped in the twilight to look into her face. How glad she was that the tears she had shed beside the river were dry! There was even a smile upon her lips. She would have resisted when he led her to a rustic bench near by.

"Yet why not have all over between us once and forever?" she asked herself. "I am strong now: Something to tell me, Edward? Stop, let me tell you. You are going to be married."

"Not so fast!" cried Edward, growing grave. "Every thing is ready but the bride's consent."

"You will have that too."

And Jeannette laughed a ringing laugh. It was well done, but it sounded hollow in her own ears.

"Let me tell you what she is like," she went on. "She has blue eyes—'Black as sloes,' broke in Edward. "Golden hair—"

"Darling," he cried, "there is only one woman in the world for me, and her hair is black as midnight, and she has the loveliest eyes and the sweetest smile and the prettiest brown skin and the cunningest ways of any little darling that ever lived."

And then and there he clasped her to his heart; but she held him from her, and a hundred black suspicions came thronging in upon her. It was hard to think any wrong of him, but she had known so much wickedness. Poor Jeannette! As calmly as she could she told him the words that had given her such pain.

"That was a shabby trick!" said Edward, starting to his feet. But he only laughed. He never knew for many a long day after that the trick had been played upon Jeannette, and was no boyish stratagem to bring a laugh upon himself. "Yes, darling," he ended; "that lady is my brother's wife. Let us follow their example;" and in the shadow of the leafy trees they sealed the contract with a kiss.

Jeannette is now the honored mistress of a happy home. For all her happiness, she could not part from her little home without a sigh. "But living love is better than all beside," she said.

The pictured face of the sweet-hearted Frenchman looks down upon his daughter's fireside; and Minnie, the little animal which was once Jeannette's only tie to the living world, though long past its graceful kittenhood, and even its mouse-catching prime, has still a corner there.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

No more "Strong Governments."—Mr. Disraeli in Manchester.—Is "Lothair" a serious Picture of Life or a Satire?—Frederic Denison Maurice.—The Strike of the Farm Laborers.

"WE are wiser than we know," says the poet, and certainly when I wrote to you that the government, notwithstanding its large majority on the matter, would find the provisions of the Parks bill difficult to carry out, I little thought that they would withdraw it altogether. This, however, in effect, they have done. "You may hold meetings," the people are now informed, "in Hyde Park, Battersea Park, Regent's Park, and Victoria Park, but not in St. James's Park or Kensington Gardens;" which is as though a mother should tell her unruly children, "You may romp as you will in the best drawing-room and dining-room, but not in the pantry," where there is obviously no room for them, and which they never wished to desecrate. Of course the cabinet is accused of "weakness" for this concession; but the fact is, that this question of right to hold public meetings is a very dangerous one. A government must either give in, or have the soldiers out; and even when they are out—as happened on the occasion of what is now called the Hyde Park riots—it has to order them home again. Walpole, the conservative, and Bruce, the liberal Home Secretary, very naturally shrank each in his turn from backing his "You shall not" with a rifle-ball. There is no knowing when the echoes of that shot would cease. The day of "strong governments," in the sense in which the Duke of Wellington understood the phrase, is passed and gone forever.

And yet the conservatives imagine, because Mr. Disraeli has been received in Manchester with enthusiasm, that "they are gaining." You might as well imagine, when watching the ebbing sea, that because a single wave comes nearer to your feet that the tide is "coming in." Manchester men are growing very rich, and the flower wealth is almost always accompanied by the tare conservatism, and so far the reception of Mr. Disraeli is significant. But when this long and brilliant Lancashire speech comes to be "fried"—I thank you, cousins, for teaching us that word—what has this airy statesman to boast himself upon but the passing of that Reform bill which he stole almost word for word from Mr. Bright, and which even his own followers allow was a bid for the democratic vote beyond what the liberals as a government dared to offer? As to future policy, he has none to offer; and even in defense of what is rotten in our constitution he has naught to say. On the question of our hereditary House of Peers, the existence of which is threatened (and, unlike "a threatened man," it will not "live long"), he has only to observe that "the idea of 'life peers' is ridiculous, since no man is a peer when he is dead." Imagine once Prime Minister perpetrating this fifth-rate joke in apology for a system which ennobles "the tenth transmitter of a foolish face" in his cradle, and awards the highest honors of the state to those who have applied themselves most diligently to being descended from their ancestors! And the worst of it is that those who know Mr. Disraeli best know that, while fooling it and its admirers to the top of their bent, there is no man who in his heart despises the British aristocracy so much as he. He has dragged it through the dirt, he has made it eat its own words, and he has refused to sully his own Caucasian brow with a gewgaw coronet. Such things were very well for women. "Let my wife be made Viscountess Beaconsfield, if that would be any satisfaction to your Majesty;" but as for himself he is Benjamin Disraeli, Bohemian, intellectual fire-work maker, gentleman of the press, who has made his own way in the world with tongue and pen, and courts no other handle to his name than "Right Honorable" before and "M.P." behind it. And it is his reputation for this independence of character that is the true secret of his success with the Lancashire men. In politics he and they have nothing in common. He opposed himself, tooth and nail, to that free trade which has been the breath of Manchester nostrils; but he knew when to accept the inevitable, and how to do so with a good grace. "Protection is not dead yet," cried one of its most enthusiastic support-

ers, at a certain conservative banquet: "ask Mr. Disraeli yonder."

"My dear friend," answered that gentleman, affably, "it is, I assure you, both dead and damned."

His frankness commends him—and not only because it lays him open to their attacks—even to his enemies. Then his books are popular with both sides. Those who prostrate themselves before the shrine of Swellodom, who believe that to be titled is to be great, and to be rich is to be happy, take "Lothair" for gospel; while others, who are wiser, and more charitable in their opinion of its author's wisdom, perceive in it, not a serious picture of life, but a sparkling satire.

A poor and unsuccessful man or woman (such as a female novelist), beholding afar off the glories of the great world, might possibly accept its radiance with reverence, as though it came from a source serene and pure as the stars themselves; but it may well seem incredible that Benjamin Disraeli, at the end of a life spent among the fire-flies of fashion, should lie under so gross and grievous a mistake. Let us prefer to think him a good-natured satirist plumbing the depths of human folly, rather than still the top whom Chalon painted nearly half a century ago.

This month we mourn the loss of the kindest divine whom England has ever known—that of Frederic Denison Maurice: a man who has suffered losses for his noble outspoken thoughts, yet never sought to be made a martyr; who has gained the respect of all good men, even though they were his theological opponents; and whose personal spiritual influence has probably been greater than that of any Englishman since Coleridge. You will remember Tennyson's invitation to him just after his "broad" views of Christianity had cost him his professorship at King's College:

"Come, when no graver cares employ,
Godfather, come and see your boy;
Your presence will be sun in winter,
Making the little one leap for joy."

"For, being of that honest few
Who give the Fiend himself his due,
Should eighty thousand college councils
Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you;

"Should all our Churchmen foam in spite
At you, so careful of the right,
Yet one lay hearth would give you welcome
(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight."

The aims and thoughts of this good man were, indeed, what the laureate describes them to have been.

"How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings, of the poor,
How gain in life, as life advances,
Valor and charity more and more;"

and he is gone to reap the golden grain of his good deeds. How strange it seems to read that such a saint—for saint he was in its good sense—was once challenged to fight a duel! Yet so it happened. In 1830 he sold a novel, called "Eustace Conway; or, the Brother and Sister," to Bentley, but the time being unfavorable (by reason of the political excitement attending the passing of the first Reform bill) to its publication, it did not appear till four years afterward. Mr. Maurice had probably forgotten all about it, when in his Warwickshire curacy he received a mortal defiance from the famous author of "Peter Simple" for having named the villain of his novel Captain Marryat. The cartel must in any case have been declined, since no one in holy orders is privileged to accept such invitations; but we can well imagine the fiery captain's disgust at being unable to draw blood from a man whose excuse for his conduct aggravated his offense; for the young curate had never so much as heard of Marryat's name. Maurice lived, as Dean Stanley told us on Sunday last in Westminster Abbey, "in the very thick of the stirring influences of our time," and "while clinging passionately and devotedly to the ages of the past, was full of all the thoughts and events of our own momentous century." Not a public event of joy or sorrow but called forth a sympathetic or indignant cry from that travelling soul.

The last circumstance, probably, that did so was "the Warwickshire strike." This is the little cloud of the size of a man's hand that will grow and grow till it overshadows all English soil. The laborer—the mere tiller of the land—out of the depths of his poverty, and stung by pangs of starvation into unwonted action, has "struck" at last. The movement has already spread to Cambridgeshire, to Lincolnshire, to Herefordshire; and this is but the beginning. The work-house, nay, the prison, has no fears for a man who has but ten shillings a week to support his wife and as many children—or even half as many. Think, only think, what a pair of shoes costs—one pair of shoes!—and then endeavor to make ten shillings (even on paper) cover the week's cost of shoes, clothing, food, for seven souls! We suppose the cottage to be rent free, which is by no means always the case, and even when it is, the tenant loses it whenever he is dismissed from his employment. It is this that these poor men demand—a cottage from the landlord, not from the farmer, and sixteen shillings a week for eleven hours' work per diem. If not, let their masters beware lest at harvest-time there be no workers, and Famine stalk hand in hand with Ruin through the land! I am afraid you will think my "gossip" very serious this week; but as Sergeant Buzfuz observed to the little judge, "One can not joke with the heart seared"—as it well may be by these scathing revelations from Warwickshire. A rich but sour old maid of our acquaintance was asked to subscribe to the fund that is being raised to assist these poor folk in what is generally considered to be their reasonable demands.

"No," said she; "ten shillings a week may be small wages, but the more they have the more they'll want; that is the case with all that sort of people."

"But, my dear madam," urged the advocate of mercy, "consider their starving wives and children!"

"They shouldn't have wives," was the tart rejoinder, "if they can't keep 'em: and as for children, I can't bear them."

"No," said the indignant philanthropist, stung into epigram, "and you never will."

R. KEMBLE, of London.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

CONFUSION of words often causes confusion of ideas; and there are probably thousands of children and not a few adults who have a vague impression that cocoa-nuts, cocoa-nibs, cocoa-nut milk and cocoa oil are all derived from one common source. The mistake is not made without some cause, since the substance which we use as a beverage should really be spelled cacao. It is the seed of an evergreen tree, called *Theobroma cacao*, which is found chiefly in South and Central America and in the West Indies. The fruit of the tree is not unlike a melon, and the seed-beans imbedded in it furnish the material for what is popularly called cocoa, and from which chocolate is prepared. But the cocoa-nut, which is such a favorite with children, is the product of the lofty cocoa-palm, which grows in many tropical countries. The word *cacao* belonged to the Mexican language—perhaps American lips found it not easily spoken, and hence the corruption *cocoa*. The cacao beans, when roasted and broken or reduced to powder, form the cocoa of commerce; when the beans are ground to paste, sugar, starch, and fragrant seasonings added, and then cast into moulds, they form chocolate, so called from *chocolatl*, the Mexican name for the cacao-tree. The oil and gluten contained in cocoa render it exceedingly nourishing; and physicians generally agree that, when properly prepared, it is most serviceable to strengthen invalids, and promotes health and digestion.

One of the wise men of Boston has made a discovery—namely, that milk as furnished by the cow has 87 per cent. of water; as furnished by the milk-men it has an addition of 33 per cent. more. Consequently, he says, this makes 120 per cent. of water, producing a fluid 20 per cent. weaker than that which comes from the aqueduct! It must be debilitating to live on such a fluid as that!

We cease to wonder at the multitude of tucks and ruffles and flourishes which ornament or disfigure—as the case may be—the fashionable garments of the present day, when we are informed that no less than 685,000 sewing-machines were made by American companies in the year 1871.

Mrs. Partington is getting impatient. She says she does wish they would hurry up and pass the silver service bill in Washington. She wants one.

Foot's comedy of "The Lame Lover," which has not been presented since it was first played at the old Haymarket Theatre, in 1770, has been revived in London. It has not met with great success, however. The part of Sir Luke Limp was written by Foote for himself after the amputation of his leg.

The interior of the great Boston Coliseum will be ornamented at an expense of about ten thousand dollars. The names registered for season tickets to the Jubilee have already reached a high number.

The monthly report of the Agricultural Department states that the British government has established a cinchona plantation at St. Helena, at an elevation of 2600 feet above the sea. There are now nearly one thousand trees, in a fine, healthy condition, the tallest between seven and eight feet above the ground. The land forming the plantation is very steep and rugged. The entire cost of the trees is about a dollar and a half each. Plantations of pines and other valuable timber trees have also been established, and efforts are making to introduce the cultivation of tobacco and Guinea hemp.

The best paintings are not the work of a hasty hand. The following story is told of Rosa Bonheur. She was making her first tour in the Highlands with some English friends. As they drove across from Loch Lomond to Loch Katrine by Inversnaid, on a day gray with Scotch mist, suddenly an advanced picket of rough little Highland cattle—red, black, and dun, with shaggy manes hanging low over their fiery eyes, between their wide-spreading horns—emerged from the mist, and, blowing the breath from their nostrils, took a deliberate survey of the travelers from a rocky eminence overhanging the road. Rosa Bonheur sprang up delighted, took in the group with an intense and incisive look, as if she had been photographing them in her mind, and saying, as if half to herself, "I'll paint that," sat down again. The journey ended, she bought a little stock of Highland sheep and cattle, and commenced to study them, to draw and paint them in all attitudes. After about eighteen months of constant study she commenced the painting of that very picture of which she had, as it were, taken a negative on her sensitized mental plate nearly two years before—the picture of the Highland cattle looking out of the mist. She was occupied about two months in painting it.

An exchange is puzzled by the question of a correspondent: "Whether the Mr. Jefferson who is playing 'Rip Van Winkle' at the theatres is the same man who was President of the United States, or is it his son?" The anxious inquirer of this question should be put in the same category with the New Jersey man who, having heard that Columbus was in Ohio, immediately started West to interview the old man about the voyage which resulted in the discovery of America.

Not long ago there was an annual meeting at Glasgow of the members of the umbrella trade. In the report read the following distinct assertion was made: "A good umbrella is a sure test of a man's respectability;" which would be worthy of special consideration except for the

fact that umbrellas are seldom considered as private property. Umbrellas are of great antiquity. Mention is made of them in Chinese books more than one thousand five hundred years old. The Emperor of China has twenty-four umbrellas carried before him when he goes out hunting. In Burmah princes use very large umbrellas as a protection against both sun and rain, and they are carried by separate attendants. The "Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas" is one of the titles of the king. Umbrellas were known in England one hundred and fifty years ago, though Jonas Hanway, who died in 1786, was the first who had the courage to carry one in London. He used the umbrella for thirty years before he died.

In Nevada a curious sort of stone is found. It is round, and usually about the size of a walnut. If several of these are placed a few feet apart on any level surface, they immediately begin travelling toward each other, until they reach a common centre, when they remain together like a lot of eggs in a nest. The cause of these stones rolling together is doubtless the magnetic iron ore of which they are composed.

We learn that the managers of the National Academy of Design in this city have decided to open the galleries hereafter on Sundays from 12 to 6 o'clock P.M., making the price of admission fifteen cents.

In the death of Prince Paul Gogarin Russia has lost a firm friend, and the emperor one of his most trusted companions. He was eighty-four years old, and had served his country faithfully from boyhood. He had received numerous honors for his fidelity to the government. The cause of his death was apoplexy, and the sudden stroke is thus accounted for: A few days before his illness he was spending the evening with the emperor, with whom he was very intimate. They were engaged in whist when supper was announced. "Come," said the emperor, "let us go and eat; we can finish the rubber afterward." After supper the prince failed to remember his appointment, but went home. On his arrival there he happened to think of the breach of etiquette he had been guilty of. This, to him, was an almost unpardonable offense. "My God!" he exclaimed, clapping his hand to his forehead, "what have I done!" and till his illness he ever seemed brooding over this, to his mind, most unfortunate affair.

Among the curious incidents of the times is the recent receipt by Vice-President Colfax of a letter from some demented individual suggesting a meeting of all the high officials of the government at the Capitol to discuss the Alabama claims, and adjust the trouble by arranging a marriage between him, the said demented individual, and Queen Victoria.

An English steamer recently brought into New York among its cargo a box about six feet long, in shape and size like the outer box of a coffin. On account of its supposed contents it was handled tenderly and respectfully. The custom-house officers, however, looked into the affair as a matter of duty. On opening the box a black-covered, silver-mounted coffin appeared. This contained, instead of "the body of a noted criminal sent home for burial," as was asserted, a large quantity of lace curtains, fishing-tackle, and expensive bronze goods, the duty on which was \$250. No claimant for the "body" has appeared.

A week or two ago, while some workmen were removing the ruins of a malt-house in the Chicago burned district, they came upon some smouldering materials, which burst into flames on coming in contact with the air.

The birth and burial place of the "Father of his Country" is again the subject of controversy. Years ago, when the "Mount Vernon Ladies' Association" purchased the estate, one Miss Cunningham was made a life regent of it. This lady has been publicly accused of wasting the revenues of Mount Vernon, and using the establishment as if it were her own private property. Miss Cunningham has defended herself openly, showing that the revenues have not been large, neither have they been wasted. The affair does not yet seem to be settled.

The sensation of weariness and weight about the eyes which is experienced by those who read in railroad cars is accounted for, on high medical authority, by the fact that the exact distance between the eyes and paper can not be maintained. The concussions and oscillations of the train disturb the power of vision, and any variation, however slight, is met by an effort at accommodation on the part of the eyes. The shifting light is also an added difficulty. The fatigue thus produced in a delicate organ must often result in permanent injury.

In 1860 the population of Key West, Florida, was about 3000. Now it is estimated at 7000, and is rapidly increasing. In consequence of the insurrection in Cuba many wealthy inhabitants of that island have permanently established their business at Key West.

Ten superb horses belonging to Mr. Robert Bonner have cost him the little sum of \$145,500. The prices paid are as follows:

Dexter.....	\$32,000	Bruno.....	\$15,000
Pocahontas.....	35,000	Joe Elliott.....	10,000
Lantern.....	6,000	Flatbush Maid.....	4,000
Edward Everett.....	20,000	Mambrino Bertie.....	12,000
Lady Palmer.....	8,000	about.....	
Peerless.....	8,500	Total.....	\$145,500

The transit of Venus which occurs in 1874 will be a very important event in the astronomical world. From data obtained at the transit of 1769 Encke computed the distance of the sun from the earth to be 95,000,000 miles. Other methods of computation have given varying distances. A favorable transit occurs only once in centuries; hence its importance as a means of establishing the correct distance of the sun. The British government will establish five stations of observation, with appropriate instruments; Germany will send out four governmental expeditions; Russia and France will also make authorized observations.

LADY'S DINNER DRESS.

THIS effective costume has an under-skirt of rose pink satin, trimmed with a wide gathered flounce of the material. Trained over-skirt of pearl-colored satin, edged with wide rose pink netted fringe, surmounted by four rows of narrow black velvet ribbon. Three rows of the same velvet ribbon extend up the front of the over-skirt, which is shortened in front and draped above the top of the flounce of the under-skirt. Pompadour waist of pearl-colored satin, with Marie Antoinette collar of rose-colored satin, trimmed with three rows of black velvet ribbon and a black velvet bow, and slashed sleeves edged with rose pink netted fringe, and trimmed with rose pink bows and black velvet ribbon. Wide white lace in the neck. Bow of rose pink and pearl-colored satin loops, with black velvet ends in the hair. Pearl-colored slippers with rose pink rosettes.

WEDDINGS AND WEDDING PRESENTS.

IT is a matter of unquestionable notoriety that all marriages are made in heaven, and it is equally certain that the beautiful descriptions of them which we read must be due to celestial correspondents. Such choice of words, such felicity of arrangement, such grace of epithets, could not emanate from any inferior source, and the future historian will best gather from these chronicles the condition of the English language in our day, and the manners and customs of those who spoke it. We shall not, perhaps, be accused of unnecessary repetition if we call attention to the subject. The sun is shining, and peculiar interest is excited. The bridegroom is accompanied by his friend who is officiating as groomsman, and who is qualified by frequent service for the efficient discharge of the multifarious duties which are attached to the position. At precisely thirteen minutes and a half past eleven they alight at the church, saluted by the acclamations of the crowd, the excitement of the by-standers, and the symphony of bells. When the door is opened four-and-twenty clergymen begin to assist one another. The scene increases in interest until the climax is reached when the bride enters, leaning on somebody's arm, and supported by her bride-maids supplied with jewelry by a neighboring firm, which thus has the good fortune to secure eight advertisements of its goods. The religious ceremony is performed with peculiar solemnity, unbroken save by the fidgeting of the groomsman; the benediction is pronounced, and on repairing to the vestry the formalities of registration are gone through—a part of the ceremony which is often described in language worthy of Burke. After this the party repair again to a mansion or residence, where a sumptuous *déjeuner* is prepared, and numerous covers are laid—a mysterious but interesting process. It is here that oratory is displayed to its best advantage, and graceful tributes are paid on all sides, characterized by good taste, by brevity, and fluency. At precisely four minutes past two the bride and bridegroom take leave of their friends, and set out on their wedding journey.

Meantime the "friends" separate, and the correspondent is enabled to furnish those advertisements which all read with interest, if not with excitement. The enumeration of the presents and of the names both of their eminent manufacturers and of their donors fills columns, and affords invaluable opportunities for fine writing. The "members of the domestic household," called sometimes by profane and illiterate people servants, contribute something difficult to carry and impossible to pack. It is interesting to know that the flowers were not the production of nature, but were expressly supplied for the occasion by the floral manufacturer: nor is the name of the pastry-cook wanting who made the indigestible compound termed a "bride-cake." A few years more, and we shall be told the incomes

of the guests, their ages, and the construction of the ladies' petticoats. It may be that publicity is thus ostentatiously given to the names of those who contribute toward the future *ménage* of the happy couple in order that the standard may be raised, and that the donor of a water-bottle may shrink from appearing in the same list with the donor of a diamond bracelet. That aim, however, has not yet been realized, and the list of objects is as varied and as free from all connection with each other as the words which make up a page of Webster's Dictionary. The company is a medley one; sugar basins and aneroids, an antique pair of bellows, a musical-box, a sketch mounted as a fan, fifty traveling articles to make locomotion impossible, and a basket of snow-drops.

Were the bride and bridegroom endowed with ostrich-like digestions they might find some use

that a young person who either marries or dies is sure of being kindly spoken of." Whatever may be the cause, the dilemma remains the same. Much mental agony is undergone, increasing as the interval before the marriage becomes shorter. Some prudent persons have a stock of objects always at hand, one of which they forward upon receipt of the intelligence, and thus they may have the good fortune to send the first of the fifteen inkstands which follow. She who hesitates is lost; now helplessly bemoaning her condition, now peering uneasily into shop-windows, and finding that every thing costs thirty dollars when she is prepared to spend only twenty. Her sense of her unfortunate position daily grows in intensity, and she may next be seen sitting in a shop with a choice selection in front of her, among which are a blotting-book covered with excrescences of brass like a port-

scavengers of refuse; what is too dirty, too useless, too ugly for other purposes, they absorb; but it is too hard to be called upon to look at it again when exposed to view in the drawing-room of the unfortunate girl whose future life is to be spent, or supposed to be spent, in its contemplation. There are entertainments of divers kinds and degrees of dullness, but the entertainment which is given for the display of the objects we have described is without an equal. Neatly arranged upon the tables in symmetrical order lie these specimens of fashionable taste, "several hundreds in number," slips of paper being attached to them recording the names of the givers. Here the lady and the windmill meet once more, regretfully perhaps, for some kind friend announces that she only gave ten dollars for the candlesticks opposite; another has picked up something for seven dollars which produces a sublime effect,

and the name of the shop where similar objects can be procured is whispered in secret. There is a pleasing equality evinced in the display; the mistress and the house-maid think the same thing "beautiful," and probably spend the same amount of money upon the object of their admiration.

The custom of giving wedding presents as it now exists is a social tax which, though paid by every one, is only paid grudgingly and on compulsion. It represents neither affection nor interest, and is not productive of the smallest profit to any save the tradesmen whose wares are sold for the purpose. What is to be done with the windmill? Should the first opportunity be seized for getting rid of it, there is the risk that its donor will tenderly inquire after it. It can not be given away after the lapse of six months, for its color is gone, and it looks as if it might have been present at Hilpah's wedding to Shalum. The poor thing eventually finds a shelter and a home in some spare bedroom of a country house, where damp and dust hasten its decay. Sometimes it is destined to a harder fate. One swallow does not make a summer, and the gift of a wedding present does not insure the celebration of a marriage; the engagement may very possibly be broken off, and one of the consequences is the return of the windmill to its unhappy and original possessor, whose feelings on its reappearance we forbear from commenting on. If the state would include wedding presents among the assessed taxes, and fix a definite sum to be paid at the beginning of each year, great relief would be experienced; the government would of course realize a profit, and a large sum would still remain to be distributed as marriage portions. The present inequality would be remedied; for, as it is, those who never marry at all (and their number is daily increasing) receive no return for their original outlay; but on the institution of the tax this need no longer be the case. Single women, on attaining the age of forty-five,

might, on condition of subscribing a declaration setting forth the extreme improbability of their marrying, and their aversion to that condition, receive the sum to which they would have been entitled on marriage. Widows, on the other hand, would get nothing under any circumstances, being exhorted to remain contented with the ormolu of the first marriage. During the interval before the adoption of this plan we have but one remedy to propose. Surely the old shoes which are now so lavishly thrown away at the departure of the bride and bridegroom are capable of conversion into some valuable substance, which can not be predicated of wedding presents. Let, therefore, the next "groomsman" set a bright example; as the carriage starts let a shower of aneroids, barometers, bellows, candlesticks, vases, mosaics, and antiques gracefully fall and flutter around it. Thus we feel sure that a "peculiar interest would be excited," while the struggles of the crowd to possess objects which to their inexperienced eyes might seem capable of being exchanged for a dollar would give additional animation to the scene.



LADY'S DINNER DRESS.

for these articles. As it is, they often prove the most unmitigated nuisance, a misery alike to him who gives and to him or her who receives. It occasionally happens that the announcement of an engagement, instead of recalling the fact that two people are perfectly certain of being happy for life, that the cares of this world are over for them, and that a beautiful account of their marriage will appear in the newspapers and enrich the literature of the country, only suggests the painful thought that a present must be given, and, in order to be given, must be bought. To explain the grounds for this impression would be impossible. A slight relationship exists between the victim and one or other of the engaged pair, and the persons about to marry are going to live in the city, possibly in a large house. It may be that the intending giver received at some former period a perfectly useless and now blackened object, too dirty to make its appearance again in the world of rubbish, and that she feels bound to reciprocate the attention. "Human nature," says a great authoress, "is so well disposed toward those who are in interesting situations

manteau, a miniature helmet, two shepherdesses of modern porcelain, a silver-gilt machine for brushing away crumbs after breakfasting in bed, a gentleman in ormolu looking into a windmill about the same size as himself and of the same material, both containing cavities in their insides for matches, the discovery of which would occupy a lifetime. What a choice is here! The biggest fool of her acquaintance has just ordered the silver-gilt machine, which costs a hundred dollars; so she takes the windmill, with a sigh of relief, and sends it as a little object to remind her friend of the happy hours they have spent together. Her friend sends in return a little note assuring her that she will always value it, reflecting that it is a just requital for the ormolu porcupine stuffed with pins which she had presented on a previous occasion. But the donor and the windmill are not destined to lose sight of one another just yet. It is bad enough to see the rubbish in a shop, but there is some excuse for the production of these costly and worthless trifles. What the dogs are in the East to the streets, the givers of modern wedding presents are to the trade—the

Spring and Summer Hats and Bonnets, Figs. 1-5.

Fig. 1.—CORN-COLORED CRAPE BONNET. This bonnet is covered with a fourfold layer of corn-colored crape, bound on the outer edge with crape half an inch wide, and trimmed, as shown by the illustration, with a bunch of field flowers, black ostrich feathers, and a scarf of figured black tulle and lace. On the inside of the bonnet is a row of gathered white lace. Strings of corn-colored gros grain ribbon tied under the chin.

Fig. 2.—VIOLET CRAPE BONNET. This bonnet is trimmed with violet gros grain ribbon and ostrich feathers. Scarf of black tulle and lace. The strings are trimmed on the under pointed edge with black lace. On the inside of the bonnet in front is a ruche of white lace.

Fig. 3.—BLACK TULLE ROUND HAT. This hat is covered with threefold plain black tulle, bound on the outer edge with the same, and trimmed besides with two tulle folds and black lace, as shown by the illustration. The remainder of the trimming consists of black lace, black gros grain ribbon, black ostrich feathers, and a green changeable bird.

Fig. 4.—PINK SILK AND TULLE BONNET. This bonnet is made of pink silk, and is covered with several layers of tulle gathered in puffs. On the outer edge of the bonnet is a binding and a roll of pink silk. Pink silk bows with long ends, hem-stitched half an inch wide on the right side. Pink tulle scarfs, ostrich feather, and roses.

Fig. 5.—BLUE CRAPE BONNET. This bonnet is covered smoothly with several layers of blue crape; on the revers in front set bands of blue gros grain ribbon crosswise at regular intervals, and bind the revers with blue gros grain. Cover the cape of the bonnet with pleated crape. Bows of blue gros grain ribbon, blue feathers, and blue strings. Scarf of white figured tulle and white lace.

Borders in White and Guipure Embroidery, Figs. 1-4. THESE insertions and borders are suitable for trimming lingerie, etc., and are worked on Swiss muslin or jaconet with fine white embroidery cotton. The borders, Figs. 1 and 2, and the insertion, Fig. 4, are worked in white embroidery, and the insertion, Fig. 3, in guipure embroidery. Cut away the material between the design figures of the latter, and also inside and on the outer edge of the design figures of both borders, in the manner shown by the illustrations.

Design for Round Sewing-Weights, Lamp-Mats, etc.—Point Russe Embroidery.

Fig. 1.—BORDER FOR LINGERIE, ETC. WHITE EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 1.—BORDER FOR LINGERIE, ETC. WHITE EMBROIDERY.

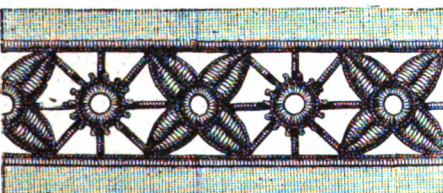


Fig. 3.—INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC. GUIPURE EMBROIDERY.

Begin with the round of leaflets turned downward on the upper edge, tie both threads together, and work as follows: With the working thread only work one ring of 9 ds. (double stitch—that is, one stitch right, one stitch left), 1 p. (picot); 9 ds.; close to this work a similar ring, * then on the foundation thread 12 ds. With the working thread only work one ring of 9 ds., fasten to the p. of the preceding ring, 9 ds., one ring of 9 ds., 1 p., 9 ds.; repeat from *. 2d round.—With the working thread only work one ring of 9 ds., fasten to the foundation thread before the first 12 ds. in the preceding round, thus below the first two rings, 9 ds.; * turn the work, 12 ds. on the foundation thread, turn the work, one ring as before with the working thread, fastening to the foundation thread at the same place as before, then a similar ring, which, however, is fastened to the foundation thread before the next 12 ds.; repeat from *. 3d round.—Hold the work so that the rings of the first round are



Fig. 1.—CORN-COLORED CRAPE BONNET.



Fig. 2.—VIOLET CRAPE BONNET.



Fig. 3.—BLACK TULLE ROUND HAT.



Fig. 4.—PINK SILK AND TULLE BONNET.



Fig. 5.—BLUE CRAPE BONNET.

turned upward, fasten both threads to the first p. of the first ring, and * work on the foundation thread one scallop of 3 ds., 1 very small p., 3 ds., 3 p. separated each by 2 ds., 3 ds., 1 small p., 3 ds.; then fasten to the joining picot of the next two rings and repeat from *. 4th round.—On the foundation thread work 3 ds., 1 p., 3 ds., * fasten to the first (small) p.

of the next scallop in the preceding round, turn the work so that the scallops of the preceding round are turned downward, 3 ds., 3 p. separated each by 2 ds., 3 ds., fasten to the last p. of the same scallop as before, turn the work, 3 ds., 1 p., 3 ds.; repeat from *. 5th round.—Fasten to the first p. of the preceding round, * on the foundation thread work one scallop of 3 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 3 ds., fasten to the p. of the second following (small) scallop; repeat from *.

For the insertion shown by Fig. 2 work each two outer rounds of scallops with 3 threads (shuttles)—one foundation thread and two working

threads—and work the part in the middle with one thread only. First work with the foundation thread only one Josephine knot of nine stitches right, * then on the foundation thread with the first working thread work one scallop of three times alternately 3 ds., 1 p.; then 3 ds.; turn the work, and with the foundation thread work one Josephine knot. On the foundation thread work with the second working thread one scallop like the preceding one, turn the work, with the foundation thread only work one Josephine knot, and repeat from *. For the middle part of the insertion work with one thread only one ring of 3 ds., three times alternately 1 p., 3 ds.; fasten to the first p. of the next scallop turned downward in the preceding round, 3 ds., and three times alternately 1 p., 3 ds.; * turn the work, one ring of 3 ds. and seven times alternately 1 p., 3 ds.; turn the work, one ring like the first, which is fastened, however, to the next p. of the same scallop; repeat from *. Now again work a row of transposed scallops like that previously described, in doing which fasten to the middle p. of each ring, as shown by the illustration.

Covers for Toilette Cushions, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 333.

Fig. 1.—This design is worked on a foundation of straight netting with jaconet application in chain stitch, satin stitch, half-polka stitch, and ladder stitch. The illustration plainly shows which stitch to use for each figure. Cut away the netted foundation underneath the appliqué figures, and the jaconet between the design figures. Cut away both the jaconet and the netting at the places to be filled with ladder stitches and wheels.

Fig. 2.—Work this design on jaconet or fine linen in guipure embroidery. Fill the free spaces with different lace stitches, having first cut out the material at the relative points. Finally, cut away the projecting edge of the material on the outer edge.



Fig. 2.—BORDER FOR LINGERIE, ETC. WHITE EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 4.—INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC. WHITE EMBROIDERY.

FRENCH TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

ONE of the great causes of the ease with which, as a whole, the French act toward each other lies in their early training. A boy of ten knows perfectly that if his father meets a lady in the street, and stops to

speak to her, his own duty is to take his hat off and to stand bare-headed. He knows that it would be rude to shake hands with any body, man or woman, without uncovering; his mother tells him, his father sets him the example, so it seems quite natural to him; he does it simply, without *mauvaise honte*. In the same way he learns to be cool and self-collected even if any thing occurs which draws attention to him in a crowd. If he drops his book at church and has to leave his place to pick it up, he does not blush—he sees no reason why he should. The girls do not giggle and look foolish if their hair comes down or their hat falls off; they rearrange themselves with perfect calm and self-possession, utterly unconscious that any one is looking at them, and indifferent if they know it. From these early habits they grow up to regard all ordinary movements as being permissible in public. This is why a Frenchwoman takes off her bon-



DESIGN FOR SEWING-WEIGHTS, LAMP-MATS, ETC.—POINT Russe EMBROIDERY.

net and smooths her hair before the glass in a railway waiting-room or a restaurant, or regulates her skirts, or puts in order her baby's in-most clothes before fifty people. In her eyes all such things are so natural, so matter of course, that she has no kind of motive for making any fuss about them; she does them just as if she were at home, and she is right. The advantage of being educated with views of this sort is immense; the views themselves are wise and practical, and their realization has a marked effect on the development of simplicity and naturalness in manners.

A CHILDISH FANCY.

By KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

OH mother! see how pale and wet
The flowers on father's grave are lying!
It must be watching you has set
The little daisy-buds to crying!

Poor child! and do you think the earth
Sorrows because our hearts are aching?
Look, then, with what a careless mirth
That sunlight on his bed is breaking!

Yes, but you called the great blue air
God's home, to all His angels given;
And so perhaps the sunbeam there
Is father smiling up in heaven!

(Continued from No. 18, page 304.)

LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND
"JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XI.

FELIX, DISSATISFIED WITH THE REALITY,
SETS UP AN IDOL AND WORSHIPS IT.

IN the passage Felix was confronted by the colorless housekeeper. He had a kindly feeling for her. She had been his father's housekeeper ever since he could remember. She was a young woman and well-looking when he was a little child. When he came home, a man, she had addressed him in the old familiar way, and he was shocked at the change in her; but he soon recognized that living all her life within the influence of his father's house had made her what she was. Now as she confronted him he gave her a kind nod, and would have passed her; but she laid her hand upon his arm to detain him.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Into the church-yard," he answered.

"Where, after that?"

"A subtle question, Martha. Who knows where he goes to after he gets into the church-yard?"

"Where, after that?" she repeated.

"Ask the worms," he replied; and added, somewhat bitterly, "or the preachers."

"Answer me, Felix," she said.

"I can't," and again he attempted to pass her.

"Nay," she said, almost entreatingly; "let me speak to you for a minute or two."

"Come outside, then," he said, with a hasty glance at the room he had just left. "I can not speak to you here."

She followed him into the porch. The chair which he had brought for Lily was there, but Lily was gone. The fragrance of the scented water he had sprinkled upon her handkerchief lingered in the air. He placed his hand upon the chair, and in his fancy the sweet air became associated with the tender girl who had rested there a while ago. He smiled, half gladly, half sadly, as the fancy came upon him. The housekeeper watched him earnestly, as if striving to read his thoughts.

"Now, Felix, where are you going afterward?"

"I can't tell you, Martha," he replied, softly, for he was thinking of Lily. "My plans are unformed."

"When do you return?"

"Never; unless something dearer than life brings me back."

"You have had a quarrel with your father?"

"You are a witch," he said, lightly, "and ought to be burned."

"You have had a quarrel with your father," she repeated, showing no temper at his light manner, but even seeming to take pleasure in it. "Something like that. We don't agree. There are not two rights, are there, Martha?"

"I am not sure; there may be."

"I am sure. My father's right and mine are as the north and the south pole. If I am right, I must not stay here and vex him; it would be unfilial. If he is right, I must sit in sackcloth and ashes, and pray for fresh blood and bone and brain before we can meet again. Any way I must go; that is settled."

"Who settled it?"

"He, or I, or both of us. Are you not witch enough to guess for yourself? It came, somehow. That is enough. If you entertain the idea that the difficulty is to be smoothed over—"

"I do not," she interrupted. "I know your father."

"And me—do you think you know me?"

"I think I do."

"Therefore you must see how impossible it is that he and I, having disagreed upon a vital point—it is vital, to my thinking—can live together. I have a fancy in my head, Martha; I'll tell it to you. To have a father and not have a father—as is the case with me—is dreadful. For father and son to disagree is dreadful also. So I shall imagine a father, and as he is sure to agree with me, we shall be the best of

friends. I shall picture him tender and good and kind; tolerant, yet conscientious; merciful, yet just. I can see him, and I love him already!"

Light as his words were, there was a vein of seriousness in his tones that showed how deeply his feelings had been stirred.

"When I left the Continent," he continued, "I had a friend with me who also had been absent from home for years. At intervals during our journey he spoke with enthusiasm of home delights, and of the happiness in store for him when he and his family came together. He showed me letters from them which made me think. We crossed from Paris to Dover, and there he met his father, who had traveled a hundred miles to welcome his son the moment he set foot on English soil. They threw their arms round each other like boys, and laughed to keep away the tears. When I came to the railway station here—just half a mile from where we stand—I looked about me with a dim hope that my father had come that distance to welcome his son home. But there are fathers and fathers, Martha. Now if I had been wise, and had set up my imaginary father before the train stopped, I should have seen him waiting for me on the platform; I should have been able to throw my arms round his neck, to press him to my heart, and to see in his eyes a kindly welcome; I should have been able to grip his hand and to say, 'Bravo, dear old fellow! I love you!' But I was not wise, and to be forewarned by my fears was not with me to be fore-armed. It is not too late, though—it is never too late. Away, you shadows!"

He flicked his handkerchief in the air, as if the reality oppressed him with a phantom presence, and said, in a mock-serious tone, in which earnestness struggled not vainly for a place:

"Here I raise a father whom I love. I kiss his hand, and vow to pay him all respect. He shall go with me, and we will live together."

There was nothing in the housekeeper's appearance to denote that freaks of the imagination would find favor in her eyes, and yet gleams of pleasure—all the more strange because she strove to suppress them—brought light to her dull white face as Felix, with fantastic grace, stooped to kiss the hand of the shadow he had raised. But these signs faded away as soon as Felix had finished speaking, and her face resumed its usual dullness of expression. Felix, seeing this, said:

"You are one of my earliest impressions, Martha. Were you here before I was born?"

"Yes, Felix; two years before you were born I first set foot in this house."

"And you have been here ever since?"

"Ever since."

"No wonder, then," he murmured, answering his thought: "enough to turn heart and face to stone."

She heard the words, but made no comment on them.

"Those persons who have just gone, Felix—had they any thing to do with your quarrel with your father?"

"I never saw them before," he replied.

"Had they any thing to do with your quarrel with your father?" she persisted.

"There's something of the bull-dog in your nature, Martha," he said, laughing. "You never leave a subject until it is settled."

"I would not hurt you, Felix," she said, softly.

"I don't believe you would. Well, yes, they had something to do with the immediate cause of my leaving, though it would have come to the same thing without them. We were on the verge of a precipice before they entered. I must go and see how they are getting along, and if I can be of any use to them; but I shouldn't wonder if they shrunk from me and looked upon me as an unclean thing. Are you surprised at all this, Martha?"

"No," she replied, tranquilly. "This is no house for sunshine. I knew when you came that you would not be here long."

"You can do me a service. I shall soon look my last on this place; will you pack up such things as are mine, and give them to a messenger I shall send?"

"Yes; they shall be ready this evening."

"Then that is all, and the world is before me for me to open. Where's my oyster-knife?" He felt in his pockets with a comical air. "Ah, it is here," and he touched his forehead confidently. "So now good-by, Martha."

She did not relinquish the hand he held out to her, but clasped it firmly in hers.

"You must let me know where you live, Felix."

"Oh yes; I will let you know."

"And if you move from place to place, you will always write to tell me?"

"Yes."

"I have but little money of my own, unfortunately—"

"Stop, stop, stop!" he cried, with his fingers on her lips. "Enough has been said, and I must go. Good-by."

"Good-by," she said, and, with a quick movement, kissed him.

He seemed surprised, but said, a moment afterward,

"Ah, well; you are old enough to be my mother, Martha."

"Quite," she answered, as she turned away. "Quite old enough."

CHAPTER XII.

POLLYPOD WANTS TO KNOW.

WHEN Felix reached the church-yard the grave was still empty. The coffin lay upon the earth by its side, and the women of the party were sitting on convenient tombstones. Of the men only Alfred remained; Gribble junior and the old man were absent.

Gribble junior's baby was sleeping peacefully beneath the umbrella tent, the gay outside of which had caused the two old men to go for two other old men, and the girls in dirty pinafores to go for other girls in dirty pinafores. These new-comers were as interested in the unusual sight as their friends, and expressed their admiration by staring persistently in the dullest possible manner.

Pollypod, wandering about, was in a state of delight and wonderment. Truly the old church-yard was a world of wonders to the child. To her young mind there was nothing suggestive of corruption in it. The "Here lies" and "Here lieths" brought no melancholy thoughts to her, although she was curious about them. But when she asked, wanting to know, her mother bade her "Hush!" as she had done in the coach, and Pollypod was fain to hold her peace. It was not difficult for her to let the matter rest for a time, as there were plenty of other things to occupy her mind. Now and then a butterfly flew by, and she watched it with delighted eyes till it was out of sight. She found lady-birds on leaves, and wished that she had a little bottle to take them home for father. But she could take him some buttercups and daisies, and she was plucking the prettiest and the most golden when her eyes lighted on Felix.

Pollypod was not by any means a bashful child. She had her likes and dislikes, as all children have, but she had more of the former than of the latter. And she was fond of society. She had tried to make friends with the dirty girls who stood staring at the umbrella and the coffin, and the strange folk, but had not been successful. All her advances had been received with stupid stares, and not a word could the little maid extract from the juvenile bumpkins. Then she had tried the old men; but when she plucked their trousers, they moved away from her without a word. She had therefore given up the attempt as hopeless. Now, all at once, here was a handsome young man, handsomely dressed, and he immediately became an object of interest to Pollypod. Felix, seeing the child gaze at him, smiled at her, and Pollypod smiled in return; and to show that she was prepared to give good interest for amiability, came and stood by his side, and looked into his face with frank interest and curiosity. The healthy exercise had brought bright sparkles into Pollypod's eyes and a bright color to her cheeks. Felix was fond of children, and invariably found favor in their eyes. At parties where grown-up people and children were, the youngsters always claimed him as one of themselves, and played and romped with him without restraint. Children have an instinct for the discovery of amiable natures in their elders, which is very seldom wrong.

"Well, little girl," said Felix, by way of commencement. The sight of the child's artless face did him good, and tended to dispel the vapors which clouded his mind.

Pollypod nodded a reply, and arranged the buttercups and daisies in her hand without looking at them. Her attention was fixed upon his smart clothes and bright face, and the flowers in his coat. These latter had an especial attraction for her. She thought how pleased father would be if she could take them home to him in the middle of a bunch of buttercups and daisies. But suddenly, as she looked, her face became clouded, and she retreated a step or two.

"What's the matter, little one?" he asked, seating himself upon a tombstone. "You are not frightened of me, are you?"

"I don't know," replied Pollypod; and then, with her finger to her lips, and her head inclined forward, she said, solemnly, "Are you the naughty man?"

"What naughty man?" he inquired, amused at the child's attitude and manner.

"The naughty man who won't bury Lily's mother."

The cloud on the child's face was reflected on his as he replied, "No, I am not."

Pollypod came close to him immediately.

"I am glad of that," she said; "I'm very, very glad of that!"

"Why, little one?"

"Because I like you."

The artlessness of the child pleased and soothed him. It was nature speaking.

"If the naughty man was here," continued Pollypod, clinching her little fist and stamping her little foot, "I'd beat him for making Lily cry!"

"Is that Lily?" pointing to the girl.

"Yes, that's Lily, and that's Lily's brother Alfred, and that's Mrs. Gribble, and that's my mother, and that's the baby. And that's Lily's mother in the coffin. Who are you?"

"My name is Felix."

Pollypod pondered upon the name, and presently nodded her head two or three times, to express approval. In proof that she was disposed to treat him fairly in the matter of information, she said,

"My name's Pollypod."

"Polly—"

"Pod. Father's name is Jim Podmore, and I'm his little Pollypod."

Thereupon—confidential and affectionate relations being completely established—she sat down on the tombstone beside him. "She put him at once upon an equality with her by asking, in the most serious manner,

"Do you like butter?"

And gravely held a buttercup beneath his chin, he laughingly submitting to the test. The golden reflection of the flower being seen on his chin, she declared that he *did* like butter, and the triumphant tone in which she announced the discovery evidently enhanced his value in her eyes. Then she asked, Did she? and held up her face for the test, which Felix applied with becoming seriousness. The answer being satis-

factory, they became more confidentially familiar.

"This is a church-yard," said the little maid.

"Yes."

"Where people are buried."

"Yes."

"Lily's mother is going to be buried here."

"Yes."

"I want to know! If Lily's mother is shut up in a box, how can she be up there?"

Felix, seeing that he was in danger of being entangled in a theological disputation with an opponent who thirsted for facts, answered simply, "God lives there, and when we die we go to Him."

"Mother has told me so often and often, but I want to understand."

"Inquisitive little maid!" exclaimed Felix. "Is not that a beautiful place?" pointing upward.

"It is pretty—and bright; that cloud looks like blue and white feathers. Mother says we go to heaven if we're good. And that's heaven. I'm going to be very good. But I want to know! How can we be here and there at the same time?"

Felix felt that it was a hard question to answer, and he despaired of making it clear to so young an understanding.

"See now," he said, with an attempt at simplicity; "you are a little girl. By-and-by you will become a woman; then you will grow older and older, and your hair will turn white, and you will be an old woman. When we are old we die."

"Must we die—all of us?"

"All of us, little one. But God gives us a soul which is always young; it never grows old, and when our bodies are worn out, our souls go back to God and heaven."

"I give my soul to God to keep," murmured Pollypod, repeating a line which she said in her prayers every night. She did not understand, but she had faith in Felix. She murmured the words so softly that Felix did not hear them.

"So that our body is here, and our soul is there, little maid. Earth takes care of one, and heaven takes care of the other."

"I suppose it is right," said Pollypod, with her hands clasped in her lap, where the flowers had fallen loose. She looked into his face as she spoke.

"Yes, little one, it is right."

"And Lily's mother is there, although I can't see her."

She gazed earnestly at the clouds for a few moments before she spoke again. "I want to know!" she then said. "Every body who dies is not old."

"Some die young. God wants them."

"I hope God won't want me till I'm old, for I want to grow up to be a woman—"

"And then, little maid?"

"And then you shall marry me," said Pollypod, coming down to earth, and placing her hand in that of her companion. "I'll be your little wife."

"That's a bargain," said Felix, merrily; "we're sweethearts from now."

"You ought to kiss me," said the forward little maid; and after being kissed, she fell to bunching her buttercups and daisies together.

"And now tell me, Pollypod," said Felix, anxious to learn something of Lily and the old man. "Where do you all come from?"

"Oh, a long, long, long way! It was such a nice ride!"

"Then you live a long way from here?"

"Oh yes, we live in London, in Soho."

"That is a long way indeed, Pollypod. Are you Lily's cousin?"

"Oh no; we're none of us relations, not even the baby! But we all live together. Lily lives on the first floor; baby and Mr. and Mrs. Gribble live on the second floor—they're umbrella-makers—father and mother and me live on the third floor."

"That's very high up, Pollypod!"

"I like it because of that; there's such a lot of light! It's nearer the sky, father says. Father's a railway man, and comes home so late! But we play in bed every morning. And we've got a dog; Snap's his name. He goes out to work every morning with father, and comes back at night. We have such fun together! We've got such a nice room."

"Only one, Pollypod?"

"Yes; we don't want more, do we?" inquired the little maid. "There's such pretty paper on the walls. Roses—such red ones! Father's fond of flowers, that's why. I like to look at them before I go to sleep; sometimes I see pretty faces in them, like Lily's. I dream of every thing. I shall dream of you to-night, and shall look for your face among the roses. I'm making a bunch of buttercups and daisies for father, but they're all one color—with a wistful look at the flowers in her companion's coat."

Felix saw the wish in the look, and taking the flowers from his coat, gave them to Pollypod.

"If you put these in the bunch," he said, "there will be more than one color."

Pollypod held up her face to be kissed again, and nestled closer to him.

"I knew you were good," she said.

When she had arranged the flowers, Felix found a piece of string in his pocket, and tied them together for her. The party near the coffin were in the same position as they had been when he came into the church-yard; the old man and Gribble junior had not returned. Having nothing better to do, and burning with a desire to know more of the fair girl whose acquaintance he had made in so strange a manner, Felix resumed his conversation with little Pollypod. He had no difficulty in doing so; Pollypod was brimful of talk.

"So you dream of every thing," he said.

Pollypod nodded, repeated "Ev-er-y thing"

under her breath, and held up her bunch of flowers admiringly, turning them this way and that, and thinking how pleased father would be with them.

"What did you dream of last night?"

"I don't remember," replied Polypod, after a little consideration. "I know what I dreamed of the night before."

"Of what?"

"Of my Doll," said the little maid, showing by her manner that the subject was of very serious importance. "And oh, it looked so beautiful! It had large blue eyes—and moved them!—and a pink face and red lips, and it was dressed in blue silk, with such a lovely bonnet!"

"Was it as pretty as your own doll?" inquired Felix.

Polypod shook her head a dozen times, and pursed her lips.

"I haven't got one," she said. "I never saw it; I only dream of it."

Felix did not say anything in the pause that followed, knowing that he was about to be enlightened.

"It's in father's ship. Father told me, oh, such a long time ago! that when his ship came home he would give me the Doll; and the naughty ship won't come home. Father is so angry sometimes because it's so long away. There's a toy-shop not far from where we live, with such funny things in the window—and there's a Doll in the middle of them, just like mine that's in father's ship. Father says mine is handsomer, and that mine has a smaller nose and pinker lips. I go to look at it whenever I can, and wish, and wish, and wish that father's ship would come home! I often dream that it has, and when I wake up I say, 'Father, has your ship come home?' and he says, 'No, Polypod; and I know by his voice that he's sorry.'"

"Now, Polypod," said Felix, holding up his finger to denote that she was to give him all her attention, "I'm going to tell you something. I'm a wizard."

"A wizard," repeated Polypod, thoughtfully; and then said, with a sharp look at Felix, "I want to know!"

"What a wizard is? So you shall, little one. A wizard can see things and tell things before they occur."

"Can he?" exclaimed Polypod, her blue eyes dilating. "Can you see and tell anything now?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"I can see a little girl lying in bed looking at the roses on the wall."

"That's me," said Polypod, in a tone of infinite content. "Who's in the room with the little girl? Not father?"

"No; not father, because father comes home so late."

"And the little girl is asleep before he comes home."

"Fast asleep, Polypod. But there's some one else in the room—mother is there, working."

"That's right! that's right!" cried Polypod, twining her fingers together in her excitement. "You are a wizard!"

"The little girl is lying with her eyes open looking at the roses. She fixes her eyes upon one, and it changes. Lips come—like Lily's; eyes come, bright—like Lily's. Presently Lily's face is in the rose, smiling at the little girl. But the face fades—"

"Does it?" whispered Polypod, anxiously.

"And in its place a Doll appears—"

"Yes! yes!"

"And the little girl falls asleep and dreams of it, and holds it in her arms. And while she dreams, I see a Ship coming over the seas—"

"Father's ship!" cried Polypod, in ecstasy.

"No; another ship."

"Oh!" sighed Polypod, drooping.

"Here it comes sailing—sailing—sailing; and the waves are curling—curling—curling; and the captain is bowing—bowing—bowing; and the stars are shining—shining—shining into the waters, lighting them up with smiles! But what is this I see on the ship? A Doll!"

"A Doll!" cried Polypod, reviving. "For the little girl?"

"Yes, for the little girl. The little girl's Doll! Polypod's Doll! And as sure as we sit here talking, the captain, if he's alive, will bring it home before the week's out."

In a very flutter of delight Polypod jumped to her feet, and clasped her hands.

"You mustn't be frightened of me, Polypod," said Felix, sharing Polypod's delight; "I'm a good wizard."

"I know that! I know that!" said the little maid, almost in a whisper. "But I want to know! Is She Beautiful?"

"Beautiful," replied Felix, dwelling long on each syllable.

"And has She got blue eyes?"

"The bluest in the world."

"And a pink face?"

"As pink as this rose, Polypod."

"And red lips?"

"Red as cherries."

"And what is She dressed in?"

"Blue silk, with a large sash behind, and mauve boots, and the loveliest bonnet that ever was made."

So filled with joy that she could not speak, Polypod sat down on the tombstone, shut her eyes, and saw Her in all Her silken glory. The little maid was in a state of beatific bliss; and she saw the ship sailing, and the waves curling, and the captain bowing, and the stars shining, and the beautiful Doll eclipsing them all.

Presently she opened her eyes, and said, reflectively,

"I hope Snap will like her. You're sure he'll come?"

"The captain? As sure as sure can be. Mother's calling you."

Away raced Polypod, the happiest little girl

in all England, toward her mother; and Felix strolled out of the church-yard with the idea of ascertaining why the old man and Gribble junior were so long absent.

He was arrested in his purpose by an incident that claimed his attention.

Near to the entrance of the church-yard was the mourning-coach which had conveyed the party from Soho, and near to the mourning-coach was the driver, in a condition bordering closely on intoxication. Whether it is that sorrow requires inward moistening, or that there is some other equally strong cause to account for it, every church-yard has in its immediate neighborhood a handy public-house, or two, or three—according to whether the church-yard does a flourishing business or otherwise. There is nothing strange in the circumstance; for public-houses are every where, and church-yards should no more be deprived of the consolation their presence affords than other places. No sooner had our driver got rid of his load of flesh and clay than he sought the handy ale-house to bait his cattle and moisten his sorrow. The former task was quickly accomplished, but the latter occupied a much longer time—a proof that his sorrow was very keen, and needed a great deal of moistening. When Felix approached him he had paid at least half a dozen visits to the ale-house, and his sorrow had turned to anger at the time he had been kept waiting. His face, which had grown puffy in the exercise of his profession, was inflamed, and he was muttering to himself that he would see the whole party in a very warm place before he would wait for them a minute longer. The assertion was not only irreverent, with a church-yard in view, but (as he would have to be there to see) it was injudicious as regarded his own fate after he had shuffled off his mortal coil.

Felix saw the state of affairs at once, and saw also that the driver was not in a fit condition to drive the party home. A very few words with the man convinced him of this. He was quick at expedients, and eagerly took advantage of the opportunity that presented itself.

"My guv'nor," said the driver, in a thick voice, and with occasional hiccoughs, "didn't bargain that I was to stop here till I got blue in the face."

Which (supposing that the contract had been entered into between him and his "guv'nor") was so manifestly impossible of accomplishment, in sight of his inflamed countenance, that Felix could not help smiling.

"And in consequence," continued the driver, with sarcastic emphasis, "as it wasn't in the bargain, and as the job's paid for beforehand, and as I've got my family to look arter, you can tell the party inside, as you're a friend of their'n, that I'm off."

With that he gathered up the reins, and prepared to mount. His foot was in the air when Felix invited him to "Come and have a pint."

The invitation was not to be resisted, and they adjourned to the ale-house, where, over the pint, Felix learned the name of the street and the number of the house in which Lily lived. His purpose being served, he allowed the man to depart, and, with some satisfaction, saw the mourning-coach on its way to London.

"There would have been an accident for certain," said Felix to himself, as if in apology for allowing the man to depart; "and it will be better for them to have a sober driver than a drunken one. Besides, I myself must sleep in London to-night."

Then he went to a hotel of a better kind, where he was known, and made arrangements for the hire of a wagonette and a pair of good horses, and ascertained where he could stable them for the night in London.

"Harness the horses," he said, "at once, and let them stand at the entrance of the church-yard. I shall return in the morning. I wonder," he mused, as he walked toward the church-yard again, "whether they will refuse to accept a courtesy from my father's son?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE prevailing fashion of the moment is the woolen guipure, which is made of all colors and shades for the trimming of suits. The votaries of classic fashion use it the same color, or, at most, a shade darker than that of the dress, while the romanticists, wishing to introduce a little fancy into the costume, prefer a mixture of tints. While the first trim their écaru woolen, batiste, Tussore, or foulard suits with écaru, or, at most, brown guipure, the second harmonize shades with the art of a colorist, and put gray guipure on *vert-de-gris* dresses, *rose-ancien* (very much effaced) on gray, and so on. These guipures seem destined to play an important part in the feminine toilette.

Wrappings are already in preparation for the sea-side. These are rather warm, as is required by the sea-side temperature, and are made for the most part of white molleton de laine, lined with silk of the same color as the woolen guipure with which they are trimmed. These wrappings are for the most part either sleeved sacques with hoods or short talmas. One of them, styled the Mandarin, is of white molleton, lined with white lustring, trimmed with brown guipure, and furnished with a brown guipure hood. Another, called the Chinese, is of white cashmere, lined with very pale lilac silk, and trimmed with guipure and rolls of the same color as the lining.

Écaru suits are trimmed with écaru guipure and bands of brown faye, or else with brown guipure and bands of faye of the same color, but a lighter shade. Many trimmings are also composed of flat bands, cut on both sides in sharp points, and

slashed perpendicularly at regular intervals. Through these slashes is run a ribbon of silk or velvet, of a color contrasting or harmonizing with the suit; and the dress is completed by a demi-corsage of the same color and material as the ribbon, which is worn over the high-necked waist of the dress, and a necklace of several rows of beads of the same color as the demi-corsage.

The fashion of figured stuffs is becoming more popular every day. The skirt, and sometimes the vest, is made of plain material, while the polonaise is made of figured goods, and is sometimes open in front over the vest. Stuffs with a white, écaru, or black ground, sprinkled with large or small bouquets, are most in vogue for these polonaises, which are nothing but a tunic and waist cut together. Polonaises of challee or delaine are worn over a *vert d'eau*, black, or brown silk skirt; those of Pompadour chintz or percale are worn over a skirt of plain percale, or, at most, of fine stripes of a color to match the polonaise, or else of some neutral tint—gray or écaru.

The new shades of silks and ribbons are incalculable in numbers. They are quaint and strange, though all have incontestably a common origin—the prism. By what process these singular and unnatural colors have been produced I know not, but certain it is that they have been compounded by no unskillful hand. Their description seems to demand the revision of the language, the invention of new terms whereby to designate these complex shades. We can no longer say that Madame Such-a-one wears a gray dress, for, strictly speaking, the dress she wears is gray and yellowish-blue; or a blue dress, for the dress is green and grayish-blue, and so on with violet, brown, and, in a word, all colors, even the most quiet, most classic, and most primordial; all are alike swept away into the vortex which transforms every thing, and rejects the known in the feverish pursuit of the unknown. It is the distinguishing trait of our epoch to know no rest: men and things are condemned to renew themselves perpetually without relaxation, and without pity from those who decree this continual change.

At this moment the work-rooms of the Paris dress-makers present the most singular aspect. All the seasons are jumbled together; they are working for the present, the near-approaching season, and the distant future; they are making or making over the last silk dresses of spring, and, at the same time, the linen, foulard, muslin, and crêpe garments destined for summer, as well as the woolen ones prepared in anticipation of a stay at the sea-side. These woolen dresses are very light, and chiefly white; a host of new styles have been devised in flannel; some have perpendicular stripes, others diagonal; these have a little figure between the bias stripes; those large dots, damask figures, piqué patterns, and raised bars on a damask ground, etc., and there are innumerable eceteras. The trimming generally used for these flannels, which are entirely white, whatever may be their pattern, is velvet, faye, or guipure, *gris-vert*, *violet-prune*, *grenat-foncé*, and *vert-de-gris*. I should say that the alliance of black and white, which has been so long in vogue, has lost favor of late—ever since the cry was raised that these were the Prussian colors. The black violently expelled the white, which was usually replaced by dark brown, and exceptionally by the colors I have just mentioned. Woolen guipure of the same tint is employed to soften the harshness of the contrast between white and dark colors in velvet, it is used as an edging for velvet ribbon, and follows the uses to which it is put by the caprices of dress-makers. But to repeat, brown velvet, allied with white, is the prevailing mode, and takes the place of white, which is used rather with gray, and less often with écaru.

As to bonnets, they are as innumerable as indescribable. We have the Alsacian, almost flat, with huge bows of ribbon; the turban, which carries us back to the Restoration, and calls to mind the favorite coiffure of Madame De Staël; the Charlotte Corday, whose large crown resembles that worn by the heroine on her journey to Paris to assassinate Marat; the Grande Mademoiselle, copied from that of Mademoiselle De Montpensier when she turned the guns of the Bastille on the army of her cousin, the young King Louis XIV.; the Hungarian, a sort of round toque with a stiff erect aigrette; and a host of others. By simply examining the bonnets now in fashion one can take an instructive course of study, comprising ancient and contemporary history and geographical diversity, and have the advantage, besides, of making a political demonstration merely by choosing a cap, and affirming his opinions by adopting a hat. Republicans who do not favor the ancient and modern Jacobins wear the Charlotte Corday; Legitimists turn their backs on the Orleans head-dresses, and choose Marie Antoinette corsages and Lamballe fichus.

The truth is, that whatever may be the shape and style of the bonnets prepared for summer, they are all extraordinarily small; all, save round hats, strictly speaking, have wide strings, trimmed with ruches of ribbon or lace, which are tied under the chin, either over or behind the ears according to the age. It is a well-known fact that all but extremely youthful faces look much older in hats without strings, or with strings put behind the ears. The little caps designed for the house are as varied in form as the bonnets. They are made of muslin, lace, and ribbon in eccentric styles that are very becoming to the young, but which make those who are neither young nor pretty look hideous. I must not forget to say that every artifice is used in bonnets to fill the place of the fast disappearing chignon. The back of the bonnet is trimmed with a great quantity of ribbon loops of unequal lengths, with several feathers lying flat and touching the nape of the neck, or with a single large shaded feather, closely curled and very long, and falling behind like a water-

fall. This last ornament bears a strong analogy to the horse-hair plume which adorns the full-dress caps of our Cuirassiers.

The best place to see the elegant world of Paris at this moment is at the exhibition of the paintings of Henri Regnault. This artist had talent—perhaps genius—youth, and fortune, and was betrothed to a young girl who loved him devotedly. He seemed to have nothing left to wish for here on earth; yet he chose to die, to prove that honor still lived. From eight in the morning till five in the afternoon the gallery of the Palais des Beaux Arts is thronged with an eager crowd, and praises of the brave young artist are in every mouth, as well as of those of the other painters who threw aside the brush for the sword in the hour of their country's need.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

THE GREAT BRONZE BUDDHA OF JAPAN.

A SHORT canter through the keen morning air brought me to the little village of Fukazawa, where the great bronze Buddha sits—*sedet æternumque sedebit*. The first time I saw it, in the autumn of 1866, the approach to it lay along an avenue of grand old evergreen trees, and the effect of the colossus, when seen from the beginning of the avenue, was most striking. Now, unhappily, the trees have been cut down by the avarice of the priests, who grudged the little bit of soil which might bear a few more vegetables, and who took advantage of the revolution to pretend that the trees had been destroyed by the soldiery. The beautiful *coup d'œil* is lost, but the figure must always rank among the most wonderful monuments of the world. As a work of art, its chief merit appears to me to be the expression of calm dignity and repose in the face, which is enhanced by the huge proportions and boldness of execution. Travelers in Siam talk about gigantic Buddhas 160 feet high, plated over with gold, and having feet of mother-of-pearl, but I defy any country to produce a nobler figure than this. The proportions of the statue are given as follows in a rough print sold by the priest on the spot:

	Feet.	Inches.
Height of the statue	50	0
From the hair to the knees	42	0
Round the base	36	0
Height of pedestal	4	5
Length of face	8	5
Breadth from ear to ear	18	0
Silver base on forehead, the gift of the widow of a rich merchant at Yedo	1	5
Eyes, long	4	0
Eyebrows	4	2
Ears, long	6	6
Nose, long	8	8
Nose, across	2	8
Mouth	3	2
Locks of hair 880 in number, 8 inches high, and 1 foot in diameter		
Knees, across	36	0
The thumb, round	8	0

The story of the erection of the great Buddha is one more tale of woman's love. During the civil wars of the twelfth century the great statue of Buddha which stood at Nara, one of the ancient capitals of the empire, had been destroyed, and a certain priest, seeing this, undertook a pilgrimage through the empire, begging alms wherever he went, until at last he had collected sufficient money to erect a new image. Upon the occasion of the festivals held in honor of its completion, the emperor ordered the Shogun Yoritomo to superintend the ceremonies, during which he was struck by the ambition to set up a like statue in his own eastern provinces, for the protection and welfare of his family and clansmen. Yoritomo died without having fulfilled his intention, which, however, had been made known to his wife and to one of the ladies of the palace named Ita. Upon the death of Yoritomo, Ita, protected by the Shogun and by Yoritomo's widow, who had now become a nun, and enjoyed so great political power that she is known in history as the Nun-Shogun, set forth on a pilgrimage, during which she collected a sum of money which enabled her to erect a great wooden Buddha, and a temple to hold it, which were consecrated in the year 1228 A.D. But there came a great typhoon, in which the temple was blown down, and the wooden image, exposed to the rain and the weather, soon began to rot away. Nothing daunted, Ita only determined to try again, and this time she resolved that her work should be more lasting. Having obtained the Shogun's leave, she started on a new pilgrimage, and so successful was she, that at the beginning of the last half of the thirteenth century she erected the present bronze figure, together with a grand hall and a gate with two guardian gods. In the year 1495 all the buildings were destroyed and washed away by a tidal wave which swept over the country, and the great Buddha, with his pedestal, alone remained standing. But the place became deserted and overgrown with grass and rank vegetation, so that its existence was almost forgotten until, some two hundred years later, it was cleared of the rubbish and brush-wood by a famous priest called Yuten, aided by a friend from Yedo. These two built a small temple by the side of the great image, in which they collected as relics all that remained of the former temple, and of a still older shrine called Shôjôsenji, which had stood upon the same spot since the beginning of the eighth century, and which had been famous in its day as the repository of certain precious copies of the Buddhist sacred books, and of other relics which had been brought from China.

The inside of the great Buddha is fitted up as a chapel, in which is laid up a small shrine containing an image of the god Shaka Niyorai. The walls are much defiled with the names and inscriptions of foreign visitors, who have not even spared the stone on which is graven the prayer, "*Namu Amida Butsu*,"—"Save us, Eternal Buddha."

SUNDAY MORNING.

THIS graphic picture shows us half a dozen English charity scholars on their way to church, in their quaint uniform of high caps and short sleeves. Picturesque as the dress may be, the faces of the wearers show that they wince at being thus set apart from the rest of the world, and long for the day when they can indemnify

themselves by the largest of chignons and the highest of high-heeled shoes. In this land of freedom they would not need to wait long before undergoing this transformation, and investing their first month's wages in pinchbeck jewelry and artificial flowers; but in England, where these aspiring impulses are repressed with a sterner hand, they will probably have to con-

tinue the neat kerchiefs and tidy aprons which our handmaidens spurn as degrading badges of service. The trouble is that in our impetuous country we too often forget that he who would command must first learn to obey, and that discipline underlies all effective action. This is a lesson which we need to learn in all ranks of life, and the sooner it is taught both rulers and ruled, the better it will be for America.

This in no way extends to public gatherings, where the guarantee of supposed equality which results from the fact of knowing the same host does not exist. But in drawing-rooms the rule is absolute: every body may talk to every body. This is an intelligent and most practical custom. It facilitates conversation; it dispels all awkwardness toward your neighbor; it melts cold natures; it makes it possible to pass a pleasant

to put a name upon them, not to authorize them to converse; for that act no permission is required. The French have such a need of talk, and, generally, they talk so well, that it is easy to understand how this rule grew up. But the explanation should not be limited to that one cause. Sociableness is quite as real a necessity for them as chatter is, and the first condition of its practice is that all needless barriers should be



SUNDAY MORNING.

FRENCH SOCIETY.

ONE of the highest merits of the French system of manners is that it tacitly lays down the principle that all persons meeting in the same house know each other without the formality of introduction. Any man may ask any girl to dance, or speak to any body at a private party.

hour in a house where you do not know a soul; it gives a look of warmth and unity to a room. No one is obliged to sit gloomily and in silence between two repelling strangers. If you want to speak you are sure of a listener. Of course people are regularly introduced to each other by the master or the mistress, especially at dinner-parties: but in those cases the object is

suppressed between persons of the same society. So, for this reason too, liberty of acquaintance has been adopted in-doors. Its effect on manners, strictly so called, is to polish them still further; for though you have the indisputable right to begin a conversation with the lady next to you whom you have never seen before, you can only do so on condition of employing all the

themselves by the largest of chignons and the highest of high-heeled shoes. In this land of freedom they would not need to wait long before undergoing this transformation, and investing their first month's wages in pinchbeck jewelry and artificial flowers; but in England, where these aspiring impulses are repressed with a sterner hand, they will probably have to con-

most respectful shades of attitude and language. You can not jump into intimacy with her, and can only profit by her presence provided you show yourself to be well worthy of it. Between men these obligations are naturally less strict, though they continue to exist in a great degree, and involve the use of courteous forms and of much more ceremony than is necessary between previous friends. The principle which tempo-

every lady they may encounter upon a staircase; and if she does not return the courtesy you may be sure from that single fact she is not a Frenchwoman. These acts, and others like them, are very civilizing; they add much of grace to life; they induce external consideration and respect for others. The style in which they are executed gives you an instantaneous and generally correct idea of the entire manners of the performer.

in London, with a view to afford religious and other instruction, combined with certain social and industrial advantages. The method of procedure is somewhat as follows: A convenient meeting-place, usually a school or mission room, having been obtained, a lady of mature years and matronly habits is chosen as superintendent. The women meet once a week from two till four in the afternoon. After a short prayer the per-

their husbands and children, are all the better for mixing in this quiet fashion with their neighbors, while the industrial advantages are on this wise. Each mother pays a weekly subscription toward the piece of material which she desires to make up, getting for 10d. what she would pay a shilling for at the shop, while the lady superintendent often assists the makers by having their patterns ready cut out upon their arrival. The



A MOTHERS' MEETING.

rarily equalizes all the people who are united under the same roof has other applications besides this one. It is a consequence of the self-same theory which obliges men to raise their hats when they enter a railway carriage, or an omnibus, or a waiting-room, or a shop, or any covered place where they find other people. It is the same feeling which leads them to bow respectfully to

A MOTHERS' MEETING.

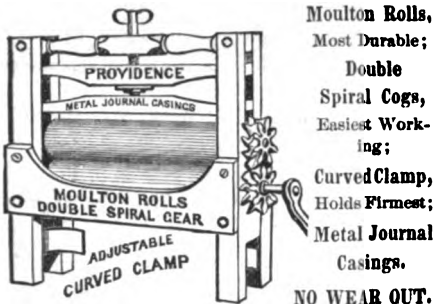
OWING to domestic exigencies, such as the cooking of meals and the care of young children, many mothers among the poorer classes are rarely able to attend a place of worship. To provide for this want, such meetings as that depicted in our engraving have been organized

sons assembled begin to ply their needles industriously, while the presiding lady reads from the Bible, with comments such as a friend who knows the peculiar wants of her hearers can make. This reading is, perhaps, followed by a chapter from some interesting story. The social advantages are great, for women who pass day after day in their own rooms, seeing nobody but

meeting is closed with prayer, and with a few words from the clergyman of the district. We are informed that the mothers value the religious instruction most highly, and that these gatherings are often very successful without the introduction of needle-work; but it seems to us that its addition must act as a charm against the tedium which some might otherwise feel.

100

Providence Wringer, NEW 1872.



PROVIDENCE TOOL COMPANY,
11 Warren St., N. Y., and PROV., R. I.

We request the ladies to judge from personal examination whether it is any exaggeration to say the

"FAMILY FAVORITE"

will execute a greater variety of sewing, with fewer attachments and less annoyance, than any other

SEWING MACHINE.

Universal adaptation, unequalled beauty and simplicity, perfection of material, and style of construction and finish recommend it as **THE BEST.**

WEED SEWING MACHINE CO.

Salesrooms in Every City.



H.W. COLLENDER, Successor to PHELAN & COLLENDER.
738 Broadway, New York.
ILLUSTRATED PRICE-LIST SENT BY MAIL.

AN INDISPENSABLE HAND-BOOK for every member of a deliberative body:

Cushing's Manual OF PARLIAMENTARY PRACTICE.

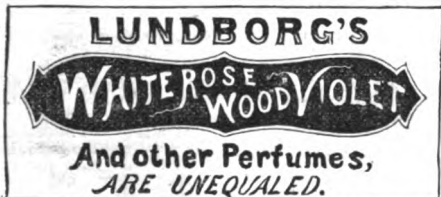
Rules of proceeding and debate in deliberative assemblies, by Hon. Luther S. Cushing.
"The most authoritative expounder of American Parliamentary Law."—Charles Sumner, March 27, 1872.
The standard authority in the Legislatures of nearly every State in the Union. Price 65 cents. For sale by all Booksellers. Sent by mail on receipt of price.
THOMPSON, BIGELOW, & BROWN, Pub'rs, Boston.

ELGIN'S "PHANTOM."

The rapid growth into public favor, and the constantly increasing popularity of this *Beautiful Face Powder* is due to the simple fact that it gives to the skin a clearness and softness, and to the complexion a brilliancy and beauty attainable by the use of no other Powder, Lily White, or Tablet in the market. Price, 25c. and 50c. per box. Sample packages of the powder free by all druggists.
JOHN F. HENRY, Wholesale Agent, New York.

LADIES!

Dr. Kennedy's Hair Tea will prevent the hair from falling out, and preserve its health and beauty. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.



Agents—Wanted \$75 to \$250 per month, every where, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid, and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only \$15. Fully licensed and warranted for five years. We will pay \$1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth can not be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from \$75 to \$250 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.

CORNICES, Lloyd's Patent Adjustable, to fit all windows. G. L. KELTY & COMPANY, 734 Broadway, N. Y.

BAZAR Cut Paper Patterns, For Ladies, Misses, Girls, and Children of Both Sexes.

The great design of the proprietors of the Bazar Patterns is to furnish cut paper patterns of every description, and for every size, at a moderate price. These patterns are intended to be the most perfect, the most practical, and the most economical ever produced in this country, and so arranged as to be easily understood by those not accustomed to making their own garments. We avoid as far as possible every form of extravagance in cutting up material, at the same time combining all that is desirable with fashion and good taste. Our business will be conducted in a spirit of progress. Every pattern we issue will be the product of the ablest and most experienced gentlemen dressmakers in the country, all under the supervision of Mr. Moechowitz, a gentleman who stands at the head of his profession, and who is unquestionably the ablest dressmaker in the United States. What Worth is to Paris, Moechowitz is to New York—the highest authority on all matters pertaining to fashion. We have carefully prepared a catalogue of 98 pages, containing over two hundred figures, showing the leading fashions of the day. From this catalogue may be selected patterns of every description and of every size, ranging from 30 to 46 inches bust measure; also for misses from 10 to 16 years of age, and for children of both sexes under 10. On receipt of postage stamp, the above catalogue will be sent to any address free of charge. In this catalogue will be found a list of two valuable premiums, both of which are offered to subscribers for *Harper's Bazar*. One subscriber will get at least one of these premiums, and we confidently assert that, for liberality and magnitude, the premiums offered to each and every new subscriber for the *Bazar* have no parallel, an offer in which thousands of families will be benefited, and will, we trust, be the means of adding much to the comfort and economy of every household. We are confident that this premium will be hailed with delight by every lady in the land. For terms to Agents, or for catalogues, address

JAMES M'CALL & CO.,
548 Broadway, New York.

Important to Ladies.—Read the following extraordinary offer: The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co. manufacture and warrant two different Sewing Machines, one called the *Elliptic*, the other called the *Wheeler & Wilson*. The *Elliptic* Machine excels in many important points. It is so light that a child can run it with ease; or an invalid, whose strength is sufficient to walk about the house or to do the work of a child ten years old, can sew all day without being over-fatigued. It is impossible to convey by language a tithe of the merits belonging to this deservedly popular Machine. To see it perform the different operations, such as hemming, felling, gathering, embroidering, tucking, cording, frilling, quilting, fringing, etc., it seems more like a thing of life than a machine moved by the will of the operator. It has adjustable gauges for every description of work, and can be changed in a moment of the *Elliptic* Machine in a family is almost incredible—with one, a good operator can do the work of twelve hands. A breadth of a skirt can be sewed in less than a minute; a gentleman's fine shirt can be made in three hours; or a child's dress, with many tiny pleats, in less time than the hands can fold them—in fact, every description of sewing is reduced from a question of hours to one of minutes. We make the following offer: Any person in the United States desiring one of these celebrated Machines can buy one and pay for it in work (not sewing) furnished at their own home. The work is pleasant and profitable, and can be accomplished by any lady, old or young. We send circulars on receipt of stamp. Address

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,
548 Broadway, New York.

J. B. SMALL, Manufacturer of Cut Paper Patterns for Ladies', Misses', Boys', and Children's Garments, of all ages and sizes. We furnish Harper & Brothers with all the suits of Cut Paper Patterns issued with this paper. Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Address

J. B. SMALL, 648 Broadway, New York.



No. 822, Front and Back View
Lady's Polonaise Over-Dress, with Cape. Nine even sizes, 30 to 46 inches bust measure. Sent on receipt of 25 cents and measure.
J. B. Small's Cut Paper Patterns have a printed label, showing their size, the amount of cloth, trimming, &c., required, with instruction for cutting and making, and a Picture of the garment when finished.

COLORED FASHION PLATE,
For Spring Styles, will be ready March 1st. Sent on receipt of 25 cents; or, with Four Cut Paper Patterns on plate, for 60 cents.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND.

By MRS. CORNELIUS.
The most reliable Cook-Book and guide for the duties of the household published. Price \$1.50. Interleaved, \$2.50. For sale by all Booksellers. Sent by mail on receipt of price.
THOMPSON, BIGELOW, & BROWN, Publishers, Boston.



You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 octave Pianos for \$290? We answer—It costs less than \$300 to make any \$600 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per cent. profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant Five Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to 300 Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories.
U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, New York.

COLGATE & CO'S CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP has a novel but very delightful per- fume, and is in every respect superior for TOILET USE. Sold by dealers in perfumery and Toilet Articles.

WARREN WARD & CO., ESTABLISHED 1850,

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers, are prepared to furnish Country Cottages, City Residences, and Hotels with first-class

FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY, at as low prices as the same quality of goods can be furnished in the city. All goods warranted.

SPRING, cor. CROSBY ST., NEW YORK.



THE "LIGHT RUNNING"
"DOMESTIC"
"BEST
TO USE."
"EASIEST
TO SELL."
S. M. Agents:
It don't pay you
to fight the best
machine. Prove
our claims. Get
the agency and
sell it.
"DOMESTIC" S. M. Co., 96 Chambers St., N. Y.

Cut Paper Patterns OF LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS IN HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADUATED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are fitted with the greatest accuracy, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, SO AS TO BE ADJUSTED BY THE MOST INEXPERIENCED. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

LADY'S GORED WRAPPER.....	No. 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK.....	" 11
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 17
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old).....	" 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old).....	" 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old).....	" 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 29
BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, and KNICKERBOCKERS (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old).....	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt).....	" 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 37
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER.....	" 39
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 41
GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP.....	" 43
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 45
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt.....	" 47
WATTEAU MANTLE, with 3-Pleat Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 49
MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 51
WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt.....	" 53

Vol. V.	
DOUBLE-BREADED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER.....	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers).....	" 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 8
DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT.....	" 11
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postillon, and Walking Skirt.....	" 13
MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT, with Cape.....	" 15
TALMA, with Potted Hood, Postillon Waist, Dolly Varden Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 20

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for \$2.00. No patterns separated or exchanged.
In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. STINSON & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

Harper & Brothers' Latest Publications.

TALMAGE'S SERMONS. Sermons by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. 12mo, Cloth, \$3 00.

HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD DICKENS. OLIVER TWIST. With 28 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1 00.

MARTIN CHuzzleWIT. With 50 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, \$1 50; Cloth, \$1 50.

TYERMAN'S WESLEY. The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. LUKK TYERMAN, Author of "The Life of Rev. Samuel Wesley." Portraits. Complete in 3 vols., Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$2 50 per vol.

GRIF. A Story of Australian Life. By B. L. FARJEON, Author of "Joshua Marvel," "Blade-o'-Grass," &c. 8vo, Paper, 40 cents.

LORD BROUGHAM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Life and Times of HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM. Written by Himself. Complete in 3 vols., 12mo, Cloth, \$3 00 per vol.

MAUD MOHAN. A Novel. By ANNIE THOMAS, Author of "Denis Donne," "On Guard," "Playing for High Stakes," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

BALDWIN'S ANCIENT AMERICA. Ancient America, in Notes on American Archaeology. By JOHN D. BALDWIN, A.M., Author of "Pre-Historic Nations," &c. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00.

MUSIC AND MORALS. By Rev. H. R. HAWKES, M.A. With Illustrations and Diagrams. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 75.

COMFORT'S FIRST GERMAN READER. The First German Reader: to succeed the "First Book in German." By GEORGE F. COMFORT, A.M., Professor of Modern Languages and Aesthetics in Syracuse University, N.Y., and Author of "A German Series." 12mo, Cloth, 50 cents.

CECIL'S TRIEST. A Novel. By the Author of "Bred in the Bone," "Won-Not Wood," "Carlyon's Year," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

MUNSON'S PHONOGRAPHY. The Complete Phonographer: being an Inductive Exposition of Phonography, with its Application to all Branches of Reporting, and affording the Full Instruction to those who have not the Assistance of an Oral Teacher; also intended as a School-Book. By JAMES E. MUNSON, Official Stenographer to the Surrogate's Court of New York. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00.

BARNES'S NOTES ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. New Edition. Revised, with Maps and Illustrations. The following volumes are now ready: Gospels, 2 vols.; Acts, 1 vol.; Romans, 1 vol.; First Corinthians, 1 vol.; Second Corinthians and Galatians, 1 vol. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50 per vol.

LIBRARY EDITION OF MISS MULOCK'S WORKS. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50 per vol.

Hannah.—Olive.—Ogilvie.—The Head of the Family.—John Halifax.—Agatha's Husband.—A Life for a Life.—Two Marriages.—Christian's Mistake.—A Noble Life.—A Hero.—Studies from Life.—The Fairy Book.—Unkind Word.—Mistress and Maid.—The Woman's Kingdom.—Nearly Ready, A Brave Lady.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of their works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.



Beautifies the complexion by removing Pimples and all other disagreeable disorders of the skin. Twenty-five cents per box. JOHN F. HENRY, Sole Proprietor, No. 8 College Place, New York.

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key-Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples, and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

\$425 A MONTH! Horse and Carriage furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

TERMS for 1872.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year.....\$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year.....4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year.....4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, \$10 00; or any two for \$7 00.
An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR will be supplied gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS at \$4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for \$20 00, without extra copy.

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the old and new one must be given.
In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, \$500; Half Page, \$250; Quarter Page, \$150—each insertion.
Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, \$2 00 per Line; Outside Page, \$4 00 per Line—each insertion.
Harper's Bazar.—\$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, \$1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

FACETIÆ.

A PARTY of men animatedly engaged in discussing politics before a country store attracted the attention of an aged agriculturist. "There's sumthin in the matter here," he observed to his wife; and, halting his team, he lightly shouted to a consumptive individual on the outskirts, "What's a-foot?"

"Twelve inches," was the sardonic reply. The aged agriculturist swore some and drove on.

"Come, sheer off," as the ram said to the man who was cutting off his wool.

The inspiration of some poets is only—inspiration, after all.

CUTTING IT FINE.—A young lady at an evening party some time ago found it apropos to use the expression, "Jordan is a hard road to travel;" but, thinking that too vulgar, substituted the following: "Perambulating progression in pedestrian excursion along the far-famed thoroughfare of fortune cast up by the banks of the sparkling river of Palestine is, indeed, attended with a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforeseen difficulties."

Why is a bird a greedy creature?—Because it never eats less than a peck.

A Philadelphia editor, who exclaims against people calling on him who have nothing to do and nothing to say, and think that he has nothing to write, and are fond of nothingness in general, puts the following in the front page: "We have rented an office in the top of the shot-tower, and have planted torpedoes and spring-guns all the way up the stairs."

FRIGHTS AND FASHIONS.

Men laughed, when wearing pig-tails was the rule, At one who wore no pig-tail as a fool. She that hair-powder, patches, paint, eschewed Was funny to the female multitude. When woman-kind their waists made long or short, Whose waist was Nature's waist, she moved their sport. In days of crinoline's extent immense, Attired in skirts of just circumference. Amid the modish throng if one appeared, The others at her for a "dowdy" sneered. Now chignons are in vogue, they deem her odd Who fails to pile the fashionable wad Aloft, like towers of Cybele, and groan Beneath a load of hair that's not her own. The crowd their ears with pendants who adorn A lady without ear-rings hold in scorn; Who fish-bones through their nostrils thrust, so those The fair who wears no fish-bone in her nose.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.—The gas bill.

INGENIOUS CROSS-QUESTIONING.

The other day, in a railroad car, I sat next to a little long-nosed man with red whiskers. Opposite to us sat a middle-aged lady in black. The little man stared at her very hard, sidged a good deal, and opened a conversation:

"In mourning, ma'am, I see."

"Eh? Yes." (Spoken rather sharply.)

"Sad thing that. One of the old people, perhaps?"

"No."

"One of the young ones? Baby, eh?"

"I have no babies."

"Of course not. The gov'nor—husband, you know?"

"Yes" (very sharply.)

"Sorry for that. Sudden, perhaps?"

"No."

"Ah! lingering business: that's worse sometimes. In trade, was he?"

"He was a sailor."

"Caught a fever, perhaps?"

"He was drowned."

After a pause: "Save his chest?"

"My husband's effects were not lost."

"Religious sort of man, was he?"

"Yes, he was."

"Glad of that. Suppose you are glad the chest wasn't lost?"

"I suppose so."

After another pause: "I suppose you'll be getting married again soon?"

The lady made no reply to this, but got out at the next station.

The little long-nosed man looked round as though in search of another victim. At last he fixed on me.

"Got a hat-band on, I see."

"Yes, I put it on because my hat was shabby."

After a brief interval:

"Would you feel inclined to swap your umbrella for my walking-stick and a dollar?"

I felt that the time had come for decisive action. I struck the miscreant dead at my feet, and stepped out upon the platform. I believe he is buried now. I have heard no more of him since.

It is impossible to say how many dog-days there are in a year, because every dog has his day.

A funny friend of ours says he only backed one horse in his life, and that was into a shop window.

Carpenters frequently become not only bores, but also sometimes annoy people with their old saws.

A Massachusetts girl announces, through the advertising columns of the local paper, that she "takes this method of informing a certain young man that the next time he desires to gaze upon her forty-five mortal minutes without winking his eyes, that she will consider herself highly favored if he will close his mouth, and not sit there like a young robin awaiting the parent bird."



WHAT NEXT?

MISTRESS (to new house-maid). "Jane, I'm quite surprised to hear you can't Read or Write! I'm sure one of my Daughters would gladly undertake to Teach you—" MAID. "Oh Lor', Mum, if the Young Ladies would be so kind as to learn me any thing, I should so like to Play the Planner!"



FASHIONABLE AND APPROPRIATE COSTUMES FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

ALICE. "Do pray take my Umbrella, Fanny dear! I'm just at Home!"



THE INTERESTING EVENT.

CURLY POLL. "So that's the new Baby the Doctor has sent here to Mamma, Freddy?" FREDDY. "Yes. And don't it Squeal? And I do say it's a great Shame of the Doctor to send Babies when People are Ill, like poor Mamma. I Hate him!"

A ludicrous incident lately occurred on a Mississippi steamer, which we relate as a warning to those who attempt to change the personal adornments which nature has given them. A man who was journeying to Texas with his wife thought he would enjoy the luxury of shaving and shampooing. While this was going on he concluded to surprise his wife, and at his request his eyebrows and whiskers were changed from a fiery red to raven blackness, and his head shaved. He hastened to his state-room, but was met at the door by his spouse, outraged by the intrusion of a stranger, as she supposed, and admittance refused. He called himself her husband; she said he was an impostor. He attempted to explain; it was useless. A crowd gathered round, and the laugh became general. At last, in his perplexity, the Hoosier exclaimed, "Sallie, look at my feet!" One glance at the pedal appendages assured her.

"Yes, John," she said, "I know them feet. They can come in; but keep that head out of sight."

A young country friend of ours says that she never walks across her father's fields, because they're too stille-ah for her.

"Why, my little boy, did that hulking big fellow hit you on purpose?" "No, Sir; he hit me on the head."

A SMART SHEPHERD.—A Wisconsin paper says: "A wolf strayed into our Union Church last Sunday during service, and was so affected by an ounce of lead that was presented to him that he was unable to leave." We trust that the divine who preached that sermon will be employed to exterminate the wolves of the district.

FUN AT THE MENAGERIE.

I like the armadillo, I respect the kangaroo, I'm "nuts" upon the monkeys, and adore the cockatoo; I believe there's latent talent in the wombat and the stoat, And I think the hippopotamus entitled to a vote.

I know not why or wherefore, but, however it may be, The beaver (*Castor fiber*) has a nameless charm for me; I've met with true politeness from the lynx; and, 'pon my soul, I can not speak too highly of the common Yankee mole.

I love to watch the creatures, and to learn their little games; I call them from my fancy all the prettiest pet names; There's the camel, "Humpty-Dumpty;" "Neck-or-Nothing," the giraffe; "Jolly Gnash," the old hyena, with his idiotic laugh.

I mark the restless motions of the more ferocious lots— How the tigers shift their places, and the leopards change their spots; I visit, too, the burly bear, and give my wonted dole. (N.B.—The polar bear is not the bear that climbs the pole.)

Then let us be to every beast a patron and a friend; Each tells his tale, each has his aim, as sure as he's his end; A lesson's to be learned from them, and man himself may steal Some new light from the tapir, some impression from the seal.

A writer severely describes the exodus at Eden, saying, "The devil drove woman out of paradise." Yes, yes, but he could not drive paradise out of woman.

A sporting gentleman, who boasts of having a very correct watch, said to a friend with whom he was riding a long way across country to a meet, pulling out his watch, "If the sun isn't over that hill in a minute and a half, he will be too late."

Why is the letter R very unfortunate?—Because it is always in trouble, wretchedness, and misery, is the beginning of riot and ruin, and is never found in peace, innocence, or love.

A gamester once made a wooden house out of his winnings. He used to say it was all made out of deals.

STONY-HEARTED.—Young Scattercash, seeing in the paper a statement that Dr. Quain had been lecturing on diseases of the walls of the heart, says he can understand now why his appeals have failed to elicit any pecuniary response from his gov'nor.

The walls of the old boy's heart must, he says, be of Portland stone, and have broken glass on the top, for he can't get over them!

A young married couple, who have recently been furnishing, say they don't find dumb-walters answer.

The last invention is a scarecrow. Not only does it frighten away crows, but crows are so alarmed that they usually bring back any corn they may have stolen prior to the establishment of the said scarecrow.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.—A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a very great deal of lying.

A well-known clergyman, walking along the streets a few days since, met a lady for whom he had recently performed the marriage-service. Desiring to renew the acquaintance (for the lady had interested him greatly at the time), he accosted her with the remark, "Madam, did I not have the pleasure of marrying you a few days since?" "I was married, Sir."

"Yes, I thought I was not mistaken; I married you."

"Indeed! Well, I thought my husband was a much younger man than you are, but I have not seen enough of him to make his acquaintance thoroughly. By-the-way, my dear, my chignon is getting shabby; please give me some money to buy a water-fall."

Evidently this was more than the clergyman bargained for, and, with a hasty bow, accompanied by the remark, "No, you are not the lady—I am mistaken," he took his leave.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

BEDELL'S
Stationery
and
Book Store
TRENTON, N.J.

V.—No. 21.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1872.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



FIGS. 1-5.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 846.]

Fig. 1.—VEST-BASQUE, WITH OVER-SKIRT AND KILT-PLEATED SKIRT, FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 15 YEARS OLD (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

Fig. 2.—SILK AND CASHMERE DRESS.

Fig. 3.—DRESS FOR CHILD UNDER ONE YEAR OLD.

Fig. 4.—BUFF LINEN DRESS.

Fig. 5.—LIGHT BROWN PONGEE WALKING DRESS.

[Cut Paper Patterns of Vest-Basque, with Over-Skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt, graded to fit Girl from 5 to 15 Years old, from 22 to 32 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

THE CONCERT.

Such a concert, dear, as I've had to-night!
Full of sweet sound and deep delight;
And yet "the house" was poor:
Poor, if you count by crowded seats;
But judging only by glad heart-beats,
'Twas a splendid house, I'm sure.

First, Baby sang as well as she could
Some sweet little notes that I understood;
And wee Kate's chirp of a laugh broke out
As Willy ran in with a merry shout;
The pussy purred on the rug in state,
And the good clock ticked, "It's late! It's late!"
While over the fire the kettle sang
Its cheery song with the least little twang.

That was Part First, you must know, my dear,
When only we five were there to hear.
The fire crackled apiece;
The baby's soft little pat-a-cake
Made reckless *encores* for the music's sake,
And pussy flourished her paws.

Well, the Second Part? Ah, that was fine—
Fine to the heart's core, lover mine!
For over the kettle's winsome plaint,
And the baby's breathing, sweet and faint,
And over the prattle of Will and Kate,
And the clock's impatient "Late! It's late!"
I heard the blessed sound of all—
A click of the latch, a step in the hall!
And "Home, sweet Home," pulsed all the air
As you came calling up the stair.

Ladies' and Children's Suits, Figs. 1-5.

See illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—VEST-BASQUE, WITH OVER-SKIRT AND KILT-PLEATED SKIRT, FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 15 YEARS OLD (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This pretty suit is made of buff pongee, and trimmed with folds of the material and fringe. A detailed description of it will be found in the New York Fashions article. The pattern is graded to fit girls from 5 to 15 years old, in eleven sizes, from 22 to 32 inches bust measure. The size is taken by passing a tape measure entirely around the body, under the arms. No other size is required.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

This pattern comprises three articles—vest-basque, over-skirt, and kilt-pleated walking skirt. VEST-BASQUE.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, back, side back, and sleeve. It is fitted to the figure by one dart on each side and cross basque seams in front, and by a middle and side back. The bottom of the front is shaped to form a vest, with one long point on each side; it is short at the seams under the arms, which are left open to the waist line. The back is deep, and has an extra width cut on at the waist line of each side back and middle back seam, which is laid in two box-pleats on the upper side—one on each side of the middle of the back. The front closes to the neck with buttons and button-holes. The coat sleeve is sewed plain in the armhole. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back of the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. The small holes show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, where to take up the darts and cross basque seams, and where to sew on the trimming in front. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for the other seams. Put the pattern together by the notches.

OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, back, side gore for the back, and strap for draping. Cut the front and back with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam. Cut the gores lengthwise of the goods, and join them with the front and back breadths according to the notches. Lay the top of the back breadth and gores in side pleats, and sew it to the belt. The front is sewed to the belt plain. Lay four pleats on the front side seams, turning upward. Place the three holes evenly together, thus forming a pleat. The single holes at the middle of the back and at each side back seam show where to tack the tape for draping the skirt. The notches show how to put the pattern together. The twelve holes on the front side seam show where to lay the four pleats.

KILT-PLEATED WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, back, side gore, and section of kilt pleating. Cut the front and back breadths with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam. Cut two pieces like the pattern given of the side gore, and put the pattern together by the notches. Gather the top of the side gores and back breadth and sew to the belt. The section of trimming shows the depth of the kilt pleating, and the notches at the top show where to lay the pleats, which are formed by placing two notches evenly together. A quarter of an inch is allowed for seams.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for the suit, for girl five years old, 6½ yards.
Add three-quarters of a yard for every year.
Quantity of fringe, 4 yards.

Fig. 2.—SILK AND CASHMERE DRESS. High waist and skirt of gray silk; the latter is trimmed with a kilt pleating and gathered flounce of the material. Sleeveless basque and over-skirt of gray cashmere, trimmed with kilt pleating and folds of the material and gray woolen guipure lace.

Fig. 3.—DRESS FOR CHILD UNDER ONE YEAR OLD. White cambric dress, trimmed with needle-work frills and insertion. Cherry silk sash.

Fig. 4.—BUFF LINEN DRESS. Double skirt and basque, trimmed with ruffles and folds of the material. Black straw hat, with black feathers and lace.

Fig. 5.—LIGHT BROWN PONGEE WALKING SUIT. Double skirt and vest-basque, trimmed with folds and bows of the material and black lace. Black lace bonnet.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1872.

WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY the Publishers will send out gratuitously a RICHLY ILLUSTRATED EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a great variety of fresh and interesting reading matter.

Cut Paper Patterns of the Vest-Basque, with Over-Skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain numerous full-sized Patterns, with Illustrations and Descriptions, of Ladies' House and Street Dresses; Lace Over-Skirts and Jackets; a great variety of Parasols; Coats, Cloaks, Paletots, Basques, and Mantlets for Children from 2 to 14 years old; Work-Bags, Knitting-needle Cases, Vignettes, Embroidery Patterns, Parasol Covers, etc., etc.; together with brilliant literary and artistic attractions.

READING.

ONE often looks with commiseration upon those who do not know how to read. In the busiest and poorest life there are moments when man or woman could snatch a few lines for cheer and thought from a book or newspaper; could forget the carking cares, the gaping wants, the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, in reading; could live for a little the ideal life, and be transported into and taste the flavor of other and more favored spheres of being. And how do these people employ their idle time? Does the give and take of gossip satisfy the craving for something new and different? Does time ever hang heavy on their hands when the day's work is done or interrupted? When the weather is too bitter for Pat to work on the railroad, and there are no paths to dig and no wood to saw, does a wild hunger ever beset him to read and fill the gap with precious material? Or is it that, never having known that blessing, he is spared the longing? We are apt to think, perhaps, that the number of illiterate is small in this enlightened age and country; and we say with pride that no child need grow up unlettered, that our common schools have clipped the wings of ignorance. Yet those to whom reading is a dead letter swarm in our streets, toil in our mills and kitchens. It is not a pleasant reflection to a lover of books, to one who loves to loiter in this world of fancy and fiction, to follow the "fairy tales of science," the "long results of time" which the panorama of geology reveals, the subtleties of science, the procession of kings and martyrs down the historic page, which seems to flash with bayonet points—to such a reader it is not a pleasant reflection that all this is a feast from which multitudes of their fellow-men are shut out as effectually as if an angel with flaming sword stood in the way. These have never hung breathless over NAPOLEON'S triumphs and defeats, nor watched the Crusaders vanish into the twilight fairy-land of the East, nor felt their hearts beat with "stout CORTEZ," when he stood

"Silent upon a peak in Darien."

They have never lost their way in the enchanted gardens of ARIOSTO, nor sounded the depths with DANTE, nor soared with the sweet singers of Israel. For them SHAKESPEARE neither lived nor wrote. They have never shed a tear over the "Heir of Redcliffe" or little Nell, nor reached a hand to Christian across the Slough of Despond; it is possible that they may never have heard of the purse of Fortunatus, of Cinderella's slipper, of the Arabian Nights, exhalant an odor of frankincense and myrrh. All the pleasant paths of literature are untrodden by their feet; its wide prospects allure them not; its mountain-tops are hidden in perpetual fogs and clouds. We do not dispute but that there are other sources than books from which one may learn: the fiction of daily life teaches something to the saddest clod; the passers in the street, the clashing of temperaments in a household, the haggling in the market-place, speak to the humblest and most uninstructed intellect; but this special branch of education and amusement is beyond their reach. Year after year the sap circulates, the foliage thickens, the fruit ripens, while only some chance windfall accrues to their share: only when the words of the wise have become commonplaces of every-day talk, belong to the atmosphere of the time, do the great unlettered inherit them.

Perhaps from being long accustomed to the high privilege of reading ourselves—since abuses are sometimes the offshoots of

long-established privileges—it has escaped us that there is a tax upon luxuries; that we owe a duty to the less favored among us; that knowledge is not something exclusively our own, something to be hoarded like gold, something to be spent for our own glory, to circulate among a select few, to bequeath to our heirs; but must be passed on from mind to mind, increasing as it goes. Nothing of it is to be kept in reserve, or squandered for private enjoyment or profit.

When we have clothed the naked, fed the hungry, and sheltered the houseless, do we not flatter ourselves that we have satisfied the demands of charity? But the vacant, uninformed mind suffers more than flesh and blood, works more mischief than the hungry stomach, votes the wrong ticket, destroys the statue of Minerva, plunders its friends. How much that is mischievous in any community may be attributed to ignorance achieving its blind revenge!

We know that there is much being done to remedy the evil. There are evening schools where old women are not ashamed to learn side by side with feeble children, showing the life-long hunger of the brain; but in almost every kitchen, in every neighborhood, there are dormant intellects waiting for the divine spark to kindle them, for the "open, sesame," to the highway of learning; and who can estimate the advantage of teaching one person to read, of helping one mind to grope its way out of darkness into light?

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Binding Edges.

MY DEAR DANIEL,—What is that subtle resemblance by which upon our journey one thing reminds us of another which seems to be wholly different? I was driving yesterday with a friend in the outskirts of the city, and as I looked at the wretched houses, the waste places, the pigs, the squalor, and negligence, I found myself thinking of my little cousin Betty in years so far away that it seems as if they never were. My little cousin Betty was industrious, but impatient; and I remember that as she sat "doing her sewing lesson," as she called it, while I was struggling with my Latin grammar, she constantly broke out into whimpering petulance: "This work is very nice except the edge, and that's horrid!" And how often did little Betty come with uncontrollable feeling to her mother and say, "There it is again! Oh, mamma, it's all raveling out!" I used to forget masculine nouns in *us* and feminine nouns in *a* for a few moments while I saw the sad spectacle, and wondered whether the whole piece was likely to "ravel out." I could not understand why it should not, and I shall never forget the quiet tone in which my aunt said to her daughter, "Bind the edges, little Betty: turn the edges and bind them prettily, and they will not ravel out."

My gracious aunt and little Betty sew no more, but that domestic wisdom has always lingered in my mind. Since those days I have seen hundreds of Bettys, old and young, whimpering over the edges that were raveling out, and I have echoed my aunt's quiet counsel, "Bind the edges, little Betty!" It is a simple wisdom, but the remedy is very efficacious. Nor have I ever known a time when that counsel might not usefully be recalled and practiced. It has saved to me many a piece of work that must otherwise have disappeared, and I have seen it save the faith and the hope of many wiser people than I. A thousand times, under circumstances in which the exhortation exposed me to the reasonable suspicion of insanity, I have said, "Bind the edges, little Betty!" The Speaker of the House has rapped indignantly to order, as in the midst of one of the eloquent harangues to which it is his privilege to listen for many hours of every day, he has heard a thin quaver from the gallery apparently addressed to the impassioned orator, "Bind the edges, little Betty!" And the severe Vice-President, when I have been observing with awe the august body over which he presides, has suspended the proceedings and commanded the sergeant-at-arms to clear the galleries when a speech which, if it were not that of a Senator, might be described as wandering and maudering, has been interrupted by the same thin treble to which I plead guilty, "Bind the edges, little Betty!"

I thought of it yesterday as I was driving in the outskirts, because as I saw the broken fences, and the heaps of refuse, and the filth and negligence which destroy all the pleasure of driving out of the city and back again, I perceived that it was what my aunt used, I think, to call the selvedge: it was the raveling out of the city at its edge, and I wondered if little Betty would have felt troubled by it had she been with me, and how her mother would have advised that edge to be bound. She need not have despaired, for we do try to bind longer and more unmanageable edges than those of the city. The

country has a selvedge too. What is the long frontier but an edge where civilization ravel out? The barbarous Indian, the more barbarous white man, the deepening savagery which their contact breeds—that is a dangerous selvedge. And what is the good sense and statesmanship of those eloquent orators of whom I spoke saying all the time upon the subject? "Bind the edges, little Betty!" If sometimes the name is strangely changed, and little Betty seems to be transformed into little Phil, it is still the same exhortation: "Don't let it ravel! Bind the edges, little Phil!"

Every thing has an edge, and the edge is inclined to ravel. There are our friends who are zealously interested in the great movement. I don't say what, because to them there is but one great movement. As an observer I know at least twenty great movements, and the earnest friends of each of them mourn that the earnest friends of the nineteen others should waste their zeal upon secondary interests. Each friend says of his movement what I heard a clergyman say last Sunday of his Church. "Every person of sense"—I quote his words—"knows that there is but one true Christian Church"—and modesty did not forbid him to mention that it was his own. Now I have always remarked that in a large wood there are many tracks and paths, some rutted and well-worn, some merely sketched or indicated, as it were, upon the grass or the ground. But I know that they all lead through the wood, and that there are bright flowers and pleasant shade upon all. So I like to see the great movements. My heart sympathizes with them. They are all paths, broader or narrower, leading through the wilderness to a finer civilization.

But all these movements have their edges, their frontiers. What folly and droll extravagance do we not see in all! Here a brother thinks it due to virtue and humanity to brush his hair very smooth, and catch his breath and roll his eyes, and to talk through his nose what would not be very wise or beautiful if it were uttered through his mouth. And another finds it necessary to let his hair grow to his shoulders, and to wear the most fantastic clothes. And others must speak without restraint, vituperating and cursing and sneering and ridiculing, making the most startling assertions in the most offensive way, entirely obscuring the object of the movement in clouds of personal conceit, shocking good taste and outrageous refinement of feeling: all this is the repulsive edge, the savage frontier of the movements. Those who wish to know what it is, and find this, turn away disgusted, and confound the cause with the follies of those who support it. They are like travelers who, hearing of American civilization, of the splendor and comfort and elegance of New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, or Cincinnati, or Chicago, should approach from the Pacific coast and encounter the life of the frontier and the civilization of Poker Flat. If they stopped there, they would hurry back again disheartened and disgusted. So the selvedge, the raveling edges of reforms, often repel the thoughtful and the wise. Who wants to hear a fool twaddle because he announces that he has a mission? Who wishes to hear Lais expound a higher theory of modesty? or Shylock enlarge upon the golden rule? When I go into the meeting and think of the pure cause which is commended by such orators, I rise softly and steal out, whispering to the good genius of the movement, "Bind your edges, little Betty! bind your edges!"

There are other orators and writers, perhaps, whose selvedge is not of the same kind, who ravel out, so to say, differently, but to whom I should humbly offer the same advice. A political orator addresses his fellow-citizens in a time of high excitement. He urges his cause with eloquence and vigor. He sets forth the essential reason of his view and the probabilities of the issue arising from the situation. Then he commends with picturesque fervor the career and the character of his candidate. And then, unluckily, his fine work, like my little cousin Betty's sewing, begins to ravel out. He vehemently denounces motives and asperses and insinuates, and the whole good effect of his speech is likely to be lost from the rancor and malevolence of this edge of it. It all frays out, as my cousin used despairingly to say. My dear, eloquent friend, beware of this. It may raise a laugh for you upon the face of your audience, but it leaves contempt for you in their hearts. "Bind your edges, little Betty! bind your edges!"

Do you never see the same thing elsewhere? It is a delicate subject, my dear Daniel; but may I suggest that I have sometimes wished you had known my aunt and heard her wisdom upon this point? For I have remarked that your manners, which are usually so refined and excellent, do sometimes ravel out at the edge. There is an extravagance of tone, a hysterical liveliness, and with men a little profanity and coarseness.

My dear boy, always avoid the company in which you are willing to tell a coarse jest, because for you it is a demoralizing company. I have seen you and have marked you well, and I believe that you were a thousandfold more chastised by the calm wonder of Plato's look when your speech had raveled out into coarseness than you were gratified by the laugh of the rest. Grossness is never humorous, profanity is never admirable; and if your manner and speech once begin to ravel out upon that edge, all its manliness and charm are in danger. "Bind your edges, little Betty!"

The tailor has just sent me home a summer coat, which he says is very suitable for a man of my years—an expression which always makes me think of Methuselah as a younger brother. I observe that the garment is very neatly finished, and that the edge is bound, modestly bound, with silk. It finishes the work very prettily, and I hope that you will not think me a buck in his dotage. But if I am not so, why should the coat remind me of Orlana, that woman who makes all poetry tedious? Such thoughtful care in the very least details; such regard for every person and for every feeling; such sincerity without extravagance; such warmth without fever; such sweetness and symmetry and firm intelligence! She has bound all her edges with silken modesty. When she was born the good fairies flocked to her cradle, and the best of them (I think it must have been my quiet aunt) wrote upon it as she slept what when she awoke she never forgot, "Bind your edges, little Betty!"

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

GIRL'S VEST-BASQUE SUIT.

THE girl's suit of which we give a cut paper pattern this week is a stylish model for spring and summer fabrics. At present it is made up in alpaca, poplin, cashmere, and silk, and the furnishing houses are preparing similar suits of grenadine, piqué, and colored linens. The skirt has a deep kilt pleating put on plainly without heading, as the upper skirt conceals the seam which attaches it to the skirt. The material for this pleating is cut across the fabric from selvage to selvage, and the selvages are sewed together. Killing of soft materials that do not wash should be lined with coarse Swiss muslin, as this prevents the long pleats from breaking. They are stitched on securely at the top, but are not fastened below. They should be folded flatly, and held in place by a tape stitched underneath them three or four inches above the lowest edge. Pleats an inch and a half or two inches wide are preferred to narrower ones.

The graceful over-skirt is of simple shape, with apron front and draped sides. The basque has postilion pleats behind. It is pointed in front, and trimmed to represent a vest. The point of the vest must be finished by a double waiting cord without trimming. This simulated vest is more easily fitted than a separate vest, and the latter is soon put out of shape by active, restless girls. The vest is often represented by silk of a darker shade than the dress laid smoothly over the basque front.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

The bright warm days of spring have brought into requisition new suits for gentlemen. Fashionably made suits have either a Newmarket coat or a reefing sacque. The vest is usually of the material of the coat. Pantaloons are no longer close-fitting, but are fuller on the limbs, with a tendency to spring at the ankles. They have "welt" seams. Pantaloons bought to wear with various coats are of dark striped cloths and mixtures. Checked trousers, of small black and white or blue and white checks, are also in favor this season.

BUSINESS SUITS.

For business purposes the entire suit is of striped or plain materials: coat, vest, and pantaloons are cut from one piece of cloth. Very dark colors are preferred, such as nut brown, London smoke, and black with hair lines of white. Scotch mixtures, with invisible plaids or stripes, make handsome suits for business and summer traveling. The double-breasted short sacque coat, called a reefing sacque, is preferred for these suits; but the Newmarket shape is also used. The cost of such a suit is from \$55 to \$65.

SEMI-DRESS SUITS.

The suit that answers for most occasions is the semi-dress suit. It is worn at church, when making calls, at the theatre, at informal parties, and on all those occasions that require something more than business attire, yet for which full dress would be overdressing. This suit consists of a frock-coat of black or blue cloth, double-breasted, longer in skirt and waist than formerly, with three buttons to button; the vest is of the cloth of the coat, pantaloons of pale lavender.

With simpler suits more especially designed for morning use, the coat is of blue or black line goods, or in diagonal or else basket figures. It is of Newmarket shape, either double or single breasted, with flaps and pockets.

FULL-DRESS SUITS.

The dress-coat with very low roll is unchanged in shape. The entire suit of black is preferred for ceremonious occasions, although some gen-

tlemen discard black vests at this season, and wear the white vests they formerly thought showy and "countrified."

SPRING OVERCOATS.

Light drab and gray English Meltons and Venetians are chosen for spring overcoats. They are fly-front sacques made with cord seams, and lined throughout with silk. They roll very low in front, and have velvet collars and turned-up cuffs. More dressy overcoats for the opera, weddings, and for carriage wear, over full-dress suits, are of pale cream-colored cloth that is almost white. They are lined throughout with silk.

SUMMER SUITS.

For midsummer wear at the sea-side and watering-places there are suits of white or of navy blue Cheviot—a light twilled Scotch fabric preferred to flannel, and as cool as linen. The suit is all alike, either all white or all blue. The coat is sacque-shaped, either the ordinary single-breasted sacque or the double-breasted reefing sacque. The price is \$55.

HATS.

The dress hat most worn at present is of black silk, with bell crown six and a half inches deep, and lightly curved brim two inches wide, rolled up at the sides. The band is a narrow ribbon about three-quarters of an inch wide. Price \$9. The summer hat for city wear will be of very light pearl gray cassimere, of similar shape to that first described, but slightly lower in the crown, and with wider curled brim. The band and binding are repped ribbon of the color of the hat.

Undress hats of black-felt are in the Derby shape, with high, full, round Derby crown, and heavy brim with round D'Orsay curve. Square-crowned felt hats, called Morton hats, are also fashionable. Handsome imported hats of dark green, brown, or dark felt are called Tavistock hats. Soft-crowned felt hats with wire brims are very popular.

SHIRTS, COLLARS, ETC.

Very plain shirt fronts are chosen for general wear. They are simply three thicknesses of linen, finished on the edge beyond the eyelet-holes by two, three, or four cords stitched in near the edge. As these cords are apt to wear through the linen, many omit them, using only a row of stitching, while others make the garment more dressy by putting a cluster of four tiny tucks down each side of the studs. These plain bosoms wear far better than the pleated bosoms that soon split between the pleats, furthermore, they are a boon to the laundress, as they take starch well, and do not get limp soon. At the furnishing stores such shirts are made to order of New York Mills muslin and fine linen, with square cuffs, for \$4 each, without cuffs they are \$3.75. When pleated fronts are insisted upon, as they are by elderly gentlemen who object to any change of fashions, but one wide pleat, or at the most two, should be placed each side of the box-pleat.

The novelty in collars just adopted by young men of fashion is a straight narrow standing band that does not meet in front, but is wide apart, exposing the throat. It is called *élegant*. The standing English collar, cut all in one piece, with the front slightly bent over, but not pressed flatly, is in most general use. Turned-down collars are still worn by those to whom they are becoming. Young men wear very wide turned-down collars sloped away from the front. With a fanciful sailor-knotted scarf these have the effect of a sailor collar. A new reversible cuff has on one end a standing band to match the new collar, while the other end is sloped away to correspond with the turned-over collar just described.

The new *négligé* shirts for summer mornings and for traveling are made of unglazed cretonnes and percales of dust-color, drab, and gray grounds, with clusters of white lines at intervals. These dark, dingy-looking grounds, it is said, will be considered more stylish than white grounds with colored stripes. A worsted shirt for boating, racing, and athletic exercises generally fits the body closely, is knitted without seams, allows freedom in using the arms, and weighs less than a flannel shirt. It is in navy blue, scarlet, or white worsted, and costs \$5.

Very fine needle-work still ornaments the fronts of shirts worn with full-dress suits. The linen is doubled smoothly, and a delicate vine of embroidery is wrought down the front, or else a medallion surrounds each stud. The collar may be worn standing or turned down, according to the wearer's fancy, but at this season a white neck-tie, narrow, plain, and smoothly folded, is *de rigueur* for full dress.

NECK-TIES.

A tasteful neck-tie, called the classic scarf, is merely an extra long bias scarf smoothly folded, passed around the neck, and tied while still folded in a sailor knot. It is shown in soft repped silk, foulard, and grenadine. Very light tints are chosen for cravats by gentlemen who wear colored scarfs; pale blue, lavender, and gray are the shades most used. These scarfs cost from \$2 to \$2.50. Polka dots of white or a color on black or dark blue grenadine scarfs are also displayed, bias stripes and checks are the fancy in light-colored scarfs. A convenient made-up cravat, called the President, represents the sailor knot of folds described above, and is fastened to a shield with a loop behind ready to attach to the collar button: price \$1 and \$1.25, for repped silk, either colored or black.

GLOVES AND SHOES.

Two-buttoned gloves that cover the wrist and show but little ornamental stitching on the back are in favor with gentlemen. Grave wood

browns, soft grays, and lavender are the colors most worn.

The comfortable shoes in fashion for gentlemen are buttoned gaiters with wide toes, projecting soles, and low, broad heels. They are made with cloth tops, or else entirely of light calf-skin. Dress boots are gaiters with elastic sides, kid tops, and very light soles.

VARIETIES FOR LADIES.

White toilettes are most in favor for spring balls and evening parties. A costume in French taste is of white organdy muslin, with the skirt covered to the waist with ruches of the same. The polonaise is of organdy, lined throughout with white silk, and bordered with a ruffle of Valenciennes lace. The throat is heart-shaped, with a Valenciennes frill and jabot. The sleeves are antique, with a deep lace ruffle at the elbow. A sash, knotted on the left side, is of wide richly watered violet ribbon. Bows of violet ribbon fasten the front of the polonaise. Other white muslin dresses have low-necked basques of muslin and lace, trimmed with a sort of fringe of white acacias or lilies of the valley. A set of bride-maids' dresses prepared at a fashionable modiste's are ruffled to the belt behind, and only to the knee in front. The upper skirt is merely an apron covering the front breadths, and rounded up on the tournure, where it is fastened by a large bow of ribbon. The waist has a position back, and is belted in front. A lovely dress worn by a young blonde of sixteen, and not yet in society, has a short skirt of pale blue silk trimmed with five narrow bias ruffles. There is also a low-necked short-sleeved waist of silk. The over dress is Swiss muslin, with an apron-front over-skirt, low infant waist, and short puffed sleeves. Bias puffs, separated by tucked bands and edged by a wide ruffle, also tucked, trim the over-skirt. A little fichu of muslin is folded over the shoulders, and the arms are left bare. Wide blue sash; blue bows loop the skirt and trim the hair. Black velvet necklace and armlets.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; W. R. BOWNE; UNION ADAMS & Co.; D. D. YOUNG; and GLAZE & SON.

PERSONAL.

DR. PENNIMAN recently bequeathed \$30,000 for the establishment of a homeopathic hospital in Minneapolis, Minnesota, on condition that \$70,000 more shall be raised by others. The proposition is to remain open fourteen years; meanwhile the \$30,000 is to be put at interest, and the interest and \$10,000 to be applied to the endowment of a homeopathic chair in the State University.

—EDMUND C. STEDMAN is said to have abandoned stocks, and henceforth will take a "long" interest in song. The country has few more spirited writers than he.

—"Mintwood," a pleasant, julep-y Washington letter-writer, says: "I never look at SPORFORD, the Congressional librarian, without bewailing his mortality. He has more facts in his moderately sized, straight-haired head than could be stowed away in an Egyptian pyramid."

—BAYARD TAYLOR has rented his fine place at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, and is selling off some of his lands and tenements. Pennsylvania is all very well, but men like TAYLOR finally bring up in this goodly city of New York—all of them who amount to much.

—OLE BULL thinks that Miss ELLA FEW, of Leavenworth, is destined to be the great American violinist, provided she studies assiduously, and keeps her elbow going to and fro.

—DISRAELI's estate of Hughenden Manor, in Buckinghamshire, consists of about a thousand acres. He has represented that county since 1847. He was only twenty when he took the novel-reading public by surprise with "Vivian Grey," and that was forty-seven years ago.

—A rich Australian named MANATE has recently deceased. He once sent to London for a ton of books to fit up a library at his colonial home.

—Colonel THOMAS A. SCOTT contemplates making certain railroad connections by which the time between New York and Washington will be reduced two hours.

—Dr. THOMAS W. EVANS, alike well known in Paris for dentistry and benevolence, hurls back the insinuation that the property at the corner of Dey Street and Broadway, New York, sold by him to the Western Union Telegraph Company, ever belonged to the dethroned potentate of France, LOUIS NAPOLEON.

—Anticipating his speedy retirement from the cares of state, Count VON BRUNN is preparing his memoirs for publication, to which are to be added several essays, some of which have already been published. One of these, "On the Emancipation of the Jews," is a prize essay written before the author was sixteen.

—Mrs. JOAQUIN MILLER will "bolt" from the far West at an early day to give fiery lectures in the (yeast).

—Good Mrs. BICKFORD, away off in Wakefield, is now in her one hundred and third year, and is positively a marvel in the way of getting about and doing things.

—Mr. ERNEST W. LONGFELLOW is just finishing a portrait of his father, which is said to be a particularly striking portrait of the great poet.

—During an interview which the Pope recently granted to some Americans he is said to have stated that if he should ever leave Rome he would be glad to take up his residence in New York, because no city in the world contains more earnest believers in the Roman Catholic faith.

—Don CARLOS, the leader of the present insurrection in Spain, is now in his twenty-fifth year, and enjoys in his own right the title of Duke of Madrid. He belongs to the Austrian dynasty; was born during the exile of his parents; is not a Spaniard either by birth or family; but the accident of his ancestry places him at the head of that faction of sincere Carlists who are still willing to sacrifice every other interest to the consummation of their one great desire—the restoration to the throne of Spain

of the old legitimate BOURBON line, as affected by the Salic law. In 1867 he married a daughter of the late Duke of Parma, and is the father of one son and two daughters. By his wife he received an enormous fortune, which has alone enabled him to engage in the periodical attempts upon the throne in which he has indulged during the past few years.

—A capital "personal" is told of Bishop WHITEHOUSE, of Illinois. He recently undertook to illustrate a point in his sermon by telling his congregation how he had once been lost on the prairies of Illinois, and had wandered for a long time, weary and almost hopeless. At last he saw a light, and made his way slowly toward it, shouting for help. "Just as I thought I could go no further," said the bishop, "and was about sinking down in despair, the door of a cabin opened before me, and the long-looked-for Sucker came." The unintentional pun brought the house down.

—It is a pity that the romantic story of the shy little governess who blushed and blossomed into "Gail Hamilton" under the encouragement of the "fortunate BALEYS" should be spoiled by the entire absence of truth to sustain it. But such, we learn, is unhappily the case. Still it is consoling to reflect that the story is not so original that its loss will be severely felt in literature; and since it can as easily be adjusted to any other writer, we hope to be often cheered by its familiar but ever-welcome features.

—Concerning the mother of the young lady who has just become the Marchioness of Bute this romantic story is told: She is the daughter of the first wife of Lord EDWARD HOWARD, brother to the late Duke of Norfolk, and previous to her marriage was the subject of almost national interest. Her father, brother of the (then Roman Catholic) Earl of Shrewsbury, having died, she became a ward in Chancery, and resided with her mother (who married, secondly, Mr. BERKLEY) until that lady's death. She was then put under the guardianship of the late Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury. They placed her in a convent, not as a visitor or a pupil, but as a postulant, with the avowed object of allowing her to take the veil and become a nun. She was to take the white veil in the following September, and the black veil a year after, and would be entitled soon after to \$400,000, the whole of which would become the property of the Church of Rome, which, it is well known, is not at all averse to swallowing such good things. Now it so happened that about that time the British public was in one of its periodical fits of anti-Catholic mania. John Bull had been exasperated by the Pope's parceling out England into Roman Catholic dioceses, and was hot for Lord RUSSELL's Ecclesiastical Titles bill. So when the case of this high-born young lady was brought forward by her step-father there were howls of indignation. The end of it was, happily, instead of becoming a nun she became the wife of an amiable and excellent Roman Catholic nobleman, and the mother of a daughter who has caught the richest matrimonial prize in old England.

—The ladies now belonging to the diplomatic corps at Washington are, Madame BLACQUE, at present styled "*la dogenne*," as wife of the dean of the corps, BLACQUE BEX, the Turkish minister; Lady THORNTON, wife of the British minister; Madame GARCIA, wife of the Argentine minister; Madame FREYER, wife of the Peruvian minister; Madame BORGES, wife of the Brazilian minister; and Madame SUAZA LOBO, wife of the Portuguese minister. The new Spanish minister, Admiral POLO, is married, but his wife has not yet arrived. The wives of the ministers are very attractive women.—Madame BLACQUE is very handsome. She is a *brune*, with flashing dark eyes and brilliant complexion; has very quiet manners and a soft, low voice. She has two little children, born in America during her first residence here, before her departure for Europe, nearly two years ago. As *la dogenne*, the wife of the Turkish minister receives the greatest deference from the other ladies of the corps, who regard her as their leader, and her action in regard to social questions which may arise is considered as establishing a precedent to be followed by themselves.—Lady THORNTON is a very tall, slender, English blonde, whose appearance indicates delicate health. Her face is a most interesting one. She converses with much readiness, and possesses the rare charm of appearing interested in those she meets. More especially is this the case when she has it in her power to show kindness to others; her quick sympathies seem always ready to respond when she is able to relieve suffering. Sir EDWARD and Lady THORNTON have three or four children, the eldest of whom, a son, they placed at school in England during their recent visit there.—Madame GARCIA is one of the women born to reign in society. She has the power of captivating those brought within the sphere of her influence to an extent rarely observed. It is not only her appearance that so takes possession, though that is remarkable, but her brilliant conversation, her cultivated manner, and her seductive way of saying the pleasantest things possible to you, make you, in the course of fifteen minutes' conversation, one of her most ardent admirers. She is strikingly handsome: has a commanding figure, though she is not taller than the average, large black eyes with great power of expression, a clear *brune* complexion, and fine teeth. She is a very intellectual woman, with a decidedly literary turn, and has published a novel, and, I believe, other books.—Madame FREYER is a daughter of an ex-President of Colombia, South America, a highly accomplished woman, with attractive manners and face, and a fine musician.—Madame BORGES is a woman of great refinement, prepossessing appearance, and dresses with taste in rich but well-selected toilettes.—Madame SUAZA LOBO is the daughter of a wealthy New York gentleman, Mr. ALLIEN. She met her husband and married him in Paris not a year ago. She had resided there some time prior to her marriage. Señor LOBO belonged to the Portuguese legation in Paris before his appointment here. She is a blonde of stylish appearance, musical, and a fine conversationalist.—And such are the wives of the ministers from foreign parts. As for the dean of the corps, BLACQUE BEX, he is a man of great independence, and utterly devoid of pretension. He is tall, handsome, and robust, a fine vocalist and capital talker, and has been many years in the diplomatic service. Instead of being a "regular old Turk," he and his wife are of Christian descent, and both are Roman Catholics.



Summer Hats for Girls and Boys from 3 to 12 Years old, Figs. 1-9.

Fig. 1.—HAT FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD. This brown English straw hat is trimmed with brown velvet and brown feathers. Gray cretonne dress with paletot. Brown crêpe de Chine cravat.

Fig. 2.—HAT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD. White Florentine straw hat, trimmed with bows and ends of black gros grain ribbon and a tuft of daisies. Blue foulard dress, trimmed with black velvet ribbon. Swiss muslin, needle-work, and lace blouse with long sleeves.

Fig. 3.—HAT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD. White Neapolitan hat, trimmed with bows and ends of black gros grain ribbon and a tuft of wild flowers with long grasses. Set a row of black lace on the inside of the hat along the outer edge. Gray pongee skirt and over dress, trimmed with pinked and gathered ruffles of black silk. Belt and sash of the same material. White Swiss muslin, needle-work, and lace blouse.

Fig. 4.—HAT FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD. This hat is of yellow English straw, and is trimmed with black gros grain ribbon in the manners shown by the illustration. Steel blue cloth trowsers and frock, trimmed with black worsted braid. White linen collar.

Fig. 5.—HAT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. The trimming of this black Neapolitan hat consists of twisted and box-pleated bias strips and bows of black gros grain. On the left side is a cluster of wild roses. Buff pongee skirt and Swiss muslin blouse. Bretelles, bows, and sash of brown silk.

Fig. 6.—HAT FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD. This hat is of yellow Brussels straw; the trimming consists of loops and ends of black silk ribbon and a spray of flowers of different colors. Pink alpaca dress, trimmed with black velvet ribbon. White Swiss muslin blouse with embroidery.

Fig. 7.—HAT FOR BOY FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD. This brown straw hat is bound with brown velvet, and trimmed with brown velvet ribbon as shown by the illustration. Plaid tartan suit and cambric blouse.

Fig. 8.—HAT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD. The trimming of this white Brussels straw hat consists of a wreath of flowers of different colors and black lace. Gray cashmere dress with paletot, trimmed with silk in a darker shade.

Fig. 9.—HAT FOR GIRL FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD. This white Neapolitan hat is trimmed with black velvet ribbon and roses. Figured foulard dress with peasant waist, trimmed with silk ruffles. Belt and sash of similar silk. Tucked Swiss muslin blouse, finished in the neck with a narrow edge. Narrow black velvet ribbon, tied at the back of the neck, with long ends.

Fig. 5.—HAT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.

UNAPPRECIATED CHARACTERS.

ONE of the oldest of these characters, who has been doing service for almost thirty centuries—though nothing could be more out of character than that he should do any thing—is the sluggard of Solomon. In the book of Proverbs the royal Hebrew apostrophizes the unhappy sluggard in good set terms, and after recommending to him the example of that fussy little creature, the ant, which wasteth the summer-time, and even that of autumn, in laboriously providing for a future that never may come, exclaims: "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep." And has not the garden of the sluggard, though for a very different reason, become as famous as the garden of Eden, or that in which Diocletian cultivated cabbages for the market of Salona? Its broken walls, its crop of weeds, the cattle of the neighbors devouring the nothing which it raises—are they not familiar to us all from our youth upward through the teachings of those who throw clouds over the hopes of childhood by en-

forcing upon the minds of boys and girls that they are doomed to work as long as they live? To a right-minded man there must occur much in favor of the sluggard which he was too consistent a character to urge in his own defense. He was a sensible fellow, who was making the best of a wicked world. He was of the belief of those Oriental religionists who hold that man approaches nearest to perfection in exact proportion to the profundity of his self-absorption and repose. He minded his own business, which is the surest way to make a fortune, and to avoid making mischief. All the great evil in the world is the consequence of the meddling propensities of active creatures, from Alexander the Great fool to the lowest village gossip. It is only busy men—men of whom Byron was thinking when he said that "quiet to quick bosoms is a hell"—who make all that disturbance which costs so much, and for which quiet people have to pay, whether they will or not. No such charge can be advanced against men who model themselves on the sluggard, and who are sublimely indifferent to all the ordinary and extraordinary objects of ambition. Lazy men, it must be admitted, do not accomplish much—they accomplish nothing—in behalf of what is called "the progress of the species;" but, on the other hand, they do not keep the world in hot water. There is no counting the graves that active men have dug. They are the sexton's best supporters, and pass over to him the flower of mankind, cutting off not merely the best youth

of their countries, but the hope of reproduction.

Had the sluggard seen fit for a moment to depart from his character, he might have given Solomon some tolerably cogent reasons for his devotion to his bed and his love of slumber. But he was a wise man, and therefore he would not contend against the wisest of men, who was a king to boot. He might have argued that to get up and go to work would be to afford evidence that he was a wicked man, and was, in punishment for his sins, undergoing the common sentence. When our race fell through Adam's fall, the offended Creator passed upon it the sentence of hard labor for life. All work, therefore, is evidence of demerit, and the less work a man does the more meritorious he must be. This is the philosophy of the eight-hour movement. The lazier a man is, the better he is. His sentence is a light one. Hence the sluggard was a man of exemplary goodness. He did nothing, and was as useless as if he had been born the master of a thousand slaves.

As to the ant, to which Solomon referred the sluggard, it might have been replied to his majesty that that active insect often has its labor for its pains, and nothing more; and that in a moment it often loses the fruits of long months, if not years, of energetic industry. The hoofs of beasts and the feet of men crush thousands of ant-hills daily—a plain proof that industry does not always prosper, and

leading irresistibly to the conclusion that, though it is allowed, it is not enjoined. In countries where ants transact a large business they often encounter most disastrous failures, like other speculators. In Southern Africa they build what are called edifices, and which are more deserving of the name than are many of the abodes of men, for they are so large and so strong that they will bear the weight of many men on their summit. And what follows from all this outlay of labor? Why, that the aard-yark, or earth-hog, tears a hole in the side of one of these hills, "breaking up the stony walls with perfect ease," says Mr. Wood, "and scattering dismay among the inmates. As the ants run hither and thither in consternation, their dwelling falling like a city shaken by an earthquake, the author of all this misery flings its slimy tongue among them, and sweeps them into his mouth by hundreds." Such is the reward of the ant's industry when most skillfully and wonderfully exerted; and as Solomon knew every thing, it is strange that he should have had the face to fling the ant's action into the face of the sluggard, who, had he not been restrained by indolence and good-breeding, could

Fig. 4.—HAT FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD

Fig. 6.—HAT FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 7.—HAT FOR BOY FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 9.—HAT FOR GIRL FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 8.—HAT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

easily have put down the royal argument. The ant is the type of most hard-working men, who accumulate largely, and go on swimmingly, making much of Mammon's muck, when along comes some eard-vark in the shape of a cunning speculator, who sweeps it all away. The sluggard has nothing of the kind to fear, for he has nothing to lose. With him time is money, but in a very different sense from that of the proverb. He spends his time as he goes, or, we should say, as he is carried along, for he is too wise to indulge in locomotion. So it was with the sluggard of Solomon, who did not live to declare that all is vanity. He enjoyed the passing hour, and set a noble example to the sons of men, not one of whom would work if he could exist without having resort to the curse—a curse as old as the expulsion from Eden. The sluggard knew the bliss of repose, and might have cited Psalms against Proverbs—"He giveth his beloved sleep"—had he deemed the matter one worthy of words and of the exertion implied in quotation. But he said nothing, calmly maintaining his principles by a speaking silence, and concentrating all his energies on nothing. Like all genuinely lazy men, he was as incapable of thought as of envy; but could he have thought about any thing, the story of the Seven Sleepers would have filled his mind; and could he have envied any body, it would have been that one of those sleepers who had the highest capacity for sleeping without dreams, and who, therefore, in the sluggard's estimation, had a better claim to be considered a wise man than could have been advanced even by Solomon himself.

Speaking of the Seven Sleepers, I am afraid that we do not always "realize" the full force of the old legend in which these gentlemen figure, or repose, and which has always been a favorite with me because of the long, unbroken, delicious, dreamless slumber that is associated with it. Almost seventy thousand nights and as many days of sleep, with no getting up in the morning, no beds to make, no servants to tell you to turn out, no bills to pay for lodging! It is too much for the human mind calmly to contemplate in all its details and all its force, and hence the vagueness with which the story and similar stories are generally mentioned. Past time is no time to us; and we lump together the ages that are gone as if they were necessarily closely associated. Now the Seven Sleepers' snooze lasted through 187 years; but their long night was so long ago that we do not understand how very long it lasted, or how very meritorious were those seven Ephesian youths who made themselves friends of darkness when the pagan tyrant Decius had them walled up.

THE DARK YOUNG MAN.

I LIVED with my old cousin, Chester Field, Esq.: I lived there because I had nowhere else to live, and he was my guardian. Now I live with my cousin Tom Field; but you don't care about that. About the time of which I'm going to speak it pleased Providence to inflict an illness upon Mrs. Chester Field, and so the two went off to winter in Florida, after having held a council as to the propriety of leaving Ri and me in charge, and having decided in the affirmative.

The path being clear, there was no one to object if we did exactly as we pleased, and accordingly we did. We had the nicest little dinners, the coziest little tea-parties, the most intoxicating little dances, that heart could wish. Of course this enjoyment of ours could have been considerably improved by the addition of the village youth; but it happened not to be their vacation, and there were few promising lads home from college; then the clergyman was an elderly person, and the medical student was engaged, and not to our taste; so that our teas and dances leaned on the slender support of Frank Rugby, Tom Field (who only now and then came home to the house of his cousin, where he had grown up), Rob Randolph, and one or two others, which occasioned a great pulling of caps, and a jumble of girls dancing together to their utter confusion. Now you may readily imagine that in such a strait an eligible individual did not enter the little village and continue long unknown.

"Did you see that dark young man go by yesterday?" asked Ri, as we all sat in Delia Rugby's sitting-room, and her mother nodded in her easy-chair.

"What dark young man?" asked Delia, absently.

"Spanish-looking?" said I.

"No, not exactly."

"Brazilian?" asked Delia, getting a point more to the southerly.

"No, indeed," replied Ri: "Brazilians always put me in mind of yellow diamonds. I don't know why; I never saw one. No, just dark and—and—perfectly splendid!"

"Oh, I know who it is," said Delia. "Pa saw him get off the stage yesterday, and his name is—let me see—a real nice name. Oh dear! Any way, he's stopping at the tavern."

"There! there!" cried Ri, starting up and gazing out the window. "Isn't that—No; yes—yes, I declare that's he! Now look at him!"

We all obeyed her.

"Well, what of him?" said Frank Rugby.

"I know a score of fellows as good-looking."

"Why, isn't he remarkably distinguished?"

"Uncommonly."

"Looks like a prince in disguise."

"Looks rather like a confidence man," said Frank, returning to his paper.

"Raoul Rossiter! That's the name," cried Delia, suddenly.

"Just out of a romance," said Ri and I in the same breath. "Do bring him over and introduce him, Frank."

"Do," said Delia; "and we'll ask him to our frolic to-night."

And poor Frank, who would have begged himself for Ri's smiles, dropped in at the tavern and made acquaintance with Raoul Rossiter; and before the week was out he was on as familiar footing with us as the other young men, whom we had known for years. He happened in at all unexpected hours, and made himself so enchanting that we never wished him away. There was that in his address that made constraint or *ennui* an impossibility. Besides, I fancy that we were a great deal flattered by his very decided preference for our society, and flattery is always sweet in the mouth. At all the sociables he danced with Ri and me more than with the others. He contrived to sit between us at teas; he sent us wonderful West India sweetmeats, and confectionery that was like eating the crystallized perfume of rose and heliotrope. We had, of course, no shadow of doubt concerning him, for had he not shown Mr. Randolph letters from some of the most distinguished men of X—? And hadn't Mr. Rugby known a Raoul Rossiter in college, who must have been the father of this particular Rossiter? He said that he had received a wound in hunting, from the effects of which he had never fully recovered; and as in the city he unavoidably led a gay life of late hours and late dinners, his physician had ordered him to the country for quiet and wholesome air and living.

"As if the air wasn't good enough for him any where!" said Frank, who was languishing with jealousy on Ri's account—very needlessly, as I believed.

In the thick of it down came Tom Field to pass Sunday. He arrived Saturday night, and, as representative of the mistress of the house, I went out into the hall with some show of cordiality to meet him and prepare his mind. He shook my hand in his absent way, as if he were thinking of something else, and glanced past me into the drawing-room, where Rossiter was bending over Ri at the piano, and adding a rich tenor to her tremulous soprano.

"Whom have we here?" he asked, surveying the scene and stroking his mustache. "The deuce—a stranger! I hoped to have a cozy evening with you."

"And I hope you will. Mr. Rossiter won't interfere. I'm glad you have come: he is so agreeable I want you to know him."

"Indeed!" said Tom, favoring me with a prolonged stare. "He's as black as a thunder-cloud!" Tom, you know, is a blonde.

"Yes; isn't he splendid? We call him the 'dark young man.'"

And then he went in, and behaved very well, considering. He was not over-cordial, to be sure, but when Rossiter had gone he owned that our "dark young man" was as handsome as the devil, whatever that may be, and had a way that was taking with girls, to say the least.

"I suppose you're both head and ears in love with the fellow," he continued, crossly.

"Oh no; can't one admire without loving?" we disclaimed.

"It isn't safe; but it's natural at your ages. Girls ought to be kept at school till they're twenty-five, and their wits develop."

"Very complimentary, Sir!" said I, indignantly, not being nineteen.

"Fiddlesticks! I mean that the man you would marry to-day you would not listen to at twenty-five."

"You give me credit for great sagacity. Take care you don't marry an infant." But Tom only stroked his mustache and whistled an air from "Fra Diavolo," and said good-night.

I was up the next morning early to see that Tom had a warm breakfast before starting.

"Don't let your 'dark young man' run away with your wits—such as they are, or with Cousin Chester's spoons," he said, putting on his overcoat. "I may not be down for some time again," and then he slammed the front-door, and ran for the stage. I was quite indignant, I assure you.

"I didn't know that the lords of creation were capable of such small jealousies," I said to Ri.

Ri had gone sleigh-riding the next morning when Mr. Rossiter called, and we had the drawing-room all to ourselves, and I can't tell you all the splendid things he said—Tom would have called them spoonery—things that brought blushes, and made one's heart thrill for happiness: thoughts so well put, words so fitly chosen, that they conveyed no suspicion of flattery, enhanced as they were with the lingering sweetness of the voice, with glances that expressed more than the lips dared utter, with brief hesitations, and that lovely melancholy of his, making his smiles like sunshine after storms, and giving one the impression of a heart struggling gracefully to forget its sorrow, so appealing to the sensibilities of a young and romantic girl.

How many walks and drives we had together later, over the country roads, into the green heart of winter woods, returning home, rosy and blissfully weary, to tea and toast in the little back-parlor before the open grate! He never ran up to X—without remembering us, without bringing back some knickknack: a ball of purple violets to swing in the arch, a nest of holly-wood boxes painted in wild flowers to remind us of spring-time, photographs of foreign splendors, and art journals that we loved. On his return he would remark, carelessly enough, "I met Mr. Vanrogue at the bank to-day," or "I dined with Mr. Vogue," or "I declined an invitation to Mrs. Grundy's ball for your sweet sakes."

As a matter of course, two inexperienced village girls were ready to fall down and adore such a hero in society, and I am not sure but we looked forward to the day when the Vogue doors would open to us, and the Grundy fiddles do us service. When I look back upon it I can not believe I was in love with Mr. Raoul Rossiter; but there was the charm of novelty in his

atmosphere, a flavor of romance in his bearing, added to the knowledge that half the girls in town were courting his favor and receiving none. Moreover, a very young person is dangerously flattered by her first lover, and Tom had never said a soft thing to me in his life—whatever he may have thought!

Well, affairs went on after this style for some weeks, when I discovered that I was growing jealous of Ri—jealous if he danced too often with her, if he leaned over the tall back of her chair and chatted confidentially. I know there are some who believe that jealousy is a test of love, but I do not. I never was jealous of Tom in my life. It's a test of vanity and self-love, I admit, and I had a supply of these attributes in those days, prime quality. I think Mr. Rossiter must have observed that his attentions to Ri annoyed me; for, later, he treated her with perfect civility when in my presence, but also with entire indifference. Now I was fond of Ri. She might wear my trinkets, my gowns, my laces, or any thing that was mine; but when it came to my lovers I rebelled.

One day the conversation fell upon jewels, and I wish you could have heard the fine fancies he had about them: he was like the girl in the fairy tale who talked pearls and rubies; so nothing would do but I must show him my emerald necklace that descended to me from I don't know how many great-grandmothers, bless their hearts! As famous as that necklace which

"Undine, with trembling hand,
Snatched from the wave for Hildebrande."

It came originally from Venice, had been presented at court, been shipwrecked, and had seen a great deal of life, no doubt. "It's my only heirloom," I said. "Cousin Chester thinks it would be better converted into railway stock and paying dividends. He hasn't any regard for dusty heir-looms, as he calls them: they remind him too strongly of mortality. But I like to think of all this necklace has survived. Just consider how many times it has capered through 'Lady Washington's Reel,' how much love-making it has witnessed, how it has trembled with every beat of hearts that beat no more!"

"Dear me!" said Ri, "you are getting pathetic: handkerchiefs out!"

And then we all laughed; and Rossiter took it in his slender hands just as you've seen a musician handle his favorite violin, and, leaning slightly forward, placed it upon my neck. In a moment the whole coil was slipping and shimmering downward across the folds of my gown, like a green and gold serpent, when he caught it before reaching the floor.

"Ah!" he said; "when you drop a jewel, they say, you lose a friend. How is this? the clasp broken?"

"That happened years ago," I answered. "It has never been worn since grandmother Heatherleigh's day, you see; she wore it to Lady Somebody's ball, when she was abroad, and just stepping from the door to the carriage a stealthy hand reached out of the darkness and snatched at it. The thief only succeeded in breaking the clasp."

"And you—you never wear it?"

"Never. We have no suitable occasions here. Tom says I must wear it to the county ball, and he will take me."

"And that takes place?"

"Next month. Dear me! I must send it to Tom immediately and have the fastening repaired. Won't it be lovely with white tulle, Ri?"

I can see Mr. Rossiter now, where he stood in the bay-window, his dark, handsome face with its rich coloring, its intense browns and vivid reds; his silken mustache, that the light touched and enriched, curled just enough to look fine without appearing finical, and a broad sunbeam striking sparks from his eyes and slanting across the jewels in his hands, that seemed to hold the lustre of the sea-wave, the green magnificence of centuries of summers, and to speak of cool woodland places, of clear brooks sliding over rushy beds beneath June skies, of the first warm breath of spring that coaxes the crocus from its grave and burnishes the hedges with leaf and blossom. Then Mr. Rossiter made a movement, and the sun forsook him and fell like a loving hand across Ri's shoulder, and entangled itself in her web of shining hair, till each separate filament was a web of red gold. I remember wondering at the time if it was the sun in her eyes that made the lids drop and the color deepen in Ri's cheek. Could it have been any glance of Rossiter's that stirred the blood at its source? I never once dreamed of such a thing.

"I shall run down to X—to-morrow," said Mr. Rossiter, after a pause; "permit me the pleasure of being of service to you. Allow me to carry your necklace, not to the jeweler—that is too much to ask—but to Mr. Field, your cousin."

"Oh, Mr. Rossiter! Will you?" I cried. "Will you be bothered with it? You are so kind! You see, I forgot to give it to Tom when he was here last, and there are no expresses between here and X—, and one hesitates to trust such a valuable to uncertain conveyance, and Tom may not come again till it's too late. Oh, you'll oblige me so much!"

"I will give you a receipt for it," said he, shutting the case with a snap, and taking out his pencil.

"What nonsense!" said Ri.

"Oh, not at all. How do you know that I am trustworthy?" he laughed.

"By intuition." And then we all had our little jokes, while he wrote his receipt and gave it to me.

I came across it not long ago, among other worthless things, yellow as guineas, and showed it to Tom; and Tom laughed and wondered how I could have been so green as to fancy it of service, supposing Raoul Rossiter had

chosen to abscond with my jewels. "It's a pretty beginning toward your collection of famous autographs," said he.

Mr. Rossiter was absent a few days, and in the interval I received a letter from Tom, saying that the necklace had arrived safely, and he would bring it when he came to attend the county ball; adding, "Mr. Rossiter improves on acquaintance, and—well, I should be willing to sacrifice a great deal for your happiness." I don't know why I was so angry with Tom for that clause, unless it seemed as if he were resigning me too willingly, though Heaven knows he had never made any claim. Perhaps it was the saving clause, however, that made me hesitate when Mr. Rossiter proposed, as he did somewhat later. Marry and go away from Tom and all his interests? How could I ever have thought of such a thing? Suddenly I understood that all my happiness in life depended upon Tom—that his home-comings were the grand crises of my existence! Marry any one else? No, I thank you, Mr. Rossiter!

Mr. Rossiter did not tear himself away instantly; he staid a while, and made a pretense of urging his suit, and finally said he should return in the summer.

The time drew near for the county ball, and all the world was in a flutter of expectation. One day when a crowd of our friends were together talking over toilettes, some one said:

"What a pity Mr. Rossiter didn't stay for it! Dear me, how we were all carried away with him, but none of us were lucky enough to attract him!"

"And yet we aren't bad-looking," said Delia, tying her bonnet before the glass; and glancing at Ri, I surprised a smile coruscating across her face like lightning. Was it a smile of triumph?

The day of the ball Ri pleaded headache, and declared her inability to go; and just as I was sitting down to a cup of tea alone the door opened, and in walked Tom.

"Oh, Tom," I cried, "I was afraid you'd forgotten! Have you brought my necklace?"

"I've brought the necklace," he answered, moving to the fire. "All alone? You ought to be glad to see me."

"Oh, Tom, I am!"

"Not so glad as if I were Raoul Rossiter?" with a grim smile.

"I wouldn't give a farthing to see Raoul Rossiter, in comparison!" And then I was so confused with my confession that I poured the tea into the sugar-bowl. Tom came and bent over my chair just at that moment. "Thank you," he said; "but you needn't blush so about it. What a nice housekeeper you make! Will you come and keep house with me, darling?"

"Oh, Tom! Do you really want me?"

"I want you so much that I never dared ask before, for fear you would say no!"

"You might have known that I shouldn't!" And then—why, then we finished our tea!

"Here is your necklace," said Tom, later, as I was going to dress for the ball; "but you don't mean to wear such gewgaws?"

"Not wear my emeralds, Tom? What do you mean?"

"Did you send your emeralds to me by Mr. Rossiter, dear?"

"Certainly; I haven't any others. You acknowledged them, too. Come, don't tease, Tom! There must be some mistake."

"I'm afraid so. Mr. Rossiter left a case containing a necklace at my office, with your note. I carried it into Gemm & Agate's to have the clasp repaired, and they surprised me with the assurance that your ancestral emeralds were—green glass! Eh, Ri, is that you? Head better?"

"Do—do you think—did Raoul—do you mean to say that Mr. Rossiter has stolen them?" I gasped.

"I haven't said any thing about it, love; I leave you to draw your own conclusions. Certainly a remarkable transformation has taken place in them, you will allow. Don't you think so, Ri? Morse Agate remembered the necklace perfectly, because Cousin Chester Field carried it into the store on one occasion to discover its value, and stormed considerably about so much money lying idle. Morse Agate said he would take his oath they were emeralds then; now they are genuine glass. Ri, what's the matter? Were you very much attached to the jewels?" But Ri had fainted quite away.

We did not go to the county ball that evening. Ri was delirious with fever before morning; and it all came out in her ravings how she had planned to elope with Rossiter that very night while we were at the ball, how she was to take carriage to the nearest station, and meet and marry him at X—. It was pitiful to hear; but all the same I believe he meant to play her false. Of course we sent for Cousin Chester and his wife at once; but Ri was able to sit up before they arrived, and begged us to say nothing about Mr. Rossiter. And as for the jewels, they were my own, and Cousin Chester would only storm about them, while Tom could just as well take measures for their recovery. But do what he pleased, Tom could find no trace of the 'dark young man': the distinguished men whose letters he had exhibited had never heard of him; and finally the matter was left in the hands of the police, and there it rested. Gradually Ri recovered from the shock, and began to look with favor upon Frank Rugby's devotion, and both our weddings were arranged for the same day.

I remember that when my toilette was complete Ri whispered, "What a pity you haven't your emeralds! I feel as if I were to blame!" and that Cousin Chester turned very red in the face, and fumbled in his pockets for something, and cleared his throat, and stammered a good deal, while he said: "My dear girl, I resign my guardianship of you into Tom's hands; and I don't know as either of you will approve of all

my measures. If I had allowed things to keep in the old ruts, your income wouldn't have been above a thousand a year to-day; but you see—I might as well confess, I suppose—there was a capital chance for investment, sure to double and treble your money before you could say Jack Robinson, and—well—there were the emeralds lying idle, and I'll be blessed if I didn't pawn your hair-loom six years ago, get a jeweler to fill the settings with colored crystals, and invest the money in the Fortunatus Mining Company, and now you're as rich as Croesus, though it was terribly risky, and cost me many a good night's sleep. And here are the emeralds safe and sound, thank goodness!" and he held a *parure* of jewels before my eyes.

What could I say? When does money come amiss? Besides, Tom was young and struggling for a foot-hold in the law. And Cousin Chester had meant it for the best—only there was Mr. Rossiter!

"I feel as if we ought to beg his pardon."

"Very well," said Tom, "only find him first. Without doubt he was a fortune-hunting adventurer, if nothing worse."

Some years have passed since then, and I don't believe that Mrs. Rugby has ever regretted Mr. Rossiter.

"By-the-way," said Tom, the other day at dinner, "they sentenced a handsome fellow at court last week to twenty years: he'll be a gray-head when he sees Broadway again."

"Poor man!" said I; "how could they? And his poor wife!"

"She would be poor indeed, if he had one. We may thank Cousin Chester for Ri's escape. The convict was your 'dark young man!'"

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Oh, the glory of the blossoms!

Apple blossoms pink and white;
Snowy in the gloaming shadows,
Rosy in the morning light!

Now the trees, all gnarled and hoary,
Garbed in mosses sombre-hued,
Crown their age with festal garlands,
Hailing May with life renewed.

Every where—in vale or upland—
Laughing at our fickle skies,
Bursting forth for lord and cottar,
Apple blossoms greet our eyes.

Alice, pensive in her pleasure;
Annie, with her archer smile,
Weaving fancies with her flowers,
Pure as they from smirch or guile;

Or toward my window glancing,
Snowy flakes in handfuls fling,
And with beck'ning finger bid me
Come and taste the breath of spring.

Haply as they, loitering, listen
While some lark soars high and light,
Dream they how from out the home-nest
They, too, shall ere long take flight.

Drawn thence by that love whose castles
Each of us has helped to build;
Painting all our airy fabrics
Rainbow-tinted, pleasure-filled.

Shall I dim their dreams with bodings
Of the hours for all in store,
When the spring of life has vanished,
And the clouds creep darkling o'er?

Nay; for rather would I borrow
From the teachings of the May
Deeper faith in Him who gives us
Strength for every coming day;

Rather hope my treasured blossoms,
Like the blooms that grace the tree,
Into golden fruit may ripen
Sound at heart, and canker-free.

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

AN *état des lieux* is a most important preliminary to the signing of a lease in Paris, and one which it behooves nobody to neglect, if they wish to avoid endless surprises of a disagreeable nature, such as stoves that won't draw, water pipes that won't flow, gas pipes that won't work, or that are not air-tight, cracked hearth-stones, stained boards, etc., all of which painful discoveries, if not made before you take possession of the apartment, will entail a great deal of expense and annoyance, and inconvenience of various kinds. Many of these pleasant little surprises were in store for our poor friend Mrs. X—, in whose troubles I am anxious to interest you, not merely for the sake of obtaining for her the solace of sympathy, which is always a boon in trouble, but also for your own future guidance. In this sense one may without cruelty adopt La Rochefoucauld's cynical maxim, "There is always a certain consolation in the misfortunes of a friend." It is, no doubt, a great mercy to get our experience done by proxy, though few among us are wise enough to profit by this sort of vicarious apprenticeship. Mrs. X— might have saved herself a vast deal of worry and money if she had taken an *état des lieux*; but to do this she should have consulted some French person; and, indeed, it is not at all improbable that if some sensible Parisian *ménager* had given her the advice, she would have laughed at it as one of those "crotchety French ways people have in this country." However, she could not reproach herself with having rejected the good advice, seeing that she never

got it. Be wiser when your turn comes to furnish a house in Paris. Before any furniture is sent in go round the house and have an exact "state of the premises," or *état des lieux*, as they call it, taken up by a person who knows what it means. An agent or his clerk, or any intelligent man who may come under the head of that vague and comprehensive term, *hommes d'affaires*, in Paris will answer the purpose. Go about this ceremony as diligently and as minutely as if you were following Diogenes in his search after the honest man; peep into every hole and corner; be especially observant of the fire-places and their surroundings; see that there is not the slightest crack or flaw in the shape of chips or stains on the marble of the hearth, or in the china or metal under the mantel-piece round the fire, or in the mantel-piece itself. When you are leaving the apartment any thing of this sort will be brought against you, and make a very heavy item in the list of *déjàts*, unless previously certified to as having been done when you took possession. Have a fire lighted in the various rooms to see whether the chimneys smoke. Paris chimneys are addicted to smoking, and unless you have the drawback remedied before you enter the house you run a great risk of having to wait a long time, if eventually you do get it done. At any rate, if you have it certified beforehand that the drawback exists, it gives you a handle over the landlord, and if he drives you to extremities, you can either break your lease or force him to have the nuisance removed. A case in point occurred three winters ago to a family who took an apartment in the Avenue Joséphine (oh, what a deal I shall have to say to you about that Avenue Joséphine, you dreadful Americans!). They neglected this simple precaution of trying their chimneys before entering the house; and when the first winter fires were lighted they were actually driven out of it under pain of being blinded and suffocated, or frozen into rheumatic paralysis by living day and night with every window and door wide open. They could neither break their lease nor force the landlord to do any thing, although it is probable that if they went to law they would have gained their suit against him, but this would have cost as much money as the terms of their three years' lease. Meantime when the wind was in certain points they were driven out of the house by the dense volumes of smoke that rolled from every chimney, and obliged to take refuge in a hotel till the wind changed. As soon as their lease expired—it was, luckily, a three-six-nine one, which left them free at the expiration of the first term of three years—the landlord came to his senses, and offered to arrange the chimneys, which, owing to some fundamental mistake of the architect's, was a very long and expensive affair, involving the entire rebuilding of them. Five francs' worth of wood burned in time would have proved this to the tenants, and saved them three years' misery and inconvenience, and, what is more important, wear and tear on their nerves and temper.

I spoke of boards. Look well to see that there are no stains of oil. French servants have a trick of letting lamps fall, filling them to overflowing, or carelessly letting the oil run down when they are pouring it in; and when it falls upon the bare boards, or soaks to them through the carpet, it is simply impossible to get it out. There is nothing for it but to take up the boards and put down new ones—a very troublesome and rather expensive process. See that none of your predecessors' sins in this line are left unheeded, to be visited on your head when your day of reckoning comes.

Look to the water pipes; have them visited by some one who can tell you whether or not they are in proper order. You will find it distressing to see the water squirting out unexpectedly in the middle of the antechamber wall some day and administering compulsory baptism to one of your guests, who happens to be passing just as the freak takes it, or to have the cook rush in and tell you that the kitchen is deluged, and that the people down stairs are being flooded by your pipes, and that if you don't stop them forthwith they will send for the commissaire de police to come and make a *procès verbal*, and have you summoned and fined for all the damages.

Look to the gas-fittings. Try them; and if there be the least flaw any where, have it set down, and insist on its being remedied before you enter the house. Take no promises. The saying that promises are made to be broken, like pie-crusts, applies especially to French landlords.

Examine the walls to see that there are no nail holes left in them by the outgoing tenant that will be set down against you by-and-by. I may mention, *en passant*, that on leaving an apartment you must either leave in the nails or stop up the holes. In most cases people leave their nails behind them; but if you should happen to have any curiously fashioned ones, fancy crooks for pictures, etc., that you do not like to part with, have them carefully drawn out, so as not to tear away the plaster, and then get in a painter to stop up the holes and paint or paper them over. In nine cases out of ten this operation disfigures the wall considerably more than the hole would, making little patches of fresh color on walls that are faded and discolored; but that is no concern of yours. That concerns the law and the landlord; your business is to obey the one and keep out of the fangs of the other.

Now you know what an *état des lieux* means; and I hope for your own sake you will profit by the information. You will have two copies of it made, one for the landlord and the other for yourself. The landlord, if he is a plain man—as many of them are in Paris since the Hausmann reign tempted working-men and servants grown rich to invest in a house—will probably make the inspection with you himself; if not, he will send

some confidential man of his own to represent him. If the house be a new one, and has never before been inhabited, and you have a predilection for rheumatism, which prospers mostly in damp and moisture, and feel disposed to dry his walls for him, you will dispense with some of the foregoing minutiae when taking up the *état des lieux*: there will be no stains to testify to, nor holes in the walls, nor battered stoves; but I still would impress upon you most emphatically the advisability of trying the chimneys, and looking closely into the water and gas arrangements.

COMET.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IN these days, when science has annihilated distance, we are brought, as it were, to the very foot of the excited and fiery Vesuvius. Although before this paragraph meets the reader's eye some new phase of the eruption may have been reported with lightning speed, for days past each morning's paper has made known to us the exact condition of the blazing crater which has been sending forth its deadly volumes of ashes, smoke, and liquid fire. This present eruption of the great fire cone of the Mediterranean—the most violent which has occurred for many years—brings to mind vivid descriptions of that terrible convulsion in the year 79. The pictures of the burning, belching mountain drawn by Bulwer in his "Last Days of Pompeii"—and those of veritable history are equally graphic—give some idea of the grandeur and horror of the scene which has lately been witnessed from Naples and neighboring towns. An awful tragedy was that which buried the ill-fated cities, though commencing only with a "pale, meteoric, vivid light" that shot from the summit of Vesuvius—"trembled an instant, and was gone." But soon, according to history, a vast vapor came shooting from the crater in the form of a "gigantic pine-tree, the trunk blackness, the branches fire—a fire that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare." Then the earth shook, walls trembled, the crash of falling roofs was heard; an instant more, and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll toward the once gay Pompeii, dark and rapid like a river, casting forth from its bosom showers of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone. "Over the crushing vines, over the desolate streets, over the amphitheatre itself, where thousands upon thousands were gathered, far and wide, with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower!" Such a terrible eruption as that which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum may never again occur; but while towns and villages continue to be built at the base and upon the very sides of this fiery monster, so long will periodical desolation and terror visit the inhabitants.

Victor Hugo is less generally known as an artist than as a writer of prose and poetry. Nevertheless, his drawings are worthy of note. They are, like his writings, startling in conception, picturing strange, weird scenes. A collection of fifty of his best sketches is shortly to be issued in the form of an album.

According to report there is in the University of Michigan a lady collegian who has excelled all the male students in the mathematics of the course, and has finally solved a "problem" that had been "given up" by the graduating classes for many years! What the "problem" is report sayeth not—whether it be a mathematical or a social one.

The claimant of the Tichborne estate having been liberated on bail, coolly asks his friends for four thousand additional pounds to enable him to continue the contest for the possession of the property.

Butter ought to be cheaper in our markets, now that California sends supplies to us. The first consignment of butter ever received in New York from the Pacific States recently arrived—20,328 pounds—presenting a most attractive appearance, neat and yellow and of delicate flavor.

Strange that parents can not learn—what it would seem that natural affection and sympathy would teach them—that it is not only cruel but dangerous to expose a child to the influence of extreme fear. It matters little whether the fear springs from a real or an imaginary cause. Not long ago a father and mother in Detroit left their four-year-old son alone one evening. The child begged to be taken with them, saying he was afraid of bears and wolves. He screamed violently when they left the house, and on their return they found him insane. It is feared that he will be an idiot for life.

Oysters are said to be in their perfection—for eating—when from five to seven years old. The age is ascertained by counting the successive layers or plates overlapping each other, of which an oyster shell is composed. These are technically termed "shoots," and each of them marks a year's growth. Up to the time of the maturity of the oyster, these shoots are regular and successive, but after that time they become irregular and are piled one over the other, so that the shell becomes more and more thickened and bulky.

A new line of steamers will ply between New York and Providence this summer, touching at Newport both ways. This will be a good thing for Newport, as well as for lovers of that famous summer resort. A new feature connected with Newport's summer season this year is the establishment in New York of agencies for the various hotels there. Offices have been opened here, where all desired information relative to hotels, rooms, cottages, etc., may be obtained upon inquiry.

During the illness of the Prince of Wales a robust young man was noticed as being always at Sandringham. He was even admitted to the patient's bedside, and the Prince appeared to be deeply attached to him. Every body was puzzled at the presence of this stranger, whose name and

position were not generally known. However, all has since been discovered, and here is the enigma explained. In 1855, during the stay of the royal family in the Isle of Wight, the Prince of Wales kicked over a basket of shells which a boy was gathering. The boy, red with rage, dared his Royal Highness to "do it again," and he would see what he would get. The Prince did do it again, and the boy thereupon landed his fist upon his Royal Highness's nose, giving him a pair of black eyes. The Queen, on seeing the Prince, insisted upon knowing the truth. "You have only got what you deserve," said her Majesty; "and were you not already sufficiently punished, I would punish you myself. I hope you will always be served in the same way when you are guilty of such conduct." The Queen then sent for the boy's parents and offered to bring him up. The parents consented; the boy has grown up with the Prince of Wales, and is now treated as his foster-brother. Such is the current story.

The sensation experienced in a California earthquake is described by a recent writer as the same as that felt when one is on a street-car, and it runs off the track and is dragged along over the cobble-stones.

One of the most remarkable sales ever witnessed in Great Britain recently took place in the Waverley Market, Edinburgh. Wombwell's Royal Menagerie was disposed of at auction, and the collection of wild beasts, birds, and reptiles which for four generations has delighted the youth of the United Kingdom is scattered. The original proprietor, George Wombwell, was born in 1777, and commenced a showman's life by the successful exhibition of a pair of boa-constrictors, and finally possessed one of the largest menageries in the world.

Every new nostrum must have its day. The day of cundurango seems to be about over. It is now stated that the London Chemical Society, having determined to give it a thorough trial, for months treated the patients in the cancer wards of the Middlesex Hospital with the different preparations from the root. The board now declares that the drug has no possible effect whatever on cancer, not one single instance of improvement having been observed in the cases treated.

Pins have been thought to be a comparatively modern invention; but the *Court Journal* says that a collection of twenty-five well-made pins has been found in the subterranean vaults of Thebes—showing that the modern pin is only a reinvention.

Tooth-picks—small though they be when considered singly—use up a goodly quantity of wood in the aggregate. Over one hundred cords of poplar wood have been hauled for the use of the tooth-pick factory this season in Canton, Maine. How many machines the factory contains we know not, but we have seen it stated that each machine makes five thousand tooth-picks a minute.

There is a great rush to Europe this spring; in fact, it is difficult to secure passages in any of the out-bound steamers. Although there are several excellent lines, there seems an opening for more. A new line of iron steamships from Philadelphia to Liverpool will soon commence regular trips, and then will be seen the novel spectacle in American waters of the launch of an American iron steamship, built of American materials, owned by American capital, and to be manned by American seamen. The four steamers of this line are to be named the *Pennsylvania*, the *Ohio*, the *Indiana*, and the *Illinois*. The steamers of the Inman line are named after cities, the White Star line after oceans and seas, the National line after nations, the Williams & Gulton after American States, the Cunard after islands and colonies, and the French line after eminent men.

Victor Hugo's "Année Terrible," which has just been published, is divided into twelve cantos, commencing with Sedan and terminating with the events of July, 1871.

Old shoes have their uses—a fact which few persons realize as they throw cast-off foot-coverings into the ash-barrel. What does become of all the old boots and shoes? Many of them are cut into small pieces and put into chloride of sulphur for a few days. This makes the leather hard and brittle; and after it has been washed and thoroughly dried it is ground to powder and mixed with a sort of gum or glue. It is then pressed into moulds, and buttons, combs, knife-handles, and similar articles are the result. So much for old shoes.

There recently died in St. Louis a Mrs. Brooks, who, with a bodily frame of medium size, had accumulated flesh until she weighed between 900 and 1000 pounds. No coffin could be found ready made large enough for her body, and it was impossible for seven men to lift her. She died at the age of fifty-one years.

A little Maine boy who has been brought up to speak with politeness is also fond of "cookies." One day, having eaten the one given him, he asked for another, and was answered "No." Surprised at the curtness of the response, he said, sternly, "Mamma, you must not say 'No,'" but "Yes, Sir." We hope he got the cake.

Before the war in France many artists might have been seen any day in the galleries of the Luxembourg or the Louvre, whose prosaic business was to reproduce the masterpieces for fixed sums of money. It was not an enthusiasm with them; it was simply their bread-and-butter. The demand for the productions of skillful hands was great, and they earned a comfortable living. The war scattered workers and buyers. But the government had hidden away the great masterpieces, and now they have been hung in their old places, and once more the copyists are busy. The "Marriage at Cana of Galilee" and the "Feast at the House of Simon the Pharisee," by Veronese; the "Young Woman at her Toilette," by Titian; the Virgin, St. Elizabeth, the infant Christ, and the young St. John, by Raphael; the "Assumption," by Murillo, and numerous other pieces, which are the glory of the Louvre, were placed beyond the perils of warfare.



THE PEERESSES' GALLERY



MAY-DEW MORNING.

DAWNING purple and red,
Morning pearly and gray;
Oh, but the lark sang overhead,
And it lacked an hour of day!

Wave and wave on wave,
So ebb'd away the night;
The sudden sun its glory gave,
And all the world was light.

The meadows, flashing dew,
Each spread a jeweled plain;
And all the forest branches through
There glittered rainbow-rain.

Upon a land imppearled
The shining morning broke;
And beauty to an Orient world
Of glow and gleam awoke.

Forth, while the freshening breeze
Tangled the loosened curls;
Forth through the diamond-dripping trees
Sallied the laughing girls.

Eager the joyous bands
Their pastime to begin,
To scoop the dew with rosy hands
And dip the face therein.

Sacred this May-dew rite
The damsels love to share:
That makes the brightest eye more bright,
The fairest cheek more fair.

And oh, their ringing mirth,
Their voices fluting sweet—
Youth's joy in all the joy of earth,
And heart for all things meet!

Sweet May-day, May-dew morn,
Its charms it ne'er can lose;
While in its hours of beauty born
Beauty itself renews.

THE PEERESSES' GALLERY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

See illustration on double page.

IT may seem far fetched to unite in thought the lovely groups the artist has portrayed with barbarous times and savage warfare, unsoftened either by Christianity or chivalry; yet we must remind our readers that the fair ladies who appear in our sketch (taken at the opening of Parliament) station themselves in the Upper House under rights acquired before the Norman conquest, before even the English conquest of the country, for they seat themselves in this gallery as the daughters of marquises and earls, who are the traditional representatives of "Ealdormen," who lorded it, centuries ago, in the plains of Germany, or of "Markgrafen," who fought along the marshes of Frisia and defended frontier lines upon the banks of the Elbe.

And besides a qualification based on such prehistoric influences, the keen interest English women invariably have taken in public affairs entitles these ladies to their presence in this great deliberative assembly. The Peers wisely respect this undoubted right. Being well read in history, they know how a brilliant galaxy of grace and beauty, that still lives to us on the canvas of Reynolds and Gainsborough, glittered round Westminster Hall at the impeachment of Warren Hastings; and how, on a more tragic occasion, when the great Earl of Strafford stood at that bar, "it seemed a very pleasant object to see so many Sempronias (all the court ladies filling the galleries at the trial) discoursing upon the grounds of law and state."

Heedless of this national and natural instinct, the unwise Commons now for about a century have exiled from their place in Parliament "that very pleasant object." Yet not without full warning of their folly, for the ladies knew what was good for the state as well as for themselves; and on that sad occasion, February 2, 1778, when they were finally driven from the front galleries of the House of Commons, they battled for their privileges and interrupted the business of the empire during two whole hours.

Nor has that indignant protest then made by the Duchess of Devonshire, and by the company of sixty gallant ladies whom she headed in that attack, rested unfulfilled. For what is the result of that uncourteous exclusion? The crusade of "woman's rights," the cry which women are raising for a vote in Parliament, the effort that they will shortly make to obtain a seat in Parliament! Had the present worthy occupant of the chair of the House of Commons been able to remark, as did his predecessor, "I am sure I see petticoats," the Lower House would have been spared all fear of such invasion.

Ladies crave to hear parliamentary debates, because of their quick perception of the reality of life; because of the keen interest they take in the business of the nation—a true, keen interest that may well shame many a lazy statesman. The Peers wisely disdain the churlish policy of the Commons; they place in full view their wives and daughters; they gladly admit that their House, like all English institutions, is founded on the associations and principles of the home fireside. Nor is the presence of these graceful representatives of domestic sanctity by any means without its persuasive power. On a memorable occasion, if any thing could add to the pathos of that moment, when the Upper House put the last touch to the abolition of a sister Church to the Church of England, it was the sight of those groups of sorrowing ladies, who, resisting the entreaties of weariness and fatigue, watched far through the night to witness an end put to the Church of Ireland. Certainly those ladies did not exercise their voices; most likely they did not influence a vote; still those faces, pale with anxiety and regret, must have touched the hearts of many with the true meaning of that solemn event.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

Mr. Edwin James as a Dove.—Buffets in Ladies' Shops.—Catafalques.—Mr. Cruikshank's Fecundity as an Author.

THERE appeared last night in London from your shores a dove with an olive-branch, in the somewhat questionable shape of Mr. Edwin James, on the United States and *Alabama* claims—"which is poetry, though not intended," as Dickens makes somebody say. Being, so to speak, rather a "soiled dove," his audience was all the greater, and some pleasant scandal was naturally expected. Of his speech, however, one may remark what was observed of the book of a greater man, that it was "both good and new; but what was good was not new, and what was new was not good." I don't know so much about your great country as I wish to know, but I knew every thing that Mr. Edwin James told us, except that "there are more intelligent Americans who would vote for a monarchy in the United States than there are intelligent men who would vote for a republic in England." It seems to me, whatever may be the faults of your system of government, that no intelligent person can wish to retrograde; nor do I see why your political corruption, even if it be sufficient "to pay the expense of ten monarchies," should be laid to the charge of republicanism. Our political corruption has certainly lessened with the power of the crown and of the aristocracy, and though it might not cease should we do away with both, the inference is in that direction. Do not imagine by the above extracts that the dove showed a disposition to desecrate the nest (let us hope a well-lined one, for after "eleven years of exile" every thing should be forgiven) he has so long occupied among you; on the contrary, he cracked you up so immensely that I feel tolerably certain he means to return to New York. In one thing he showed wisdom (I don't say his wisdom)—in stating that the real cause of the misunderstanding with respect to the indirect claims arose from the incompetency of the British Commissioners, who were outmaneuvered by longer heads; but this opinion he may have borrowed from *R. Kemble, London*, the likelihood of which is increased from the fact that he was good enough to speak of the Messrs. Harpers' publications with high approval. It is certainly curious that since Lord Ripon (of Washington) received his marquise for bringing the treaty to so successful an issue he has never opened his mouth upon the matter.

You are so go-ahead in your mercantile arrangements that it is likely enough what is a striking novelty with us may be old and commonplace with you; but here our lady folks are quite excited by the institution of *buffets*—nay, large refreshment-rooms, where they can get hot luncheons—in the linen-draper's shops. It is said to answer very well, though fear was at first entertained that it would attract too many of the other sex, and those not of an eligible sort. As a married man, and your special correspondent, I thought I might venture to use one of these institutions the other day; and oh, to see the ladies each, or nearly each, with a pug-dog or an Italian greyhound, and to hear the ceaseless music of their tongues! The majority of them were of that age of which it is most abominably said that

"Men may come and men may go,
But they go on forever!"

that is, unwed. But this was doubtless only the advance-guard of the sex; the younger ones as yet are timorous, though I hope and believe that they need fear no annoyance. And, indeed, why should they? Something of the *buffet* kind was very much needed in London, for our wives and daughters had scarcely any where to go for their lunch except the pastry-cooks, and buns and lemonade are not sufficient to fortify a delicate system for the endurance of a day's shopping. Our restaurants, as you are doubtless aware, are little frequented by unprotected females, and very dear; and though there is a club in every street for the accommodation of us "horrid male creatures," there is nothing of the kind for the gentler sex. There was a Ladies' Club once, but it is wickedly whispered that it came to grief because its *habitués* found it insipid—like veal without bacon, or kissing one's sister.

Let me mention another novelty, again subject to correction, for it is more than possible you and yours have been used to be carried to the grave for years on catafalques. Catafalques are new with us, and bid fair to be fashionable. When what is mortal of your present correspondent dies, I do hope, for the sake of old times, that you will defray the slight extra expense to his funeral obsequies involved in the employment of one of these open cars. They do look so very nice—like one of those boats on wheels which used to periodically appear here in protest against the navigation laws, only the party inside does not wave his hat and cheer, for obvious reasons. Moreover, instead of black being our "only wear" on such occasions, the mutes and followers use gray and silver. I don't mean to say this is common, but I have seen the thing, and these liveried servants of the narrow house parading our streets. I hope one of my rich friends will die soon, in order that I may form part of so charming a procession. One used to think that when a little piece of red dust (like Cayenne pepper) was put into one's hands by the undertaker, with "Be so good, Sir, when the clergyman says, 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' as to drop this upon the coffin lid," that the extremity of human pride and folly, in respect to burial rites, had been reached. But even yet, perhaps, we have not found their limit. Now the liveries are gray and silver, I suppose *gray* silk scarfs are given away, which is good news for the female relatives of mourners, for scarfs "make up" beautifully, and the black ones were almost too suggestive.

Though the catafalque must be generally a great consolation to "persons about to die," a new terror has, on the other hand, been here added to death in the particular case of authors who have had their works illustrated by Mr. George Cruikshank. No sooner do they de- cease than that gentleman immediately claims to have "invented" the plot and sketched the characters of their best novels. According to his own account, Charles Dickens was indebted to him for "Oliver Twist," not only for the idea of the thing, but for the general conception of the characters. Absurd as this allegation is, he makes one assertion that is rather remarkable. The book was originally intended, he says, to describe a bad boy—the adventures of a real young thief, as the name "Oliver Twist," indeed, implies—but that the interest and sympathy with the young hero, partly owing, we may be sure, to Mr. G. C.'s charming pictures of him, were so great that the author changed his mind and made him a good boy.

And now Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's "Miser's Daughter" has been dramatized, Mr. Cruikshank has come forward and claimed *that*, to which, so far as I am concerned, I am sure he is very welcome. The question is, where is this great artist's originality as an author to stop? He illustrated, if we remember right, "Humphrey Clinker." Is it possible—But I have said enough. My only object was to put you on your guard, when I am gone, about my own immortal works, of which I swear G. C. never conceived one line. Please to make a note of that, and of the catafalque.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

SCIENTIFIC EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

THE question of the admission of women to the medical profession is just now exciting considerable discussion in England. About two years ago a few ladies presented themselves to the University of Edinburgh for medical education, and were instructed in separate classes by the professors, and pursued with credit and success the earlier portion of their studies. At this point the governing body of the university (which, like the other Scotch universities, is only partially under the control of the professors) stepped in, and barred all further progress by withdrawing the permission to the professors to give separate instruction to ladies. The majority of the professors are strongly in favor of the claim of the ladies; but the very strong feeling in the other direction in the governing body has caused the passing of a resolution that, although women may be taught in medical subjects, they are not to receive medical diplomas from the university. The position taken by the university is looked on with regret by the majority of the medical profession in England, as well as by the educated public, and an association has been formed, and has received very influential support, for promoting the medical education of women. The University College in London has recently thrown open several of its classes to ladies, as well as the Hume and Ricardo scholarships in political economy.

(Continued from No. 17, page 292.)

TO THE BITTER END.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

MR. WALGRAVE IS SATISFIED WITH HIMSELF.

THE ten A.M. express whisked Mr. Walgrave up to town in something less than an hour. The fair Kentish landscape shot past the carriage window, little by little losing its charm of rural seclusion, growing suburban, dotted thickly and more thickly with villas, here newly whitened stucco of the rustic Italian style, there fresh red brick of severely Gothic design; for oaks came laurels, for mighty beeches of half a dozen centuries' growth monkey trees planted the day before yesterday; every house had its glittering conservatory, trim lawn, and geometrical flower beds, all ablaze with Tom Thumb geraniums and calceolarias; every where the same aspect of commonplace British prosperity. Then the bright, well-ordered suburb melted into the crowded southern fringe of the great town. The air became flavored with soap-boiling, tallow, new boots—on the right hand a far-off odor of cordage and tar from Deptford; on the left the dismal swamps of Bermondsey. Then a clang and a clatter, a shrieking and puffing, and jerking and snorting; a stoppage or two—apparently purposeless—and lo! Mr. Walgrave was at the London Bridge station; and it seemed to him as if Grace Redmayne, and the life that he had been living for the last few weeks, could scarcely belong to such a world as this. It was a dreary awakening from a delicious dream.

He called a cab—a four-wheeler—since he had the responsibility of his luggage, and no one but himself to take charge of it, and drove through the grimy, miry streets. Even at this deadest period of the year the City was noisy with traffic, and full of life and motion; but oh, what a dismal kind of life after the yellowing corn fields studded with gaudy field flowers, and the rapturous music of the lark, invisible in the empyrean!

"O, to be a country squire with twenty thousand a year," he thought, "and to live my own life! to marry Grace Redmayne, and dawdle away my harmless days riding round my estate; to superintend the felling of a tree or the leveling of a hedge; to lie stretched on the grass

at sunset with my head on my wife's lap, my cigar-case and a bottle of claret on the rustic table beside me; to have the renown that goes with a good old name and a handsome income; and to have nothing to wrestle for, no prize to pluck from the slow-growing tree that bears the sour fruit of worldly success—sour to the man who fails to reach it, ashes to the lips of him who wins it too late! And yet we strive—and yet we persevere—and yet we sacrifice all for the hope of that."

The cab took him to one of the gates of the Temple, and deposited him finally in King's Bench Walk. Here he had his chambers, a handsome suite upon the first floor, where he chose to live in defiance of fashion. He fully knew the value of externals, and that well-made chairs and tables are in a manner the outward expression of a man's mental worth. There was no *bric-à-brac*; nor were the doors shadowed by those ruby velvet *portières* which seem to prevail more in light literature than in the houses of every-day life. The rooms were large and lofty, and had all the charm of fine old mantel-pieces, deep window-seats, and well-preserved paneling. The furniture was solid and in good order—a little old-fashioned, and therefore in harmony with the rooms. There were books on every side, but no luxury of binding—such books as a gentleman and a lawyer should possess—in sober, decent garb, and arranged with an extreme nicety in fine old mahogany book-cases of that Georgian period whereof the furniture seems always to bear on its front a palpable protest against any pretensions to beauty. There were two or three comfortable easy-chairs, upholstered in russet morocco; a writing-table with innumerable drawers and pigeon-holes; a pair of handsome bronze moderator lamps; and over the high mantel-piece in the principal room one picture, the only picture in Hubert Walgrave's chambers.

It was a portrait, the portrait of a woman, with a face of almost perfect loveliness—arch, piquant, bewitching, with hazel eyes that had the light of happy laughter in their brightness. The costume, which the painter had made a little fanciful in its character, was obviously old-fashioned—between thirty and forty years old at the least. As a work of art the picture was a gem, a portrait which Reynolds or Romney—"the man in Cavendish Square"—might have been proud of.

A quiet-looking, middle-aged man-servant received Mr. Walgrave, and busied himself with the carrying in of the luggage. He was half butler, half valet; slept in a closet off the small kitchen which lurked at the back of those handsome rooms; and with the aid of a laundress, who might often be heard scrubbing and sweeping in the early morning, but was rarely beheld by human eye except his own, conducted Mr. Walgrave's household. He was altogether a model servant, the result of a good many experiments in the domestic line, was efficient in the duties of a valet, and could broil a chop and boil a potato to perfection, and conducted in no small measure to Hubert Walgrave's comfort. His name was Cuppage—Christian name Abraham—not by reason of any Jewish element in his race, but on account of the biblical tendencies of his mother, to whom he still proudly alluded, on familiar occasions, as an unequalled clear-starcher and a staunch Bible Christian.

"Any letters, Cuppage?" Mr. Walgrave inquired, flinging himself into his favorite arm-chair, and looking round the room listlessly.

It was a very pleasant room, looking westward, and commanding a fine view of that one feature which London has most reason to boast of, the river. It was a comfortable room, stamped with the individuality of the man to whom it belonged, and Mr. Walgrave was fond of it. His books, his papers, his pipes, all the things that made life agreeable to him, were here. In this room he had worked for the last seven years, ever since he had begun to earn money by his profession; and the book-shelves had been filling gradually all that time, every volume added by his own hands, picked up by himself, and in accordance with his own especial tastes.

He began to be reconciled to the change from that shady old house in Kent, with the perfume of a thousand flowers blowing in at every window. London was dull and empty and dingy, but he had the things he cared for—books and perfect ease.

"I think I was made to be an old bachelor," he thought. "I should hardly care to leave these rooms to inhabit a palace, unless—unless it was with Grace Redmayne. Strange that a farmer's daughter, educated at a provincial boarding-school, should exercise more influence over me than any woman I ever met—should seem to me cleverer and brighter than the brightest I ever encountered in society. I don't think I am so weak a fool as to be won by beauty alone, though I would be the last to underrate that charm. I don't think I should have been so fond of that girl if she were not something more than beautiful."

"I should have been so fond," Mr. Walgrave put his passion in a past tense, tried to consider it altogether a thing of the past; and then began to walk slowly up and down his room, now and then pausing by one of the three windows to look absently out at the sun-lit river, with its fleet of black panting steamers and slow coal barges, with here and there a dingy sail flapping in the faint summer wind, thinking of Grace Redmayne.

What was she doing just at this moment? he wondered. Wandering listlessly in the garden, quite alone and very sorrowful.

"I shall never forget that white despairing face of hers," he said to himself. "The thought of it gives me an actual pain at my heart. If I were a weak man, I should take my carpet-bag and go back by the afternoon train; I can

fancy how the sweet face would light up at sight of me. But I should be something worse than a fool if I did that. The wrench is over. Thank Heaven, I acted honorably; told her the truth from the first. And now I have only to make it my business to forget her."

There were letters for him. Cuppage had arranged them symmetrically in a neat group upon the writing-table at the right hand of the morocco-covered slope on which Mr. Walgrave was wont to write. He ceased from his promenade presently, and directed his attention to these, as some sort of distraction from meditations which he felt were perilous. They were not likely to be particularly interesting—his letters had been forwarded to him daily at Brierwood—but they would serve to occupy his mind for an hour or so.

There was one, bearing the Kensington postmark, in a hand which surprised him. A large thick envelope, sealed with a monogram in gold and color, and directed in a bold firm hand, square and uniform in style, which might be masculine or feminine.

It was very familiar to Hubert Walgrave. He gave a little start of surprise—not altogether pleased surprise—on seeing this letter, and tore open the envelope hurriedly, to the utter destruction of the emblazoned monogram, in which the initials A. H. V. went in and out of each other in the highest style of florid Gothic.

The letter was not a long one.

"ACROPOLIS SQUARE, August 19.

"MY DEAR HUBERT,—You will, no doubt, be surprised to receive my letter from the above address. Papa grew suddenly tired of Ems, and elected to spend the rest of the autumn in England. So here we are for a day or two, deliberating whether we shall go to some quiet watering-place or pay off some of our arrears with friends. Papa lent the Ryde villa to Mrs. Filmer before we went away, and of course we can't turn her out. The Stapletons want us at Hayley, and the Beresfords have asked us for ever so many years to Abblecopp Abbey, a fine old place in the depths of Wales. But I dare say the question will resolve itself into our going to Eastbourne or Bognor.

"I hope you are getting quite strong and well. If there were any chance of your being in town for a few hours—I suppose you do come sometimes on business—between this and next Thursday, we should be very glad to see you; but I do not wish to interfere with your doctor's injunctions about rest and quiet. Ems was dull à faire frénir. Half a dozen eccentric toilettes, as many ladies who were talked about, a Russian prince, and all the rest the dreariest of the invalid species—so even Kensington Gardens in August are agreeable by way of a change.

"Always sincerely yours,
"AUGUSTA HARCROSS VALLORY."

Mr. Walgrave twisted the letter round in his fingers thoughtfully, with rather a grim smile upon his face.

"Cool," he said to himself. "A gentleman-like epistle. None of the Eloisa or Sappho to Phaon business, at any rate. I wonder what kind of a letter Grace Redmayne would write me if we were plighted lovers, and had not seen each other for seven or eight weeks? What a gushing stream of tenderness would well from that fond young heart! 'Augusta Harcross Vallory,' looking at the dashing semi-masculine autograph with a half-scornful admiration. 'What a fine straight-up-and-down hand she writes—with a broad-nibbed pen and a liberal supply of ink! One could fancy her signing death-warrants just as firmly. I wonder she doesn't sign herself 'Harcross and Vallory.' It would seem more natural. Not a bad name for a barony, by-the-way—like Stamford and Warrington. Her husband may be raised to the peerage some day by such a title." And at the suggestion, made in bitter jest, a dim faint vision of an ermine cap with six pearls arose before Hubert Walgrave's mental gaze.

"Men have sat in the Upper House who began with smaller advantages than mine," he thought. "A fortune like Augusta Vallory's will buy any thing in commercial England. One by one the old names are dropping out of the list, and of ten new ones eight are chosen for the extent of a landed estate or the balance at a bank. And when money is conjoined with professional renown the thing is so easy. But it would be rather singular if I were to sit in the Upper House and Sir Francis Clevedon in the Lower."

He looked at his watch. Three o'clock. The day was so old already, and he had done nothing—not even answered the three or four letters that required to be answered. He took a quire of paper, dashed off a few rapid replies, left Miss Vallory's note unanswered, and lighted a meditative cigar. Cuppage came in while he was smoking it to inquire if his master would dine at home.

"No. You can put my things ready for me in an hour. I shall dine out this evening, and I may want to dress early."

The cigar suited him. That little commonplace note of Augusta Vallory's had diverted his mind in some measure—had sent his thoughts in a new direction. He was no longer depressed. On the contrary, he was pleased with himself and the world—rather proud of his own conduct during the great crisis in his life—inclined to applaud and approve himself as a generous, honorable-minded man of the world. He did not consider that honor and generosity and worldliness were in any way incompatible.

"Nothing could have been more straightforward than my conduct to that dear girl," he said to himself. "From first to last I was thoroughly candid. Come what may, I can have nothing to reproach myself with on that score."

CHAPTER XI.

ON DUTY.

EVERY body knows Acropolis Square and the region to which it belongs—the region amidst which has of late arisen the Albert Hall, but where at this remoter period the Albert Hall was not; only the glittering fabric of the Horticultural Society's great conservatory, and an arid waste, whereon the Exhibition of 1862 had lately stood. Acropolis Square is a splendid quadrangle of palatial residences, whose windows look out upon a geometrically arranged garden, where small detachments of the juvenile aristocracy, not yet "out," play croquet in the warm June noontide, or in the dewy twilight, when mamma and the elder girls have driven off to halls of dazzling light, and the governesses are off duty.

Acropolis Square, in the height of the London season—when there are carriages waiting at half the doors, and awnings hung out over half the balconies, and a wealth of flowers every where, and pretty girls mounting for their canter in the Row, and a general flutter of gayety and animation pervading the very atmosphere—is bright and pleasant enough; but at its best it has all the faults of New London. Every house is the fac-simile of its neighbor; there is none of that individuality of architecture which gives a charm to the more sombre mansions of the old-fashioned squares—Grosvenor and Portman and Cavendish; not a break in the line of porches; not the difference of a mullion in the long range of windows; and instead of the deep mellow hue of that red brick which so admirably harmonizes with the gray background of an English sky, the perpetual gloom of a dark drab stucco.

The city of Babylon, when her evil days had fallen upon her, was not drearier than Acropolis Square at the end of August; or so Hubert Walgrave thought, as a hansom, with irreverent rattle, whisked him round a corner and into that solemn quadrangle of stucco palaces, from whose drab fronts the gay striped awnings had vanished and the flowers departed, and where no "click" of croquet ball sounded on the burned-up grass in the inclosure.

Mr. Vallory's house was one of the most perfectly appointed in the square. It was not possible to give an individual character to any one of those stucco mansions; but so far as the perfection of hearth-stoning and window-cleaning could go, the character of Mr. Vallory's mansion was respectability, solidity, a graving of aspect that suggested wealth. The dining-room curtains, of which the respectful passer-by caught a glimpse, were of the deepest and darkest shade of claret—no gaudy obtrusive crimson or ruby—and of a material so thick that the massive folds seemed hewn out of stone. The shutters to the dining-room windows were dark oak, relieved by the narrowest possible beading of gold. Even the draperies that shrouded the French case-ments of the drawing-room were a dark green silk damask; and the only ornaments visible from the outside were bronze statuettes, and monster vases of purple-and-gold Oriental china. The muslins and laces and chintzes and rose-colored linings which gladdened the eye in neighboring houses had no place here.

A footman in a dark chocolate livery, and with his hair powdered, admitted Mr. Walgrave to the hall, which was adorned with a black marble stove like a tomb, an ecclesiastical brass lamp, and had altogether a sepulchral look, as of a mortuary chapel. The man gave a faintly supercilious glance at the departing hansom—Mr. Vallory had so few cabs in his visiting list—before he ushered in Mr. Walgrave to the drawing-room.

"Is Miss Vallory at home?"

"Yes, Sir; Miss Vallory returned from her drive half an hour ago."

The drawing-room was quite empty, however; and the footman departed in quest of Miss Vallory's maid, to whom to communicate the arrival of a visitor for her mistress—whereby Miss Vallory had to wait about ten minutes for the information. The drawing-room was empty—a howling wilderness of gorgeous furniture, opening by means of a vast archway into a smaller desert, where a grand piano stood in the centre of a barren waste of Axminster carpet. Every thing in the two rooms was of the solid school—no nonsense about it—and every thing was costly to the last degree. Ebony cabinets, decorated with clusters of fruit, in carnelian and agate; Hercules and the Bull, in bronze, on a stand of verd-antique. No cups and saucers, no Dresden déjeuners, no Chelsea shepherdesses, no photograph albums; but a pair of carved oak stands for engravings, supporting elephantine portfolios of Albert Dürer's and Rembrandt's etchings, and early impressions from plates of Hogarth's own engraving. There were a few choice pictures, small and modern, things that had been among the gems of their year in the Academy; just enough to show that neither taste nor wealth was wanting for the collection of a gallery. There was an exquisite group in white marble, forming the centre of a vast green satin ottoman; but of *bric-à-brac* there was none. The idler found no dainty rubbish, no costly trifles, scattered on every side to amuse an empty quarter of an hour. After he had examined the half dozen or so of pictures, he could only pace the Axminster, contemplative of the geometrical design in various shades of green, or gaze dreamily from one of the windows at the drab palaces on the other side of the square.

Hubert Walgrave paced the carpet, and looked about the room thoughtfully as he walked. It seemed larger to him than it had ever appeared before, after that shady parlor at Brierwood, with its low ceiling and heavy oaken beams, dark brown paneling and humble furniture. In such rooms as this he might hope to live all his life, and to enjoy all the distinction which such sur-

roundings give—without Grace Redmayne. The picture of his future life, with all the advantages of wealth and influence which his marriage was to bring him, had always been very agreeable to him. He was scarcely the kind of man to be fascinated by that other picture of love in a cottage. And yet to-day, face to face with Hercules and the Bull, his vagabond fancy, taking its own road in spite of him, shaped the vision of a life with Grace in some trim suburban villa—a hard-working life, with desperate odds against success, only the woman he loved for his wife, and domestic happiness.

"It isn't as if I hadn't even some kind of position already," he said to himself, "to say nothing of having a decent income of my own. And yet, what would my chances be with old Vallory dead against me? That man could crumple me up like a bit of waste paper. To do him a deadly wrong would be certain ruin. And what would be left me then? To drag on miserably upon the outskirts of my profession and live upon three hundred a year; no house in Mayfair; no villa between Strawberry Hill and Chertsey; no crack club—I couldn't afford even that tranquil haven for man's misfortune; no Eton for my boys; no Hanoverian governess for my girls; no yacht, no stable, no social status. Only Grace's sweet face growing pinched and worn with petty cares and daily worries; a herd of children in a ten-roomed house; a maid-of-all-work to cook my dinner; summonses for unpaid poor-rates on every mantel-piece; the water supply cut off with a dismal regularity once a quarter. Who doesn't know every detail of the sordid picture? Pshaw! Why, were I even inclined to sacrifice myself—and I am not—it would be no kindness to Grace to consummate my own extinction by such a step."

There was a strange wavering of the balance; but the scale always turned ultimately on the same side—the side of worldly wisdom. True as the needle to the pole was the mind of Hubert Walgrave to the one great fact that he must needs succeed in life—succeed in the popular acceptance of the word—win money and honor; make a name for himself, in short.

"Other men can afford to take life lightly," he said to himself; "to ruin themselves even, in a gentlemanly way. They start from an elevation, and it takes a long time going down hill. I begin at the bottom, and am bound to climb. Essex could trifle with opportunities which were of vital importance to Raleigh. Yet they both ended the same way, by-the-bye, the trifer and the deep thinker."

A door opened with the resonance of a door in a cathedral, and a rustle of silken fabric announced the approach of Miss Vallory.

Augusta Vallory, sole daughter of the house and heart of Mr. William Vallory, solicitor, of Harcross, Vallory, and Vallory, Austin Friars, was not a woman to be criticised lightly with a brief sentence or two. She was eminently handsome—tall beyond the common height of women, with sloping shoulders and a willowy waist; a long slim throat, crowned with a head that was almost classic in form, a face about which there could be scarcely two opinions.

She was a brunette: her eyes the darkest hazel, cold and clear; her hair as nearly black as English hair ever is; her complexion faultless; a skin which never lacked exactly the right tints of crimson and creamy white—a complexion so perfect that if Miss Vallory had an enemy of her own sex, that enemy might have suggested *vinagre de rouge* and *blanc Rosati*; a delicate aquiline nose, thin lips—just a shade too thin, perhaps—a finely modeled chin, and flashing white teeth, that gave life and light to her face. The forehead was somewhat low and narrow; and, perfect as the eyelashes and eyebrows might be, the eyes themselves had a certain metallic brilliancy, which was too much like the brightness of a deep-hued topaz or a cat's-eye.

She was dressed superbly; indeed, dress with Miss Vallory was the most important business of life. She had never had occasion to give herself much trouble on any other subject; and to dress magnificently was at once an occupation and an amusement. To be striking, original, out of the common, was her chief aim. She did not affect the every-day pinks and blues and mauves of her acquaintance, but, with the aid of a French milliner, devised more artistic combinations—rich browns and fawns and dead-leaf tints, rare shades of gray, relieved by splashes of vivid color—laces which a dowager duchess might have sighed for. Miss Vallory did not see any reason why the married of her sex should alone be privileged to wear gorgeous apparel. Rich silks and heavy laces became her splendid beauty better than the muslins and gauzes of the *démou-selle à marier*.

To-day she wore a fawn-colored silk dress, with a train that swept the carpet for upward of a yard behind her—a corded fawn-colored silk high to the throat, without a vestige of trimming on body or sleeves, but a wide crimson sash tied in a loose knot on one side of the slender waist. The tight sleeves, the narrow linen collar, became her to admiration. A doubtful complexion would have been made execrable by the color; every defect in an imperfect figure would have been rendered doubly obvious by the fashion of the dress. Miss Vallory wore it in the insolence of her beauty, as if she would have said, "Imitate me if you dare!"

The lovers shook hands, kissed each other even, in a business-like way.

"Why, Hubert, how well you are looking!" said Miss Vallory. "I expected to see you still an invalid."

"Well, no, my dear Augusta; there must come an end to every thing. I went into the country to complete my cure; and I think I may venture to say that I am cured."

Mr. Walgrave's tone grew graver with those last words. He was thinking of another disease

than that for which the London physician had treated him, wondering whether he were really on the high-road to recovery from that more fatal fever.

"I need not tell you how well you are looking," he went on, gayly; "that is your normal state."

"Ems was horrid," exclaimed Miss Vallory. "I was immensely glad to come away. How did you like your farm-house? It must have been rather dreary work, I should think."

"Yes; it did become rather dreary work—at the last."

"You liked it very well at first, then?" inquired the young lady, with a slight elevation of the faultless eyebrows. She was not particularly sentimental; but she would have preferred to be told that he found existence odious without her.

"No; it was not at all bad—for a week or so. The place is old-fashioned and picturesque, the country round about magnificent. There were plenty of chub, too; and there was a pike I very much wanted to catch. I shall go in for him again next year, I dare say."

"I have never been able to comprehend what any man can find to interest him in fishing."

"It has long been my hopeless endeavor to discover what any woman can have to say to her milliner for an hour and a half at a stretch," answered Mr. Walgrave, coolly.

Augusta Vallory smiled—a cold, hard smile.

"I suppose you have found it rather tiresome when I have kept you waiting at Madame Bouffante's," she said, carelessly; "but there are some things one can not decide in a hurry; and Bouffante is too busy, or too grand, to come to me."

"What an unfathomable science dress is! That gown you have on now, for instance"—surveying her critically—"doesn't seem very elaborate. I should think you might make it yourself."

"No doubt, if I had been apprenticed to a dress-maker. Unfortunately papa omitted that branch of instruction from his programme for my education. Madame Bouffante cut this dress herself. The train is a new style that was only introduced three weeks ago by the Empress of the French."

"Good Heavens! and I did not recognize the novelty when you came into the room. What a barbarian I am! But, do you know, I have seen women who made their own dresses—when I was a boy."

"I can not help it, my dear Hubert, if you have lived among curious people."

He was thinking of Grace Redmayne as he had seen her one Saturday afternoon seated under the cedar, running the seams of a blue-and-white muslin dress which she was to wear at church next morning, and in which, to his eyes, she had seemed fairer than a wood-nymph. Yet Miss Vallory was much handsomer than Grace, even without the adventitious aid of dress—much handsomer, but not so lovely.

"I have come to ask if I may stay to dinner," said Mr. Walgrave, seated comfortably on the great green satin ottoman, with Miss Vallory by his side—not ridiculously near him in any lackadaisical plighted-lover-like fashion, but four or five feet away, with a flowing river of fawn-colored silk between them. "You see I am in regulation costume."

"Papa will be very glad. We have not told any one we are in town; and indeed I don't suppose there is a creature we know in London. You will enliven him a little."

"And papa's daughter?"

"Oh, of course; you know I am always pleased to see you. Half past six. If you are very good I won't change my dress for dinner, and we can have a comfortable gossip instead."

"I mean to be unexampled in goodness. But under ordinary circumstances—with no one you know in town—would you really put on something more splendid than that orange-tawny gown, for the sole edification of the butler?"

"I dress for papa, and because I am in the habit of doing so, I suppose."

"If women had only a regulation costume like ours—black silk, and a white muslin tie—what an amount of envy and heart-burning might be avoided! And it would give the handsome ones a fairer start—weight for age, as it were—instead of the present system of handicapping."

"I don't in the least understand what you mean, Hubert. Imagine girls in society dressed in black, like the young women in a haberdasher's shop!"

"Yes, that's an objection. Yet we submit to apparel ourselves like butlers. However, being so perfect as you are, it is foolishness to wish you otherwise. And now tell me all your news. I languish to hear what you have been doing."

This was an agreeable, easy-going manner of concealing the fact that Mr. Walgrave had nothing particular to say. The woman who was to be his wife was handsome, accomplished, well versed in all worldly knowledge; yet they met after eight weeks' severance and he had nothing to say to her. He could only lean lazily back upon the ottoman, and admire her with cold, critical eyes. Time had been when he fancied himself in love with her. He could never have won so rich a prize without some earnestness of intention on his own part, without some reality of feeling; but whatever force the passion had possessed was all expended, it was gone utterly. He looked at her to-day, and told himself that she was one of the handsomest women in London, and that he cared for her no more than if she had been a statue.

She was very handsome; but so is a face in a picture. He had seen many faces on canvas that had more life and light and soul in them than had ever glorified hers. His heart had been so nearly her own, but she had wrought no spell to hold it. What had she ever given him, except her cold business-like consent to be his wife at some vaguely defined future period, when his prospects and position should be completely sat-

isfactory to her father? What had she ever given him—what tears, or fond looks from soft beseeching eyes, or little clinging touches of a tremulous white hand—what evidence that he was nearer or dearer to her than any other eligible person in her visiting list? Did he not know only too well that in her mind this lower world began and ended with Augusta Vallory—that nothing in the universe had any meaning for her except so far as it affected herself? One night when she had been singing Tennyson's song, "Home they brought her warrior dead," Mr. Walgrave said to her as he leaned across the piano,

"If you had been the lady, Augusta, what a nuisance you would have considered the funeral!"

"Funerals are very dreadful," she answered, with a shudder.

"And they might as well have buried her warrior where he fell. If I ever come to grief in the hunting field, I will make an arrangement beforehand that they carry me straight to the nearest village dead-house, and leave me there till the end."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MARQUIS OF BUTE AND HIS BRIDE.

SINCE the Princess Louise wedded the Marquis of Lorne last spring, no marriage has created such a sensation in English fashionable life as that of the Marquis of Bute and Lady Gwendoline Fitzalan-Howard. The bridegroom, besides being the wealthiest subject in England, is fairly overburdened with honors and titles, and under the character of Lothair, has become known to the world at large through Disraeli's celebrated novel. The novelist, however, took some liberties with facts, for the real Lothair has ended by marrying Lady Gwendoline, the original of the Lady Clare Arundel discarded in the story, herself an Arundel, and the scion of the oldest and most powerful Catholic family of England.

John Patrick Crichton Stuart, the third Marquis of Bute, is also Earl of Windsor and Viscount Mountjoy, Baron Mountstuart, Earl of Dumfries, Earl of Bute, Viscount of Ayr, Viscount Kingarth, Lord Mountstuart, Cumsa, and Inchmarnock, Baron Crichton of Sanquhar, Lord Crichton and Cumnock, Hereditary Keeper of Rothesay Castle, Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael, and five lords. He was born September 12, 1847, and is consequently twenty-five years old. He is tall and stalwart, with a dark complexion and black hair, growing low on his forehead. His wealth is immense, his yearly income being not less than two million dollars. His bride, the Lady Gwendoline Mary Anne Fitz-



TO THE BITTER END.—"I HAVE COME TO ASK IF I MAY STAY TO DINNER," SAID MR. WALGRAVE.—[SEE PAGE 355.]

alan-Howard, is the eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Edward George Fitzalan-Howard of Glossop. She is eighteen years old, having been born February 21, 1854, and is very beautiful, with brilliant complexion, violet eyes, and rich golden-brown hair. She is cousin of the Duke of Norfolk, the Premier Peer of Great Britain, and has in her own right an income of nearly half a million a year. Her mother, who died in 1862, was the only daughter and heiress of the Hon. George Henry Talbot, and niece of the seventeenth Earl of Shrewsbury. Lord Howard has since married a daughter of Ambrose De Lisle, Esq., of Garendon Park, Leicestershire.

The marriage was solemnized on April 16 in the chapel of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, at Brompton, by Archbishop Manning, assisted by Monseigneur Capel. The building is capable of holding from 2000 to 3000 persons. The bride was richly dressed in white satin and point lace, with magnificent diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom. She was attended by the Hon. Angela, Hon. Alice, Hon. Winifred, and Hon. Countess Howard (her sisters), Lady Philippa Fitzalan-Howard (her cousin), Lady Flora Hastings (daughter of the Countess of Loudoun), Miss Manners (daughter of Lord George and Lady Adeliza Manners), and Miss De Lisle (Lady Howard of Glossop's sister). The bride-maids were dressed in white, with pink trimmings.

The bridegroom was attended by Lord Mauchline. At the conclusion of the marriage ceremony itself, which in the Roman Catholic Church is very short, a Low Mass was said by Monseigneur Capel, and the Holy Communion administered to the newly married pair; after which Monseigneur Capel delivered a brief address. Then the Archbishop gave his benediction, and the ceremony was at an end. The bride and bridegroom were loudly cheered on their departure by a great crowd which had assembled outside. After the breakfast the newly married pair left by a special train from Paddington for Cardiff Castle. It may be mentioned that at the signing of the register the Dukes of Cambridge, Argyll, and Northumberland, and Mr. Disraeli were among the signatories. At Cardiff Lord and Lady Bute were most enthusiastically received. The broad thoroughfare from the railway to the castle was beautifully decorated with transparencies, trophies, and banners. The weather was very fine, and crowds of visitors came into the town by excursion trains. There was a public breakfast in the Town-hall, a dinner for 6000 or 7000 school-children, and athletic sports in the public park. On the arrival of the bride and bridegroom a salute of guns was fired, and the distinguished pair were received by the mayor and corporation. After the Marchioness had been presented with a bouquet of flowers by a bevy of young ladies dressed in white, a congratulatory address was read, to which the Marquis made a very feeling and sensible reply. Then he and his wife drove in an open carriage to the castle. In the evening there was a general illumination. Rejoicings also took place on Lord Bute's Scottish estates.



THE MARQUIS OF BUTE AND HIS BRIDE.

that no
The Pe
the Com
wives an
their H
founded
the hom



"GATHERING COWSLIPS."

"GATHERING COWSLIPS."

WHAT sight is more pleasant at this season in the country than a field or wood strewn with cowslips! How sweet their scent! how much richer their full golden yellow than the weak tint of the primrose, the larger-petaled member of the same family! how finely their color tells if contrasted with the purple of violets or the deep blue of wild hyacinths! Yet no

one ever thinks of celebrating the praises of this very ornamental little wild flower. Poets rave about the violet on its mossy bank, the pale primrose, even the daisy, "wee modest crimson-tipped flower;" but they very rarely deign to notice the cowslip, although it may brighten their path with a galaxy of golden brilliance. Doubtless the unfortunate designation of the poor flower has something to do with this neglect, and with a more euphonious title it would be as

popular as its rivals. Shakspeare may be quoted when he says,

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;"

but it must not be forgotten that the great dramatist makes this silly inquiry and observation to proceed from a love-sick young girl, who afterward finds out her mistake. Every body with a little experience knows that there often is a very great deal in a name. What says the prov-

erb? "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him." Would the insignificant "forget-me-not" ever be so universally known but for its romantic title? The Germans call the cowslip the "Schlüsselblume," or key-flower—why, we know not; but that is a better epithet than our own. Despite its ugly cognomen, however, the cowslip (like the buttercup, another ill-used flower) will always be treasured in the remembrance of many as one of the favorite flowers of childhood. The paint-

Cheapest Hair Goods in the United States. Orders from the country are promptly executed, C. O. D.



BLACK ALPACA.

In order to meet the requirements of ladies in all sections of the United States, we are importing a very fine light make of Black Alpaca, known as the "Otter Brand."

Being a superior fabric, and possessing the highest possible lustre, we recommend them to consumers as an Alpaca highly adapted for Spring and Summer wear.

Ladies can obtain these goods through their Dry-Goods Stores, and know the brand, as a ticket is attached to each piece bearing a likeness of the Otter, precisely like the above.

PEAKE, OPDYCKE, & CO.,
427 & 429 Broadway, New York,
Sole Importers of this Brand for the United States.

THE "LIGHT RUNNING" "DOMESTIC"

"BEST
TO USE."
"EASIEST
TO SELL."

S. M. Agents:
It don't pay you
to fight the best
machine. Prove
our claims. Get
the agency and
sell it.

"DOMESTIC" S. M. Co., 96 Chambers St., N. Y.

A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS, 451 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs, of six first-class makers, including Waters', at extremely low prices, for cash, during this month, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

A FLOWER GARDEN—EVERY HOUSE!!
PATENT PORTABLE WINDOW GARDEN. \$5.50
Rich Designs in Walnut each \$6.50
(Can be put up by any Lady.)
N. B. GRANT, 589 B-WAY NEW YORK

Cut Paper Patterns

OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are Graded to Fit ANY FIGURE, and are fitted with the greatest accuracy, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.

- | | |
|--|-------|
| LADY'S GORED WRAPPER..... | No. 5 |
| LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK..... | " 11 |
| POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT..... | " 15 |
| SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT..... | " 17 |
| MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old)..... | " 23 |
| GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old)..... | " 25 |
| CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)..... | " 27 |
| BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)..... | " 29 |
| BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, AND KNICKERBOCKERS (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)..... | " 31 |
| YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)..... | " 33 |
| INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt)..... | " 35 |
| MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... | " 37 |
| LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER..... | " 42 |
| GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)..... | " 44 |
| GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP..... | " 46 |
| PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... | " 48 |
| LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt..... | " 49 |
| WATTEAU MANTLE, with 3-Pleat Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..... | " 50 |
| MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... | " 52 |
| WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt..... | " 52 |

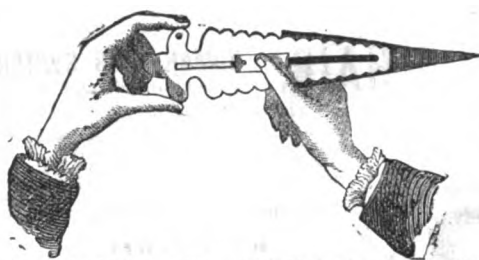
Vol. V.

- | | |
|--|------|
| DOUBLE-BREADED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)..... | " 2 |
| LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER..... | " 4 |
| LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)..... | " 6 |
| PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... | " 8 |
| DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT..... | " 11 |
| SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postilion, and Walking Skirt..... | " 13 |
| MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT, with Cape..... | " 15 |
| TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Dolly Varden Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..... | " 20 |
| VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)..... | " 21 |

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for \$2.00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



The Protean Lancette.

Experience teaches that to secure for an article the favor and patronage of the LADIES, it must combine beauty and elegance of design with practical utility. The favor with which our modification of the **Button-Hole Cutter** has been received predicts that no Lady's Work-Basket will be regarded as complete without it. It is also an admirable Envelope, Leaf, and Paper Knife.

DIRECTIONS.—To extend the Lancet, hold the instrument as illustrated by the engraving; then, holding it as you would a pen, with the cutting edge from you, insert the point (where you wish to commence the button-hole) until you are stopped by the gauge. Be careful not to extend the point too far at first, but cut and try until the hole is a sufficient size to allow the button to pass through; then observe at what point the slide is on the scale, that you may be able to retain the size. The Lancet can be sharpened like an ordinary knife. Samples mailed postpaid on receipt of 50 cents. **DOOLITTLE MANUFACTURING CO., 599 Broadway, New York.**



SIGNALS OF DANGER.

Disease, like the rattlesnake, usually gives fair warning before it strikes. A failing appetite, a furrowed tongue, nausea, headache, want of proper action in the bowels, feverishness, lassitude, nervousness, an uneasy feeling in the stomach, etc., are all symptomatic of a coming attack of indigestion, biliousness, colic, fever, or some other positive form of disease. When thus menaced, resort immediately to

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT, and thus avert the attack. Acting simultaneously upon the digestive organs, the liver, the bowels, and the nerves, this refreshing and agreeable alternative will soon restore the system to its normal condition of health, regularity, and vigor. Sold by all druggists.

We request the ladies to judge from personal examination whether it is any exaggeration to say the

"FAMILY FAVORITE"

will execute a greater variety of sewing, with fewer attachments and less annoyance, than any other

SEWING MACHINE.

Universal adaptation, unequalled beauty and simplicity, perfection of material, and style of construction and finish recommend it as **THE BEST.**

WEED SEWING MACHINE CO.

Salesrooms in Every City.

MADAME FOY'S CORSET SKIRT SUPPORTER

Is acknowledged **THE BEST** ARTICLE of the kind ever made. Numerous Testimonials in its favor are being received from all parts of the United States.

LADY AGENTS WANTED.
HARMON, BALDWIN, & FOY,
Sole Manufacturers,
New Haven, Conn.
ARNOLD & BANNING, New York;
D. B. FISK & Co., Chicago,
Agents.

Agents—Wanted
\$75 to \$250 per month, every where, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid, and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only \$15. Fully licensed and warranted for five years. We will pay \$1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth can not be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from \$75 to \$250 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address **SECOMB & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.**

LUNDBORG'S
COLOGNE
BEST IN THE WORLD.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.
For particulars, address **AVERY BILL, Care Harper & Brothers, 331 Pearl St., New York.**

Will be Ready in June, 1872.

SONG LIFE,
By **PHILIP PHILLIPS,**
(176 pages; Illustrated),
A new Sunday-School Singing-Book, illustrating the journey of Christians and her children from Earth to the Celestial City, sweetly blending in living song the Bible, Bunyan, and the most precious poetry of Christian life. Specimen copy, 50 cents. Published by **HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.** Also, for sale by Mr. PHILLIPS, 805 Broadway, N. Y.

LADIES!
Dr. Kennedy's Hair Tea
will prevent the hair from falling out, and preserve its health and beauty. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

MAGIC PHOTOGRAPHS—Wonderful, curious, amusing. 25c. a package; 5 assorted packages, \$1. Sent postpaid by **W. C. Wemyss, 730 Broadway, N. Y.**



H. W. COLLENDER, Successor to PHELAN & COLLENDER.

738 Broadway, New York.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE-LIST SENT BY MAIL.

SAFEST & PUREST OIL IN THE WORLD.
DENLOW & BUSH'S PREMIUM
OIL, fire test 150°. "This oil will not explode or ignite if a lamp be broken." N. Y. Tribune. Sold everywhere. Address **DENLOW & BUSH, 130 Maiden Lane, N. Y., Boston, Baltimore or Chicago.**

AGENTS WANTED.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. **G. STINSON & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.**

\$425 A MONTH! Horse and Carriage furnished. Expenses paid. **H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.**

Franklin Square,
N. Y., May 4, 1872.

Harper & Brothers' Latest Publications.

TALMAGE'S SERMONS. Sermons by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. 12mo, Cloth, \$2.00.

ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1871. Edited by SPENCER F. BAIRD, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. 12mo, Cloth, \$2.00.

HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD DICKENS.
OLIVER TWIST. With 23 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1.00.
MARTIN CHuzzlewit. With 59 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, \$1.00; Cloth, \$1.50.

TYERMAN'S WESLEY. The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. LUKE TYERMAN, Author of "The Life of Rev. Samuel Wesley." Portraits. Complete in 3 vols., Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$2.50 per vol.

GRIP. A Story of Australian Life. By B. L. FARJON, Author of "Joshua Marvel," "Blade-o'-Grass," &c. 8vo, Paper, 40 cents.

LORD BROUGHAM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Life and Times of HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM. Written by Himself. Complete in 3 vols., 12mo, Cloth, \$2.00 per vol.

MAUD MOHAN. A Novel. By ANNIE THOMAS, Author of "Denis Donne," "On Guard," "Playing for High Stakes," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

BALDWIN'S ANCIENT AMERICA. Ancient America, in Notes on American Archaeology. By JOHN D. BALDWIN, A.M., Author of "Pre-Historic Nations," &c. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, \$2.00.

A BRIDGE OF GLASS. A Novel. By F. W. ROBINSON, Author of "True to Himself," "For Her Sake," "Carry's Confession," &c. 8vo, Paper, 60 cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of their works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year.....\$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year.....4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year.....4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, \$10 00; or any two for \$7 00. An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR will be supplied gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS at \$4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for \$20 00, without extra copy.

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS for ADVERTISING in HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, \$500; Half Page, \$250; Quarter Page, \$150—each insertion.
Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, \$2.00 per Line; Outside Page, \$4.00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—\$1.00 per Line; Cuts and Display, \$1.25 per Line—each insertion.

Address **HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

BAZAR

Cut Paper Patterns,

For Ladies, Misses, Girls, and Children of Both Sexes.

The great design of the proprietors of the Bazar Patterns is to furnish cut paper patterns of every description, and for every size, at a moderate price. These patterns are intended to be the most perfect, the most practical, and the most economical ever produced in this country, and so arranged as to be easily understood by those not accustomed to making their own garments. We avoid as far as possible every form of extravagance in cutting up material, at the same time combining all that is desirable with fashion and good taste. Our business will be conducted in a spirit of progress. Every pattern we issue will be the product of the ablest and most experienced gentlemen dressmakers in the country, all under the supervision of Mr. Moschowitz, a gentleman who stands at the head of his profession, and who is unquestionably the ablest dressmaker in the United States. What Worth is to Paris, Moschowitz is to New York—the highest authority on all matters pertaining to fashion. We have carefully prepared a catalogue of 28 pages, containing over two hundred figures, showing the leading fashions of the day. From this catalogue may be selected patterns of every description and of every size, ranging from 30 to 46 inches bust measure; also for misses from 10 to 16 years of age, and for children of both sexes under 10. On receipt of postage stamp, the above catalogue will be sent to any address free of charge. In this catalogue will be found a list of two valuable premiums, both of which are offered to subscribers for Harper's Bazar. One subscriber will get at least one of these premiums, and we confidently assert that, for liberality and magnitude, the premiums offered to each and every new subscriber for the Bazar have no parallel, an offer in which thousands of families will be benefited, and we will, we trust, be the means of adding much to the comfort and economy of every household. We are confident that this premium will be hailed with delight by every lady in the land. For terms to Agents, or for catalogues, address **JAMES M'CALL & CO., 543 Broadway, New York.**

Important to Ladies.—Read the following extraordinary offer:

The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co. manufacture and warrant two different Sewing Machines, one called the **ELLIPTIC**, the other called the **WHEELER & WILSON**. The **ELLIPTIC** Machine excels in many important points. It is so light that a child can run it with ease; or an invalid, whose strength is sufficient to walk about the house or to do the work of a child ten years old, can sew all day without being over-fatigued. It is impossible to convey by language a tithe of the merits belonging to this deservedly popular Machine. To see it perform the different operations, such as hemming, felling, gathering, embroidering, tucking, cording, frilling, quilting, fringing, etc., it seems more like a thing of life than a machine moved by the will of the operator. It has adjustable gauges for every description of work, and can be changed in a moment to suit any material, coarse or fine. The economy of the **ELLIPTIC** Machine in a family is almost incredible—with one, a good operator can do the work of twelve hands. A breadth of a skirt can be sewed in less than a minute; a gentleman's fine shirt can be made in three hours; or a child's dress, with many tiny pleats, in less time than the hands can fold them—in fact, every description of sewing is reduced from a question of hours to one of minutes. We make the following offer: Any person in the United States desiring one of these celebrated Machines can buy one and pay for it in work (not sewing) furnished at their own home. The work is pleasant and profitable, and can be accomplished by any lady, old or young. We send circulars on receipt of stamp. Address **ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE CO., 543 Broadway, New York.**

J. B. SMALL, Manufacturer of Cut Paper Patterns for Ladies', Misses', Boys', and Children's Garments, of all ages and sizes. We furnish Harper & Brothers with all the suits of Cut Paper Patterns issued with this paper. Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Address **J. B. SMALL, 643 Broadway, New York.**



No. 822, Front and Back View

Lady's Polonaise Over-Dress, with Cape. Nine even sizes, 30 to 46 inches bust measure. Sent on receipt of 26 cents and measure.

J. B. Small's Cut Paper Patterns have a printed label, showing their size, the amount of cloth, trimming, &c., required, with instruction for cutting and making, and a Picture of the garment when finished.

COLORED FASHION PLATE.

For Spring Styles, will be ready March 1st. Sent on receipt of 25 cents; or, with Four Cut Paper Patterns on plate, for 60 cents.



THEA-NECTAR,

A Pure Chinese Tea,

The Best Tea Imported.

Warranted to Suit all Tastes.

Put up in our trade-mark Half-Pound and Pound Packages only.

30 and 60 Pound Boxes.

For Sale, at Wholesale only, by The Gt. Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., New York City; P. O. Box 5506.



MAGNETIC TIME-KEEPER.

COMPASS AND INDICATOR. A perfect time-keeper for the pocket of every traveler, trader, boy, farmer, and for EVERYBODY wanting a reliable time-keeper, and also a superior compass. Usual watch-wind, steel works, glass crystal, with a steel case. Warranted to denote correct time and to keep in order if fairly used—for two years. Nothing like it! This perfect time-keeper of mechanism will fit into a steel case, prepaid to any address, for only \$1.25 for \$2. Circulars sent free. Order from the Sole American Agents, **KING & CO., Baltimore, Md.**



Purifies the complexion by removing Pimples and all other disagreeable disorders of the skin. Twenty-five cents per box. **JOHN F. HENRY, Sole Proprietor, No. 8 College Place, New York.**

FACETIÆ.

A JOURNALIST, who is said to be bald, offers a reward of \$1000 for a tale that will make his baldstand on end.

A WARNING TO WOULD-BE BLONDINES.—It is not every tight-rope dancer who can keep his balance—at his banker's.

A sea-faring gentleman, visiting Barnum's on Good-Friday, observed that the aquarium had a very fishy appearance, and that it looked highly finished, though its dimensions are certainly somewhat cur-tailed, owing, no doubt, to the dog-fish.

THE REAL SHOOTING SEASON.—Spring-time.

SERMONS IN STONE!—Just so; but Bill Swipes says he prefers 'em in quartz.

An Irish paper says that trying to get up business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl through a pair of green goggles—you may know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot?—Not if they have money.

A late Kansas coroner, hearing of a fellow who had made an unsuccessful attempt at hanging himself, called a jury together, and they, after a long deliberation, returned a verdict of "suicide in the second degree."



"IT IS A PRINCE, YOUR GRACE."

"How is Mrs. Tomkins?"
"And the little Boy?"
"Well, the little Girl, then?"
"Yes—one or the other, I suppose!"

[Nurse Lilly, correcting the Iron Duke.
"Mrs. Montgomery Tomkins is as Well as can be Expected, Ma'am."
"The little Boy, Ma'am!"
"The little Girl, Ma'am!"
"The Doctor said as a Hair 'ad arrived, Ma'am!"

THE CHARGE OF THE "BUSTLE."

Forward the Big Bustle!
Down the long street rustle,
Sweeping the street Arab
Into the gutter;
Swells to the right of it,
Swells to the left of it,
Cane, stick, and eyeglass
All in a flutter!

Loud cries the errand-boy,
"Big Bustle there, ahoy!"
And the respectable
Citizens stare;
Reckless of every one,
On goes the "haughty one,"
Sweeping past houses,
Terrace, and square.

But look! the lowering sky
Portends a storm is nigh,
While men on all sides
Gallantly throng;
Swells to the right of it,
Swells to the left of it,
Blue Bustle charges,
Sweeping along.

Ah, 'tis a rainy day!
Streams flood the muddy
way,
And the fair ornament
Cheeky cads hustle;
Homeward it now retreats,
Flies from the crowded
streets,
Safe at last! ah, but not—
Not the same Bustle!

Fish is very dear just
now. In the winter-time
you have only to go on the
ice, and you can have a
skate for nothing.

THE LAND OF CANE.—The
place where sugar comes
from.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—Golden hair has
gone out; it is now worn
platted.



"WHEN MUSIC, HEAVENLY MAID, WAS YOUNG,"
IN FACT, VERY YOUNG INDEED.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE IS THE MISERY OF THE PRESENT. WOULD IT WERE
A MEMORY OF THE PAST!

[Such, at least, are little Mabel's sentiments.]



HONOR AMONG ERRAND BOYS.

(Little Tinks is carrying the parcels of Mrs. T., who has been shopping.)

FIRST BOY. "Carry yer Parcels, Sir?"
SECOND DITTO. "Get out, Bill! Can't ye see he's on'y just got the Job 'is self?"

SABBATH-BREAKING.

FIRST SCOT. "Wha has been hitting Sandy Johnson? He has gotten a wafu' black eye."

SECOND SCOT. "Ay, ay; young Aleck an' me saw him coming along the road last Sabbath-day, whistlin' as happy like as if it had been the middle of the week, so we just thrashed him weel, but we didna ken till after we had dun it that he was only whistlin' for his dog."

GOING ON CIRCUIT.—Taking a turn on a tread-mill.

A TICKET-OF-LEAVE.—A pawnbroker's duplicate.

A SCIENTIFIC REASON.—A friend of ours who came upon a scientific treatise on the velocity of light, says he can now understand how it is that his gas bill runs up so rapidly.

When a young wife began her housekeeping-book with "Gave a beggar a penny," she rightly said that charity began a tome.

MYTHOLOGICAL MEDICINE.—Apollo is described in the classics as the god of medicine; but we are not altogether convinced that he owes to that fact his name of Fee-bus.

RIFLEMAN.—Pickpockets.

PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENON.—A lady wrote of her lover who had become insane that he had gone out of his mind, but had never gone out of hers.



INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

LITTLE GIRL FROM THE COUNTRY. "Oh, Fayther, looksee here—that Great Big Wild Beaste's been a-Pickin' his Tooth wi' his Tail!"

A contemporary tells this funny anecdote: "Wake up, here, and pay for your lodging," said the deacon, as he nudged a sleepy stranger with the contribution-box. "We were there, and we heard the stranger murmur, with a glance at the minister whose sermon had narcotized him, "Lodging!—and bored too!"

PARADOX.—It may sound like a paradox, yet the breaking of both wings of an army is a pretty sure way to make it fly.

An Italian critic of Wagner's "Lohengrin" unkindly says, "Science is a fine thing, but for sleep I prefer a good bed."

A contemporary wants to know if a fight among horse-jockeys can be called a "war of races."

A young lady has taken up dentistry for a living. All the gentlemen patronize her. When she puts her arm about the neck of the patient, and caresses his jaw for the offending member, the sensation is about as nice as they make 'em. One young man has become hopelessly infatuated with her. Consequently he hasn't a tooth in his head. She has pulled out every blessed one of them; and made him two new sets, and pulled them. She is now at work on his father's jaw by his persuasion. He holds the jaw for the pleasure of looking at her.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

Vol. V.—No. 22.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1872.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE PREPARATION AND USE OF CEMENTS.

AMONG the various cements in common use a prominent place must be accorded to the different soluble gums. Of these, gum-arabic is that which is best known and cleanest. It is tolerably tenacious, but somewhat expensive. Of late years, however, chemists have found a method of making a gum which is very nearly equal to gum-arabic in many respects, and superior to it in strength and cheapness. It is prepared by roasting starch, and is called British gum, or dextrine. It is used very largely for rendering stamps adhesive, and may be procured at a cheap rate from most druggists. Photographers use it quite extensively, as they consider it the best and strongest cement in use. It may be procured in the form of a fine powder, having a delicate cucumber-like odor. Mix it with water to the consistence of mucilage or thin paste, and it will be ready for use.

Gum-tragacanth probably forms the strongest and most adhesive cement of any that are prepared from gums. It does not dissolve in water, but swells and forms a thick paste. By carefully selecting clean pieces of the tragacanth, soaking them in water, and grinding the resulting mass in a mortar until it forms a smooth paste, we may produce one of the strongest and most adhesive cements known.

All gums, however, when used for cement, become so dry and hard after a time that labels and other objects cemented to polished surfaces by means of them, crack and fall off. This difficulty may be prevented in several ways. A little brown sugar dissolved in the mucilage will do it, and so will a drop or two of glycerine. Beware, however, of adding too much of the lat-

ter, for if you do your mucilage can not be made to dry sufficiently to adhere. A cement composed of three parts of gum-arabic, two parts of starch, and one part of brown sugar makes a paste which is excellent for mounting specimens of natural history, and for similar purposes. White sugar is generally recommended instead of brown, but this is a mistake. The sugar does not serve any very important purpose as a cement; it is added merely for the purpose of keeping the other ingredients in a proper condition, and brown sugar does this better than white.

Time and space would alike fail us if we attempted to give a full account of the different cements which have been invented at various times. We must confine ourselves to a few of the best in each of the classes that we have mentioned, and therefore pass on to cements used for uniting glass, earthenware, china, etc. The most easily used cement in this class is pure shellac. This substance may be obtained from any druggist, though it is not always to be had pure, there being an artificial article, manufactured from resin and some other substances, which resembles the genuine shellac so closely that the fraud is difficult of detection. A mixture of shellac, resin, and very finely powdered brick-dust, melted and moulded into slender sticks, forms the cement so extensively sold by itinerant vendors, who, by means of it, unite pieces of earthenware so strongly that they frequently break in a new place rather than at the joint. But good shellac will answer quite as well. The pieces to be joined must be made as hot as the cement will bear without being burned. After the edges have been smeared with the cement they must be brought into close contact, so that all superfluous cement may be expelled, and they must then be held together under great pressure until the

whole has cooled. Pieces joined in this way will hold very firmly, but will not endure a high temperature; even that of boiling water will cause them to separate. It is very difficult to get a good cement that will resist both heat and moisture. The famous diamond cement, when made of good materials, is probably as efficient as any. The recipe has been frequently published, but will bear repeating: Dissolve five or six bits of gum-mastic, each the size of a large pea, in as much strong alcohol as will suffice to render the mixture liquid; in another vessel dissolve in alcohol as much isinglass, previously softened in water (though none of the water must be used), as will make a two-ounce vial of very strong glue, adding two small bits of gum galbanum or ammoniacum, which must be ground or rubbed until they are dissolved. Then mix the whole by the aid of sufficient heat; keep the glue in a very thin glass vial, closely stopped, and when it is to be used melt it by placing the vial in boiling water. Another very excellent cement is made as follows: Curdle skim-milk with rennet or vinegar, press out the whey, and dry the curd by a very gentle heat, but as rapidly as possible. It is essential that the milk be well skimmed, since the presence of cream will render the curd oily, and will

injure the cement. Grind the dry curd in a coffee-mill, and afterward rub it down in a mortar until it is reduced to the finest possible powder. Next reduce to powder a quantity of quicklime equal to one-tenth of the weight of the curd. The lime must be powdered by grinding in a mortar, and not by slaking in any form, and the quality of the cement will depend very largely upon the fineness of the powder to which the ingredients are reduced and the thoroughness with which they are mixed. To every ounce of the mixture add five or six grains of camphor, and keep in small vials well stopped. When wanted, a little of it is made into a paste with water and applied immediately. It unites glass, china, etc., but, being a white cement, it is better adapted to the uniting of china and earthenware than of glass. A cement of similar character may be made with less trouble by mixing finely powdered quicklime with the white of an egg. In this form, however, the cement does not resist moisture as well as when the first formula is followed.

One of the very best methods of uniting pieces of broken china, however, is by the use of boiling milk. The broken surfaces must be very clean, and brought into the closest contact by means of twine, which, after being loosely tied, should be twisted up so as to create considerable pressure. The article to be mended having been thus prepared, is placed in a pot and covered with milk that has been carefully skimmed. The pot is placed on the fire, and the milk allowed to boil gently for an hour or so. After being taken out and allowed to cool, the pieces will be found very firmly united; but it is advisable to leave them tied together for at least a week or ten days, after which they may be freely handled, and exposed to moderate degrees of heat and moisture.



Fig. 1.—FIGURED BLACK LACE OVER-SKIRT AND JACKET.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII, Figs. 34-41.



Fig. 2.—FIGURED BLACK LACE OVER-SKIRT AND JACKET.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII, Figs. 34-41.

ROSES.

By soft showers and sunlight fed,
Nature's art discloses,
Pink and white, and royal red,
A world of blushing roses.

Wandering at their own sweet will,
They paint the dullest places,
Or lean across the window-sill
With love-compelling faces.

Such a grace about them clings,
Such an odor hovers,
That these wild and wayward things
Count us all their lovers.

Bloom, O roses! rank and sweet;
May no worm o'ertake you!
June is only half complete
Till the sunbeams wake you.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1872.

THE opening chapters of a new
Serial Story, entitled

"A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE,"

by the Author of "Won—Not Wooed,"
"Bred in the Bone," "Cecil's Tryst,"
and other popular novels, were given in
HARPER'S WEEKLY for May 25. They
give promise of a story of unusual power
and interest.

Cut Paper Patterns of a Lady's Posi-
tion-Basque Wrapper, and a Pointed Cape, with
Five-pleat Blouse, Over-Skirt, and Walking Skirt,
will be published with our next Number.

Our next Supplement Number will con-
tain patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of a
rich variety of Ladies' Walking, House, and
Evening Dresses, Water-proof Cloaks, etc.; Chil-
dren's Dresses, Wrappers, and Lingerie; Gen-
tlemen's Smoking Jackets, Vests, and Traveling
Caps; Traveling Beds, Shawls, and Shawl-
Straps; Sackels, Parasols, and Umbrellas; Né-
cessaires, Collar Boxes, Traveling Purses, etc.;
together with a rich variety of artistic and literary
attractions.

THE BABY IN BREECHES.

By GAIL HAMILTON.

IT was all owing to the other baby. There
was no call for that baby, that I know of.
There were babies enough before. When,
as breakfast drew near its close, Harry was
heard thumping slowly down the stairs, pit-
pat, pit-pattering through the parlors and
the library, and presenting himself at the
dining-room door in fresh white frock and
radiant face, emitting angelic war-whoops
of delight, the old house seemed full of
babies. And when he rushed around the
room with fixed eyes, bent head, and shoul-
ders thrust forward in frenzied eagerness for
a chair, and when he made good his divine
right to a seat at the table by pushing his
chair headlong into a place regardless of
what broadcloth or ruffles might interpose;
when he had painfully climbed up into the
adult chair and brought his precious nose
very nearly to a level with the table—with
what serene delight, with what entire self-
approbation and world-satisfaction, did he
gaze around upon us, his aspiring, ambi-
tious, unsatisfied elders! With what sweet
frankness he poked his sudden fingers into
the peach preserve! With what sublime
abstraction did he upset all the cups and
saucers in his endeavor to reach the oranges!
What a small thing it seemed to him, in
flashes of adventurousness, to rise up in his
chair, climb up on the table, and creep along
to the otherwise unattainable sugar bowl;
and when a blind and unreasonable prejudice
interfered with this, his simple and honor-
able ambition, what hearty howls attested
his keen sense of right to life, liberty, and
the pursuit of sugar, till some true friend,
more open to conviction than his bigoted
progenitors, set the sugar bowl on the floor
and restored the equilibrium of the universe!

Certainly Harry was baby enough to satisfy
a reasonable mind. His ignorance was of
the most approved pattern, and penetrated
every fastness in the whole province of
knowledge. He not only, like Sir THOMAS
MORE, did not know Greek at three years
of age, but he was very imperfectly acquaint-
ed with English. He had never so much as
heard whether there be any alphabet. He
knew how to tumble all the collars, ribbons,
and trinkets out of the upper drawer into a
kaleidoscopic confusion. He could toss Billy
the fireman toward the ceiling in such eccen-
tric orbits that he would be sure to strike
against the vase and upset the flowers on his
way down. But of any useful knowledge, or
of any knowledge that promised to be useful,

he was destitute to a degree that would have
charmed the heart of the most devoted be-
liever in vital statistics.

But another king arose who knew not
JOSEPH. Another baby must needs come
peering and prying into the world, and
Baby Harry must abdicate. The badges
of his royalty must go. All his little cam-
bric flounces, all his lovely silken-stitched
flannel petticoats, the folds and tucks and
ruffles and ribbons of his infantile grace—
the insignia of his innocence, the vestiges of
his heavenly creation—were to be ruthlessly
rent away, and he was to make his debut in
the straight lines and plane surfaces and
monotonous hues and unmitigated bifurca-
tions of the unbeautiful sex, the sex which
is not lovely in itself, and which borrows no
loveliness from its dress; for even the most
thorough advocate of the equality of the
sexes must admit that the handsome man
is but a rough and primitive creation com-
pared with the handsome woman, and that
while the plain woman, by correct combina-
tions of color and outline, can at least reduce
her plainness to its lowest terms, and some-
times combine it altogether out of sight, the
plain man has nothing for it but to put on
his hat and coat and fight it out on that line.

Of course we all know that Harry must
come to it in time; but why array him pre-
maturely in the sombre garments of man-
hood? Why put his awful baby ignorance
and innocence in such grotesque contrast
with his manly garb? It is only for his
brief blossoming that he can have the beau-
ty of drapery. Once out of it, he returns, he
returns, he returns no more. Once robbed
of his cambrics and muslins, and there re-
mains for him through life nothing but a
dreary waste of trowers—a pitiless stretch
of dun broadcloth scarcely brightened,
certainly not relieved, by the stiffness of
starched and uncompromising linen. The
time may come in the flood-tide of youth
and love when he will put a bouquet in his
button-hole. In his furnished craving for
color he may possibly indulge in a blue neck-
tie or a pink-bordered handkerchief; but not
for him the broad expanses of lustrous hues;
never for him the rainbow tints, the sunset
blendings, wherein his sister may luxuriate.
It is only the short, sweet morning bloom
of his babyhood that can be tricked out in
curve and color, in feathers and flowers and
all fantastic finery.

But the decree goes forth. Off come the
bobbing little petticoats that I love, the
chunky little sleeves so full of the chunky
little arms, the baby waist that has nothing
in common with the tyrant man, and never
so much as suggests the arrogance and domi-
nation of the oppressing sex—and Baby
Harry goes into breeches and ecstasies.

But I have my revenge. With the robes
he has not put on the soul of manhood. His
awful innocence is too fresh from heaven
to be smothered by jacket and trowers.
He has by no means yet unlearned the con-
tortions and climbings, the crawlings and
rollings, of his lost estate, and his clothes
have hard work to stay on. It is only by the
skin of their teeth that the trowers keep
connection with the jacket. He emerges
from his dressing-room dainty and decorous,
"close buttoned to the chin," collar straight,
shoes tied, stockings fast—a little man. An
hour passes, and the little man has one shoe
off, the string of the other gone. One red
stocking has been displaced by a black and
white striped one with the heel cocked de-
fiantly over his instep, and the other stock-
ing is reefed around his ankle. Both bare,
brown, battered knees are surmounted with
a white cotton crown, and the minute
breeches are rucked up as high as they will
go around the minute legs. Buttons have
treacherously parted company with button-
holes, and aloft bears Harry his
flags of truce. Dear little dilapidated man
—comical little mockery and travesty of a
man—manikin, midget, baby in breeches—
such and so great confusion comes upon all
impatient and evil-minded parents who are
not content to wait the flower's slow unfold-
ing, but will have the tiny and tender bud
spring suddenly into the broad-bannered
rose.

Harry Midget, come hither and be re-
constructed. What did you see at the cir-
cus yesterday?

"A leffalent and a baby leffalent!"

"And where is Katrina gone?"

"Gone to Frank-an-cisco!"—pulling out
for freedom.

"Stop. Tell me what is the Japanese em-
bassador's name."

"I—whack—U—RA!"—tugging mightily
away.

"How much do you love me? Then you
shall go."

"Tin-dollar."

"That all?"

"And a gold locket!"

Bless the baby, with or without his
"troublesome disguises," which, after all,
rather emphasize than disguise his baby-
hood!

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Bristles and Purses.

DEAR NORMAN,—There are some prov-
erbs about our fellow-travelers which
are very unhandsome, and which I am not
in the least disposed to believe, although I
know that proverbs are called the concen-
trated wisdom of mankind. The truth is
that proverbs in regard to people grow out
of two feelings—one of trust and the other
of distrust of human nature. On such a
beautiful spring morning as this I sit in the
Park and hear the birds and the brooks,
and feel the sunshine, and see the bright
blue sky, and if I am well I feel myself to
be penetrated by the lovely influence. I
become a part of the perfect day, and noth-
ing seems to me so humorous as the cynicism
in which so many of us indulge, and which
we suppose to be a superior wisdom.

I said, you observe, that if I felt well I
became a part of the perfect day. That is a
very essential consideration; for I suppose
that a great deal of our immortal philosophy
of life is mere dyspepsia. St. Simeon Stylites
was an invalid. Most of the saints were vale-
tudinarians. A convent was really a hos-
pital. If Dr. Calvin's theology was grim
and morose, it was because of his seclusion
in sunless rooms and the sluggishness of his
currents of life. The Institutes are me-
grims. Students who by austere vigils grow
dry and sapless can not have a juicy faith.
What religious vigor there was in the Wes-
leys, in Whitefield, and their companions!
But they were shoots of new life that put
forth from the old ecclesiastical stock. They
did not grow in libraries and among books
and in dim churches, but in the air and sun-
shine, in the open barn and shed and field.
Ill proverbs probably spring at last from ill
health. You can not trace any such to
hearty, healthy, generous souls and bodies.
No cynic said, "Beyond the mountains there
are men also." But who else first grum-
bled, "You can't make a silk purse of a
sow's ear."

I have disbelieved that ever since—I
should say about two hundred years ago—I
read, curled up in a corner of my grandfa-
ther's library, that curious paper by the Earl
of Cork in the *Connoisseur* describing the
cooking of a beauty's slipper. The cook
served it in parts as an omelet, a soufflé,
an exquisite morsel. The golden youth
consumed the delicate delight with ardor.
'Twas an old shoe! Villain, thou liest!
'twas the breast of a phenix! They were
youths of an unbounded stomach. But sup-
pose that some wizen-face had snarled from
the end of the table, when the cook was
summoned to receive the slipper and pre-
pare the feast, "You can't make a silk
purse of a sow's ear!" If you smiled, he
would have said, in that familiar tone, "Well,
can you?" And while you still smiled, be-
hold! the re-entering cook bearing the
unique and appetizing dish, itself the con-
futation of the sneer, itself toothsome pro-
claiming that you could. It was a warm
summer morning when I read it. The flies
buzzed; I heard the swish of the scythe in
the June morning. At breakfast I had
heard my grandfather say, impatiently,
"You can't make a silk purse of a sow's
ear." As I sat in the silent library, amused
by the wonderful story, the scythes sang in
unison outside the window, "You can! you
can!" I have learned that the scythes were
wiser than my grandfather.

This proverb, which I have lately often
heard repeated, is one of the dyspeptic, ill-
natured, discouraging maxims. It is not a
drop of concentrated wisdom; it is a snarl
of disease. The question, "Well, can you?"
need not trouble you. Snarler points out to
you old Elephantiasis, who blunders in ev-
ery thing, and with his heavy coarseness
tramples refinement and social elegance un-
der his feet. He comes to dinner and makes
every guest uncomfortable. In the pleasant
circle he is a May-bug in a boudoir. He
talks and laughs boisterously. He fires off
jokes, as he calls them, full into the face of
Violet, sitting by his side, and the whole com-
pany turn pale. He nudges his neighbors
with his elbows. He helps himself to salt
with his knife. He dips his fork into the
dish of peace. He spills his soup upon his
shirt bosom, and tries to remove the spot
with a wet napkin, and then informs Violet
with a ha! ha! that now it would be hard
to tell his shirt bosom from a towel. The
host and the guests are abashed and con-
founded, and they all say to each other,
indignantly, when they are comfortably at
home, "You can't make a silk purse of a
sow's ear."

Now this is a sow's ear, undoubtedly; but
did any body ever try the transformation?
And even if the process had failed in this
instance, it has triumphed in so many that
the proverb perishes. We are all sows' ears
to begin with. Forgive me, Miss Violet,
whom I see passing into the Ramble, as if
Iris herself had alighted upon the earth and
were promenading in the Park. Some of us,

gracious lady, are of a finer texture—more
soft, more silken, more susceptible, as it
were, of weaving into purses. But the finest
purses did not grow. They are not plucked
like fruit from trees. They are made, all of
them. Nature gives the more or less ex-
quisite texture; but still training makes
the purse. You, gentle lady, shall be my
witness, for I have known you always.
Your manners are a purse of gossamer grace,
holding glistening gold. Nature furnished
the sweet temper, the low voice, the un-
speakable smile. But these were all fine,
flying silken threads until fond maternal
care and wise experience wove them into
this fair result. The gardener did not make
that luscious pear, but he trained the tree.
The purse is not a question of nature, but
of art, of domestic art, of moral art. You
can't make a silk purse of silken strands
without knowledge and skill. You can
make a silk purse of a sow's ear—if you
know how.

And if you can make a single one, the
proverb is lost. Here we are, for instance,
in Athens, and a young fellow is about to
address us. We in Athens know very well
what oratory and orators are. Let the youth
look to himself, for we will not permit the
great art to be degraded. Orators, like po-
ets, say we of the fierce Athenian democracy,
are born, not made. So our young friend
begins. His voice is feeble; he stammers;
he catches his breath and chokes; he has no
order in his speech, no logic in his argument;
he is awkward and uncouth. It is ludicrous
and shameful. We all explode with laugh-
ter, and drive him from us with ridicule.
"That fellow an orator! No, no; you can't
make a silk purse of a sow's ear." Luckily
the fellow thinks that you can, and that he
will try. It is not an easy task, nor short.
But he works devotedly and patiently, and
behold! at last, Demosthenes thundering
against Philip. The purse that was made
of that sow's ear is a chief pride of Greece
and one of the glories of the world.

As I sat in the Park, after Violet had
passed out of my sight, I could think of a
great many ears of the same general kind
that had been wrought into very pretty
purses. And as I watched the children run-
ning by and the beautiful young women in
their new straw hats, I observed that, al-
though there was every kind of quality in
the straw, yet that it was all braided into
hats; and if somebody had said to me, "Or-
ators and poets are born, not made," I should
certainly have brought the sayer to confu-
sion by saying, "So are hats and purses."
And if that indignant person had answered,
"You don't really mean to say that any pos-
sible training could make a man without
genius a poet?" I should certainly have re-
torted that the important thing for the world
was not genius, but making genius avail-
able. It is not the gold lying inaccessible
which is useful: it is the coined and wrought
metal. And precisely as you can extract
sugar from beets, you can make a silk purse
of a sow's ear. From the stuttering of De-
mosthenes you may develop fluency; from
his awkwardness, grace; from his confusion,
order; from his ridiculous dullness, elo-
quence. Believe that the silk is there, and
you will make it appear and weave it into a
purse.

When Claudio was first seen he was so
destitute of every thing that makes men
attractive that it seemed a sad pity he
had been born. His father was in despair,
and tauntingly vowed to call his first-born
Caliban. But his mother, silent and patient
as nature, which covers the gnarliest apple-
trees with perfect blossoms, pondered and
strove. When her husband, impatient, ex-
claimed that it was useless to try to make a
silk purse of a sow's ear, she smiled gently,
and reproved him with her sweet silence.
She trained his limbs and movements. She
cultivated a sense of tune, which she devel-
oped. She took him to dancing-school,
knowing that all his companions would
laugh and all their parents wonder. But
she persevered. Her faith did not falter,
and every moment of his youth Claudio was
under an influence as sure and subtle as
that of the warm air about a plant. Happy
mother! Happy child! If she had heeded
the sneer about the silk purse, if she had
felt that nature had been cruel to afflict her
with such a child, if she had yielded to
what is called fate, instead of asserting a
will that conquers fate, Claudio would have
been to-day the most grotesque and unhappy
of human beings. But the mother's heart
and hand have worked together, and from
that sow's ear they have woven a purse—
not so silken as a hundred that we know,
but no less a purse than they.

The proverb is a sermon of idleness and
fatality. It preaches that we can do noth-
ing. But if you would move in good society,
select for your companions those who believe
that silk purses can be made of bristles,
and who have made and are making them.

Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

STYLISH COSTUMES.

THE warm, balmy days of May have brought light clothing into use, the throngs on the avenues are arrayed in new costumes, and the fashion chronicler discovers which of all the styles noted has met the general favor. For rich silks a fashion introduced last fall is now being widely adopted for both street and house dresses. This is a succession of flounces on the back and side breadths of the skirt from the waist to the edge, only two or three flounces on the front breadth, a postilion-waist, and by way of upper skirt merely an apron covering the space left bare on the front breadth, rounding high up on the sides, and fastened on the tournure beneath the postilion. From four to seven flounces are placed on the back breadths. If only four flounces are used, they are wide, straight, scantily gathered, and are edged with one or two narrow bias frills. When five or seven narrower flounces are preferred, they are bias, overlapping, and plainly hemmed. The apron has a similar flounce around it, and this ruffle is often finished by deep fringe. The corsage is the postilion-waist with basque back and belted front, of which we have given a pattern. The Marie Antoinette drapery on the bosom is a part of this costume; the sleeves have the upper side rounded in duchesse fashion, while the lower side hangs in a point, disclosing the trimmed silk lining and handsome lace under-sleeves. A novelty lately sent out by Worth is a polonaise that combines the waist and apron just described. This dress, made of sage green, nut brown, olive, or cameo tints, is worn on the street without a wrap if the wearer chooses, though many add a small mantle of cashmere or a lace sacque. The style is sufficiently elaborate for dinner and reception dresses. Cheaper fabrics, such as mohair and wool poplins, are also made in this fashion.

Apron fronts grow shorter and dress skirts are trimmed higher than ever. Narrow bias overlapping ruffles, straight around the skirt, are in great favor; where three, or at most five, ruffles were once thought sufficient, ten or twelve are now used. These are sometimes not more than two inches wide. Instead of being regularly hemmed, the edges of such ruffles are merely turned under once, and the raw edge is caught on the wrong side by a kind of herring-bone done in "blind stitches" that do not show through on the right side. This makes a rich-looking ruffle that appears to be of doubled silk.

Polonaises are most important features of spring suits. They are of every design possible. The ample drapery of the Marguerite Dolly Varden is chosen by those who like very bouffant garments; while the more scant drapery of the plain Marguerite and the simple Dolly Varden polonaise is used by those who like more quiet dressing. Two large buttons now mark the taper of the waist in the back of polonaises, instead of sash bows. Coat sleeves are very simply trimmed for stout ladies; those with long thin arms require more elaborate ruffles below the elbow. In costumes composed of two shades of a color the height of the wearer determines the arrangement of the shades; for instance, tall ladies should have the lightest shade in the upper skirt, as the dark color below makes them look shorter; ladies who are under size should have the lightest color in the lower skirt. The sleeveless basques called vests enter into these costumes. The corsage is a simple basque of the darkest shade, with sleeves, and perhaps a vest, of the lightest tint.

The fancy for embroidery done on the costume increases. It is an expensive trimming, yet dealers say the prices they get for it scarcely pay their needle-women. Bias bands of silk for heading flounces are cut an inch wide, and sent to the fancy stores to be embroidered. A set of black bands had a vine wrought in lavender floss, and the charge for needle-work was \$3.50 a yard. A sage green faille costume had an elaborate pattern four inches wide bordering the polonaise. The work was as beautifully done as that seen on imported costumes, and the price was \$9 a yard.

Old-fashioned mousseline de laine, in the fine quality known as tamise cloth, is revived again for morning and traveling costumes, and it is predicted that it will supersede cashmere. Stone gray and sage green suits of this fabric are imported by the French modistes. They are made with simple, stylish polonaises, merely scalloped at the edges and bound with material; the skirt is trimmed very high with alternate gathered and kilt-pleated flounces. Sometimes a sleeveless vest of another shade, or else a Marie Antoinette fliu, is provided for warmth. There is also a return to the satin-striped chullies worn by our grandmothers; these are seen principally in the figured goods used for Dolly Varden polonaises. The grounds are white, écriu, or pearl gray, with satin stripes of the same shade, and the figure is a trailing vine of flowers.

SUMMER DRESSES.

Modistes are busy with toilettes to be worn during midsummer.

Ladies who are tired of flounces will welcome a new style shown among the latest importations. Dress skirts are formed entirely of lengthwise bands of insertion alternating with a kilt pleat of the dress material. The pleats and bands of lace extend from the belt down, and a row of lace edges the bottom of the skirt. This is especially handsome in black grenadine. The insertion is the new worsted guipure, and the kilt pleat is two inches wide. The polonaise is plain grenadine bordered with insertion and lace; the sleeves are entirely of insertion and kilt pleats to match the skirt. White piqué suits are made in the same way. The insertion bands are open compass-work embroidery on cambric, separated by a kilt pleat of corded

piqué. The polonaise is cut in Dolly Varden shape, simply of the piqué edged with a band of insertion and a cambric ruffle embroidered. A batiste suit is made similarly with insertion of écriu guipure.

At the furnishing houses gray and buff linen suits are shown, with a round hat and parasol of linen also. Batiste suits, unmade, cut with pleatings and puffs for trimming ready for use, are arranged in boxes and sold for \$80. These are also accompanied by a parasol with a walking-stick of imitation bamboo.

The greenish-gray tints that the French call *vert-de-gris*, or green of gray, promise to supersede the pale écriu buffs of last summer. The new dull shades are found even among the cambrics used for those shirt waists, or box-pleated blouses, that are so comfortable for home and morning wear, with skirts of thicker materials. Last summer these blouses were made of white linen or cambric with stripes of a color or black; the caprice this season is for unglazed cretonnes and linens of dull gray, brown, or slate blue ground, with clusters of three or four line stripes of white. They are made with five box-pleats in front and back, shirt sleeves with deep, square cuff, and a turned-over collar. Some dashing young girls are having cambric costumes and sea-side suits of flannel made with the English sailor shirt, a jaunty blouse, closed in front, but with a sailor collar so widely open around the neck that the garment is put on over the head. It droops low on the hips, showing no belt, and is held in place around the waist by a rubber band run in the belt.

Yoke dresses are again in fashion for young girls and misses. Cashmeres, silks, and grenadines have deep yokes, with the full waists that are so becoming to immature figures.

SUMMER SHOES.

The fashionable shoe for summer promenaders is the buttoned boot of French kid, cut three-quarters high, with toes almost square, and comfortable heels only an inch high. They are made simply and plain, without ornamental stitching, depending for beauty on their symmetrical shape and fine material. The high curved French heel has disappeared, and broader shoes begin to supersede the narrow shank that threw all the weight forward on the toe joints, and produced painful corns and bunions. Sometimes, by way of ornament, a bow of ribbon is placed at the top of the shoe in front. Pump fox boots, with uppers of very soft light kid, are also in vogue. From \$9 to \$14 is the range of prices for custom-made boots; \$6 to \$8 for shoes in stock not made to order. For country wear is the garden shoe, a low buskin tied over the instep like the brogans worn by gentlemen. This is similar to the Newport tie of last summer. It is made of kid or morocco, and costs \$5 or \$6. The Marie Antoinette slipper is still retained for the house. The rosette worn with it is long and slender, made of small shells of satin, with a jet buckle in the centre.

VARIETIES.

Black lace mittens will be worn this summer. They are considered especially appropriate with Dolly Varden costumes.

The round hat that has taken the popular fancy for city wear has a turned-up coronet front, quite like a bonnet, while the sides and back of the brim are turned down. A rose is perched directly on top of the crown, and a long vine trails behind. Strings convert this hat into a bonnet.

School-girls and young ladies wear rough-and-ready straw hats, shaped like an inverted bowl. The untrimmed hat is sold for 75 cents. The trimming is a band of black velvet, or else a row of ribbon loops drooping down from the centre.

The attractive name of Farjeon's heroine Blade-o'-Grass has been given to a quaint little straw hat all overgrown with grasses. There is something in a name; and this appropriate title will give prestige to the new hat, as that of Dolly Varden did to the polonaise.

Little cap bonnets for children just in short clothes are made of puffs of Swiss muslin separated by bands of needle-worked insertion. There are three puffs crossing the head from ear to ear, and these are gathered into a medallion of needle-work to form a crown. They are lined with blue or rose-colored silk lightly wadded; there are ribbon strings of the same color passed under the chin, and tied in a bow on top of the cap. They cost \$6 or \$7 apiece at the furnishing houses, but mothers can buy the materials for a cap for \$2, and it requires but little time and ingenuity to make.

A new repped silk as soft as China crape is brought out in all colors for making and trimming bonnets, and is called turquoise silk. The name has no reference to the color, but applies to this peculiar lack-lustre fabric. It is much used for pipings and pleatings on net crape, and straw bonnets, and also for hats made to match suits. Such hats have the color of the suit for the main part showing inner facings in contrast, as pale gray hats with rose facings, plum with blue, and black with Nile green.

For midsummer there are many hats of the new colored English crape, with velvet and turquoise bands of a darker shade of the same color. Sleeveless jackets of écriu guipure lace are worn in the house over black dresses of silk or grenadine.

Sun umbrellas of plum-color, dark blue, and the changeable Venetian silks are much used. These almost invariably have the walking-stick handle, and most ladies provide themselves with the convenient umbrella hook now in fashion for strapping the parasol to the side à la militaire. Pongee parasols are still used. Fringe is the favorite trimming. Swiss muslin parasols, lined with colored silk, will be seen later in the season.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; A. SELIG; and JEFFERS.

PERSONAL.

A GENTLEMAN who professes to have ciphered it up from the statistics states that the "Peter's Pence" of Pope Pius IX. have, since the year 1860, yielded an average revenue of twelve millions of dollars. Up to the time of the "Guarantee Law" ten millions had to be annually deducted from this sum to pay the interest of the papal debt. As this expenditure has been assumed by the government of VICTOR EMANUEL, the income of the head of the Church of Rome is about as respectable as that of any existing terrestrial potentate.

—Miss ABBOTT, who leaves the position of soprano of the Rev. Dr. CHAPIN's church to go to Italy for further musical instruction, was made happy a few days since by a present of six thousand dollars from the members of the congregation. Miss ABBOTT is succeeded by Madame DE RYTHEN, a lady who possesses a fine presence and a remarkable voice, and who is rapidly and deservedly taking position as one of the best vocalists of New York.

—The first newspaper article of any consequence ever written about Miss KELLOGG was from the pen of N. P. WILLIS, and appeared in the *Home Journal*. Mr. HENRY G. STEBBINS, president of the Central Park Commission, whose protégée Miss KELLOGG was, escorted her to Idlewild, and the result was, she was made famous in one of those Idlewild letters—the pleasantest ever written for an American journal.

—Mr. N. H. McNEILL, a son of the Dean of Ripon, was recently ordained a deacon in the Church of England. Although blind from infancy, he has made such use of embossed books—classical, mathematical, and theological—that he graduated with honors, and took a prize for Hebrew in the University of Dublin.

—Madame PATRI-CAUX has just received at Vienna the present intended for her by the Emperor of Russia, which was not ready when she left St. Petersburg. It is a splendid ruby, surrounded by twenty-four brilliants, valued at about \$12,500.

—Mr. SAMUEL F. PRATT, one of the oldest merchants of Buffalo, and one of the best and most exemplary men of Western New York, made several munificent bequests to various charitable institutions of that city two or three days previous to his death, which occurred a few weeks ago. Among them, \$10,000 to the Buffalo General Hospital, \$10,000 to the Buffalo Orphan Asylum, \$10,000 to the building fund of the Young Men's Christian Association, \$5000 to the Home for the Friendless, and \$50,000 for the foundation of a professorship at Hamilton College. Mr. PRATT at his decease was supposed to be the wealthiest man in Buffalo, and a large portion of his fortune remains in the business to the building up of which he had devoted upward of forty years.

—It is reported, but must be taken *cum grano*, that Prince BISMARCK has sent to King AMADEUS ten millions of francs, to be used in the extinguishment of the impertinent Don CARLOS.

—Sir RICHARD WALLACE, who had that great English and Irish estate left to him, is having upward of one hundred drinking fountains erected in the public thoroughfares of Paris.

—The recent marriage and death of Mr. COLEMAN ROBINSON, in Putnam County, partook largely of romance as well as sadness. He was a young gentleman of about thirty-five, whose father, ALANSON ROBINSON, died some three years ago, leaving him a fortune of a million. To this Mr. COLEMAN ROBINSON added some four hundred thousand dollars on retiring from the brokerage business soon afterward. He then purchased a large farm in the county where his parents had in early life resided, and was leading the life of a country gentleman. A few days since he was thrown from his wagon and broke his leg. To be a solace while confined to the house, he sent for the young lady, Miss LITTLE, to whom he was engaged. She properly declined unless they were united in marriage. This was assented to, and on the 2d of May they were married. Next day unfavorable symptoms set in, and his physicians told him his recovery was doubtful. Thereupon he made a will, duly attested, bequeathing all his fortune to his new wife, and in a few hours died.

—Prince KAMMEHAMMEKAMMEKAMME, or something of that sort, is on his way from the Sandwich Islands to this city, for the purpose of improving his mind. This is the proper place for that purpose.

—TAGLIONI, who retired from the dancing drama twenty-five years ago with a handsome competence, and went with her husband to live in Italy, is again in London, giving lessons to a few private pupils. She doesn't like it to be known, but she has to do it, because during the war of 1870-71 her investments came to Madame must be rather tough as a dance according to a truthful biographical dictio she was born in Stockholm in March, 1804, made her debut in Paris in 1827—forty-five years ago. She was married to Count GILBERT L. VOISINS, and in 1847 pirouetted from the public gaze.

—JOHN CONANT, of Jaffrey, New Hampshire, is placed on the roll of public benefactors of that State by having given \$48,000 to her Agricultural College for the foundation of scholarships—one scholarship for each town in Cheshire County, and two for Jaffrey.

—NILSSON has substantial reasons for liking the Yankees, for she carries back to the effete continent of Europe \$255,000 as the results of eighteen months' warbling. When she heard that PAREPA was to sail on the same vessel with her, she secured the captain's room by paying \$100 extra, and there, in solitary grandeur, her meals were to be served, except when she should deign to invite some fellow-voyager to share with her the cheerful steak and the consolatory Champagne.

—The late HENRY F. CHORLEY, the eminent musical critic, is perhaps the first man in his line who left so respectable a property as \$225,000.

—Viscount MILTON, M.P. for the West Riding of Yorkshire, is about to resign his seat in Parliament for the purpose of revisiting and traveling in this country. He is now thirty-three years of age, and was educated at Eton and Cambridge. In 1867 he married a daughter of the late Lord CHARLES BEAUCLEERCK, and cousin of the Duke of St. Alban's. This story is told of her wedding-ring: When Lord M. was here last he "mined" some gold in a Western mine. He prepared it himself for the ring, and actually worked the metal into a circle which would have done credit to a jeweler. He owns one of

the largest properties in Ireland, the best and most equitably managed in the whole island, where he is beloved by a most prosperous tenantry.

—The Duke de Penthièvre, son of Prince de Joinville, is about to marry his cousin, Princess CHRISTINE, daughter of the Duke de Montpensier. The sons of Louis PHILIPPE are all wealthy; but the Duke de Montpensier is among the most opulent princes living.

—The editor of a New Haven paper (kindness to his family and relatives makes us forbear giving his name) thinks "the melancholy days have come," because they are the "shad-cat of the year."

—GILMORE—P. S.—has captured Mlle. TRIERENS for that enormous chanting arrangement of his, the Boston Jubilee. The figures are absurdly large.

—A Spaniard—a very good one—has made a metrical translation of the Psalms, and has received for it an autograph letter from the Pope, blessing him and his book.

—Miss FOX, well known to visitors at Holland House, London, is about to be married to Prince LOUIS LIECHTENSTEIN, lately attached to the Austrian embassy in England, and member of a family holding the highest rank in the Austrian nobility. Miss FOX is the daughter of a French nobleman of very ancient name, whose wife, her mother, died at her birth. It was a condition of her adoption that her own name should be dropped, and she has accordingly always borne that of the Holland family. The circumstances of her birth were communicated to Queen VICTORIA before her presentation at court, and have since been made known to Prince HOHENLOHE, the Grand Maître of the court of Vienna. The marriage will be celebrated in England, and Miss FOX will be married in the name she has always borne since her birth, that of her parents by adoption.

—Mr. RUSKIN, true to his aristocratic tastes, has ordered the new edition of his work to be bound in rich purple calf with gilt edges, and not a single copy will be allowed to go out in any other style.

—Seekers after rare coins will go for the Rev. T. G. MOSES, of Lubec, Maine, who owns a silver dollar of the coinage of 1783, for which he has been offered \$300. It has been in the parson's possession nearly twenty years.

—Sir EDWARD THORNTON has been in the diplomatic service of England thirty years, serving principally in Mexico and in South American states. He was minister to Brazil before coming here. During his four years' residence in Washington his fine manner and excellent sense have won universal respect, and those who share his intimacy entertain for him the warmest friendship and esteem. Nice people in Washington are very fond of Sir EDWARD and Lady THORNTON.

—Dr. MITCHELL, in a lecture recently delivered before the Edinburgh College of Physicians on the "natural history" and "antiquities" of lunacy, showed that from sixty to seventy per cent. of the idiocy of Great Britain is attributable to the numerous accidents to which children are exposed.

—President FINNEY, of Oberlin College, who throws so much vim into every thing he does, has started out on a lecturing tour against Freemasonry, and says he will not desist until every Masonic lodge in the country has disbanded. Considering that thousands of the clergy of Protestant churches are Masons, and rather active Masons, the prospects of Reverend FINNEY's success would seem to be surrounded with a certain degree of dubiety. The clerical brethren will wink to each other when the doctor talks.

—WILLIAM H. SEWARD, NOAH WEBSTER, and AARON BURR all attended the same school in Goshen, Orange County, New York. There is something about Goshen, mentioned in Genesis (xlvii. 6), which was a little prophetic of great men: "In the best of the land make thy father and brethren to dwell; in the land of Goshen let them dwell; and if thou knowest any men of activity among them, then make them rulers over my cattle."

—Mr. BARROS is said to be the richest sugar planter in Cuba or in the world. He has six manufactories of that universal sweet, and an income of \$4,000,000 per annum.

—Another of New York's most estimable citizens, Mr. RUSSELL STURGIS, died May 7. He was formerly a shipmaster to the East Indies and England, and had crossed the Atlantic times almost beyond number. He was for many years the active man in the Board of Pilot Commissioners, and sometime its president. He was a vigorous, energetic man, stern but upright, and a spotless name.

—Rev. Dr. TODD, of Pittsfield, is not to be drift upon the world after over half a century of usefulness in the Church. The commended by his congregation to consider as the just thing to be done in his case ded to recommend that he be permitted to occupy the parsonage during the remainder of his life, and that his salary be continued.

—General SHERMAN, though not positively blood-thirsty, is sometimes eccentric. During his campaign through Georgia he was desirous of getting rid of CARL SCHURZ, and so sent him to SLOCUM, then commanding the left wing of the army. A few days after, General SLOCUM was at General SHERMAN's head-quarters, and during a conversation asked General SHERMAN if he intended to give SCHURZ a command. "No, no!" was the reply. "What shall I do with him?" asked General SLOCUM. "Confound him! drown him! drown him!" returned old TECUMSEH.

—Hon. STEPHEN SALISBURY has given to the Worcester (Massachusetts) County Free Institute of Industrial Science \$40,000 for a fund for the department of English and other modern languages.

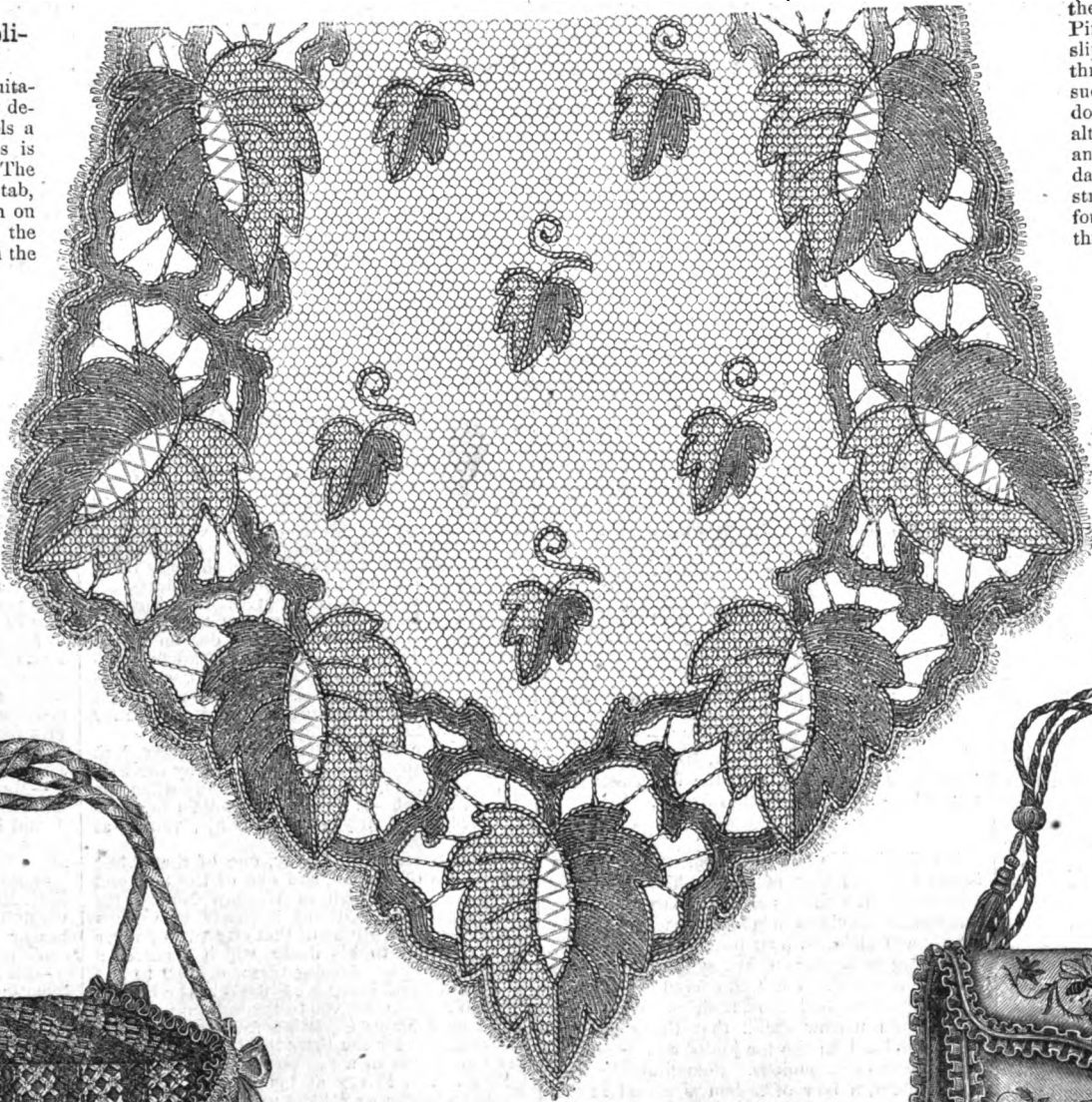
—The statue in bronze of General REYNOLDS, from the model of JOHN Q. A. WARD, of this city, is now being cast by Messrs. ROBERT WOOD & Co., of Philadelphia, and will be placed in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg on the Fourth of July.

—It is the martial felicity of Mr. JACOB BROWN, of Bennington, to own a gun which an ancestral BROWN brought over in the *Mayflower*. Mr. BROWN has numbered fourscore years, and did certain fighting in the war of 1812.

—Mrs. BEECHER STOWE's orange orchards in Florida are said to bring to the domestic exchequer the consolatory sum of \$15,000 per annum.

Section of Parasol Cover.—Application Embroidery on Lace.

COVERS of this kind are not only suitable for new parasols, but are especially designed to give worn and faded parasols a fresh appearance. Eight separate tabs is the favorite style for these covers. The illustration shows the lower part of a tab, which is completed in the design given on Fig. 31, Supplement; in doing this the straight line of Fig. 31 should come on the upper edge of the illustration. To make each tab transfer the design to linen, on this baste, first, a double layer of fine Brussels lace, and then white cambric or nansook, and run the outlines of the design figures with white embroidery cotton. In doing this pass the needle through the three layers of material. Then overcast the veins of the leaves and all the outlines closely, in doing which at the same time stretch the thread bars at the corresponding points. Fill one-half of each leaf and the arabesque figures between the leaves with long running stitches of thread, No. 120, as shown by the illustration; separate the embroidery from the foundation, and cut away the upper or both upper layers at the corresponding points, observing the illustration. Underneath the thread



SECTION OF PARASOL COVER.—APPLICATION EMBROIDERY ON LACE.

For design see Supplement, No. XI, Fig. 31.



Fig. 1.—KNOTTED-WORK BASKET.

bars and on the outer edge cut away all the layers of material. Trim the embroidery thus far completed along the outer edge with woven picots. Similar covers may also be made of fine black silk tulle, black crape, and black silk.

Knotted-work Basket, Figs. 1-6.

This basket is made in knot-work with twisted gray cotton and green silk round cord, and is furnished with a card-board interlining and a double green silk lining. To make the basket cut, first, of card-board and double silk one piece each thirteen inches and three-quarters long and four inches wide, and slope off one end (the overlapping part) on both sides to a width of four inches; then cut of the same material for the side walls of the basket one piece each three inches wide and three inches high. Work the knotting to suit the shape of these pieces. Begin on the straight end of the main piece, crocheting, first, with gray cotton a chain stitch foundation to suit

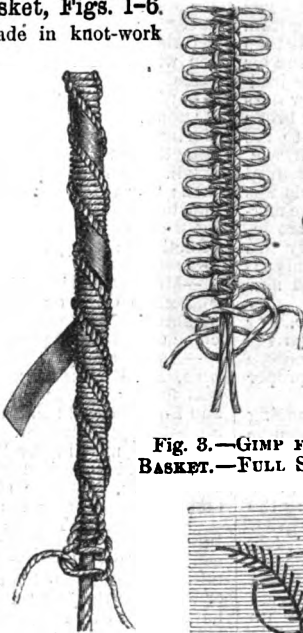


Fig. 5.
HANDLE FOR
BASKET.
FULL SIZE.

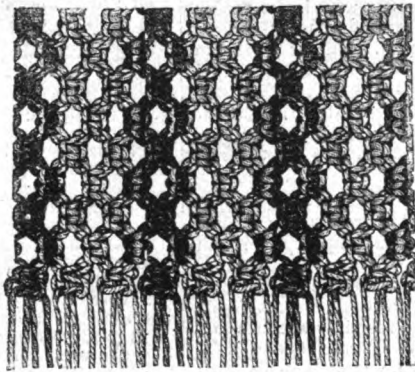
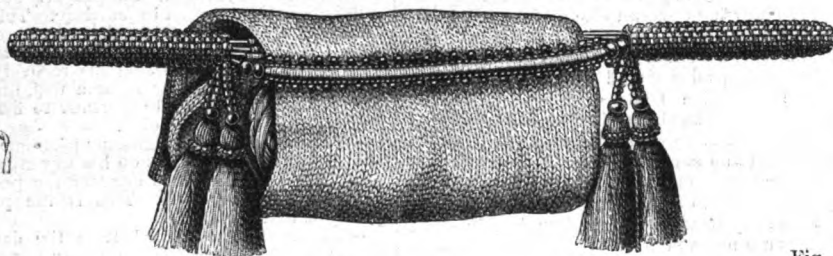


Fig. 2.—KNOT-WORK FOR BASKET.—FULL SIZE.



BEAD MOSAIC AND KNOTTED KNITTING-NEEDLE CASE.



Fig. 4.—GIMP FOR
BASKET.—FULL SIZE.



Fig. 6.
HANDLE FOR
BASKET.
FULL SIZE.



Fig. 1.—VIGNETTE FOR HAND-
KERCHIEFS, ETC.



Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR WORK-BAG.—POINT RUSSE, APPLICATION, SATIN STITCH, AND HALF-POLKA STITCH EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 2.—VIGNETTE FOR HAND-
KERCHIEFS, ETC.

the length and width of the main piece. Pin this foundation to a sewing-weight, and slip a double thread eighty inches long through every second following stitch in such a manner that the four ends hang down evenly; in this manner fasten always alternately two double threads of gray cotton and one double green silk cord in the foundation. Both sides are finished with a wider strip of gray; for each of these strips slip four double gray threads, instead of two, through the stitches of the foundation.

Every four of these thread ends are then tied together in alternate double knots, as shown by Fig. 2. This is done by laying four thread ends flat side by side, and laying the outer left end over the two middle ends (the latter serve for a foundation) to the right, so that it forms a loop at the left side; the outer right end is first passed in a vertical direction over the left thread end projecting at the right of the foundation, then underneath the foundation and through the loop formed of the left thread end. The knot is closed by drawing both thread ends tight. Close to this knot work another knot in reversed order, first laying the outer right thread end in a loop and over the foundation to the left, and finishing the knot with the



Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED WORK-BAG.

For design see Supplement, No. X, Figs. 29 and 30.

left thread end. These two knots form one double knot. After working the first double knot work a second close to it. Having in this manner tied all the thread strands in double knots, divide every four thread ends into two equal parts, and work always with two ends of one and two ends of the next knot strand two double knots; in doing this the thread ends previously used for working the knots, while the two other ends now serve for a foundation. Continue in this manner so that the double knots come transposed, as shown by Fig. 2. After using up the thread ends lay on new threads, fastening them in as a foundation in working the knots; it is well, however, not to lay on all the new threads in the same row of knots. In order to slope off the overlapping end narrow according to the pieces cut previously, always leaving off several thread ends on the outer edge. When the knot-work for the main piece and side walls is completed baste it on the pieces of double



Fig. 1.—BUFF PONGEE DRESS.—FRONT.
For description see Supplement.

silk interlined with card-board, bind the main piece and side walls with green silk ribbon all along the outer edge, and sew them together as shown by Fig. 1. The main piece must previously have been laid in a fold three inches and six inches from the straight end, and an inch and three-quarters and four inches and three-quarters from the sloped end. Trim the outer edge of the overlapping part with a ruffle of green silk ribbon and with knotted gimp of gray cotton. The manner of working the latter is shown by Fig. 3. Work on two foundation threads one row of double knots; in doing which let the two outer threads project each as one loop after working every second following double knot. To do this leave a thread interval of half an inch after every two double knots, and push the double knots close together. Instead of this gimp, that shown by Fig. 4 may be used. This is also worked with four threads, using two for a foundation, and always alternately working first with the right, then with the left outer thread, three double knots in opposite directions. Between every two and two double knots the threads should project in a loop as shown by the illustration. For the handle of the basket and the trimming on the side walls cover a piece of coarse twine with gray cotton as shown by Fig. 5, twist the layers of knots so that they form a regular spiral-shaped winding, and wind narrow green silk ribbon about the twine as shown by the illustration. Fig. 6 shows the manner of working another kind of gimp, which may be used instead of the gimp before described. It consists of coarse twine covered with green silk in which gray cotton has also been knotted; after every seven knots leave a thread interval of half an inch. For the handle two cords nineteen inches and a quarter long each are required; before sewing these on they are tied in a knot in the middle, as shown by Fig. 1. The handle is finished by bows of green silk ribbon. A button and cord loop close the basket.

Embroidered Work-Bag, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 348.

THIS work-bag is made of écreu foulard, and is ornamented in application, satin stitch, half-polka stitch, and point Russe embroidery. The application figures are cut of black gros grain from the favorite Konewka sketches. The remaining embroidery is worked with saddler's silk in several shades of brown. Light brown satin lining, ruffles of satin ribbon in the same color, and a handle of brown silk cords and tassels complete the bag. To make the latter cut, first,



Fig. 2.—BUFF PONGEE DRESS.—BACK.
For description see Supplement.



Fig. 1.—BROWN SILK DRESS.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-8.



Fig. 2.—BROWN SILK DRESS.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-8.

of foulard one piece thirteen inches and a quarter long and eight inches wide for the front, back, and flap in one piece; this piece is cut out on the end designed for the flap as shown by Fig. 1. Transfer the designs given by Figs. 29 and 30, Supplement, to the flap and front of this piece, and to the back transfer the design given by illustration Fig. 2. (For the sketches draw only the outlines on the material.) The sketches are pasted on after working the embroidery, as shown by Fig. 2, in point Russe, half-polka, and satin stitch. To make the sketches paste a piece of black gros grain of the requisite size on white tissue-paper by means of gum-arabic. The gum should be very thick, in order to prevent the edges of the material from raveling out. Then transfer the outlines of the sketches and all the lines inside of the figures to the silk, drawing them with white Indian ink, and cut out the separate figures along their outlines with sharp-pointed scissors. Paste the separate sketches on the embroidered part at the relative points. For the lining cut a piece of satin and net to suit the shape of the embroidered part, and on the straight end of this piece set a pocket of brown satin two inches and seven-eighths wide; the latter is ornamented on the upper edge with a cross seam of ecru colored silk. An inch and a quarter to an inch and three-quarters from this sew on a similar pocket. Baste the embroidery on the lining, bind the sachel along the outer edge with narrow brown satin ribbon, and furnish it with ruffles and a handle of cord and tassels as shown by the illustration.

(Continued from No. 20, page 339.)

LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WINNER OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE.

"THOUGH the prayers of a priest are denied to you, not less sanctified is the ground in which you lie. Tender thoughts and tender remembrance accompany you, and these are the best of prayers. It is better as it is, perhaps; better that your dust should be buried thus in silence than that the cold words of a harsh, sorrowless minister should fall upon your grave. Peace be with you!"

These words were spoken inly by Lily's grandfather, as he stood, with head uncovered, by the side of the grave into which the coffin was being lowered. He and Gribble junior had been in search of a Methodist minister, in the vague hope that something might be suggested to afford consolation to the dead woman's children; but their search had been unsuccessful, and as the day was waning and they had far to go, they had no alternative but to comply with the Reverend Mr. Creamwell's decree. As they stood about the grave the men were silent and sad; tears were streaming down the faces of the women; and Pollypod for a few moments forgot her Doll and the ship that was bringing it home over the seas. The heir of the house of Gribble junior was awake and in his father's arms, and the enthusiastic umbrella doctor tilted the baby over the grave, so that the child might have a good view of the coffin, in the belief probably that it would "open up his ideas, as a body might say." Notwithstanding the minister's decree, Lily's mother was not buried in complete silence, for the twittering of birds and the soft hum of insect life were heard, and the breeze was as peaceful and the clouds as bright as if a thousand human voices had been raised in her glorification. The old man picked up a handful of dust and scattered it lightly upon the coffin, and then the earth was shoveled in, and the grave was filled. Slowly they walked out of the church-yard, Pollypod in a state of restlessness about Felix, and wondering what had become of him. When she caught sight of him standing by the side of the wagonette he had hired, she ran eagerly to him and plucked his coat. He inclined his head to hers.

"The Captain's sure to bring my Doll this week?" she whispered.

"Quite sure, little maid," he answered.

"Do you see the ship now?"

"Yes," he said; "and the wind is fair."

But when he raised his eyes, and saw a shadow on the old man's face, he was not so certain that the wind was fair. He had a task to perform, however, and he addressed himself to Gribble junior, and telling him that the mourning-coach was gone, delivered the driver's message in milder terms than he had received it. The old man, listening, glanced sharply at Felix.

"I think it is as well," pursued Felix, addressing the company generally, though he looked only at Gribble junior, "that the man *has* gone, for he was drunk, and in no fit condition to drive you home."

"Then how are we to get back?" inquired Gribble junior, in perplexity, more of himself than of Felix.

"I feel that I am in some measure responsible for the difficulty," rejoined Felix, "for I might have detained the man, though, as I have said, the wisest course was to let him go. Will you allow me to place this wagonette at your disposal? I have engaged it for the purpose. It will be pleasanter driving than in the close coach, and you will reach home more quickly." All but the old man looked up gratefully at the proposal. "The evening will be fine, and I will insure you a safe and speedy journey. Nay," he continued, hurriedly, in answer to a motion of the old man's hand indicating refusal, "before

you decide, grant me the favor of one minute's private conversation."

There was much in the voice and manner of Felix to recommend him, and the old man saw that he found favor in the eyes of the rest of the company. He himself also, against his own judgment as it seemed, felt inclined to the young man. This feeling, no less than his perplexity, induced him to comply with the request, and they stepped aside, out of hearing of the others.

"Sir," then said Felix, "the offer is made out of pure disinterestedness, believe me."

He blushed slightly as he said this, for he thought of Lily, and of the share she unconsciously bore in the transaction.

"It is somewhat incomprehensible," said the old man, gazing attentively at the earnest face of Felix: "I can not be mistaken. You are the young gentleman who was present during my interview with the minister."

"I am he, Sir," replied Felix, "but—"

"And you are his son," interrupted the old man.

"There is no doubt of that. I am my father's son—in the flesh. For the share I took in that interview by my presence, I humbly ask your pardon. Do me the justice to believe that I am in earnest."

"It would be hard to believe otherwise."

"Thank you, Sir."

"Yet it is difficult to reconcile." As he spoke

old man's mind as he heard the words. He walked to where the others were standing, and found Pollypod in a state of feverish delight at the prospect of being driven home in such a beautiful carriage. Mrs. Podmore, of course, was equally pleased, because of the treat in store for her child, and because she fell in love immediately with any one who was kind to Polly. Gribble junior spoke in enthusiastic terms of the handsome offer; and Alfred, quivering with eager anxiety to know whether Christopher Sly had won the Northumberland Plate, fretted at every moment's delay that kept him from the London streets, where the evening's newspapers would tell him the news. Lily was silent, but the old man saw in her eyes that she wished him to accept the offer. This at once decided him, and he waived all personal feeling in the matter. He returned to Felix, and said,

"They all decide for you. I am the only one against you."

The young man's face flushed with delight.

"You will not be always against me, Sir," he replied. "Shall I resign my whip?"

"I doubt if any one is competent to take it. And, after all, it would be but a churlish way of accepting your courtesy. No: the obligation shall be complete, if it is not trespassing too much upon your time."

"I am alone in the world, Sir. My time is my own."

He turned his face toward his father's house,



"AND WHILE SHE DREAMS, I SEE A SHIP COMING OVER THE SEAS."

[SEE CHAPTER XII, PAGE 339.]

he thought of the young man's kindness to Lily, and it seemed to be not so difficult. But if the kind offer sprang from sincere and unselfish impulse, father and son must be at variance. "Your father—" he said.

But Felix broke in abruptly with, "Nay, Sir, pardon me. Do not let us speak of fathers and sons. The subject is a painful one. My father and I differ upon certain points. I am under suspicion, I know; I should be surprised were it otherwise. But come, Sir, your own sense of justice will grant me this. Let me be judged, not by you alone, but by those who accompany you. If they decide against me, I will drive to London alone, with only my thoughts for company. If they decide for me, I will resign my whip, or drive you home, as you determine."

By this speech Felix proved himself to be a master of generous cunning. He knew that he had a true friend in little Pollypod, who necessarily carried her mother's vote, and he hoped also that Lily and her brother were on his side. But he did not know that when he said, "Do not let us speak of fathers and sons; the subject is a painful one," he had unconsciously uttered words which served him in good turn with the old man also. Thought of Alfred's father, who had brought shame on all of them, came to the

and gazed at it for a few moments, not with regret, but with a grave consciousness that this was a serious epoch in his life. Martha, the housekeeper, was sitting at one of the upper windows, evidently watching him. He waved his hand to her, and walked slowly to the wagonette, where Gribble junior was busy arranging the party. "Will you let me sit next to you?" asked Pollypod of Felix.

"I am going to drive, little one," replied Felix, "and you might fall off."

"I'll take her in my lap," said Gribble junior, and by this offer secured the place of distinction on the box.

So it was arranged, and in a few moments they were all seated, and on their way to London. As Gribble junior declared afterward, it was the pleasantest ride that he had ever had in his life, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion. He and Pollypod and Felix chatted together in the pleasantest manner, but in a subdued tone, so as not to intrude upon the grief of the mourners in the wagonette. Pollypod told all about the ship that was bringing home her Doll; and Gribble junior, understanding in a literal manner the kindness of Felix, entered readily into Pollypod's enthusiasm, and looked upon that young gentleman as a model of gener-

osity. Gribble junior himself was not disposed to be silent. He was fond of expatiating upon his establishment and business, and he seized the opportunity of airing himself and his views after his own harmless fashion.

"Why hospital?" he repeated, in reply to a query from Felix. "Well, in the first place, it's curious, and curiosity is a good advertisement. It brings business. You see, what you've got to do nowadays if you want to get along is to strike out. That's what I'm always telling father. Strike out, I say; but he hasn't got it in him. All he does is to shake his head and put his hands in his pockets. As if a man can get along that way! When that youngster's knickerbockered," with a backward motion of his head toward his baby, lying in his wife's lap, "I've made up my mind that his clothes sha'n't have any handy pockets in them where he can hide his hands. It breeds idleness. I've seen lots of fellows who think when they've got their hands in their pockets that they're following an occupation. I believe it is a real business with a good many. That's a good advertisement, isn't it?" he asked, opening his blue silk umbrella, with its yellow announcement painted on it, and gazing on it in pride.

Felix nodded, amused, and remarked that it must puzzle a good many persons.

"I dare say; but then they've got no brain," said Gribble junior. "If they'd only consider a little, they'd soon find out the sense of it; but more than half the people in the world are fools. An umbrella has ribs and bones and a frame and skin like a human being; and they break their bones and get bent and out of order like human beings. I call myself the surgeon; I set the limbs and ribs, and put the frame in order. My wife is great in skin complaints. She patches up and mends the alpaca and silk."

In this manner he chatted on in a style of infinite content, and Felix for the most part listened in amused silence. Before they were a great way on their road home they overtook the mourning-coach which had conveyed them from Soho. The driver was in a state of perfect happiness, and his countenance was more inflamed than ever; but he evidently resented the circumstance of their driving home in such a smart carriage, for as Felix drove briskly past him, he whipped his horses and tried to overtake the party. But his cattle knew their business, and had been too well brought up to do more than amble; all the whipping in the world would not have made them gallop.

Felix had placed refreshments in the wagonette, of which they all partook, even Lily and the old man. The sincerity and honesty of their driver was so apparent that they could not regard him with any but grateful feelings. It was past sunset when they entered the London streets.

"This is my world," Felix thought exultantly.

The brilliant lights and the thousands of people hurrying hither and thither quickened his pulses. It seemed to him as if he were born into a new life. Unfettered, free to do as he pleased, and blessed with that great blessing, a grateful nature, he gathered from every thing about him hope for the future. He saw no shadows; did not dream of them. He turned to look at Lily. Her head was resting upon the old man's breast; she was asleep, and there was peace in her face. The old man smiled gratefully and thoughtfully upon Felix, and the smile made him glad. How could shadows come? Every thing was fair for him. He felt a soft touch upon the hand which was not occupied with the reins; it was Pollypod's hand stealing into his. Another good omen. The little maid was very sleepy, but she was filled with joy; this had been the most eventful day in her young life. In a very little while they were winding through the labyrinth of the narrow streets of Soho.

"I am so sorry," said Pollypod.

"Why, little one?"

"We are just home. This is our street. And I should like to keep riding all night."

"Stupid little Pollypod! Why, you are so sleepy and tired now that you can't keep your eyes open."

"That would make it nice. I should like to sleep and wake up, and keep on riding and riding!"

Felix smiled; he, like the child, regretted that they had come to the end of their journey. The rattle of the smart wagonette brought all the neighbors to the doors and windows again, and Felix was scrutinized and discussed in a manner that ought to have made his ears tingle, if he had any respect for old-fashioned proverbs.

"I can but repeat my thanks," said the old man to Felix, as they stood by the street-door. "You have laid us under a deep obligation."

"I hope not," replied Felix; "indeed, I believe not. I have a theory of my own that every human act is dictated by a feeling of selfishness. What I have done, I have done to please myself."

The old man shook his head.

"You believe better of human nature than your theory would lead one to suppose. Of that I am certain. Will you step up stairs?"

"No, I thank you," said Felix, after a moment's hesitation, during which he decided that the presence of a stranger was not desirable after their day's fatigue; "but if you will allow me, I will call in a day or two to pay my respects."

The old man expressed acquiescence, and looked round for Alfred; but the young man was gone. He had slipped away to obtain an evening paper, in which he would learn whether Christopher Sly had won or lost the race for the Northumberland Plate. Instead of Alfred, the old man saw Mr. David Sheldrake, who, happening to pass through the street, paused when he saw the group at Mr. Gribble's door. Mr. Sheldrake raised his hat.

"I heard of your loss," he said to Lily, in a

tone of confidential respect, "and I beg you to accept my sincere sympathy. The White Rose is quite disconsolate at your absence. I hope it will not be long before we hear your charming voice again. This is your grandfather. Allow me to present myself: Mr. David Sheldrake. I know your grandson, Sir, Master Alfred; a fine young fellow, Sir. We all grieve, for your granddaughter's sake, at the loss you have sustained."

The old man bowed, but did not reply, and Mr. Sheldrake, raising his hat again, passed on. Although he had not seemed to notice Felix, he had really, in his quiet manner, observed Felix very closely, and had taken note of the handsome wagonette.

"Who is this interloper?" he thought, as he walked away; "but Master Alfred will tell me. Where is he, I wonder?" He pondered for a few seconds, and his countenance brightened as he thought: "Ah, they have just come from the funeral; the woman was to be buried in the country, I heard. And Master Alfred has disappeared to look after Christopher Sly. You're a sharp one, David: never at a loss."

With which self-paid compliment he turned the corner, smiling.

"Then we will wish you good-night," said the old man to Felix.

"Good-night," said Felix, shaking hands with the old man.

Lily held out her hand, and gave him a grateful look, which, supposing any payment were required, paid him a hundred times over for the little service he had rendered them. When Lily and her grandfather had passed in-doors Felix would have departed, but his left hand was in Pollypod's, and she held it tight.

"Good-night, Pollypod. I must go now."

"No, you mustn't go yet," said the forward little maid; "I want you to carry me up stairs."

"Don't tease the gentleman, Polly!" exclaimed Mrs. Podmore; "you mustn't be tiresome."

"She isn't tiresome," said Felix, good-naturedly, taking Pollypod in his arms. "I'll carry her up stairs if you'll allow me."

Certainly if ever man had the knack of winning a mother's heart, Felix had it; and if he could have read Mrs. Podmore's thoughts as he stepped into the passage with her child in his arms, he would have found himself there enshrined as the very pink and perfection and pattern of goodness.

"Go up slow," whispered Pollypod to him, as she lay with her head on his shoulder: the cunning little maid was in a delicious trance, and was wishful not to wake up too soon: "isn't it nice and dark? Can you see the Ship?"

"Yes."

"And the Captain?"

"Yes."

"And the Doll is there?"

"I can see it, Pollypod."

"And the stars are shining?"

"Beautifully, Pollypod."

"Yes," she murmured, "it is night, and the stars are shining."

The roses on the wall of Mrs. Podmore's room were red enough to assert themselves even in the dim light, and Felix thought that Pollypod's idealization of them was one of the prettiest of pretty fancies.

"I'm sure we're all very much obliged to you, Sir," said Mrs. Podmore to him as he placed the child on the bed.

"You could not be more welcome to any thing," replied Felix. "Good-night, little maid."

He stooped to kiss her, and she encircled his neck with her arms.

"There's a kiss for the Ship," she whispered, "and a kiss for the Captain, and two for You! I shall tell Snap about you when father comes home."

Gribble junior was waiting on the landing of the second floor to wish him good-night.

"Did you see that gent that stopped and spoke to Miss Lily?" asked Gribble junior.

"Yes."

"What do you think of him?"

Felix smilingly replied that it was impossible for him to form an opinion.

"I don't think much of him myself," said Gribble junior, dryly; "he ain't one of my sort."

An assertion with which Mr. David Sheldrake himself, had he heard it, would have been most likely to agree.

"Tell me," said Felix, "if it is not rude to ask, what did he mean by saying that the White Rose was quite disconsolate at Miss Lily's absence? What is the White Rose?"

"Don't you know the Royal White Rose Music-hall?" interrogated Gribble junior, wondering at the young man's ignorance. "That's where Miss Lily sings. You should see her and hear her! She looks like an angel, and sings like one. She's not like any of the others. You see, a girl must do something, and between you and me, I don't think the old gentleman would be able to get along if it wasn't for the money that Miss Lily earns. Master Alfred, he doesn't do much."

About an hour afterward Felix found himself in the Royal White Rose Music-hall, and somewhat wondered that so pure and simple a girl as Lily should be associated with some of the things he heard and witnessed there. "But," he thought, "to the pure all things are pure. And there are stranger contrasts in life than this."

He had engaged a bed at a hotel where a night porter was kept, so that he could get to his room at any time. He stopped out until late, thinking over the events of the day, and musing upon the future. He strolled over Westminster Bridge, and lingered in admiration, thinking, and thinking truly, that he had never seen a more wonderful and beautiful sight than the dark solemn water and the waving lines of lights presented. And as he lingered and admired and mused, his thoughts wandered to the little crowded house in Soho—

Where Lily was sleeping peacefully;

Where Pollypod, pressed to her father's breast, and with her face turned toward the roses, was dreaming of her Doll and of the ship that was sailing over the shining seas;

Where, in the solitude of his room, a young man, with wild, haggard, despairing face, was reading for the twentieth time the account of the race for the Northumberland Plate, which had been won by an old horse called Taraban; and muttering, with white and trembling lips, imprecations on the false prophets by whose advice he had backed Christopher Sly with money that did not belong to him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

Lothair Coriandered.—The Fool-Harvest and its Reap.—Charles Reade and his Critics.—The Ballot.—A Volunteer Motto.

THE great "Lothair" is married, and, strangely enough, the author of his literary being, Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, was at the wedding. To borrow the words of his satirist, in "Coddlingbury," though the newly married couple have but three hundred thousand a year, let us hope that they will contrive to live comfortably and do good. Verily, snobism has reached its acme in its adulation of this young lord, who has positively nothing about him to excite one spark of public interest except his immense wealth, and his having "gone over," as the phrase runs, "to Rome." It was doubtless with reference to this "gilt youth" that a wit in the House of Commons observed, in reply to an alarmist speech of Mr. Newdegate, who believes the Pope to be more dangerous than ever, that "conversion to the Church of Rome is confined in England to three classes, and those three the least politically intelligent, namely, clergymen, women, and peers." The present marriage, so far as I know, has given rise to but one *bonmot*. Monsignore Capel, the man whom Disraeli had so much in his mind, as you may remember, that in the first edition of the book he appears in a certain page under his own name, performed the ceremony, and was likened by a wicked bachelor wit to Mrs. Borrodale, the lady whom Madame Rachel got into trouble about with her cosmetics, because he's made "beautiful forever" (But a fool forever.)

Talking of fools naturally reminds one of the subscribers to the Tichborne Defense Fund, the long list of which convinces us that the mass of our fellow-creatures are as credulous and witless as in the days of Joanna Southcott. Indeed, it would be easier to persuade a man of sense that an ordinary human being was divine than that Mr. Orton, *alias* Notro, *alias* Castro, *alias* Stephens, *alias* Doolan, *alias* Morgan, was a person worthy of credence. Many of the subscribers (of whom there are thousands) either give evidence in the very names they choose to pass under of their natural want of sense, or, what is quite as likely, endeavor by that means to veil their folly, so that if the fellow is found guilty they may say they only sent a few shillings by way of joke. I extract from the fourth list of the Defense Fund published in the *Times* and *Telegraph*: "One who thinks no more of a Peer's than a Peasant's Word." "One who feels the late Trial to be a Disgrace," etc. "Five Shillings' worth of Jalap." "A few bottled Tears." "No Lunatics." "A few Lovers of Justice and Three Servant-girls." "One who desires the Claimant's Food to be analyzed." This fat villain, to judge by the frequent occurrence of "A few *Cabmen*" in these lists, seems to be a great favorite with our Jehus, which is strange, since he kept a brougham; while the absence of a single subscription from the *butchers* is still more remarkable.

You will be sorry to learn that in addition to the charges of perjury and forgery to be preferred against this popular idol, Tichborne *versus* Tichborne is in the list of cases that are to figure in the Divorce Court. Mrs. Arthur Orton has only too good reason, they say, to proclaim him faithless. His defense might be that, wishing to be believed to belong to our hereditary aristocracy, he contracted every habit in vogue among them—a hint which I give him free of charge in lieu of a subscription to his fund.

The excitement of the week has been Charles Reade's letter to the *Telegraph* in defense of the play which, in conjunction with Anthony Trollope, he has recently brought out, "Shilly-Shally." I extract a portion as a specimen of his powerful "Saxon," of which he is justly proud:

"Now, Sir, all this stuff, on the very face of it, is written, not by you, nor by any of the disinterested gentlemen who write on the *Telegraph*" (surely a very pretty touch), "but by a play-wright. It is wholesale vilification" (and here is what makes people scream) "of a justly respected author, and entitles that author, in justice and common humanity, to a reply. I declare, then, on the reputation of a critic, the honor of a gentleman, and the word of a Christian; that every one of these nine statements is an utter falsehood. The first five are little more than the blunders of a fool, but the last four are the falsehoods of a slanderer, who dares not say these things of me except under the disguise of the anonymous; but under that shelter has misled his employer and the public, and done his best to cover my declining days with dishonor."

The compliment of a perpetual appeal to your political system has been paid to you by our House of Commons throughout the present week in the debate upon the Ballot bill, and it is astonishing—to judge, at least, from the way in which some members contradict one another—how little is known for certain about it. The point on which the ministry has been defeated is a vital one *here*, whatever it may be with you. It has been decided to permit the voter to exhibit his

voting card; and the cheers with which the Tory party greeted their victory announced but too clearly that they foresaw that under such a system intimidation can be pursued as easily as ever. The idea of secret voting is hateful to them for a reason the very contrary of that which they would fain have us believe them to be actuated by. "It will prevent men being independent," say they; whereas it has always been their endeavor to prevent men being so. "You will make them promise one thing and vote another," they say (a naïve confession, by-the-by, that they do use "the screw"), and yet they have no compunctions in making a man act a lie in voting against his conscience.

There is an attempt just now in the *Times* and other reactionary journals to persuade the world that the ballot is but a "toy," and that the introduction of it will cause no change. Perhaps, with such a proviso as I have described cut out of the bill, it may be so; but upon secret voting the people of this country, whether for well or ill, have set their hearts; and be assured, whatever you may hear to the contrary, that they will have it.

The universities are given to harbor ancient jests. Mr. Thackeray once told me that he heard the very same story in the combination-room at Trinity College on his last visit that had been served up there five-and-twenty years before; and I may have been imposed upon as to the freshness of the following, but I have it as new from Cambridge. The under-graduates' rifle corps wear a Zouave uniform, and it has been suggested that they should take as their motto,

"Zouaviller in modo, fortiter in re."

R. KEMBLE, of London.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE beautiful lustrous goods known as Japanese silk have been made extensively by the use of the fibre of the ramie plant—a textile grass which has long been known in China and Japan, and has been recently introduced into the Southern States. The fibre has great strength, admits of a minute subdivision, and takes a gloss resembling silk. By chemical means this fibre is brought into a state resembling the best mohair, and, combined with cotton, makes a material which is very beautiful. It is now generally believed that the ramie plant will be a more profitable crop in the Southern States than sugar, cotton, rice, or tobacco. It is said that it can be cultivated as far north as the Potomac, and it will probably grow any where in California.

The directors of the Mercantile Library Association, Brooklyn, have resolved to add a chess-room to their establishment. They consider that chess is not open to the objections which are urged by many against various amusements which are sought by the young. The game is necessarily a quiet one, and its atmosphere is intellectual.

Niblo's Garden, which has lately been destroyed by fire, was opened by Mr. William Niblo in 1880. It was not then intended to be a theatre, but what its name implies, a garden, similar to some of the famous gardens of Europe. It was a real garden, with fountains and flowers and shrubbery, with sunshine and fresh air—quite unlike the city "gardens" of the present day. That was a long time ago, and the wise ones said that Niblo's was too far from the "city" to prosper. It was a long distance from the Battery, Park Row, and Chambers Street, where people abided in those days. The proprietor thought he must do something to facilitate public travel, and he sent over to London for some English omnibuses of the same pattern as those now in vogue. These brought crowds of people to the doors. Two years after the opening of the garden a summer theatre was erected, which was so arranged that the performances could be viewed from the refreshment-tables in the open air. In those days there was no gas furnished above Grand Street. Candles were used in the theatre, until the manager sent to England for a machine by which he could manufacture his own gas. It is curious to look back forty-two years, and notice the wonderful changes and improvements that have taken place in this city, if one is of an age to have personal remembrance; if not, he must talk with one of the "oldest inhabitants."

A painting was recently discovered at Pompeii portraying a neat, substantial dinner of three courses. An immense dish containing four peacocks stands in the centre of the table, surrounded by lobsters, one holding a blue egg in his claws, another a stuffed rat, another an oyster, and the fourth a basketful of grasshoppers. At the bottom of the table are four dishes of fish, and above them partridges, hares, and squirrels, each holding its head between its paws. The whole is encircled by a sort of German sausage, apparently; and then come a row of yolks of eggs, a row of peaches, melons, and cherries; and lastly, a row of vegetables of different sorts.

The greatest leap of leap-year is one which a Connecticut lady recently made from Norwich to the Sandwich Islands. The case was this: About twenty years ago she made the acquaintance of a young man living in a neighboring town. Fifteen years since he went to the Sandwich Islands in search of a fortune, and during these years a correspondence has, with a single interruption, been kept up between them, until the friendship culminated in a matrimonial engagement. A few days ago, full of courage and love, laden with the best wishes of a host of friends who witnessed her departure, she started alone to make the journey overland to California, and thence by water to the islands, where she is to meet the object of her affections, to be joined in the holy alliance with him whom she has not seen for fifteen years, but to whom she has ever been true.

Small-pox reveals human nature. A story is told of two Chicago lovers. The young man was stricken with the dreaded disease, and was nursed by his faithful sweetheart until he recovered. She, however, contracted the disease;

and as he was in no danger, he watched over the sufferer until the disease had exhausted itself. But though health came, beauty, he discovered, had fled. The young man's love also departed at that discovery, and he refused to keep his engagement. The maiden did not pine away and die thereat; she acquiesced quietly, and soon after married a man worth half a million.

An exchange says: "The clouds of dust that darken our principal thoroughfares ought to satisfy the most timid and apprehensive minds that New York will do nothing rashly in the way of diminishing the Croton water supply."

The library of the Agricultural Department at Washington contains a curious and interesting work in twelve large volumes. It is entitled "Nature-Painting," and was printed in Vienna, and presented by the Emperor of Austria to the department. The only other copy in this country is in the Congressional Library. The author of the work, Constantine von Ettingshausen, was the inventor of the peculiar method by which the delicate and beautiful prints are produced. Specimens of ferns, flowers, leaves, etc., are placed on lead plates under pressure; an exact copy is thus made, from which prints are taken. Most of the flora of Central Europe is represented in these volumes. The specimens are exceedingly beautiful, and their slightly raised appearance gives the aspect of their being genuine ferns and flowers pressed and preserved with the nicest care. Ettingshausen is constantly employed by the Emperor of Austria.

Lyell, the eminent geologist, is of opinion that the Falls of Niagara have been running at least thirty-five thousand years!

Future published collections of anecdotes of noted dogs must not fail to contain a notice of Napoleon—a canine celebrity who has lately died at San Francisco. He was connected with a circus, and is said to have been an intelligent and enthusiastic admirer of the performances. In the course of his career he saved three persons from drowning. His travels with the company carried him through all parts of the State. Among other evidences of intelligence manifested was his resort to cold-water cure for fits to which he was subject, resulting from precipitation of blood to his overwrought brain. He became his own physician, and instead of resorting, as men similarly afflicted sometimes do, to stimulating drinks, which aggravate their malady, he tried cold water. Whenever he felt an attack coming on Napoleon would start for a bucket of water or a trough, plunge his head into the water, and hold it there as long as he could hold his breath. This generally had the effect which he desired. But in the last attack the remedy failed him, and he succumbed, and died at the ripe age of twenty-three; and was quite pompously buried, with the honors of a funeral biography, read in the presence of a little crowd of his old friends, and a wreath of flowers on his grave.

The remains of Alexandre Dumas were recently removed from a cemetery in Paris to be placed in the family crypt of his native village, Villers-Cotterets. All the literary people of Paris assembled to witness the burial, and testified their admiration of the genius of the departed writer by forming an imposing procession. It is stated that in addition to having composed twenty dramas, he wrote nearly one thousand volumes of novels, tales, and stories, besides miscellaneous articles and pamphlets. A correspondent of the *Evening Mail* says of Dumas: "He founded newspapers, erected theatres, fomented revolutions in France and Italy, excelled as a chemist, was the best cook in Europe, built a palace, freighted ships, hunted in Siberia, roamed in the Orient, wrote, studied, traveled, and, in short, amused, delighted, and charmed whole generations of readers by his gigantic genius, his ever-ready wit, his deep erudition, and the undefinable magnetic talisman he seemed to possess."

It is rumored among the Mussulmans of Tunis that the Bey of that country is about to abjure the faith of his country, and embrace Christianity.

An Ohio Journalist having read a statement to the effect that "Miss Kellogg has a larger repertoire than any other living prima donna," considered it his duty as a champion of truth to write the following: "We do not, of course, know how Miss Kellogg was dressed in other cities, but upon the occasion of her last performance here we are positively certain that her repertoire did not seem to extend as far out as either Nilsson's or Patti's. It may have been that her over-skirt was cut too narrow to permit of its being gathered into such a large lump behind, or it may have been that it had been crushed down accidentally, but the fact remains that both of Miss Kellogg's rivals wore repertoires of a much more extravagant size—very much to their discredit, we think."

A pretty wife in the Bombay Presidency now costs from ten to fifteen pounds, which is regarded as rather high. Sometimes there is a fight for possession in addition. The Indian journals tell a story of a man whose fair daughter's charms attracted many suitors, and he naturally endeavored to dispose of her to the highest bidder. A gentleman at last offered two hundred rupees, or about twenty pounds sterling, and the affectionate sire thereupon agreed to ratify the match, pocketed the money, and gave orders for the wedding. As the day approached, however, another suitor appeared, either richer or more ardent than his predecessor, and made an offer of three hundred rupees for the damsel. The father, who could not resist so handsome an offer, took the money, and again ordered a wedding on the same auspicious day, and silently decamped with the double price of his daughter. When the time appointed arrived, two bridal processions, each with a would-be bridegroom at its head, approached the house from different sides, and ascertaining each other's intentions, naturally commenced a "free fight," in which both the bridegrooms were so severely wounded that it must have been some time before either of them aspired again to the hand of this fair Helen.





THE MASK OF THE MONTHS.

JANUARY's a tall old man,
With a nose quite blue from cold,
Sharp little eyes, and long lean hands
"I would make you shudder to hold.

FEBRUARY's the old man's wife,
Trundling along at his side;
Right like her husband, for all the world,
Bony and wolfish-eyed.

MARCH is a grumbling, growling boy,
With nothing special to do;
Now in a passion, now in the sulks,
But somehow honest and true.

APRIL's a petulant, willful girl,
Who borrows trouble and cries,
Then suddenly laughs, with the tear she shed
Yet sparkling in her eyes.

MAY is her elder sister, fresh
And plump and merry and fair,
Though a trifle too conscious of dimpled cheeks
And crocus-colored hair.

JUNE is a bashful, beautiful bride,
Having given her troth to one
She loves as the rose loves the roving wind,
As the sunflower loves the sun.

JULY is her bridegroom, the young gallant
That holds her heart in thrall;
Fierce now and then, and fiery too,
But noble and kind withal.

AUGUST is just the most lazy of dames,
So languid she scarcely can sway
The fan in her jeweled indolent hand,
While lolling on cushions all day.

SEPTEMBER's a meek little gray-robed nun,
Soft-mannered, demure, and pale,
With casual glimpses of violet eyes
Beneath her deep-folded veil.

OCTOBER's a bold, rich-ruined queen,
Who feasts, and cares not at all
If the warrior-enemy stand at her gates,
And vows that his pride shall fall.

NOVEMBER's a dreary mourning soul,
Dark-vestured, with worn white brow,
Whose hope, whose joy, whose youth are grown
Merely sad memories now.

DECEMBER's a plaintive, woful Voice,
That cries, with desolate cry,
"The year is dying, dying, dying,
As all things earthly die!"

SUPPER-TIME.

THERE are some deluded persons of middle age who never refuse an invitation to an evening party, fearing to be thought unsocial in their little circle of friends, though indisposed to dancing and flirting, and apt to be fatigued beyond endurance by a third rubber of whist. Let them fairly answer this plain question: Have they not often hailed the announcement of supper-time, though not suffering the pains of hunger, yet as a relief from intolerable dullness? A few such persons, we imagine, may be recognized among the company in that familiar drawing-room scene which the artist has delineated in his design for the large engraving on pages 368 and 369. It is evident, indeed, that some of the ladies and gentlemen here assembled have found means to enjoy themselves, in one way or another, during the two or three hours since their arrival at the house. Our remarks are confined to those weaker brethren and sisters who might have done wisely in sending a polite refusal when the invitation reached them a fortnight ago, or who should have had the courage to retire before midnight, after exchanging a few pleasant greetings, and just looking round at the bright rooms, the pretty faces and dresses, the cheerful bustle, of this festive throng. For one whose nervous temperament can not bear this sort of thing from ten o'clock in the evening till long after the usual bed-time, and who has no talent or ambition to play an active part in the social entertainment, the experience of a prolonged stay in the crowded rooms is severely trying. There is no cordial talk; there is no singing; the brain is dizzy with the ceaseless buzz and glare, while it faints from mental inanition. Under these distressing circumstances, a man has been known to rush out in desperation, about half past eleven, and to recruit exhausted nature with tobacco and beer. A not-dancing lady, for her part, will sit demurely on the sofa, with nobody to speak to her, and will strive to look serene, but she will have frequent recourse to her scent-bottle, which has the same effect as a cigar. What a blessed relief it is for these good people, the mere passive "assistants" at an evening party, when they are bidden to come down stairs to supper,

And when the long hours with the public are past,
And we come to Champagne and a chicken at last!

The chicken, it is true, may be skinny, bony, and sinewy; the Champagne, an effervescent dilution of grape-skin sirup, or a product of the native gooseberry; the blanc-mange, a tough, glutinous pulp, sticky as mortar, and quite devoid of flavor; the sandwiches, mere chippings of dry bread, with here and there a morsel of lean ham, or a smear of anchovy paste; the confectionery, a deceptive array of stale cakes, overlaid with a sugary plaster of the most perilous colors. Notwithstanding all their misgivings on this head, the jaded victims of nocturnal dissipation will devour those unwholesome viands. They will even assiduously press each other to take a large share of whatever is supposed, by a conventional fiction, to be nice and good. Their short night's sleep will have a disagreeable waking on the morrow. Their best excuse is that they have nothing else to do but to eat the supper that is put before them. Some of the gentlemen, too,

have an opportunity of pretending to make themselves serviceable, perhaps even agreeable, to the ladies in the office of amateur waiters. The people who have not been introduced to each other may now exchange little civilities, in the handing of a plate or a glass, without compromising their dignity by seeking a nearer acquaintance. The ceremony of supper, therefore, is a beneficial dispensation, whatever may be said of the prudence of feeding upon such questionable dainties in the middle of the night.

ABBY'S PRETTY YOUNG MAN.

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

OF course I have a sewing-machine, for who has not? And of course I hate to use it, for who does not? So Abby comes to do the sewing, by machine or hand as seems best to her, and I sometimes induce a generous glow of self-approval by basting a little for her, or perhaps fashioning some novel trimming for my own or baby Maude's dresses, both of which I confess to liking to see prettily and even elaborately made. Sometimes, too, I do nothing at all but lie upon the couch in the sewing-room, and idly watch Abby's nimble fingers, for to my mind it is the height of luxury to offset one's own indolence by somebody else's industry; to feel that your work is being done, and at the same time to roll beneath your tongue the sweet morsel of *far niente*. A little while before I was married my brother Ned one day remarked in my presence,

"Mamma, do you perceive what a lazy little animal Lou is becoming? yes, and a selfish little animal too!"

I hope Ned was mistaken, and I know that he said it because I wouldn't go to Mrs. Fear- ing's matinee, and invite Charlotte Mills to go with me, and so give them a chance to flirt under my protection. But there! Ned is a darling, and I love Lotty like a sister, now they are married.

But if I am lazy, I don't believe I am quite entirely selfish, for I know that I often lie in the sewing-room, instead of in my own pretty chamber, so that Abby may not feel quite so lonely and forlorn as she usually looks; and I am sure that she always brightens up when she sees me coming in, and when I set her to talking about the children, or the price of calicoes, or mutton, or any thing she has to say, I notice that the ruffles and puffs go on ever so much easier, and the wrinkles smooth out of her poor old forehead like magic. The other day I lay watching her trim a little dress for Maude, and I must say that a hundred dollars would have been no inducement to me to undertake that piece of work, although it was an idea of my own, and altogether lovely when it was finished. Poor Abby sighed once or twice, and finally pushed the hair off her forehead, tucking it behind her ears with a nervous motion that in her means a very unusual degree of worry and fatigue.

So I tried to think of something to say, and being a woman and somewhat vain, as well as lazy and selfish, it seemed to me that the most comfortable remark I could make was,

"What splendid hair you have, Abby! all your own too, isn't it?"

She laughed outright at that, poor thing, and just glancing toward me without forgetting the pleat she was laying, replied,

"I should say so, Mrs. Stuyvesant! I should have to go bald if I was to lose my hair, for I never could afford to buy so much as a jute switch."

"And I'm sure you don't need it, Abby," said I, admiringly. "Just put down your work and loosen your hair for me to see. Then go into the bathing-room and wet your forehead before you put it up. It will refresh you ever so much."

Without a word the poor thing pulled the pins out of her hair, stood up, and let it come rolling down—great splendid masses of dark brown, waving from root to tip, and just threaded with silver.

"I can sit on it easy," said a meek voice from behind the rippling veil covering the poor tired, withered, wrinkled face; and I exclaimed, heartily,

"It is magnificent, Abby—really magnificent! I wish mine was half as handsome."

"It's about all the beauty I ever had, and I kind of hate to cut it off, though it does make my head ache some," continued the meek voice; and then, while Abby was gone to the bathing-room, with orders to put camphor, or Cologne, or what she pleased to the aching head, I began to wonder whether this unlovely middle-aged seamstress could ever really have been a young girl, with at least the freshness and bloom of youth upon the face now so dark and seamed and misshapen. So when she returned refreshed, and had resumed her work with such a different look and air, I said,

"I suppose your beaux used to admire that pretty hair very much, didn't they, Abby?"

She laughed a little and looked pleased, but replied, "Well, I don't know as I ever had any beaux, ma'am. I always had to work too hard to have time for such things."

"But every girl has beaux, Abby; and, at any rate, you were married."

"Yes, 'm, I was married; but Herman never had much to say about my looks. I don't know as he ever spoke of my hair once. We lived on a farm, and there was an awful sight of work to do."

"And was Herman the only admirer you ever had?" persisted I, with that benevolent impertinence we are so apt to indulge in toward our social inferiors. The dark face reddened a little, and drooped toward the little dress until I could hardly see it, and I hastened to add,

"But never mind, Abby. Tell me instead how little Susy is to-day."

"She's pretty well, thank you, ma'am. But

if you'd care any thing about listening, I'd like ever so much to tell you about something—more like beaux than any thing else that ever happened to me."

"If you like to tell it, Abby, I should like to listen, I assure you."

"Well, 'm, I was born poor and brought up poor, and nowadays I don't expect any thing else but to die poor. But when I was young it was different, and I was dreadful ambitious to get learning and money and be a lady. When I was fourteen years old mother died, and I went to Lowell to live with my sister Nancy, who had married a machinist there, and was real comfortably off, but close. Well, Nancy is dead now, and I won't say no more than that she was what you may call close."

"Her agreement with father was that I should go to the public school, and have my clothes and board for the chores I could do before and after school and at noon-times; but when I got there it didn't turn out so, for some days there'd be washing, and some cleaning, and some cooking; and Nancy she'd be sick, or her child fretful, or something or another; so that I was always late if I did go, and half the time I didn't go at all. And as for clothes, my! When sister Nancy had got through with a gown there wasn't much wear left in it, you may be sure; and those were all I got, and make them over myself at that."

"Well, we got along that way for a year, and then I made up my mind to have things different. A couple of my school-mates had left to go to a seminary in Groton, and one of them wrote and told me all about it—what a splendid school it was, and what lots of things they learned, and how genteel all the pupils were, and, more than all, how reasonable she boarded—only two dollars and a half a week, and her washing done too, and then ten dollars a quarter at the seminary, making in all forty dollars for each term of twelve weeks. From the minute I read that letter I made up my mind I'd go to Groton Seminary too, and I began to scheme how I should get that forty dollars, or, rather, eighty dollars, for I made up my mind I'd go two quarters if I went at all, and study hard enough in those two quarters to get a year's learning at least. When Lowell girls want money, their first thought is the factory, for they are always in want of hands there, and don't stand much on experience, or character, or any thing else if a girl can only work; and they pay pretty well too. So when summer vacation came I told sister Nancy just how I felt, and that I wanted to quit school and go into the factory till I'd earned the money to go to Groton; and I told her I'd do just as much as ever I could for her before and after hours to pay for my board; and as for clothes, I'd find 'em somehow for myself—for, to tell the truth, I was ashamed to go through the street with those she gave me. Nancy scolded a little at first, but finally she had to give in, for she felt she hadn't done just right by me, nor as father would have liked if he'd known it. And so into the factory I went the very next Monday. For the first few weeks I was green enough, and had hard work to earn a new calico dress and a pair of good shoes; but after that I learned fast, and finally found I could lay by six dollars a week pretty steadily. That soon counted up, and in six months from the day I went into the factory I quit, with a hundred dollars in the savings-bank, for I wouldn't trust it to any thing but a bank to keep. The odd twenty bought me a new suit of clothes, paid my stage-fare to Groton, and left me five dollars in my pocket, for I wasn't going to be caught without a cent, in case I should be sick or any thing."

Mirandy Small, the girl that wrote to me about the school, had engaged board for me along with herself, and when the stage stopped at the tavern she was on the stoop already to receive me, for she and I always hung together like two burs. Next morning I went to school, and I'm afraid when I got to the New Jerusalem, and walk up the golden streets with my crown and palm, I sha'n't feel any more glorified than I did when I walked up the aisle of that school-room in my new pink French calico with a ruffle in the neck and at the wrists, and a little black silk apron that Jotham, Nancy's husband, had given me for a parting present. My hair, that you was so kind as to praise just now, was lighter-colored then, and used to shine in the sun 'most as if it was red, and it hung in thick curls down below my waist. I remember just how I looked when Mirandy pushed me in front of the little looking-glass in the dressing-room, and told me to see what a pretty picture they had there. I saw him first that very day, for he walked home at noon with me and Mirandy, and she introduced him; his name was Arthur Rounseville, and I fell in love with the name, as you may say, before I'd hardly looked at the young man, though he was worth looking at too."

"Handsome, was he?" asked I, as the seamstress paused, with a smile of tender reminiscence beautifying her tired mouth. It deepened as she answered:

"I never see no one handsomer, Mrs. Stuyvesant. His hair wasn't curly, but wavy and shining, and just as black as a crow's wing, and his skin was clear and a sort of brown all over, except his lips, that were red and smiling; and such a cunning little mustache just shading the upper lip; and his eyes were very large and clear, and the color of a brook as it runs out from under the roots of trees; and his teeth, oh, they were splendid, splendid! and his hands and feet were small, and his figure just as straight as a dart, and kind of soopie all over—real graceful it was; and he dressed nice. And oh, Mrs. Stuyvesant, he was just the prettiest young man that ever you see. I thought so then, and I think so now."

Again Abby paused, this time to wipe her eyes; and I, restraining a smile at the anticlimax, as it seemed to me, of the descriptive adjective, inquired,

"How old was he, Abby?"

"A little past twenty, ma'am, and I 'most seventeen."

"But was he still at school?"

"Yes, 'm. His father, Square Rounseville, was bound to give him the best education money could buy, but he couldn't bear him out of his own sight long enough to send him to college; so he was still in the seminary, but studied all by himself, ahead of even the first class. He was dreadful smart at his learning, every body said, and I guess sometimes he 'most stumped the master himself on Latin and Greek."

"Well, 'm, I never knew how that fall term went by, it went so swift. I studied and studied hard, for I didn't want he should feel ashamed of me, nor I didn't want he should know so many things that I couldn't even talk about: so I studied like a good one; but there were times before and after school, and holidays, that learned me more of what heaven means than any book we studied. Arthur used to take his father's horse whenever he'd a mind to, and I don't believe I'll ever travel again as many miles as I rid over in that dear old shay those twelve weeks. It was in the last week that his aunt Marthy come to make a visit at the square's, and the very first night she come she and the square met Arthur and me walking in Love Lane, and he'd got hold of my hand, and we didn't see 'em coming till she spoke up as sharp as vinegar, and, says she, 'Well, nephew, can't you say how d'y'e do?'"

"Arthur said something polite, and we passed along, but my heart seemed to sink right down into my shoes, and I couldn't hardly find a word of reply to all the loving things he said over and over. 'She'll separate us, Arthur; she's bound to do it, and she will,' was all I could answer; and if I said that once, I guess I said it a dozen times. The next day vacation begun. I had arranged to stay, and help the lady I boarded with enough to pay my board for those two weeks, and Arthur and I had planned to have just the nicest time that ever was, riding and walking and reading poetry together; for though we didn't call ourselves out-and-out engaged, it was all the same, and we both felt it so."

"It was the twenty-sixth day of November, and of a Tuesday night—for Thanksgiving fell on the twenty-eighth that year, and that is always on Thursday—that poor Arthur and I took our last walk together. We'd been over to the swamp for honeysuckles, and he'd got his hands as full as they would hold, for he wouldn't let me carry one for myself, and—(Mrs. Stuyvesant, isn't it curious that to this day the smell of swamp honeysuckles turns me as sick as death?) But we came in laughing and talking, and Mrs. Billings, the lady I boarded with, met us in the entry, and says she,

"How old was he, Abby?"

"A little past twenty, ma'am, and I 'most seventeen."

"But was he still at school?"

"Yes, 'm. His father, Square Rounseville, was bound to give him the best education money could buy, but he couldn't bear him out of his own sight long enough to send him to college; so he was still in the seminary, but studied all by himself, ahead of even the first class. He was dreadful smart at his learning, every body said, and I guess sometimes he 'most stumped the master himself on Latin and Greek."

"Well, 'm, I never knew how that fall term went by, it went so swift. I studied and studied hard, for I didn't want he should feel ashamed of me, nor I didn't want he should know so many things that I couldn't even talk about: so I studied like a good one; but there were times before and after school, and holidays, that learned me more of what heaven means than any book we studied. Arthur used to take his father's horse whenever he'd a mind to, and I don't believe I'll ever travel again as many miles as I rid over in that dear old shay those twelve weeks. It was in the last week that his aunt Marthy come to make a visit at the square's, and the very first night she come she and the square met Arthur and me walking in Love Lane, and he'd got hold of my hand, and we didn't see 'em coming till she spoke up as sharp as vinegar, and, says she, 'Well, nephew, can't you say how d'y'e do?'"

"Arthur said something polite, and we passed along, but my heart seemed to sink right down into my shoes, and I couldn't hardly find a word of reply to all the loving things he said over and over. 'She'll separate us, Arthur; she's bound to do it, and she will,' was all I could answer; and if I said that once, I guess I said it a dozen times. The next day vacation begun. I had arranged to stay, and help the lady I boarded with enough to pay my board for those two weeks, and Arthur and I had planned to have just the nicest time that ever was, riding and walking and reading poetry together; for though we didn't call ourselves out-and-out engaged, it was all the same, and we both felt it so."

"It was the twenty-sixth day of November, and of a Tuesday night—for Thanksgiving fell on the twenty-eighth that year, and that is always on Thursday—that poor Arthur and I took our last walk together. We'd been over to the swamp for honeysuckles, and he'd got his hands as full as they would hold, for he wouldn't let me carry one for myself, and—(Mrs. Stuyvesant, isn't it curious that to this day the smell of swamp honeysuckles turns me as sick as death?) But we came in laughing and talking, and Mrs. Billings, the lady I boarded with, met us in the entry, and says she,

"Abby, your folks has come to see you, and they're in the parlor. I guess you'd better go right in, if Mr. Rounseville will excuse you, for it's pretty late."

"I turned just as pale as death, and looked at Arthur, and he dropped down the flowers and caught my hands."

"Shall I come in and speak to them now, Abby?" says he; and a little red streak came across his cheek, as it always did when he was worked up. But before I could reply Miss Billings spoke up, sort of frightened, and says she,

"For the Lord's sake, don't you do it, Arthur Rounseville, not in my house, for the square and Miss Marthy are fit to kill me now. I always thought your father was knowing to your attentions to Abby, I'm sure. And if the square didn't make no objections, I'm sure I don't know why I should. There! go in Abby, go in quick!"

"She sort of pushed me along toward the door, and I went; but before I got there Arthur had me in his arms, and kissed me once—just once—square on my lips, a thing he'd never done before."

"Good-night, Abby! my Abby!" says he, real solemn; and I burst out crying, and choked out, 'Good-night, dear, dear Arthur; and then I was in the parlor; and there sat Jotham and Nancy, looking as cold and stern as two marble figgers. I didn't speak to neither of 'em, nor they to me, for as much as five minutes, and I just had my cry out without caring a bit what they thought about it. At last, when I began to wipe up my eyes, Nancy spoke in her grim, hateful way, and says she,

"We've come to take you home, and high time too. Miss Billings has put up some of your things, and the rest can be sent by the stage; so get on your shawl and bonnet, and be ready when Jotham brings round the horse. It'll be as much as half a dollar for putting him up, I expect."

"My tears dried up like fire at that, and I riz right off my chair and looked at her."

"To-night!" says I. "Going to carry me off to-night!"

"Yes, miss, we be; and I wouldn't advise you to make any fuss about it—that is, if you've any decency left," says Nancy; and then I got mad. Well, it wouldn't pay to tell all we said, back and forward; but at last, when I said up and down I wouldn't go till I'd seen Arthur again, Nancy pulled a letter out of her pocket and gave it to me without another word. I read it, and oh, Mrs. Stuyvesant, I thought then I'd got my death! It was from Miss Marthy Rounseville to my sister, and of all the cruel, wicked, biting things that ever was said or wrote, that was the beat-all. She said I was neglecting my studies, and losing my character, and leading away Arthur, and how he didn't care for me, and I was always after him, and how the whole town was talking about me, and wound up by ordering my folks to come and get me right away before I was lost altogether; and then she said here was twenty dollars to pay for a carriage to come over to Groton in, for it wasn't best to take me away in the stage for fear I'd make a fuss and create more scandal than I had already. There was a

little more, but I couldn't see to read it for the tears that blinded me and the sobs that shook me all over; but through them all I heard Nancy's voice saying:

"And now I hope you're ready to hide your head and get away from this place before any more know of your disgrace than do already. Get on your things!"

"What could I do, a poor little frightened girl, with no one to help me stand out against those that I had been brought up to mind? I let them do as they liked, and in a few minutes more we was on the road home, I in the back of the covered wagon crying so that I couldn't set up straight, but just crouched down on the floor with my head on the seat. It had come on to rain, with thunder and lightning that scared the horse, and set Nancy to screaming so that Jotham swore right out at her, and I remember wishing the lightning would strike the wagon and be the death of me. Pious folks would say it was a wicked wish, but it was dreadful natural, and I don't know but it would have been the best thing that could have happened to me.

"When we got home I was sick, and it was a month before I set my foot out-of-doors again. It was a fever, and the doctor said I had studied too hard and then took cold; but, bless the man! he didn't know nothing about it. Nancy she took good care of me, but it wasn't loving care; and how I did use to grieve after my dear mother, and pray to be took to live with her! but my time hadn't come, and I got well. My money was all gone—what with medicine and doctors' bills, and paying a woman to help Nancy do the work my sickness made. So as soon as I could I went back into the factory."

"But, Abby," interposed I, "didn't you hear any thing from Arthur all this time?"

"Not a word, ma'am; and somehow I couldn't bring my mind to ask Nancy for any news, and she never spoke his name any more than if there wasn't such a thing. I did manage to ask if any letters had come for me while I was sick, but she turned like a lion on me, and says she,

"Letters! who do you expect letters from, I'd like to know? I should think there'd been one letter too many from them folks already."

"That set me to crying, for I was so weak and broken down I couldn't bear the leastest thing, and I never asked again.

"I had been in the mill about a week, when, one noon, as I was hurrying back from dinner, and the bell a-ringing in, I met him. I guess he was waiting for me by the way he came forward with his hand out, and the same dear smile on his face that I knew so well.

"I must see you, Abby," says he, quick and breathless. "May I come to your house this afternoon? What time will you be at home? Or will you go and walk with me now?"

"I can't see you, Arthur; I'll be home at four o'clock," says I, not knowing what I did say, or what I meant; but he caught up my words, and repeated, "Four o'clock, did you say? I must leave Lowell at five, but I will be at your brother's house at four; and half an hour will convince you."

"All in!" shouted the porter, slamming to one half the gate, and I just rushed through before the other came.

"All that afternoon my loom kept singing, 'Half an hour will convince you! half an hour will convince you!' and I hardly knew whether I was glad or sorry when ten minutes to four o'clock came, and I got leave to go; for what was it that I was to be convinced of? and who could tell if I wasn't better off without being convinced that Arthur loved me, if we never were to meet again? The church clock was striking four as I stood on my brother's door-step, and I looked up and down the street before I went in, but nobody was in sight, and nobody was in the little parlor; so I ran up stairs, and was so glad to have time to change my dress, and let down my hair and curl it as he liked to see it, and put on a pink bow he'd given me, because he said it was just a match for my cheeks. Time enough! Yes, there was time enough, and too much time; for when all was done, and I sat on the foot of my bed, waiting and trembling, the church clock struck five, and Nancy came into my room with some clean clothes from the wash.

"Oh," says she, as if she'd just thought of it, "that Groton feller was here a while ago, and left his regards for you, Abby."

"Left his regards! Has he been, and I not know it!" exclaimed I, starting up.

"Yes, he was here at half past three, and staid about twenty minutes. He said he was going in the five-o'clock train, and there it goes!" and Nancy pointed to the railroad, where we could see the train just rushing out of sight.

"Well, I can't talk about it even now, and it was weeks before I knew what it was that hurt me, for my fever came back that night, and for days and days they looked every minute to see me draw my last breath. Before I was well enough to ask a question sister Nancy was took down. They say she nursed me day and night, and killed herself a-doing it. I don't know how that was, but conscience carries a dreadful stinging whip, and it may have drove her even to her death, for die she did, and never spoke word to me again.

"When I got so as to crawl about, they gave me a letter from Arthur. He said my sister had told him of my engagement to the overseer of our mill, and he forgave me, and hoped I would be happy, and bade me good-by forever, for he was just going to sail for Europe, and should not return for three or four years at least, by which time I should be a happy wife and mother. And then he said that after all it was best, for though he had been ready to defy his family and the world and every thing for my sake, it was far wiser and more prudent that each of us should remain in our own circle, and marry among our own associates. He was angry and

hurt when he said that; but still he said it, and I never tried to gainsay it, or reply to it. I just worked on in the mills for five or six years more, and then, while I was visiting brother Nathan one summer, Herman asked me to marry him, and so I did. We got along very well together, but Herman wasn't never very forehanded, and I always had to work pretty hard, even while he lived, and harder still now that I'm left with the children."

"But Arthur! did you never hear from him again?"

"Not from him direct, but I heard about him once or twice. He studied doctoring off there, and when he come back he set up for himself in Feladelfy, and married a rich young lady there. They say he's a first-rate doctor, and a real smart man, and I wonder sometimes how he could ever have been any thing to a poor seamstress like me. I don't suppose he'd recollect my name if he was to hear it now, but I shan't never forget his, nor his looks neither. Oh, Mrs. Stuyvesant, I wish you could have seen him! He was such a pretty young man!"

Poor Abby's tears were falling fast, and my own eyes were dim, as, after a few foolish words of attempted sympathy, I went away, murmuring to myself,

"God pity them both, and pity us all
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;
For of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: It might have been!"

FRENCH WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS.

IN the announcements of deaths and marriages there is no distinction of the sexes. The circulars which are sent round to all acquaintances (newspaper advertisements are not employed in France for such ends as these) contain, in one case, the names of the father and mother, if they be alive, and in the other, those of all relations, to the third degree. A *billet de faire part*, as these documents are called, is couched in invariable language, whatever be the position of the senders. For a marriage it always says, in inverted duplicate, "Monsieur and Madame A have the honor to inform you of the marriage of their son, M. Charles A, with Mademoiselle Julie B;" and, in another sheet, "Monsieur and Madame B. have the honor to inform you of the marriage of their daughter, Mademoiselle Julie B, with M. Charles A." If you are invited to the wedding, the two printed notes contain the additional sentence, "and beg you to be present at the nuptial benediction, which will be given to them in such a church on such a day." For a funeral the shape is different; the *billet* is in this form: "You are begged to be present at the funeral service and burial of M. N, who died on the 9th instant, at the age of fifty years, after receiving the sacraments of the Church, which will take place on the 11th instant, in the church of —, his parish, at eleven o'clock precisely. From M. A, Madame B," and so on through twenty, thirty, or forty names, as the case may be, "his father, mother, wife, children, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, cousins, second cousins," and various other forms of connection. If it be a notification of the death, without an invitation to the ceremony, then the wording is, "M. A, Madame B," and all the others, "have the honor to inform you of the painful loss which they have sustained in the person of M. N, who died on the 9th instant," etc., "their son, husband, father, brother," and so on. Births used to be notified in an analogous way, but the practice has died out during the last thirty years, and no notice is now given of the arrival of new children. Most people attend the weddings to which they are convoked; every body goes to funerals: nothing is allowed to stand in the way of the latter duty, which is considered absolutely sacred, as being the last sign of sympathy you can offer. This is why French funerals present such long processions—why several hundred people may often be seen marching bare-headed behind a hearse to church or to the cemetery. It is a touching custom, and every body joins in momentarily with its object by uncovering as the coffin passes. All these things, however unimportant in themselves, are signs not only of habit, but of feeling. They show how much the French associate themselves, externally at least, with each other's joys and sorrows; how every opportunity of demonstration is seized upon and utilized; how the manners of the nation reflect the sentiments which guide it, or which, at least, are supposed to guide it.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE spring indemnifies Paris for her penitential winter. The season is at its height, and, according to all appearances, is destined to last much later than usual. All those who have abstained from giving sumptuous dinners, all those who have been unwilling to attend large assemblies or to open their doors to the gay world, all the ladies who have forborne to wear their laces and diamonds, or, at least, such of their laces and diamonds as have not taken the road to Germany, are eager to make amends for their past abstinence. The receptions of M. Thiers at the Elysée during the Easter vacation of the Assembly unbarred the doors for the renewal of festivities, and through these half-opened doors the Parisian world eagerly poured into the salons so long closed and abandoned to solitude. These four receptions, which were very simple as to etiquette, were extremely brilliant as to numbers and quality. Except to the dinners which preceded the receptions, no invitations were issued: all were at liberty to attend who wished, or at least who knew that their

presence would not scandalize the head of the government, or that they would not be too conspicuous through insignificance and obscurity. This nice distinction was perfectly understood by the Parisians, and to their praise be it said that among those who crossed the threshold of the palace of the Elysée during the four receptions there was not a single one whom M. and Madame would have hesitated to invite. All the salons, including the beautiful Gallery of Mirrors, were thrown open. M. Thiers was found in the first salon, standing and conversing with his usual vivacity. A few paces from him were Madame Thiers and her sister, Mademoiselle Dosne, both invariably and simply dressed in black. A few words from M. Thiers, and a shake of the hand if the guest had the honor of knowing him, and the ceremonial was ended. There was no dancing, no card-playing, and no music: the only amusement was the eminently French enjoyment of conversing on affairs of the day in the artistically decorated and brilliantly illuminated halls. The last reception took place on M. Thiers's seventy-fifth birthday. On the day following a great gala dinner and soirée were given by Prince Orloff, the Russian ambassador, recently installed at Paris. In all these receptions the ladies' dresses were doubtless very rich and certainly very elegant, but comparatively simple. The official world persists in setting this example, which as yet has a small following, as was seen at the late races, but which, if persevered in, must surely have its effect. Since good taste was perverted in France by the bad example of the government, there is every reason to hope that the contrary course will bear good fruits in the end.

No; certainly the dresses were not simple at the late races. Such masses of rich stuffs, such clouds of black and white, blue and pink laces! All the colors of the rainbow were to be seen there. Such lofty bonnets, with story upon story covered with plumes and flowers! such wide silk scarfs, worn as sashes, and falling in cascades of loops, tied not in the middle, but on the left side! such unheard-of blendings of the most indescribable tints, producing a prismatic confusion!

Plain colors no longer hold the undisputed sway which they have enjoyed till of late. They have given place to figures, bouquets, garlands, on silk, foulard, crêpe, and percale fabrics. But it would be a great mistake wholly to abandon plain colors—so modest, so quiet, and so convenient to wear on a multitude of occasions. After so long protesting against the monotony of plain colors, I find myself forced to protest in turn against the monotony of figured stuffs, which now prevail universally. Even plain stuffs are made with designs, color on color. One of the prettiest fabrics of this kind is grenadine with satin stripes of the same shade, embroidered with a small figure or flower, also of the same color. Thin grenadine is made of all colors, but chiefly of the écaru tints. Crêpe, a sort of crêpe de Chine, but cheaper than the latter, has Pompadour figures on a white, salmon, écaru, or gray ground, or else figures of the same color as the ground. Challie, which is nearly allied to crêpe, is made chiefly with satin stripes on a dead-lustre ground of the same color, or else entirely plain. The prettiest trimming for challie dresses, which I have never yet seen described, consists simply of a band of the material cut crosswise of the goods, from an inch and a half to two inches wide, and raveled out half its width to form a fringe; this band is sewed with very little fullness on the edges of the garment, and is surmounted by three bias folds of the same material. This is all, but it is light, in good taste, and inexpensive.

While giving figured fabrics all the praise they deserve, I can not be too severe on the delaines, coarsely printed in gaudy colors, and looking like cheap, flaunting wall-paper, that have found their way into the market. Plain delaine, that modest and inexpensive fabric, is always in good taste, but these printed delaines are frightful, and bespeak vulgar and pretentious wearers.

A great many polonaises are in preparation, made of white, gray, or écaru linen or batiste, embroidered with thread of the same color, and trimmed with insertion of the same shade as the batiste. The white and gray polonaises are worn over black silk and foulard skirts, both by those in second mourning and others. The écaru polonaises are worn chiefly over maroon foulard skirts. Black grenadine, embroidered with colored silk, is also much used for polonaises. I have seen one of this kind in preparation which was very original and in good taste. The embroidery was executed with greenish turquoise blue silk, for it needs at least three words to designate the shades now in vogue. The new blue partakes both of green and gray; it seems copied from the ancient tapestries, and is known, in trade under the name of *bleu pourri*. Rotten as it may be, it produces a soft and harmonious effect over the transparency of the black grenadine, without the crudity of the contrast of pure bright blue. As to woollen fabrics, I repeat that all printed designs should be discarded; they should be simply embroidered with soutache or round cord; the latter, in black and white, with a rich design, has the effect of beautiful embroidery on black, gray, or neutral tints. Except this mixed cord, I advise that embroidery should be color on color, or at most a shade darker than the fabric.

Few wrappings are worn; the polonaise takes their place. There are ages and circumstances, however, in which they are indispensable. For these many are made of light écaru cashmere, with rolls of brown faye and brown woollen guipure. They are also made of black cashmere, embroidered with black soutache, and trimmed with black woollen guipure. The Dolman, a sacque very short behind, and furnished with immense slashed sleeves, will be much worn

later in the season for traveling and at the seaside. This will be generally of white opera flannel, with white, blue, brown, or black figures or raised stripes. The double collar, rather small, is still very much in vogue. The same garment is being made for watering-places in very light écaru or light gray ladies' cloth; the edges are cut in points or scallops, and finished with a bias fold of silk of the same color. The prettiest one that I have seen was made of vert-de-gris cashmere, embroidered with soutache of the same shade, and lined with foulard, also of the same color.

There is little change to be noted concerning bonnets. They are still very small, very high, and excessively overloaded with trimming. Many are of black, maroon, or dark gray straw; in this case the ribbons and other trimmings are light—pink, blue, English green, or orange. On the other hand, white and yellow straw bonnets are trimmed with dark colors—maroon, black, garnet, dark green, etc. The trimmings are often of two shades of the same color. We also see many black lace bonnets, trimmed with a small scarf or large barbe of black lace, the ends of which fall behind in unequal lengths so as to cover the diminishing chignon.

Little girls—I mean those whose rich mothers trick them out like dolls—dress more conspicuously than their seniors. I saw a miss of ten yesterday promenading in a dress of gray silk, composed of a short skirt trimmed with five bias folds bound with red velvet; very short tunic, amounting to little more than a small round apron, with a pouf behind of the same silk, bordered with a broad band of red velvet; waist open square over a high nanook chemisette. The waist had long basques and very large, wide, slashed sleeves, with nanook under-sleeves to match the chemisette. The waist and sleeves were trimmed, like the skirt, with three bias folds of silk bound with red velvet. Gray straw hat, trimmed with a ruche of red velvet ribbon and a tuft of gray feathers, tipped with shaded red. The same dress is made of simpler fabrics—écaru or gray linen or batiste, with garnet, blue, or green soutache embroidery. Little boys from two and a half to four and a half years old, who are too young to wear a more masculine garb, are dressed in a skirt plain in front and kilt-pleated at the sides and in the back. With this skirt is worn a small jacket, with or without revers. This kind of suit is made of all fabrics, plain or plaid, from white Holland linen to light woollen stuffs, for summer wear.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

USEFUL RECIPES.

RECIPE FOR CURING HAMS (made in Virginia).—Rub the outside skin well with salt, then turn the ham over; have saltpetre and black pepper ground and mixed in equal proportions; put a dessert-spoonful of this compound in at the hock, and rub another well in at the bone underneath. Then first rub well with brown sugar, or plaster over this side with molasses; then rub well with salt, and lay on a great deal. Pack the hams always with the skin downward. Let the hams remain packed thus in salt for four weeks. Then shake off the salt, rub again the under side and hock with black pepper (ground), and with hickory ashes all over. Hang up and smoke for four or five weeks. Then they may be taken down and kept in any dry place. Hams from hogs weighing one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy pounds make the nicest sized joints for the table of a private family. Many persons who would like to put up their own bacon, especially in town, are deterred from so doing by the fact that they do not possess the convenience of a regular smoke-house, or are not so situated as to be able to give the requisite attention to the smoking. Fires often ensue from carelessness in this respect. An objection of this sort may be obviated by the use of pyroligneous acid. As juicy, delicious hams as we have ever seen were cured in this manner: Proceed precisely as above directed; hickory ashes may be dispensed with until you come to the smoking part; then lay your hams on a table, or upon boards in some out-house or any airy situation where they need not be disturbed for a few days. Having procured some pyroligneous acid from a drug store, paint well with a brush on all sides. Expose to the air, and when well dried give a second coating. Turn repeatedly until all appearance of moisture has disappeared, and your hams will have all the flavor and keeping qualities of those which have been subjected to the much more tedious process of smoking over a smouldering fire. Having now well cured the ham, the next thing is to guard against the depredations of the fly in a timely, judicious manner. This is easily and surely done if you are ready to put away before the first warm days of spring bring this most industrious of the housekeeper's foes into sudden and alarming activity. Get together a quantity of old newspapers or wrapping paper, fold securely around each ham, and then inclose in a bag made of canvas or unbleached shirting muslin, and your task is done. As these bags keep from year to year, and afford such certain protection against the attacks of the fly, we are sure no housekeeper will ever regret the little outlay of means and time required in their preparation.

TO CURE SHOULDER AND JOWLS.—Shoulders when treated as hams may be so nearly as nice that they are frequently mistaken for the same. They contain so much more bone, however, that they are never so economical a dish. Being thinner through, they require only about half as much salt, saltpetre, and pepper to cure them, but otherwise the same treatment. Jowls still less, for, if too heavily salted, the fat quickly becomes rusty and strong.

CORNES.—Chineses are best cured by immersion in a simple brine, having been previously rubbed with a little saltpetre. They should not be kept more than about six weeks, as they are also liable to rust, and are ready for use in a week or ten days after being put in brine. When boiled with nice tender heads of cabbage, they furnish a much more digestible meal than when the same vegetable is served up with old bacon. The Virginia accompaniment of corn-dodgers or corn-cakes, hastily baked upon the griddle, is generally esteemed necessary to complete the dish. Corn-bread seems in some mysterious way to neutralize the grease, and render edible what would be otherwise found too gross for many palates.

Fringe for Parasols, Cravats, etc.

To make this fringe knot fine silk strands, consisting of twelve threads each, in the outer edge of the article to be trimmed at intervals of an eighth of an inch, in such a manner that both ends of each strand hang down of an even length. Knot always two strands side by side, observing the illustration, divide each of the fringe strands thus formed into halves, again divide each thread strand, and tie half of one strand and half of the next together in one knot; after every six of these knots, however, leave two halves untouched (see illustration). In a similar manner work five more rows of knots, in doing this, in order to form the points as shown by the illustration, again leave one-half of each untouched in every row of knots at both sides of the two half strands previously left untouched. In the last (the seventh) row of knots tie the two remaining strands of each point together in one knot; the remaining ten half strands, which have previously been

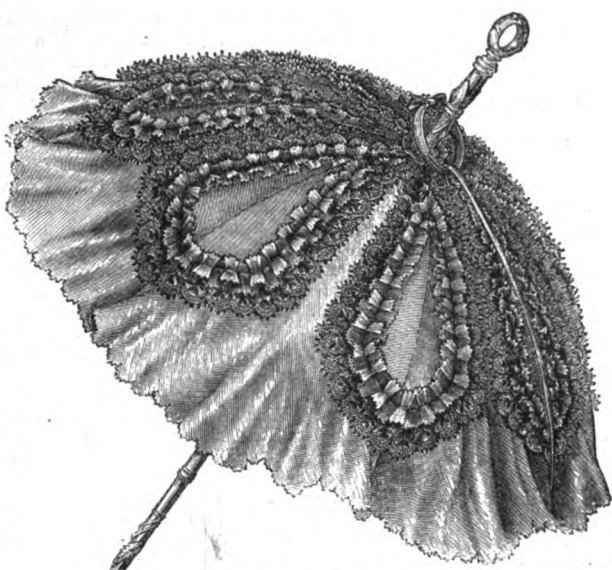


Fig. 1.—SALMON GROS GRAIN PARASOL.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 28.

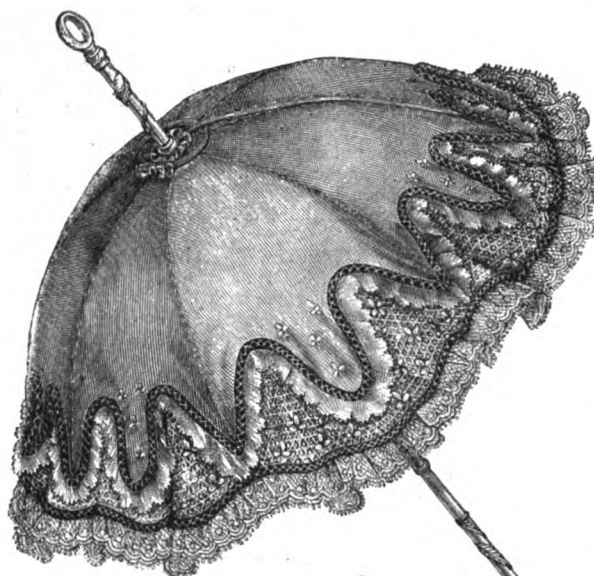


Fig. 2.—MAUVE SILK AND LACE PARASOL.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 22 and 23.

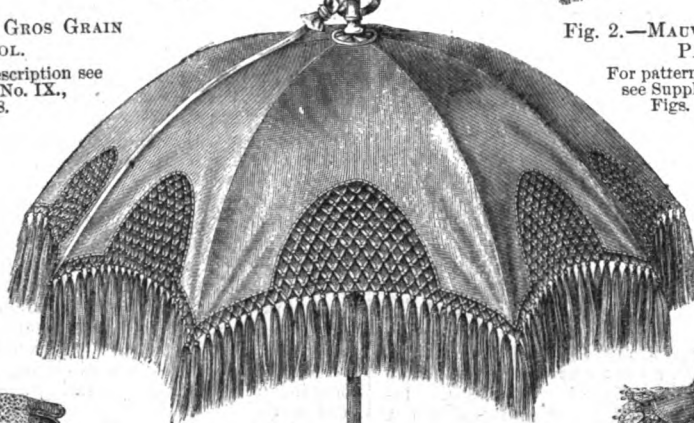


Fig. 3.—WHITE CRÊPE DE CHINE AND KNITTED PARASOL.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 24.



Fig. 4.—ÉCRU PONGEE PARASOL.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 26 and 27.

left untouched, are braided together as shown by the illustration, and every five strands are tied together in one knot.

Lace Borders with Foundation for Parasols, Veils, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THE figures for the foundation of these borders are alternated in regular succession. Both designs are worked on fine black silk lace. Transfer the design to paper or linen; on this foundation baste the lace, and work the outlines of the design figures as shown by the illustrations. For the border, Fig. 1, use black chenille, and for Fig. 2 black filling silk. Fill the space inside of the design figures with lace stitches of black sewing silk, button-hole stitch the scallops on the outer edge, and cut away the projecting material. The small dots on Fig. 1 and the buds on Fig. 2 are worked in button-hole stitch.

Bead and Knotted Knitting-needle Case.

See illustration on page 364.

To make this knitting-needle case take the two lower ends, each two inches and a half long, of two quills, and cover them with steel beads in the well-known bead mosaic. In order to fasten the first row of beads on the upper edge of each quill bore four holes at reg-

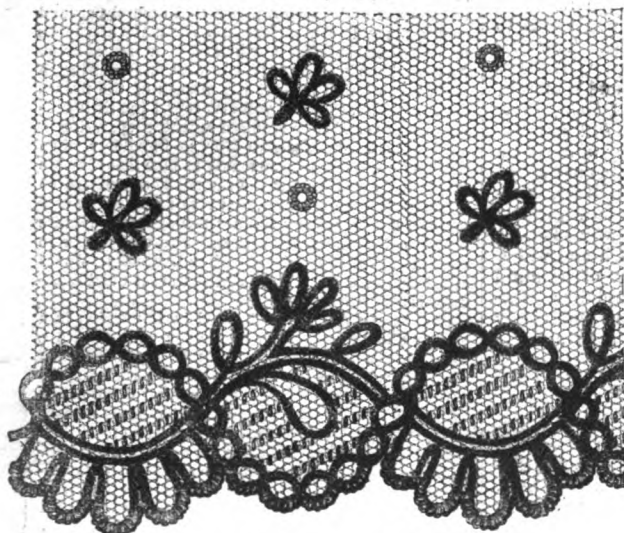
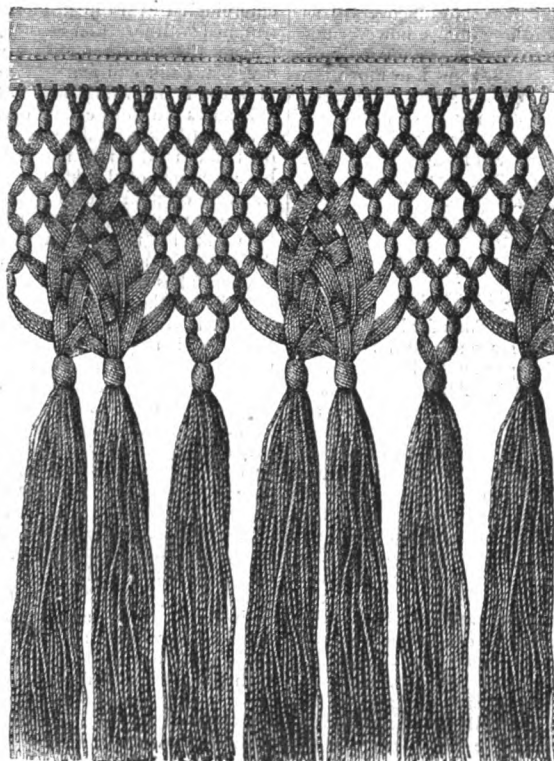


Fig. 1.—LACE BORDER WITH FOUNDATION FOR PARASOLS, VEILS, ETC.



FRINGE FOR PARASOLS, CRAVATS, ETC.

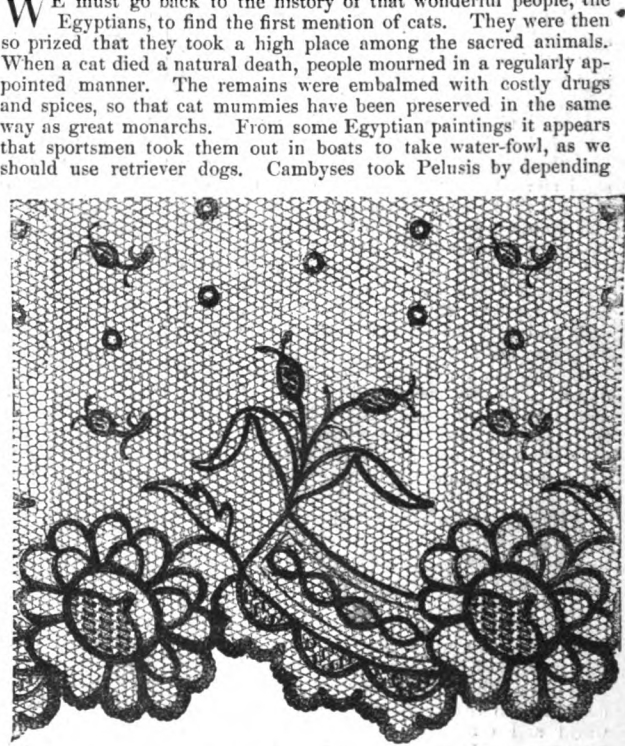


Fig. 2.—LACE BORDER WITH FOUNDATION FOR PARASOLS, VEILS, ETC.

ular intervals in the latter, each a quarter of an inch from the upper edge. Then work with a thread of colored saddler's silk four button-hole stitch loops, passing the needle through the holes, and before working each loop take up three beads; this first row on the upper edge of each quill thus counts twelve beads. Work the mosaic, bringing the thread through the next bead of the preceding row, take up one bead, slip the thread through the second following bead of the row, and continue in this manner. Narrow on the under rounded end of the quill, passing over two instead of one bead several times there. Push the beads of the last round close together and fasten the thread. To join both sections cover a piece of coarse silk elastic cord with two threads of colored saddler's silk as shown by Fig. 3 on page 364; but instead of forming small loops on both sides, before working the double knots take up always one bead. Finish the cord covered in this manner with two larger beads on the ends, and then fasten it on the section of the case. Finally,

Fig. 5.—ÉCRU CAMBRIC AND WHITE GUIPURE PARASOL.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

fasten the two tassels of colored saddler's silk and beads on each section as shown by the illustration.

Vignettes in White Embroidery for Handkerchiefs, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 364.

THESE vignettes are suitable for trimming handkerchiefs, toilette cushions, memorandum-books, album covers, visiting-card cases, etc. On handkerchiefs they are worked with fine white embroidery cotton in satin, half-polka, button-hole, and back stitch; for the lace stitches inside of the letters use fine thread. If designed for card-cases, etc., they are worked on silk or leather with colored saddler's silk, or with gold thread and fine twisted gold cord.

CATS.

WE must go back to the history of that wonderful people, the Egyptians, to find the first mention of cats. They were then so prized that they took a high place among the sacred animals. When a cat died a natural death, people mourned in a regularly appointed manner. The remains were embalmed with costly drugs and spices, so that cat mummies have been preserved in the same way as great monarchs. From some Egyptian paintings it appears that sportsmen took them out in boats to take water-fowl, as we should use retriever dogs. Cambyes took Pelusis by depending

upon the Egyptian veneration for the cat. He gave each soldier a live cat instead of a shield, and the garrison surrendered rather than injure the animals. It has been supposed that the cat owed its consecration and divine honors among the Egyptians to a peculiar physical attribute, the contractibility and dilatability of the pupil of the eye—exhibiting a mysterious illustration of the moon's changes. This seems to be borne out by the statement of Fosbroke in his "Encyclopedia of Antiquities," that the cat was the symbol of the moon, or Isis.

The various names for the cat—French, *chat*; Italian, *gatto*; Latin, *catus*; Arabic, *kite kitta*; Welsh, *cath*; Persian, *chat*—are derived probably from the sound made by the animal when spitting. *Gibbe*, or *Gib*, applied to the male cat, is a contraction for Gilbert, as that name was formerly applied to a cat, as Tom is now. Chaucer ("Romance of the Rose") translates Thibert le Cas by *Gibbe our cat*. The game of cat's-



CLOAK WITH CAPE FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 48-53.



PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 54-62.



PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 16-21.



PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 54-62.



CLOAK WITH CAPE FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.—BACK.
For pattern, design, and description see Suppl., No. XV., Figs. 48-53.



MANTELET FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 13-15.



PALETOT FOR BOY FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 42-47.



MANTELET FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 32 and 33.

cradle has nothing to do with the cat, but is so called, according to Nares, from *cratche*, an ancient word for a manger, and was *cratch-cradle*, the manger which held the holy child. In Wycliffe's version of the Bible, c. 1380 (St. Luke, ii. 7), we have, "And sche bare hir first borun sone, and wlapid hym in clothis, and leide hym in a *cracche*." The Genoa version of 1557 has *cretche*.

The Rev. S. Lysons, in a work called "The Model Merchant of the Middle Ages," published in 1860, gives a considerable number of facts to show that the story of Whittington and his cat is not a myth. Several facts in his account of the matter seem indisputable. At the age of twenty-five Richard (son of William de Whittington, lord of the manor of Paunt by Gloucestershire, and born 1361) was so rich as to be able to lend Philip Mansell, his maternal uncle by half-blood, five hundred pounds (five thousand pounds in those days). It is quite certain that he married his master's daughter, Alice Fitzwarren, and became thrice lord mayor of London, namely, in 1397, 1406, and 1419. On one occasion he lent one thousand pounds (or ten thousand pounds of our currency) to Henry IV. His profits as a London mercer must have been very lucrative. With Richard Harweden he rebuilt the nave of Westminster Abbey in 1415, and at his sole cost built and endowed St. Michael Paternoster, the Guildhall chapel, and gave as much as four thousand pounds of our money toward supplying the library of the Grayfriars' Monastery in Newgate Street with books. The cat story does not, however, rest on so sure a foundation. Mr. Keightley thinks that in 1375, when the celebrated voyage is supposed to have been made, the west coast of Africa was nearly as unknown to Europe as America. Mr. Lysons replies that, in 1344 (thirty-one years before the cat theory), according to Hackluyt, Macham, an Englishman, discovered the island of Madeira, off the west coast of Africa, and sailed along the coast of Morocco; and upon his information many adventurers went out. Travelers have mentioned the enormous amount of rats and the scarcity of cats in West Africa. The Machams, or Machins, appear to be an old Gloucestershire family, still resident in the county, some now living on the property which in the medieval period belonged to the Fitzwarrens. As Mr. Lysons remarks, it would be interesting to trace whether Hugh Fitzwarren sent his venture out on hearing of his neighbor's discovery. On August 16, 1862, Mr. Lysons was able to

add a remarkable confirmation of his theory. On that date he communicated to *Notes and Queries* the discovery of a sculptured stone in basso-relievo in Westgate Street, Gloucester, representing young Whittington with his cat in his arms. An ancient rent-roll in the possession of the corporation of Gloucester (c. 1460) supplies the information that the house (in the foundation of which the relic was discovered) belonged to the great-nephew of the Lord Mayor Whittington. Two able archaeologists, Messrs. Franks and Albert Way, saw the stone at the Worcester congress of the Archaeological Institute, and pronounced it of the fifteenth century. "This discovery," says Mr. Lysons, "must, I think, set at rest forever all question on the subject of the cat; but if skeptics will still contend that 'there was no part of the known world to which a cat could be sent to realize a sum sufficient to lay the foundation of any person's fortune,' let me refer them to the state of things in Mo-

rocco, even down to 1780, as described in Lempriere's "Tour to Morocco," in Pinkerton's "Voyages" (xv. 736), where it is related as "a singular circumstance that in the immediate vicinity of Morocco, for some distance round the city, the ground is totally occupied by a great number of rats of a larger species than any I had before seen, which burrow under-ground like rabbits, and allow strangers to approach very near before they retire to their holes." It is curious that Pennant, speaking of the rebuilding of Newgate by Whittington's executors, says, "his statue, with the cat, remained in a niche to its final demolition on the rebuilding of the present prison."

We turn to Brand's "Popular Antiquities" for the folk-lore of cats. Melton, in his "Astrologaster," says, "when the cat washes her face over her ears, we shall have great store of rain." The sneezing of a cat was considered a lucky omen to a bride who was to be married the next day. In Willsford's "Nature Secrets," "cats coveting the fire more than ordinary, or licking their feet and trimming the hair of their heads and mustachios, presages rainy weather." In the "Statistical Account of Scotland" it is stated that if a cat was permitted to leap over a corpse it portended misfortune.

The Angora cat is a very beautiful object, with fine silvery hair. The Persian cat is often more silky in appearance than the Angora, though the color is different, being gray. Pure white Persians, with blue eyes, are most beautiful animals; but, strange to say, they are always deaf. Those exhibited at the recent cat show at the London Crystal Palace had this peculiarity. Some years ago there was a white Persian cat at Allesbury Rectory, near Coventry, England, quite deaf. Of her many kittens those quite white were always deaf, but those with the least color could hear well. The Isle of Man produces the tailless cat, a very curious variety. When these are crossed with an ordinary tailed cat, the progeny exhibits the intermediate stages between tail and no tail.

A tortoise-shell tomcat is extremely rare. Mr. Broderip, writing in 1847, says: "A friend, not less noted for his scientific labors than his fund of anecdotes, tells us that some twenty-five or (by'r Lady) thirty years ago, a tortoise-shell tomcat was exhibited in Piccadilly, where the Liverpool Museum was afterward shown, and where dowagers and spinners thronged to the levee, as was recorded in the caricatures of the day. One hundred guineas, says our philosophical friend



Fig. 1.—SILK DRESS WITH SASH ENDS.—SIDE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 9-12.

Fig. 2.—SILK DRESS WITH SASH ENDS.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 9-12.

Digitized by Google



The **PEAKE BRAND** of Irish Linens and Linen Handkerchiefs now command universal approbation. The distinctive qualities which have gained for these goods such great favor and unprecedented demand are, I. They are all pure Linen, even to the lowest grade. II. They are made of the best material.

III. Their fine texture & uniform quality. IV. Their great strength and durability, which make them superior to all others.

These goods are sold by most of the Dry-Goods Merchants in all the cities and towns throughout the United States.

Purchasers will know them, as a Mountain Peak, precisely like the above, is stamped on each dozen and piece.

PEAKE, OPDYCKE, & CO.,
427 & 429 Broadway, New York,
Sole Importers of this Brand for the United States.

We request the ladies to judge from personal examination whether it is any exaggeration to say the

"FAMILY FAVORITE"

will execute a greater variety of sewing, with fewer attachments and less annoyance, than any other

SEWING MACHINE.

Universal adaptation, unequalled beauty and simplicity, perfection of material, and style of construction and finish recommend it as **THE BEST.**

WEED SEWING MACHINE CO.

Salesrooms in Every City.



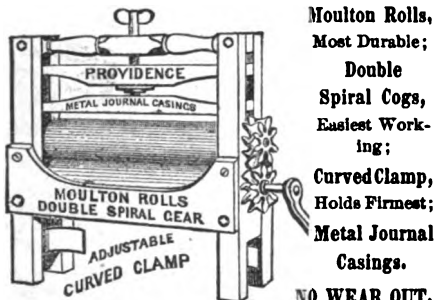
H.W. COLLENDER, PHILAN & COLLENDER.

738 Broadway, New York.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE-LIST SENT BY MAIL.

Agents—Wanted \$75 to \$250 per month, every where, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, blind, braid, and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only \$15. Fully licensed and warranted for five years. We will pay \$1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth can not be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from \$75 to \$250 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address **SECOMB & CO., Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; or St. Louis, Mo.**

Providence Wringer, NEW 1872.



Moulton Rolls, Most Durable; Double Spiral Cogs, Easiest Working; Curved Clamp, Holds Firmest; Metal Journal Casings.

NO WEAR OUT.

PROVIDENCE TOOL COMPANY,
11 Warren St., N. Y., and PROV., R. I.

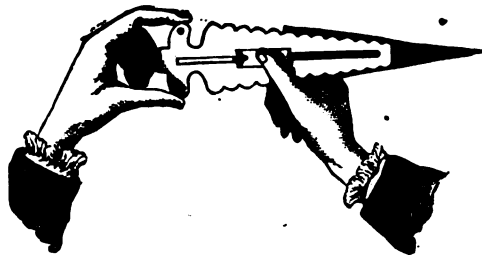
LADIES Immense Success to Lady Canvassers. Every Lady will buy at sight. Largest pay ever given Agents. Send for Circular. Mrs. A. M. Chambers, Cleveland, O.

THE "LIGHT RUNNING" "DOMESTIC"



"BEST TO USE." "EASIEST TO SELL." S. M. Agents: It don't pay you to fight the best machine. Prove our claims. Get the agency and sell it.

"DOMESTIC" S. M. Co., 96 Chambers St., N. Y.



stopped by the gauge. Be careful not to extend the point too far at first, but cut and try until the hole is a sufficient size to allow the button to pass through; then observe at what point the slide is on the scale, that you may be able to retain the size. The Lancet can be sharpened like an ordinary knife. Samples mailed postpaid on receipt of 50 cents. **DOOLITTLE MANUFACTURING CO., 599 Broadway, New York.**



THE GREAT NATIONAL PARK

In the Yosemite Valley, when finished and fenced in (it), will be the grandest pleasure-ground in the world. If it had a fine medicinal spring, like the German Seltzer, it would be perfect. Yet this is of no importance, for who goes anywhere in summer without being provided with **TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT**, which is identical in its components and its effects with the famous Prussian Spa. It takes but an instant to evolve from this preparation the most delightful and admirable of all medicinal draughts. As a cure for biliousness, rheumatism, indigestion, constipation, nervousness, &c., and as a renovator of the system, it stands alone. Sold by all druggists.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!! WITH A NOVELTY PRESS!



The best ever made for the purpose. THE most valuable addition to the Business Office; the most efficient instructor in Schools; the most fascinating and instructive amusement in the Family; and is unsurpassed for the use of **AMATEUR AND REGULAR PRINTERS.** Send for descriptive & illustrated Pamphlet to **BENJ. O. WOODS, MANUFACTURER,** 249-321 Federal & 152 Kneeland Sts., Boston; **WM. J. EDWARDS,** 543 Broadway, N. Y.; **KELLY, HOWELL & LUDWIG,** 917 Market St., Philadelphia; **J. F. EDWARDS,** 120 N. Sixth St., St. Louis; **A. C. KELLOGG,** 43-45 S. Jefferson St., Chicago—Manufacturer's Agents.

Cut Paper Patterns

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are fitted with the greatest accuracy, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, SO AS TO BE ADJUSTED BY THE MOST INEXPERIENCED. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.

LADY'S GORED WRAPPER.....No. 6
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK....." 11
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT....." 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT....." 17
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old)....." 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 3 to 8 years old)....." 28
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)....." 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)....." 29
BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, AND KNICKERBOCKERS (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)....." 31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)....." 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt)....." 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT....." 37
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER....." 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)....." 44
GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP....." 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt....." 49
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt....." 49
WATTEAU MANTLE, with 3-Pleat Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt....." 50
MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT....." 52
WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt....." 52

Vol. V.

DOUBLE-BREADED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)....." 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER....." 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)....." 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt....." 8
DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT....." 11
SLEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postilion, and Walking Skirt....." 13
MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT, with Cape....." 15
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Dolly Varden Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt....." 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)....." 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER....." 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt....." 28

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for \$2.00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



THEA-NECTAR,
A Pure Chinese Tea,
The Best Tea Imported.
Warranted to Suit all Tastes. Put up in our trade-mark Half-Pound and Pound Packages only. 30 and 60 Pound Boxes. For Sale, at Wholesale only, by The Gt. Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., New York City; P. O. Box 5506.

AGENTS WANTED.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. BRINSON & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

The Protean Lancette.

Experience teaches that to secure for an article the favor and patronage of the LADIES, it must combine beauty and elegance of design with practical utility. The favor with which our modification of the **Button-Hole Cutter** has been received predicts that no Lady's Work-Basket will be regarded as complete without it. It is also an admirable Envelope, Leaf, and Paper Knife.

DIRECTIONS.—To extend the Lancet, hold the instrument as illustrated by the engraving; then, holding it as you would a pen, with the cutting edge from you, insert the point (where you wish to commence the button-hole) until you are stopped by the gauge. Be careful not to extend the point too far at first, but cut and try until the hole is a sufficient size to allow the button to pass through; then observe at what point the slide is on the scale, that you may be able to retain the size. The Lancet can be sharpened like an ordinary knife. Samples mailed postpaid on receipt of 50 cents. **DOOLITTLE MANUFACTURING CO., 599 Broadway, New York.**

Harper & Brothers' Latest Publications.

ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1871. Edited by SPENCER F. BAIRD, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. 12mo, Cloth, \$3.00.

A BRIDGE OF GLASS. A Novel. By F. W. ROBINSON, Author of "True to Himself," "For Her Sake," "Carry's Confession," &c. 8vo, Paper, 60 cents.

ROLFE'S SHAKESPEARE. Shakespeare, edited, with Notes, by WM. J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of Cambridge High-School. (The Merchant of Venice.—The Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Julius Caesar.) Illustrated. 4 vols., 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents each.

LIBRARY EDITION OF MISS MULOCK'S WORKS. 12mo, Cloth, \$1.50 per vol.

Hannah.—Olive.—Ogilvie.—The Head of the Family.—John Halifax.—Agatha's Husband.—A Life for a Life.—Two Marriages.—A Christian's Mistake.—A Noble Life.—A Hero.—Studies from Life.—The Fairy Book.—Unkind Word.—Mistress and Maid.—The Woman's Kingdom.—A Brave Lady.

TALMAGE'S SERMONS. Sermons by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. 12mo, Cloth, \$2.00.

HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD DICKENS.

OLIVER TWIST. With 28 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1.00.

MARTIN CRUZZLEWIT. With 50 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, \$1.00; Cloth, \$1.50.

TYRMAN'S WESLEY. The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. LUKE TYRMAN, Author of "The Life of Rev. Samuel Wesley." Portraits. Complete in 3 vols., Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$2.50 per vol.

GRIP. A Story of Australian Life. By B. L. FARJEON, Author of "Joshua Marvel," "Blade-o'-Grass," &c. 8vo, Paper, 40 cents.

LORD BROUGHAM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Life and Times of HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM. Written by Himself. Complete in 3 vols., 12mo, Cloth, \$2.00 per vol.

MAUD MOHAN. A Novel. By ANNIE THOMAS, Author of "Denis Donne," "On Guard," "Playing for High Stakes," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

BALDWIN'S ANCIENT AMERICA. Ancient America, in Notes on American Archaeology. By JOHN D. BALDWIN, A.M., Author of "Pre-Historic Nations," &c. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, \$2.00.

MUSIC AND MORALS. By Rev. H. R. HAWES, M.A. With Illustrations and Diagrams. 12mo, Cloth, \$1.75.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of their works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year.....\$4.00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year.....4.00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year.....4.00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, \$10.00; or any two for \$7.00. An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR will be supplied gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS at \$4.00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for \$20.00, without extra copy.

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS for ADVERTISING in HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, \$500; Half Page, \$250; Quarter Page, \$150—each insertion.
Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, \$2.00 per Line; Outside Page, \$4.00 per Line—each insertion.
Harper's Bazar.—\$1.00 per Line; Cuts and Display, \$1.25 per Line—each insertion.

Address **HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

U.S. PIANO CO.
You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 Octave Pianos for \$290? We answer—It costs less than \$300 to make any \$600 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per cent profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant Five Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to 300 Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories. **U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, New York.**

TRUSSES, Supporters, Elastic Stockings, Belts, Braces, &c., especially for Ladies' use, at "Seeley's Hard-Rubber Truss" Estab't, 787 Broadway, N. Y., & 1347 Chestnut St., Phila. Careful and correct adjustment. Experienced Lady in attendance.

BAZAR

Cut Paper Patterns,

For Ladies, Misses, Girls, and Children of Both Sexes.

The great design of the proprietors of the Bazar Patterns is to furnish cut paper patterns of every description, and for every size, at a moderate price. These patterns are intended to be the most perfect, the most practical, and the most economical ever produced in this country, and so arranged as to be easily understood by those not accustomed to making their own garments. We avoid as far as possible every form of extravagance in cutting up material, at the same time combining all that is desirable with fashion and good taste. Our business will be conducted in a spirit of progress. Every pattern we issue will be the product of the ablest and most experienced gentlemen dressmakers in the country, all under the supervision of Mr. Moschcowitz, a gentleman who stands at the head of his profession, and who is unquestionably the ablest dressmaker in the United States. What Worth is to Paris, Moschcowitz is to New York—the highest authority on all matters pertaining to fashion. We have carefully prepared a catalogue of 98 pages, containing over two hundred figures, showing the leading fashions of the day. From this catalogue may be selected patterns of every description and of every size, ranging from 30 to 46 inches bust measure; also for misses from 10 to 16 years of age, and for children of both sexes under 10. On receipt of postage stamp, the above catalogue will be sent to any address free of charge. In this catalogue will be found a list of two valuable premiums, both of which are offered to subscribers for Harper's Bazar. One subscriber will get at least one of these premiums, and we confidently assert that, for liberality and magnitude, the premiums offered to each and every new subscriber for the Bazar have no parallel, an offer in which thousands of families will be benefited, and will, we trust, be the means of adding much to the comfort and economy of every household. We are confident that this premium will be hailed with delight by every lady in the land. For terms to Agents, or for catalogues, address **JAMES M'CALL & CO.,** 643 Broadway, New York.

Important to Ladies.—Read the following extraordinary offer: The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co. manufacture and warrant two different Sewing Machines, one called the **ELLIPTIC**, the other called the **WHEELER & WILSON**. The Elliptic Machine excels in many important points. It is so light that a child can run it with ease; or an invalid, whose strength is sufficient to walk about the house or to do the work of a child ten years old, can sew all day without being over-fatigued. It is impossible to convey by language a tithe of the merits belonging to this deservedly popular Machine. To see it perform the different operations, such as hemming, felling, gathering, embroidering, tucking, cording, frilling, quilting, fringing, etc., it seems more like a thing of life than a machine moved by the will of the operator. It has adjustable gauges for every description of work, and can be changed in a moment to suit any material, coarse or fine. The economy of the Elliptic Machine in a family is almost incredible—with one, a good operator can do the work of twelve hands. A breadth of a skirt can be sewed in less than a minute; a gentleman's fine shirt can be made in three hours; or a child's dress, with many tiny pleats, in less time than the hands can fold them—in fact, every description of sewing is reduced from a question of hours to one of minutes. We make the following offer: Any person in the United States desiring one of these celebrated Machines can buy one and pay for it in work (not sewing) furnished at their own home. The work is pleasant and profitable, and can be accomplished by any lady, old or young. We send circulars on receipt of stamp. Address **ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,** 643 Broadway, New York.

J. B. SMALL, Manufacturer of Cut Paper Patterns for Ladies, Misses, Boys, and Children's Garments, of all ages and sizes. We furnish Harper & Brothers with all the suits of Cut Paper Patterns issued with this paper. Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Address J. B. SMALL, 643 Broadway, New York.



No. 822, Front and Back View
Lady's Polonaise Over-Dress, with Cape. Nine even sizes, 30 to 46 inches bust measure. Sent on receipt of 25 cents and measure.

J. B. Small's Cut Paper Patterns have a printed label, showing their size, the amount of cloth, trimming, &c., required, with instruction for cutting and making, and a Picture of the garment when finished.

COLORED FASHION PLATE,

For Spring Styles, will be ready March 1st. Sent on receipt of 25 cents; or, with Four Cut Paper Patterns on plate, for 60 cents.

LADIES!

Dr. Kennedy's Hair Tea will prevent the hair from falling out, and preserve its health and beauty. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

A FLOWER GARDEN EVERYWHERE!!
PATENT PORTABLE WINDOW GARDEN, \$5.50
Rich Designs in Walnut, each 6.50
(Can be put up by any lady.)
N. B. GRANT, 599 B-DWAY NEW YORK

A Great Offer.—**HORACE WATERS,** 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred PIANOS, MELODIONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters', at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

FACETIÆ.

Every thing is liable to the unpleasant vicissitudes of life. Even an oyster, which is one of the most placid of creatures, is liable to get into a stew.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON—A feat of arms.

BLACK AND WHITE.—A negro, after gazing at some Chinese, shook his head and solemnly said, "If de white folks be so dark as dat out dar, I wonder what's de color of de black folks?"

Why is a goose like an elephant's trunk?—Because it grows down.

THE GLASSES.

"A woman's greatest enemy is the looking-glass," said a husband to his wife, who was admiring herself in a mirror while he was sipping his wine.

"That may be," she retorted, "but it does not cause her and her children half so much woe as her husband's wine-glass does."

WATERING STOCK.—A drover, who sells his cattle by live weight, always gives them as much water as they will drink before driving them on to the scales. "That," he says, "is what I understand by watering stock."

"Mother," said a little boy, "I've got a bad headache, and a sore throat too." "Well, sonny, you shall have some medicine." "It's no matter, ma. I've got em, sure enough, but they don't hurt me."

EARS AND HEADS.—The minister who divides his discourses into too many heads will find it difficult to procure attentive ears for all of them.

Why is it dangerous to take a nap when travelling?—Because the train runs over sleepers.

CAOULE.—A paper speaks of certain ladies who are so "unco gilded" that they consider their fowls guilty of foul play when they present them with eggs on Sunday. We can only account for the prejudice by the supposition that they object to any "lay" services on the Sabbath.

A "COUNTER CASE"—Shop-lifting.

THE CUCKOO.

(Dr. Watts, adapted to an uncertain spring-time.)

'Tis the voice of the cuckoo,
I heard him come plain;
But he came here too soon—
Shall I hear him again?

Any two apples are alike if they are pared.

A servant at a party, to whom his master was calling impatiently to fetch this, fetch that, answered, "Sir, every thing ye have in the wurruld is on the table."

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S PRAYER—"Leave me a loan, will you?"

FROM OUR DOMESTIC PET IDIOT.—What is the difference between a sofa and its fair occupants?—About the difference between an ottoman and a knot-of-women!

ISLET-TRALLY TRUE.—A contemporary states that a provincial bard, Button by name, has just published a poem beginning, "I'm sitting alone on an islet." This is elegant and appropriate. The allusion preserves the traditional connection between Button and Eyelet whole. Button should be studded.

ASS-ASSINATION.—Donkey slaughter.



NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE.

OLD DAME. "Now, Jennie, if you wash up your Dishes, make the Room tidy, get through your Work early, and are a very good Girl, perhaps, as a Treat, I'll let you go and see old Butcher Briskett Buried this afternoon."

LAY OF A DINER-OUT.

(AIR.—"Oft in the still night.")

Oh, I was ill last night,
And still it preys my mind on,
As Memory brings to light
The horrid things I dined on!
The roast, the boiled, that both were spoiled,
The fish so soft and flabby,
The poultry tough, the claret rough,
The whole affair so shabby!
Oh, I was ill, etc.

The Champagne cup was spiced—how wrong!
To taste it scarce I dare did;
The Punch Romaine did not seem strong,
But then, alas! the hare did;
The wines were hot, the soups were not,
The sauces quite distressing;
The pease were old, the gravies cold,
And, oh, that salad dressing!
Thus I was ill, etc.

An oyster stale, though in a stew,
It very hard to bolt is;
Those partridges were not done through,
The bread sauce like a poultice;
The cheese was not the cheese, and what
Could make them call it Stilton?
The mayonnaise seemed to my gaze
Like greens with soft-soap split on.
Oh, I was ill, etc.

When I remember all
The flavors mixed together,
In the entrées great and small,
And cutlets hard as leather,

Had I forborne—'tis thus I mourn—
Or sooner had deserted
That fatal feast, I'd then at least
Dyspepsia's pangs averted!
But I was ill last night,
And still it preys my mind on,
As Memory brings to light
The horrid things I dined on.

An ungrammatical judge is apt to pass an incorrect sentence.

An editor says, "There will be five eclipses this year—two of the sun, two of the moon, and one of our political opponents."

Why is a water-lily like a whale?—Because both come to the surface to blow.

TAKEN SHORT.—Professor Max Müller has announced a lecture on "Darwin's View of Language." We will condense it for him—"A mere monkey-trick!"

NUT-CRACKERS—Shillalala.

What is the funniest burglary on record?—When the man "burst into a laugh."

JUMPING TO A CONCLUSION.—A paper says, "The Utah grasshoppers are again on the jump." Of course they are. Isn't this leap-year?

Half-pay officers are generally of a retiring disposition.

There is a shoe-maker's journal lately started: be sure you ask for the last edition.

SCIENTIFIC FARE.

On polar bear ham,
On rattlesnake jam,
On fricaseed lizard,
On elephant's glizzard,
On fillet of whale,
On caracal's tail,
On *compote* of spider,
On oak-apple cider,
On barbecued snakes,
On porcupine cakes,
On *paté* of otters,
On peccary trotters,
On *civet* de skunk,
On ant-eater's trunk,
On saddle of pony,
On chalk macaroni,
On vulture in chains,
On guinea-pig's brains,
On hedgehogs baked whole,
On filleted mole,
On slugs in clear jelly,
On earth-wormicelli,
On garlic, lamp-oiled,
On cuttle-fish boiled,
On cockroaches fried,
On rhinoceros hide,
On wolf (rather high),
On adjutant-pie,
On curried baboon,
On cutlet of 'coon,
On tartlet of grubs,
On roast tiger cube,
On plainly boiled cat-fish
(You can not eat *that* fish!),
On ribs of hyena—
On this catalogue vasty
Of dishes so nasty
I'm told there have been a
Few people who ventured to
dine in their greed;
But I don't think you'd
want to,
If ever you'd gone to
The famed paleontographical
feast.

Signs of "THE TIMES"—
The newsboy in the morning
ringing the area bell, and
whistling a popular melody.

Some ballet-girls are puzzles—
some are posers.

"PECULIAR PEOPLE."

People who like the bagpipes.

People who dislike oysters.

People who at this period of our commercial prosperity, when writing-paper costs next to nothing, cross their letters.

People who say *Kesure*, *Interst'ing*, *Inhoipt'able*, and *applic'able*.

People who have no poor relations.

People who have more money than they know what to do with.

People who dye their hair.

People who always know where the wind is.

People who like getting up early in the morning.

People who possess a stock of old port.

People who have never been abroad.

People who give donations to street-beggars and organ-grinders.

People who send conscience-money to the Secretary of the Treasury.

People who take long walks before breakfast.

People who spend an income on flowers for the button-hole.

People who light and leave off fires on fixed days.

People who like paying income tax.

People who go to hot, uncomfortable theatres.

People who buy early and costly asparagus—nine inches of white stalk to one of green head.

People who have no sense of humor.

People who give large parties in small rooms.

People who lavish their money on the heathen abroad, and leave the heathens at home to take care of themselves.

People who have the ice broken to enable them to take a cold bath in winter.

People who look forward to a time when there will be no income tax.

People who keep all their old letters.

People without prejudices, weaknesses, antipathies, hobbies, crotchets, or favorite theories.

Critics who are satisfied with the hanging of the Academy of Design.

People who have nothing the matter with their digestion, and can eat any thing.

People who take snuff.

People who hold their tongues.



SUCCESSFUL CALUMNY.

SMALL MITE (suddenly, and without provocation, alluding to her elder sister). "I know what Lizzie's Thinking about, Grandma! She's Thinking of Cake! She's always Thinking of Cake!"



A FRAGMENT.

FASHIONABLE HIGH-CHURCH LADY. "Heigho! I really believe—er—that if we trusted in Miracles—er—we should have more of them!"

BEDELL'S Stationery and Book Store, TREMONT.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 23.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1872.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

LADY'S VISITING TOILETTE.

THIS elegant visiting costume has a trained skirt of violet silk, trimmed with four scalloped flounces, each surmounted by a band of black velvet ribbon. The over-skirt and waist are of a lighter shade of violet faille, trimmed with white lace and black velvet ribbon and bows. The waist, which is cut in one piece with a deep skirt, resembling a polonaise, is finished in the back with a hanging scarf of silk pleated lengthwise, and trimmed with white lace and velvet bows. Coat sleeves, worn under hanging sleeves, trimmed to correspond with the trimming of the back. Parasol of the same shade of violet as the over-skirt, edged with white lace. White chip bonnet, trimmed with light violet ribbon and yellow and purple pansies.

THE FEET.

APART from the dangerous and painful fashion of high heels, which is merely a fashion, and so destined to change for the better, in no one way do the feet suffer so much injury, and childhood such continued discomfort and unhappiness, as through the wearing of too short shoes. T. W. Higginson has written of "The Murder of the Innocents" in schools. I would write of the cruel treatment of the feet every where that custom clothes the feet. The child with shoes "out at the toes" is taken to the shoe store, where all is deference and hurry. His old boot is speedily unlaced and removed, and a new one as speedily fitted on. He is told, it may be, to "stand up." He does so. The great toe reaches the end of the shoe, but as, standing, he feels no inconvenience from this, it is pronounced a "perfect fit," the money is paid, and the child and mother walk together out of the store. And now the misery begins, for as soon as the length of the foot is increased by the raising of the heel in walking, the toes are pressed forcibly against the end of the boot, causing with each step greater pain. The child complains; the mother, impatient, refuses to listen. "The shoe fitted; it does fit; it shall fit—come along." Once at home, he is silenced by angry reproof, perhaps even a slap or two are necessary to convince the helpless little victim that there is no

philosophy where shoes are concerned, and he resigns himself unwillingly to the situation. Meanwhile kind Nature does her best to mitigate his pains. She can not lengthen the sole of the shoe, which should have been half a size longer than the foot, to allow for the bend in walking, nor can she prevent the pressure and grinding at the large joint of the great toe, but she crowds

up the other toes at the first joint, and tries to put her inevitable forces into width instead of length, since the "uppers" consent to give way a little. The next pair of boots are got a trifle longer, but not enough to balance the added growth of the foot and the marginal half size; and this state of things lasts pretty much through childhood, with rare and happy accidental interruptions.

The youth, now fully in his "teens," is privileged to judge of the length of his own foot; but, alas! very serious damage is already done, and with those unoffending members deformity has taken the place of shapeliness. The joints of the great toe bulge out in an ugly way, even if bunions are not plainly determined. The second toe, it is not unlikely, in seeking to escape

the torture imposed on it, has lodged above its nearest neighbors. The foot is wide, with a hideous outline. The stouter the shoes previously worn—i. e., the longer they lasted the growing foot—the greater the violence done. And now, say at fourteen or fifteen, when the lower extremities have attained their full size, and consequently look preternaturally large considered in relation to the rest of the body, the youth begins to be the subject of the superstition which demands small feet; and even if these members have been judiciously cared for hitherto, there is danger that he will now be tempted to try the cramping experiment. A little sound advice and just information at this critical juncture would serve to allay his anxiety and forestall the wrong. He should be instructed that beauty does not depend on size, but on proportion; and that, for good reasons, doubtless, the feet attain maturity and cease to grow at thirteen and fourteen, while the rest of the body continues for several years to gain in height, breadth, and fullness. Let him be patient and trust to Nature, who is far wiser as yet than man.

The fanatical reverence so common in this day for small feet, small hands, and small waists, will no doubt decline as our knowledge of true art increases. Many a girl to-day prides herself on her small, unsymmetrical skeleton of a foot, the bare sight of which would make an artist shudder; and many another leaves all the drudgery of the house to her weary, worn-out mother, lest she herself should spoil her thin, characterless hands, which for beauty of proportion and real comeliness would be put to shame if compared with those of the "maid-of-all-work" next door. Would that we might escape from the miserable thrall of these false standards of the beautiful, and that the young girl might realize that small feet, hands, waist, never yet had power to win or



LADY'S VISITING TOILETTE.

hold affection for the owner of them—indeed, that in all ages men have been profoundly and persistently in love with women who in these respects came nowhere near the present requirement. The next generation, more intelligent and courageous than this, will, we doubt not, inaugurate more rational and healthy standards in these matters, and we shall then see that women will be able to walk in comfort undreamed-of distances, while corns will be unknown. Also we shall see women breathing with the same freedom men do; and living thus truly within the laws of the physical being, as well as the spiritual, she will discover once for all what constitutes "attraction" in woman.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1872.

WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be published the Third Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is sent out gratuitously in Monthly Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Cut Paper Patterns of the Lady's Position-Basque Wrapper; and also of the Pointed Cape, with Five-pleat Blouse, Apron Over-Skirt, and Walking Skirt, illustrated on page 385 of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 391.

Our next Supplement Number will contain patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of a rich variety of Ladies' Walking, House, and Evening Dresses, Water-proof Cloaks, etc.; Children's Dresses, Wrappings, and Lingerie; Gentlemen's Smoking Jackets, Vests, and Traveling Caps; Traveling Beds, Shawls, and Shawl-Straps; Sachets, Parasols, and Umbrellas; Necessaires, Collar Boxes, Traveling Purses, etc.; together with a rich variety of artistic and literary attractions.

THE OTHER BABY.

By GAIL HAMILTON.

WELL, when you come to that, the case is pitiful. To think of Baby Harry abdicating in favor of this minute mass of scarcely animated nature! Harry, all brightness and quickness and sturdy strength, all determination and purpose and eager liking and definite will—and this little lump of flesh and flannel nothing but creases and folds and bulgings and fumbings, and a girl at that!

But Harry the Magnanimous knows no envyings nor jealousies. He cares not for crown and throne, admires his little sister with whole-souled enthusiasm, and shows her off to visitors as if she were a panorama and he the exhibitor. "Dat's her hair," rubbing up the golden haze that clouds her head. "See her eyes!" and he pokes his dimpled fingers into the staring, blinking orbs, under a firm conviction that it is an entire novelty for babies to have eyes.

They are strange creatures, these babies. You do not expect them to walk and talk and turn out their toes and be generally decorous; but it does seem as if they might know enough to keep their heads from dropping off their shoulders. They do not. True, I never knew a baby to jerk its head off, but no thanks to baby. From honorable, even Christian motives, from a benevolent desire to evince your sympathy with the fond parent, you hold out your arms to receive the proffered infant. For an instant all goes well, but the next, without warning or provocation, flop! goes the head back over your arm with a jerk, as if the vertebrae were resolving themselves into their original lime and phosphorus. And then a baby is so voluminously dressed that you can never be sure you have clutched the real article unless you take it by the neck, which hardly agrees with baby, though it is the favorite mode of handling kittens. The trouble is, there is nothing human about a baby. It has no sympathy, no love, no hope nor fear. It sometimes contorts its face into a grimace which partial friends fondly call a smile, but it is just as likely to be followed by a scream as to subside into sobriety, and it certainly looks as much like pain as pleasure. No, there is no good in talking about it. The baby being here, and being subject to cold and heat and hunger and thirst, must be warmed and fed and sheltered; but as to being interesting, as to comparing it with Harry!

But the wonder, the marvel, the miracle! Eastern jugglers show you a palm-tree bursting the soil, branching to the heavens, put-

ting forth leaf and bud and fruit before your eyes; but a baby is more wonderful than the palm-tree. For the change has come, so fine, so subtle, that your eye can not see it. Even while you were looking, even while you were reviling the little atom, it ceased to be an atom. Imperceptibly, undetected, the microcosm put off its impersonality and stepped into the ranks of humanity. The midget has found her soul. In her eye is recognition, in her smile expression. How it came about none can tell: but yesterday she was isolated, and to-day she is linked with all the world. Oh, but now she strikes out gloriously into life, and puts her foes to shame! No more aimless lopping heads for her, but a stretching and setting in all directions whithersoever she would push her researches. Now for parents and nurses who shall be humble and meek in spirit, and willing to follow nature, and not set up theories founded on their own conceit! We shall never cease to have the church broken up with dissensions between old school and new, the state fuming over tariff and tax, families torn with internal dissensions, until we bring up children logically. How can a man be logical when his parents were continually interposing to make him illogical from his infancy? A child should be permitted to follow out his own conclusions. The adult world agrees that it is not polite to interrupt. The learned world understands that the sequence of thought is not to be lightly disturbed. Let us take our politeness and our philosophy into the baby world. The little sister is gazing steadfastly at the chair. Her blue eyes are fixed and bulging. You will immediately begin to toss her and coo to her, distract her attention, and prevent her solution of the problem of the chair. So her mind loses the power of fixation, and by-and-by you will have an unreasonable and unreasoning woman on your hands.

I, on the contrary, reverence her maiden meditations, hold my peace, and simply and silently watch her. Presently she stretches out her tiny hand. Nature is fumbling for the evidence of touch as well as sight. But she can not quite reach the chair. She leans forward. I obey nature and let her slip toward the chair. She feels it all over with the experimental hands. She applies to it her little toothless experimental mouth. Of course she drools somewhat on the silk cover, but it is far more important that a child should be brought up logically than that a chair should be kept unspotted. She evinces a desire to investigate the lower part of the chair and the under part of the seat. Thoroughness, a disposition to go to the root of the matter, continuity of attention, are traits which can not be too highly valued or too fully cultivated. She leans out and strikes forward with a force that shifts her centre of gravity. Nature, as if for the very purpose of aiding her in the pursuit of knowledge, has made her utterly without fear. We adults should not dare to look over a corresponding precipice; but she, with blind faith in the unseen holding-back power of the universe, flings herself forward. I do not falsify her faith, but gather her long petticoats, for such case made and provided, into my hand, and holding her like a bag, let her descend head-first to look at the legs and rungs of the chair. Prejudiced and self-conceited adults make a great outcry, as if you were letting the baby down to perdition: but it is pure logic. I want her to continue her investigations so long as they have interest for her. You talk about her brains. Why, her brains are in her head, and turning her upside down is not going to take them out. Does not Nature know as much about her brains as you and I, and would she impel her downward and keep her fumbling and stretching and staring if it was not a good thing to do? Only be humble and not self-conceited, and baby will presently give a sign that she is through with that branch of the subject and ready to come right side up with care.

And up she comes, bright and satisfied, to give the lie to all your narrow-brain theories, and prepared to study the next subject with the attention which befits a reasonable being.

And she has suddenly blossomed into beauty. There be who think she was always beautiful. "The baby is splendid!" says doting partiality, while as yet no unprejudiced person can see aught but shapelessness and discoloration—a head sunk in shoulders, a pudgy, puffy wab. But the wab has unfolded like a flower. The stately head rises from the shapely shoulders, the yellow furze curls into silken hair. The nose asserts itself, the month unfolds and curls into Cupid's bow, the plump and perfect arm, the dimpled, dainty hand rise and reach with matchless grace, or lie folded in tender repose. She looks and listens: what spirit in the erect head, in the straight and supple neck! what bold out-look in the eagle eyes! what brilliancy of tint, what purity of texture! It is a statue of breathing marble, but never was marble yet so fine and fair, nor is

the inmost petal of the rose so soft. And all her whiteness is suffused with the bloom of life. She recognizes the voice that speaks, the face that gazes, and her pose breaks into movement. Leaps a sudden light into the eyes' unfathomable blue. The tiny rose-bud face is shining all over with smiles. Legs and arms, and the whole lithe little body, are astir and aspring. It is the far-off hidden heart that as yet has uttered no word of love, but feels in its fastnesses the great throb of human sympathy, and darts out its swift and glad response. Nay, more than that, the shy little, sweet little, coy little woman, the Sleeping Beauty that a score of years will scarcely waken, breathes even now on the unconscious air, and Baby turns quickly away from the too fervid sunshine of your look, and buries her happy face in nurse's sheltering shoulders.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Sanded Sugar.

MY DEAR HORATIO,—I was lately reading my newspaper after breakfast, and came in the regular order—for I should be sorry to perform so important a ceremony in a disorderly manner—upon a report concerning the sanding of sugar. The details were very unpleasant; but I am not so sure, since we are told that we must all eat our peck of dirt, that it is not as agreeable to have it sweetened, and to consume it, as it were, surreptitiously. I went back to the table and looked in my cup, but I could see no sand; and I inspected the sugar bowl, but all looked fair. The hue was not as satisfactory, indeed, as that of the table-cloth, but I saw no sand. Indeed it is not to be found in that kind of sugar. The adulteration is in the brown, in the sugar that my poorer neighbors buy for their coffee; and the reporter tells me that there is an enormous quantity of that sanded sugar always in the market.

I have my reasons for believing him, although, as I have told you, I do not find them in my own sugar bowl. But I observe that sugar of every kind is so profusely sanded that I can readily believe it of this particular form. I remember that among the boys at school there was a saying that you had better bite Deacon Truss's candy carefully, or you would break your teeth against a boulder. He was too shrewd a merchant to reduce the bulk of the sugar which he transformed into candy, so that we consumed it in the original state, and consumed it at our peril. The deacon did not see why he should lose because sinful people chose to sand the sugar that they sold him, and even if they put pebbles into it he would show them that it should not be to his injury. That assertion was fully vindicated whenever a boy's tooth was broken.

What I meant to say was that there is a great deal of fine manner which must be taken carefully, as the boys bit at the deacon's candy. It may be sugar, but it may also be sanded, and even with grains of the pebble size. If you know Palinurus, you know probably what I mean. His manner is wonderful. He probably early heard and entirely misunderstood the remark that manners make the man. He is all smiles and softness and smoothness: a kind of silk or satin man. He is described by all the adjectives that begin with a sibilant, and a broadside of the words that characterize his manners seems to be a volley of hisses. Palinurus presses your hand in both of his, as if nothing quite so blissful had ever befallen him as seeing you then and there. His voice has the tone and his general address the character which I have sometimes remarked in pastors toward the loveliest and most youthful lambs of the flock. His voice is very low, and his emphasis is incessant and intense. He strokes your hand as he converses, and it is easy to imagine him dissolving in his own emotion like a lump of sugar in warm water.

Indeed, how often have I been in a room when Palinurus entered, and felt as he appeared that we were a cup of very indifferent mixture to which the saccharine element was now added—the lump of sugar was dropped in! But who likes Palinurus? He beams and smiles and rubs his hands and bends his head, and the words exude from his mouth as if they were actually viscous. But who, I say, likes him? To women he is all soft flattery—to men he is all gentle deference; he acquiesces with an obsequious bow before you have said what you mean; and Mrs. General, who devoted her life to cultivating in others a "stewed prune" expression of countenance, could have been taught by Palinurus. The difficulty is that the sugar is sanded. You have to receive the manners of Palinurus as the boys bit Deacon Truss's candy—with the conscious possibility of encountering a boulder. All this sugar is sanded with insincerity. The boulder against which you might break your teeth is falsity. And why, I say, as I read in the

newspaper the report about the grocers—why should not sugar be sanded, if manners are?

Does it go beyond manners? I asked myself the question because I chanced to see Felina tripping by in the morning sunshine. A bright, pretty, pleasant young woman I believe that you think her; apparently equable as the mild breeze and gentle as the ideal May. I know her well from old family association, and I shall not deny that she has great attractions. It is a cheerful, buoyant temperament. She is gay, and makes others so. Felina is a sweet woman, is the general remark; and dowager ladies tap Whisker, her husband, with their fans as he brings them stewed terrapin at supper, and say to him, "Do you know your blessings? Do you know what it is to have such a woman as Felina as the sugar in your cup?" Whisker thinks that he does. He imagines that he knows all about it. She is pleasant and gay, but she is not an angel. She is, indeed, "a sweet little thing," but the house is untidy, the children are slatternly. Felina is very lovely, but very lazy and shiftless. "Certainly, dear madame," he replies to Mrs. Terrapin; "certainly Felina is the sugar in my cup." Audibly he says no more, and stands grinning before the dowager. But if he does not say it to himself, he feels always, "Sugar! oh, certainly, sugar; but it is sanded."

When Felina had passed I did not take up my paper. I was thinking of a certain friend of ours who, as he says, is also the friend of all unfortunate causes. "It is my glory," he adds, "to be addicted to philanthropy. What is more elevating than philanthropy? Hail philanthropy, and all the oppressed peoples and unfortunate causes!" What a charm that call has! Our friend has not spared his tongue or his pen in advocating the project of a balloon express to the moon, which he declares will be a boon to suffering humanity. "Give us," he cries, "O perverse and fickle generation, give us but a balloon express to the moon, and humanity will cease to suffer. In the name of humanity I demand this and every other kind of express." Here are honest sympathy and sincere hope. There is no reason for doubting that our friend means what he says. He overflows with sweetness toward his kind. He is eloquent, devoted; and when we call the roll of those whom progress and reform delight to honor, we do not forget his name.

In fact, to very many of us his name stands for an exceptional character of fidelity and simplicity and self-sacrifice, and those of us who are so lucky as to have children meditate the propriety of giving them his name. But what is this insinuation of Hostia, that in our friend's case honesty is the best policy? There is something unpleasantly suggestive in his tone. And when it appears that our friend has invested large sums of money in the chance of a lunar express, when we discover that our friend of humanity is intensely selfish and vindictive, that the devotee of the rights of oppressed peoples has made a huge fortune by blockade-running into their ports, and that the champion of all unfortunate causes has had an eye upon the support of the rest of their friends, we do not say that he is false and a scoundrel, for he is not; but we do say that the reporter is evidently correct, and that there is an enormous quantity of sanded sugar in the market.

What else is much of the preaching that we hear? The good book is full of the love of God, which is perfect sweetness, and the universal conscience and consciousness confirm the truth. No man walks abroad without feeling it. Beauty every where, and sorrow and mystery; but wherever there is a terrible and inscrutable blow, there is also the simultaneous consciousness, deeper than the numbing sense of sorrow, of infinite and pervasive love. And here comes my reverend brother into his pulpit, and for an hour elaborates from the text "God is love" a system of the universe that is merely devilish, as if from the heart of the pure and odorous magnolia a loathsome, deadly serpent should uncoil and encompass the garden. His theology is set thick with angry and poisonous thorns that sting us all over. But his life is self-denying; it is ascetic. No old saint of tradition more mortifies the flesh than he. Satan takes him up into the high mountains of ambition and temptation, but in vain—in vain. An anchorite whom the demons could not stir, thin, wasted, dry, with strange study and endless vigil, he comes from the passionless cell of his library into the pulpit, and no demon whom he has triumphantly despised is more appalling than the demon that he depicts God to be. Alas, Horatio, even that sugar of faith and self-denial is sanded!

Or, again, the brother who is not dry, nor ascetic, nor wasted, who refuses to seclude himself from other men, and who says truly that no man can teach men who does not know men—it is not easy to describe what we feel about him; but we do feel it, and when he ascends the pulpit stairs we know

that it is not his place. He is a good fellow, we all agree; he is even a jolly good fellow; he is kind-hearted, indolent, genial; he loves good wine and fat meat—and so may every healthy man, and no shame to him. Do we ask that a minister shall be a monk? Do we require the mortification of every honest and necessary human appetite? Far from it. No men more fatally caricatured the Christian character and life than the old saints. But a preacher must be spiritually minded, or he can not touch us deeply. This good brother is not a reprobate more than the other. He does not devote us to endless fire with the other, and he proclaims that goodness is its own reward. He is sincere. But somehow goodness seems to have a kind of plum-pudding meaning in his mouth. As I hear him—excellent, sincere, worthy man—I can not rid my mind of Goldsmith's music,

"Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

Does he do that? I am not condemning him, Horatio—for who am I? But even this sugar is sanded. Religion is something more than apple-dumplings.

Now, my boy, if we have any sugar of any kind to offer in the market, let us sift out the sand as carefully as we can. For these terrible reporters give the world no peace. I read yesterday a review of the new poem which we liked so much. The critic said in effect that he had almost broken his teeth. There is a great deal of sand in this sugar, he said. 8 ft. for your life, Horatio!

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER.

THE graceful wrapper of which a cut paper pattern is given this week is especially popular on account of its basque back. This basque falls prettily over the tournure, and relieves that plainness of which ladies complain in most wrappers. The basque is cut as part of the corsage, and the skirt is fully gathered beneath. A tape belt, beginning at the side seams and fastened underneath the front, makes the basque fit closely to the figure. For dressy wrappers the fabrics most used are foulards in chintz flowered designs and light summer silks in checks or stripes. The pretty white mohairs, challies, and delaines with stripes of blue, green, or violet are also made in this manner, and trimmed with bias silk bands of the color of the stripe. For midsummer garments repped piqué wrappers are being made, with bands and ruffles of open-work English embroidery for trimming; white Victoria lawn and mull wrappers have bands of side pleating and Valenciennes lace. Plain, neat wrappers destined for service are of the soft finished percales, cretonnes, and seersucker, with quiet gray or wood-colored grounds striped with white. These do not show soil readily, wash well, and are now considered more stylish than other cotton fabrics with white grounds. Cambrics in broken plaids of black and white make pretty wrappers; and ladies who dislike dressy polonaises for morning, yet who wish to wear the gay Dolly Varden fabrics, have chintz goods made in this tasteful design. Pressed flannel wrappers provided with a hood large enough for service are most comfortable garments on board ship.

POINTED CAPE WALKING SUIT.

This model is commended for suits of linen, batiste, percale, and the light woolen fabrics worn in summer. The cape is a small talma open in the back. The waist is a blouse with five box-pleats in front and back, small turned-over collar, and shirt sleeves with square cuffs. This is also the pattern used for sailor shirts of linen or of striped percale worn with skirts of heavier goods. Great quantities of striped linens have been put in the market this season because the demand last year exceeded the supply. There is now, however, a fancy for goods with darker grounds for these shirts: brown, slate blue, and gray grounds striped with white are much used. Three pearl buttons, placed far apart, as on gentlemen's shirt bosoms, fasten the box-pleat in the middle of the front of these waists; sets just completed have eyelet-holes, and are to be fastened by regular "studs" of Etruscan gold, rose coral, or else pearl shells. The collar is then fitted perfectly, and buttoned by the gold collar button with long shank worn by gentlemen. This is neat, and is sufficiently ornamental, but many add a silk neck-tie laid in folds, and tied in a sailor knot in the pretty fashion of the "classic" scarf described in a former number. Very dressy blouses of light blue, buff, and gray foulards of solid color, and also with chintz figures, have been made for watering-place toilettes. They are to be worn with double skirts of white muslin or of silk of solid color. Among the French importations are pleated blouses of thin batiste, both flax gray and écru: worn with double skirts of black silk, of nut brown, or of plum-color, these make most tasteful and distinguished toilettes for the house. Some batiste blouses are ornamented with tamboired embroidery and narrow guipure lace of their own shade, others with white embroidery and Valenciennes lace. A standing frill of batiste is worn around the neck, with an inner ruffle of white pleated muslin. An English fancy is sailor shirts of pale blue, buff, or white cambric, with bias bands, collar, and cuffs of Dolly Varden chintz.

When this entire suit is made of one material, bias folds of the fabric or of silk of another shade are laid under the pleats and allowed to show at

the edges. The over-skirt is of simple shape, with apron front. The under-skirt may have a single wide flounce, or else many narrow overlapping ruffles.

NEW COLORS.

Rose-color is fashionable in Paris. Since Easter there has sprung up an infatuation for all the old soft shades of pink. A fashion-writer says one can not walk ten steps without meeting ladies clothed from head to foot in pink—bonnet, dress, and even gloves of rose-color! This, with the gay flowered Watteau costumes, is part of the reaction against the black dresses so much worn in France since the war. Black dresses are also relieved by bright tints and pale shades of silks arranged in facings in the way described in a late number of the *Bazar*. Many of these have been imported by ladies here who order their dresses from Paris, and are now seen on the avenues. If the dress is all black, it is no longer dull silk with only its sombre self for trimming, but it is rich, lustrous silk, made brilliant with glistening jet in galloon and fringes.

DOLLY VARDEN NOVELTIES.

The latest novelties in Dolly Varden goods are in better taste than some we have had to chronicle. These are French foulards of solid color, sage green, rose, écru, salmon, or flax gray, imported in polonaise patterns. The shape of the garment is marked off, and it is trimmed by a border of bright-colored flowers stamped on the goods. The polonaise material, unmade, is \$25. A French plate showing the design accompanies each. Colored guipure lace edges the garment. It is to be worn with a silk skirt of the same or a contrasting color.

Watteau satins are also new. They have a ground of rose-color, Nile green, pearl, or salmon, strewn all over with flowers, birds, bees, and quaint, old-fashioned devices, that look as if painted on the glossy fabric. This goods will be made in polonaises of the Dolly Varden pattern that opens down the front, or else in Watteau over dresses with Pompadour neck and antique sleeves. Worn with ruffled under-skirts of snowy muslin, this will be a pretty costume for summer festivals. The satin costs only \$1.50 a yard, and is of that linen-back quality formerly imported in stripes for under-skirts.

Dolly Varden ruffling of pale-tinted organdy, with tiny chintz figures, is preferred for the neck and wrists of dresses of solid color. It is edged with Valenciennes and fluted. Plain white cambric for suits and for wrappers is imported, with a wide Dolly Varden border along the selvages. This border is usually black, with gay flowers, and is made into scant ruffles for trimming the polonaise and skirt. The cambric is 50 cents a yard. Dolly Varden neck-ties are of bias white foulard, strewn with rose-buds and violets.

RIDING HABITS.

Riding habits seen in the Park are of black, blue-black, or purplish-black cloth. Ordinary ladies' cloth is used for these; also English water-proof of fine light quality. The habit skirt is short and scant, and the basque has a short, sharp postilion, with the pleats pressed flatly and held down by rows of buttons. Sleeves are close coat shape. The basque is entirely untrimmed, depending on its fine fit for its beauty. White turlatan bullion, a sort of fluted puff, is basted around the neck of the basque, or else the standing English collar, of linen, all in one piece and broken at the points, is worn. A gold collar button is the fastening. If a neck-tie is worn, it is usually white, of twilled silk or of folded lawn, tied in a bow. The hat is of glossy black beaver, deeper in front than behind: price \$7. The veil is little more than a mask of black lace or of gray grenadine. The hair is put up snugly and high in a coil of braids, or else in a single rich chataleina braid, and is worn without a net. Hanging plaits, curls, ribbons, long veils, or any thing that streams on the wind, detract from the trim and tasteful dress of the equestrienne.

VARIETIES.

Polonaises of dark gray and brown linen, strewn all over with small white flowers embroidered by machinery, as the Hamburg work is, are sold ready-made in stylish shapes for \$18. The furnishing houses sell skirts of white repped piqué, dotted with embroidery, and trimmed with an embroidered flounce, to wear beneath cretonne polonaises. They cost from \$12 to \$16.

A novelty for polonaises is white net in large square or diamond-shaped meshes. It is to be made up over rose-color, blue, or other pale-tinted silk, and profusely decorated with bows of faille ribbon.

Sailor suits for the sea-side are shown ready-made for misses and little girls. They are of navy blue flannel. The single skirt is gored, and trimmed with bias bands piped with white. The waist is the English sailor shirt put on over the head like that worn by little boys. It is made with a deep sailor collar, is closed front and back, droops over the hips, and is held in at the waist by India rubber in the hem, or else a band. These jaunty négligé suits are admirable for cool mornings at the sea-shore and for excursions in the mountains or woods. They cost \$10 at the furnishing houses. A white blouse is worn under the flannel waist.

Pretty sailor hats of Milan braid are worn alike by boys and girls. The brim is curled up all around, but can be turned down, and thus serve as a sun-down. Price \$4. Tyrolean hats of straw are also \$4. These are brown or white, with wide brown or blue ribbon band. Pearl-colored felt Tyroleans are also worn by boys.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and D. D. YOUNG.

PERSONAL.

MISS NELLIE GRANT is having a very lively as well as very agreeable time in England. On the Wednesday after her arrival she was presented to the Queen; on the succeeding Monday she was dined by General SCHENCK, and in the evening the members of the cabinet and the diplomatic corps were invited to meet her; next day she attended Lady BEAUMONT's reception; the day afterward dinner at Countess GRANVILLE's; and next night to the Duke of Edinburgh's reception at Albert Hall.

Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE is to give a series of readings next autumn and winter in Maine. She will probably read selections from her own works. Mr. GEORGE A. JONES is the gentleman who is to manage the matter.

How like Dr. IRENAUS PRIME is this, from a recent number of the *New York Observer*: "Now that Dr. LIVINGSTONE is said to be found, could not some arrangement be made to keep the doctor from getting lost again? He has a powerful talent for losing himself."

Dr. DORAN, in a chapter on gloves, pantaloons, and buttons, derives the word pantaloons, in its present application, from PLANTELEONE, the Planter of the Lion, the great standard-bearer of the Venetian Republic, who wore this tight-fitting garment as a part of his official costume.

The Rev. Mr. TWICHELL, of Hartford, is credited with having made what Mr. BONNER would call "the best time" of any of the ministers who preached in the chapel of Yale College last term. Accurate time-keepers have kept a careful account, by which it appears that the average length of morning sermons was thirty-four minutes fifty seconds; afternoon sermons thirty-one minutes twenty-five seconds. The longest sermon was forty-five minutes; the shortest by the inestimable divine whose name gives lustre to the first line of this paragraph.

Mr. GEORGE L. OSGOOD (American citizen, now resident in Dresden) is having much success on the Continent as composer and singer. He has had a large pecuniary temptation to travel through Europe for six months, singing as he goes; but before he commences will make a brief trip to his beloved Boston, and perhaps assist the stupendous GILMORE in his stupendous jubilee.

Miss HARRIET STARK, who has just been cut off at eighty-five, in Dunbarton, was a granddaughter of that famous old STARK, of Revolutionary fame, who, at the battle of Bennington, pointing to the Hessians, said,

"We must beat them, boys, ere set of sun, Or Molly STARK's a widow." It was done.

Among those who extended courtesies to the poet BRYANT and his party, while in Havana, was Madame OVIEDO, the heroine of the diamond wedding in 1858. She lives in a spacious palace in all the luxury of a princess. She is quite intelligent, and understands all about the politics of the island. She manages her own business, and is said to derive from her sugar plantations some \$800,000 per annum. She is understood to favor annexation to the United States, but is too prudent to talk much about it.

It is pretty certain that LABOULAYE and LOUIS BLANC will come hither this summer to lecture. The latter, although a small, nervous man, has a powerful, enchanting voice, and his command of English is superb. His oratory only differs from that of WENDELL PHILLIPS in that it is more glowing. The usual American audience would welcome him with enthusiasm. His treatment of English literature, or of the progress of monarchy in France, would be very fascinating.

Miss MARY E. PERKINS has been bid for by the authorities of Japan, who are desirous of having her introduce a Jap-an'-easy way of teaching the young idea of that nation how to read, write, and cipher. Twenty-five hundred dollars is the figure offered.

MARIO resumes the operatic stage. Sundry bankers in Florence who had money of his failed. It having thus "gone where the woodbine twined," he proposes to replenish by Manrico, Alfredo, and such.

Professor RUSKIN is conspicuous as an opulent, fidgety man of art, who thinks that the eyes of the world are focused upon him. In a recent manifesto he says that letters for him must be very short and plainly written, or they will not be read; furthermore, that the writers of these letters "need never ask me to do any thing, because I won't do it. I get a great many letters from people who know that I must be good-natured from my books. I was good-natured once; but I beg to state, in the most positive terms, that I am now old, tired, and very ill-natured."

Mr. HILLARD, one of Boston's eminent, presided very happily at a dinner given a few evenings since to Mr. ARTHUR CHENEY, manager of the Globe Theatre. He made the observation that "the man who makes me laugh is my benefactor and my friend," and he likewise remarked that he "shouldn't much care if he never saw a tragedy again." Mr. HILLARD was sensible both times.

FRANZ ABT, the musical composer who has been received with so much gush by the Germans of this city, has made many thousands of people happy by his single air of "When the Swallows Homeward Fly." His father was a minister, and FRANZ was himself intended for the pulpit; but the old gentleman died and left the boy penniless, and to music he went for a living. Since then he has made a good thing of it, fame and fortune having come along with reasonable speed. He belongs to no end of musical organizations, has any number of diplomas and orders, and is in all respects one of the eminent musicians of the period.

President CHADBOURNE, the new prez of Williams College, is a man one should know—small, nervous man with flashing black eye, sharp speech, who can write book, teach class, frame political platform, build and run cotton-mill, manage silver mine, or preach sermon. Clever at all.

The Duke d'Aumale has given 5650 francs for a copy of Cæsar's Commentaries which belonged to MONTAIGNE, and in which that superb old Frenchman had inscribed his autograph.

SAGASTA, the present Prime Minister of Spain, has had a checkered career. Some years since he was a lottery-ticket agent, and failed in the business. Afterward he was kept in prison one year for debt.

The Czar of Russia proposes to confer upon

several persons in this country the order of the White Eagle as an acknowledgment of the courtesies shown to the Grand Duke ALEXIS. General SHERIDAN especially is to have a very large White Eagle.

Governor JEWELL, among other good points, excels in anthems. He sings in the choir of the Asylum Hill Church, Hartford.

Another Boston man, WILLIAM S. ROGERS, who died a few days since, has enrolled himself among the public benefactors by giving \$50,000 to found a Professorship of Chemistry in Brown University, to be known as the "Newport Rogers Professorship," and \$100,000 to the city of Newport, Rhode Island, for its High School.

Miss KATE FIELD is having a great success as a lecturer in London, and before critical audiences. Among those present at her reading on DICKENS were Mr. G. H. LEWES and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN. The latter gave Miss FIELD all her husband's selections, and was so well pleased with her voice and dramatic power that she begged her to take the stage.

Prince LOUIS MURAT, having obtained leave from the French government to take service in a foreign country, has, at the Emperor NAPOLEON's personal request, been appointed an orderly officer of the King of Sweden.

Professor NEWMAN is a wag. The English Anti-Tobacco Society, wanting evidences of the evil effects of the weed, took him into their service. He had never used the stuff in any form, and the arrangement was that he should take a good smoke, get sick, and then describe his horrible sensations in a course of lectures. The professor smoked his pipe about half an hour, but, singularly enough, he did not get sick at all, and, so far from being disgusted, just keeps on smoking, and the society folks are a little discouraged.

The Rev. ROBERT COLLYER, after a nice yet zealous time among the Eastern brethren, has returned to his esteemed Chicago with more money than any other clergyman has ever raised at the East for any single church at the West.

It is gravely stated in a Boston paper that "F. B. STORY, of Claremont, New Hampshire, sixty-four years old, has traveled twenty-seven years selling books and stationery at wholesale. He never rode a rod on a railroad, and never tasted tobacco or spirituous liquors." What a STORY!

Where in the United States, excepting in the State of Maine, would one expect to find such a notice as the following: "W. E. GOULD, cashier of the First National Bank in Portland, is to preach next Sunday in the Congregational Church at South Paris."

The performance of PATTI at her farewell benefit in Vienna on the 25th of April created one of the most remarkable of all her remarkable sensations. The performance consisted of portions of "Somnambula" and "Traviata." At the end of each act the drums were allowed, by special permission of the emperor, to play the salute that is usually accorded only to royalty. At the conclusion of the performance Madame PATTI was invited to take her place on a throne erected on the stage, and the members of the orchestra and chorus then paid their adieux to the diva. Subsequently the members of the Musical Club serenaded the gifted prima donna at her hotel, in the presence of a vast concourse of people. PATTI's rendering of the soprano in the opera of "Linda" was a great triumph. The musical critics declare she surpasses all the other great artists who had played the part before her.

The pictures of the late JOSEPH GILLOTT, the pen-maker, realized a very large amount, the aggregate reaching about \$700,000. It was the largest sale that has been made in England in many years. A picture of TURNER's, the "Walton Bridges," brought \$25,000, and a marine view, "Junction of the Thames and Medway," brought \$21,750. Several pictures by the old masters and a large number of water-colors are yet to be sold.

Mrs. FANNY FOSTER, a lady of fortune and good social position in this city, having a taste for the stage, and having had some practice in private theatricals, has finally adopted it as a profession, and joined the WALLACK company. Her personation of Grace Harkaway in "London Assurance" was quite clever.

It seems to be settled that Count VON BEUST, the ablest of Austrian statesmen, is coming to the United States on a visit of at least a year, and that it is not improbable but that he may come during the present year. He has many personal friends here.

Some of the notables in attendance at the Conference of the Methodist Church, now in session at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, are thus sketched by a lady: "One very prominent actor in this Church drama is so by virtue of his position as secretary, the Rev. Dr. HARRIS. He is a wholesome, genial-looking, middle-aged man, of large body, dark eyes, hair short and inclined to curl, a double chin, a rather large mouth, a very good voice, and gentlemanly hands. His good nature keeps him patient, which, under the circumstances, is much to his credit. One other man on the stage, of very fine presence, is assistant-editor DUPUY, of the *Christian Advocate*. He is a Western fellow, with full beard, a magnificent physique, and an air of large-hearted Westernism all over him. Almost in front of him in the balcony is the seat of his kind, Dr. CURRY, who is a verb of the active kind. He is tall and wiry, slightly bent, has full white hair, a rather florid, square-shaped face, a ringing voice, and incisive manners. His neighborhood is quite an intellectual centre. There are WILLIAM F. WARREN and GILBERT HAVEN, of Boston, and that eminent layman, Judge RYNOLDS. WARREN is a young man, has a small, slight body, dark brown hair and beard, and fine dark eyes under eyeglasses. His complexion is very fair and his face very intellectual. He is regarded as one of the most learned men in the Church, is a professor in the Boston Theological Seminary, and will be the president of the great Boston university that is now forming. GILBERT HAVEN, the editor of *Zion's Herald*, is almost invariably written of as a 'red-head.' A sweet-heart might call his hair the color of ripe filberts. But to be practical and pre-Raphaelitic, it is quite the color of new mahogany, and a very agreeable color too. It has a studentish stick-up in front, which becomes his round face, flanked on either side with a patch of red whiskers. He has regular, clear-cut features, a short neck joined to a stocky, well-built body, and he looks healthy, morally, intellectually, and physically. He has a likable look, and is a widower."

next sc., 1 sc. on the middle st. of the next dot in the preceding round, then again 1 dot on the next sc., 1 sc. on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop, 4 ch. scallops; repeat from *. 14th round.—2 ch. scallops, * 1 dot on each of the next 3 sc., 3 ch. scallops; repeat from *. 15th round.—2 ch. scallops, * 2 dots as in the 13th round, 4 ch. scallops; repeat from *. 16th round.—Always alternately 2 ch. scallops, 1 dot. 17th round.—Always alternately 4 ch. scallops, 2 dots. 18th round.—Always alternately 3 ch. scallops, 3 dots. (In this round, as well as



Fig. 3.—MANNER OF MAKING SCISSORS CASE.—FULL SIZE.

in the following four rounds, the ch. scallops count 11 ch. instead of 9). In the 19th and 20th rounds the dot figures are completed by lessening the dots. 21st and 22d rounds.—Ch. scallops only. 23d round.—2 dc. on the middle st. of each ch. scallop; after every second dc. work 9 ch. In the 24th-26th rounds work always 3 dc. on the 3 middle st. of each ch. scallop; in the 24th and 25th rounds work 9 ch. after every 3 dc.; and in the 26th round 10 ch. In the 27th round work alternately 4 dc., 10 ch.; in the 28th round 4 dc., 11 ch.; in the 29th round 5 dc., 11 ch.; in the 30th round 5 dc., 12 ch.; and in the 31st round 6 dc., 12 ch. This round completes the crown of the cap. In the following round, through which the red braid is run, crochet always 4 tc. (treble crochet) on the 4 middle st. of each ch. scallop; after this always 14 ch. For the lace on the outer edge, consisting of four rounds, work in connection with the last round always alternately 1 dc., 3 ch.; with these pass over 3 st. 2d round.—Alternately 2 dc. separated by 3 ch. on the next st., 3 ch.; with these pass over 6 st. 3d round.—* 1 sc. on the ch. between the next 2 dc. worked on 1 st., 5 ch., 4 stc. (short treble crochet) sepa-



Fig. 1.—UPPER AND LOWER SECTION OF KNOTTED AND BEAD SCISSORS CASE.

rated each by 1 ch. on the 3 ch. between the following 2 dc. worked on 1 st., after every fourth stc. work 5 ch.; repeat from *. 4th round.—* 1 sc. on the ch. before the first of the next 4 dc., three times alternately 5 ch., 1 sc. on the ch. between every 2 dc., then 5 more ch., 1 sc. on the ch. after the fourth dc., 1 ch., and repeat from *.

Knotted and Bead Scissors Case, Figs. 1-3.

THIS case is knotted with fine black round cord, and is ornamented with black round beads. Fig. 1

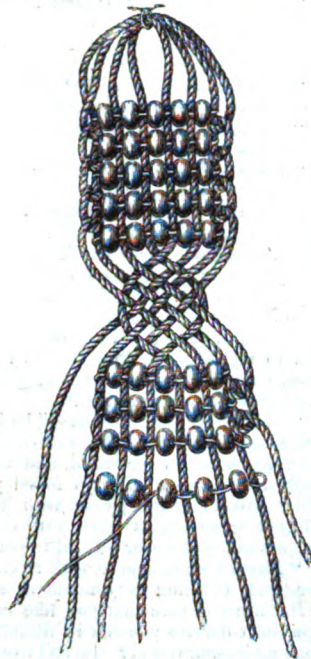
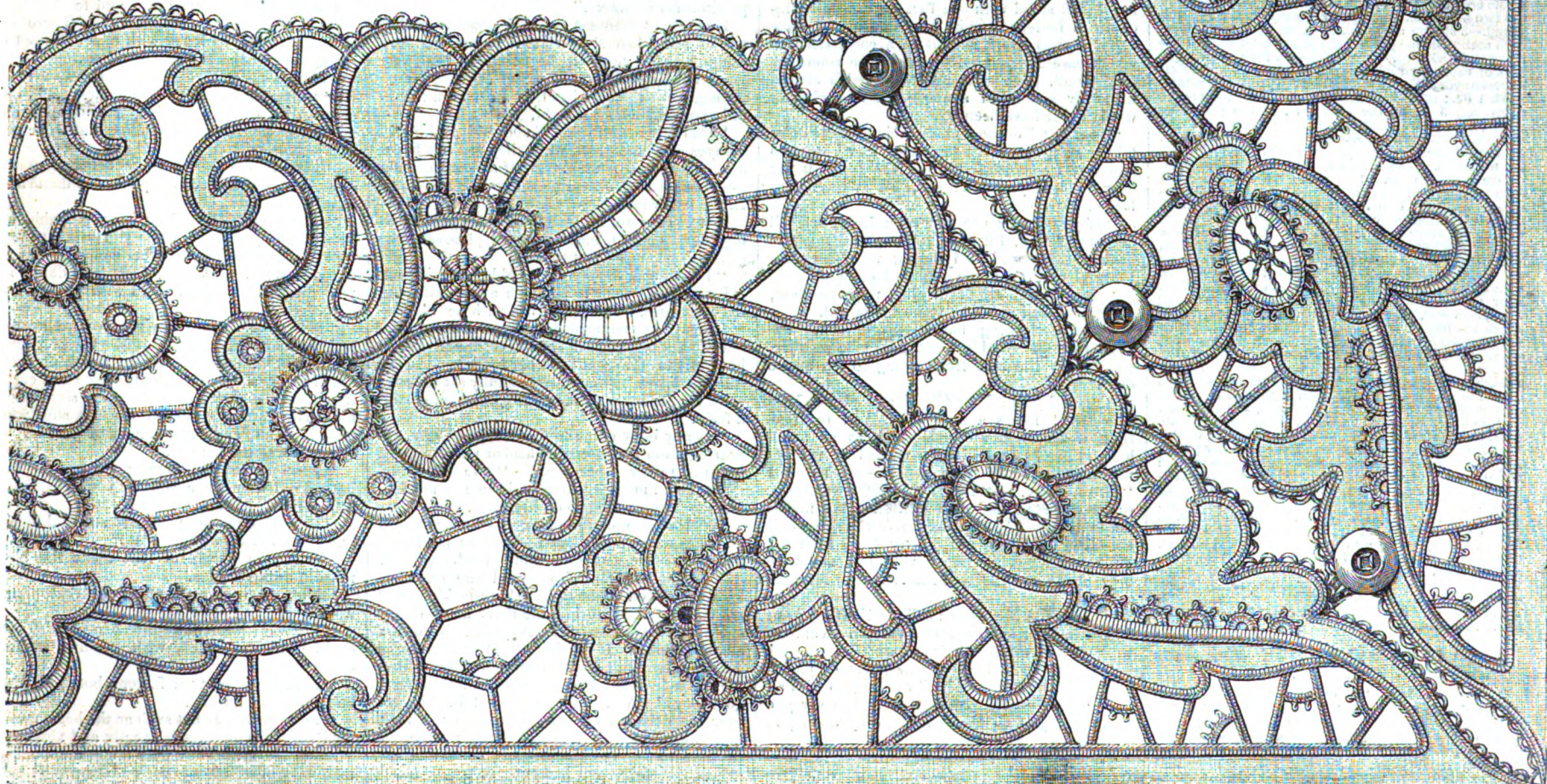


Fig. 2.—MANNER OF MAKING SCISSORS CASE.—FULL SIZE.

shows the lower and upper sections of the case reduced in size, and Fig. 2 shows a full-sized section of the band, and the manner of working it. To make the band first fold four cords, each forty-four inches long, double, sew them together in the middle, and there fasten them to a sewing-weight, so that the ends hang down flat beside each other in an even length. Pay no attention to the outer two cords for the present, and between the remaining six ends set five rows of beads as shown by the illustration. To do this fasten a silk thread on the outer cord at the left, take up five beads, and lay the thread under the next five cords. Then draw up the thread from the under side, and bring it back over the cords through the five beads so that one bead comes between every two cords, then wind the thread around the first cord, take up five beads, and carry the thread first under and then over the cords and through the beads. Work three more rows of beads in a similar manner, and then fasten the thread. With the two outer cords, which have hitherto been left unnoticed, work one button-hole stitch loop each between the bead rows, as shown by Fig. 2, and close under the bead square thus

formed braid the eight ends of cord loosely together, as shown by Fig. 2. Now follow four bead squares worked in a similar manner and separated by cord braiding. After working the last of these squares divide the cord ends in

halves, and on both sides of the middle bead lay on a new piece of cord folded double, and braid the six cord ends together four inches and seven-eighths long, as shown by Fig. 1. On these two braids slide the scissors as shown by the illustra-



tion, and then work the small pocket for holding the point of the scissors. To do this join the twelve ends of cord, leave the two outer ends unnoticed for the present, between the remaining ten cords work eleven bead rows similar to those in the bead squares, as shown by the illustration (the two lower rows are shortened one bead each on both sides), and then, with both outer cords, work a row of button-hole stitch loops on the bead part. Cut off the ends of the cord, and fasten them carefully. On the under side of the bead part sew a piece of card-board, covered with black silk, which corresponds in shape and size with the bead part; on the upper edge of the card-board, where the latter is not sewed on, it is edged with a row of beads. The pocket is ornamented on the under edge with three tassels of large and small beads. The upper end of the band is finished by a rosette of silk, cord, and beads, which is furnished on the under side with a hook for fastening the scissors case to the belt.

Fig. 3 shows another kind of knot-work for a scissors band of fine round cord and of large and small beads. Fold four cords double, fasten them to a sewing-weight, as in the preceding knot-work, and between the cords work four bead rows, forming a triangle, as follows: Fasten the working thread on the fourth end of cord (counting from the left), take up a large bead, draw up the thread from the under side, around the fifth end of cord, and back through the large bead, take up eleven small beads, lay these in a slanting direction over the fourth and third cord ends, pass the thread from the upper to the under side, take up three large beads, pass on the thread underneath the next three cord ends to the right, then draw it up and carry it back over the cords through the three beads, so that one bead comes between every two cords. Take up eleven small beads, lay them in a slanting direction over the third and second cords, pass the thread from the upper to the under side, and work the third and fourth rows, which are lengthened two beads each, like the first two rows, observing the illustration. The bead loops on the right side and the loops on the under edge of each triangle are worked after finishing the knot-work. Below the last bead row of the triangle join the eight cords, and with these work eight alternate double knots as shown by Fig. 3. These knots are worked like those in the work-basket illustrated in *Harper's Bazar*, Vol. V., No. 22 (the upper two knots are covered by the bead loops). Having finished the knot-work, work the bead loops on the upper bead and on the free side of each triangle; in doing this carry the working thread back and forth through the bead rows. For the bead loops on the under edge of the triangle fasten the thread on the left outer cord, take up fifteen small beads, one large bead, fifteen small beads, pass the thread from right to left through the second bead of the under row, take up fifteen small beads, one large bead, and fifteen small beads, pass the thread through the second following bead in the same way, and continue in this manner.

Crochet Night-Gap for Girl from 6 to 8 Years old.

See illustration on page 380.

This cap is worked with twisted crochet cotton, No. 50; a ribbon run through one of the outer rounds serves to close the cap. Begin the latter from the middle with a foundation of 8 st. (6 st. ch.), which are closed in a ring with 1 st. (slip stitch). On this work the 1st round.—10 dc. (double crochet) separated each by 5 ch. (chain stitch); instead of the first dc. work 8 ch., and at the end of the round fasten to the third of the 8 ch., which count as first dc., with 1 st., then work 4 st. middle of the first ch. scallop. All the following rounds are begun and closed in a similar manner. 2d round.—Alternately 5 ch., 1 st. (single crochet) on the middle st. of the next ch. scallop. 3d round.—On each ch. scallop work one bar scallop of 1 st., 1 dc. (short double crochet), 1 dc., 4 st. (short treble crochet), 1 dc., 1 st., 1 dc., 4 st. on the two middle st. of each bar scallop, then 6 ch., 5th round.—3 st. on the third, 2 st. on the fourth ch. of each scallop of the preceding round; after each of the first 4 st. work 2 ch. 6th round.—On the middle three bars of each bar scallop, and on the vein of the st. between every two bar scallops of the preceding round, work 1 dc.; after each dc. 7th round.—Always alternately 3 st. on the next 3 st. of the preceding round, 1 p. (picot)—that is, 5 ch. and 1 st. on the first of these. 8th round.—Always alternately 7 ch., 1 st. on the middle of every 8 st. of the preceding round. 9th round.—2 dc. separated by 8 ch. on the middle st. of each ch. scallop. 10th round.—5 st. separated each by 2 ch. on the middle st. of every second following ch. scallop. 11th round.—1 st. on the middle of every 5 dc., then 8 ch. 12th round.—2 dc. separated by 8 ch. on every third following st. 13th round.—* 1 st. on the next ch. scallop of the preceding round, 5 ch., 1 st. on the following ch. scallop, 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch. Repeat from *. 14th round.—4 st. separated each by 2 ch. on the middle st. of each scallop of 5 ch. Now follow five rounds like the last; in working these, however, always work the 4 st. on the ch. between the middle two bars of the next bar scallop in the preceding round. In the next ten rounds work always 5 st. instead of 4 st.; in the first of these ten rounds work the st. always on the middle ch. scallop of each bar figure, and in the remaining rounds always on the middle of the 5 st. 20th round.—5 ch., 1 st. on the first st. of the next bar figure, * 3 ch., 1 st. on the ch. before the middle st. of the same bar figure, 1 st. on the next st., 3 ch., 1 st. on the last st. of this bar figure, 1 st. on the first st. of the next bar figure. Repeat from *. The lace on the outer edge is worked in connection with the cap. 1st round.—Always alternately 1 dc., 1 ch.; with the latter pass over 1 st. 2d round.—1 st. on every second following ch., then 7 ch. 3d round.—2 st. separated by 6 ch. on the middle st. of each ch. scallop, then 7 ch. 4th round.—* 3 dc. on the ch. scallop between the next 2 st. worked on 1 st. in the preceding round, 5 ch., 1 st. on the next ch. scallop, 5 ch. Repeat from *. 5th round.—Always 1 st. on the ch. before and after each 3 dc. of the preceding round; after each 3 dc. work one scallop of 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch. Run colored ribbon through the st. of the thirtieth round.

Design for Cover of Bed-Quilt.—Venetian Embroidery.

See illustration on page 380.

This design is intended to trim the overlapping piece, which lies on the upper side of the quilt. It is well to work this piece in four separate parts, which are joined with the main piece of the cover after finishing the embroidery. To work the embroidery first transfer the design to the linen (the continuation of the design is plainly shown by the illustration), baste the latter on a foundation of enameled cloth, and run the outlines of all the design figures with medium-sized white knitting-cotton; the broader parts are also

underedged with chain stitches. Work, first, the button-hole stitch bars and the picot scallops on the outer edges and inside of the design figures. (The manner of working these is shown by Figs. 2-5 on page 173 of *Harper's Bazar* No. 10, Vol. V.) Then stretch the bars for the ladder stitches with cotton, not too fine, and work the wheels; button-hole stitch all the outlines. After finishing the embroidery separate the material from the foundation, cut away the material underneath the button-hole stitch bars and lace stitches, and on the scalloped outer edge, and work the edge trimming as shown by the illustration. Join the separate parts of the overlapping piece with the main piece, and furnish the four corners of the cover with buttons and cord loops for closing as shown by the illustration.

JUNE OMENS.

The purple iris holds a tear of dew
All tremulous within her blue-veined eye;
The larkspur hangs her head; the damask rose
Looks smiling upward to the clear June sky.

And down the garden path sweet Nell and I
Are slowly sauntering with idle pace:
Is it the sun that makes my hot cheek burn?
And why that blush on Nellie's dimpled face?

No need of words. Too well is understood
That universal language; 'tis as old
As is creation, when to mother Eve
The tale of love our father Adam told.

Queen June, the month of roses and of love,
Echoes on every side the tender tale,
In rustling leaf, in flower, in throat of bird,
And borne in perfume on the summer gale.

Weep, iris, weep; pale larkspur, hang thine head;
Shame on ye twain, you omens we defy!
But thou, sweet rose, love's own immortal flower,
We'll wear within our bosoms—Nell and I.

ALL OR NOTHING.

"JESSIE MACINTYRE, give me my yeast this minnit 'cross the fence, an' don't be kapin' me wan second more. Mr. Julius is ringin' the third time. I know his ring, and Miss Lydia haven't come down. She generally lets him in, but there's something a-tween them now. He hasn't been here for a fortnight. There! Come in when ye've got yer dishes washed, an' I'll go 'cross lots wid ye." And Sarah Eagan took her flight across the back garden into the deacon's entry just as Julius Sewall was making up his mind to go away. This was not his usual greeting. There would be a glad little rustle at the door inside, the bolt would be sharply turned, and the sunniest, brightest face flash up at him with both hands held out. To-night Sarah Eagan's honest and not over-homely face was a poor substitute. "Miss Lydia was in, but she had a headache." This being the rural form for "not at home," Julius felt privileged to remonstrate.

"Very sorry; but tell her I won't interfere with her headache, if she wants to have one;" for Sarah was one of the family, and knew its affairs as well as any body.

"My head aches," said a small, owlish young one who sat on the lowest step of the stairs, "because they brush and comb it so much. I wish they'd comb their own heads. Aunt Lydia isn't sick. She's looking lovely. I thought I should have to bite her."

"Run up, Doxy, and ask her if it wouldn't do her good to ride over with me to East Pond," said Julius, coaxingly.

"O-oh!" groaned the mite, in dire distress. "If you knew what I've been through to-day, you wouldn't ask me. I'm just sitting down to rest my old bones. That's what I'm here for. You can go up if you want to. Tain't far. The stairs are drefful easy. Can't you go up 'em hippity-hop? Try;" with the tone one might use to a child.

The seducing permission had almost its effect, for Julius stood with one foot on the stairs, inclined to besiege a white door above, and draw forth headache and patient to a surrender; in which case Lydia would have driven round by East Pond, gone after water-lilies—it's always water-lily season in stories—and this chapter would never have been written.

"Go along!" ordered Doxy, viciously. "You're taking up my room on the stairs, and I want to meditate by myself. I need it! I feel it my duty to! If you don't stir, I'll step on your boots!"

"If you don't go to your aunt Lydia and tell her what I said, I'll hang you on the first holly-hock I come to," said Julius, waxing wroth.

"Start! or I'll call you a name I know of."

"What is it?" asked the pinafore philosopher, getting up, and going up stairs backward.

"You're nothing but a—protoplasm," delivered Julius, in his most ferocious manner, which sent the blue frock flying to his aunt's door.

"Aunt Lydia! Miss Cleveland! please, Miss Cleveland! here's a man wants you to come right down to East Pond. He's in an awful hurry. And he called me a wicked name! It made me madder 'n a roach."—A shocked "Hush, Doxy."—"I'm glad it's after sundown, so's I can stay mad all night. Mother makes me forgive people 'fore dark, so's the sun won't go down 'pon my raff. How I do hate to! Why won't you go riding with him and take me? I'm very little, and I'm discreet. Mamma says so."

"What did Mr. Sewall call you?" asked Aunt Lydia, looking out, calm and pale, in a cambric wrapper with crimson hair stripes.

"It was some kind of caterpillar, or photograph, I don't know which," winding up with an intolerable screech. "Why don't you say you won't go? just to please me. Why don't you want to go? Say, why not?"

"Yes, why not?" asks Julius, appearing decorously half-way up the stairs, and vanishing again at an expression on Lydia's face. The cambric wrapper, trimly belted, with a little faded blue crape knot at the throat, made a bewitching

toilette, though Lydia was not thinking at all of it as she went down to this importunate suer. The wide old room, with its white and gold paper, its rich hues lit and softened by crystal holders full of summer flowers, shut kindly as ever on the secrets of their regard.

"What is the matter?" was Julius's question, his very sensitiveness striking directly to the point. "You are changed."

"Time to be, I should think," with a weary smile.

"The end of all things is not just at hand; and if it were, there is no reason why jot or tittle between you and me should be altered. You speak in riddles."

"You are not slow enough to need help in guessing them. No matter. Your 'Lewes' was sent home yesterday. I hope you found it all right."

"You haven't finished it? Why, I brought it only the last time I was here."

"I had nothing else to do in the ten days; so the essays were of service for diversion."

"I see! There could not be a gentler reminder that you have missed me. So you would not come down because I had been away too long? Lydia mine, that would be unmerciful."

She turned with a quick look of pain. "Where was your mercy? The days have been like the days of the dead. Forgive me if I can not suffer any more. You expect me to pass from the happiness of seeing you almost daily, of having you to myself sometimes, to this long indifference, without showing any feeling about it. I was made too weak for this."

"Women are the queerest—" he begins. "I came to-night because I'd rather see your face than any other in the world, and thinking as I walked how sweet I always found you—for no other woman could please with your variety without some odious tyranny to offset it—and you act as if you never wanted to see me again."

"I have been foolish enough to care for you," she said, blushing very much as she said it. "But are you sure that you like me, and that you don't deceive yourself in thinking me more than a pleasant friend? I could live without you as easily as I have borne these ten days of absence when you were so near me!"

"All this because I've been answering Hattie Spencer's foolish signals for flirtation! How have you mistaken me so? Don't you know that a man may have a hundred fancies, yet his heart be held by only one love? The woman's coquetry is plain as daylight. If I thought it need cause you any disquiet, I'd never look at her again. Say you are the sensible, trusting girl I always took you to be, and we are friends again." Doxy was not there, and he lifted her hand to his lips with that reverence which is so much more than passion to some women. A smile that was like sunrise on a blossom came on her face, and with the slightest turn she seemed ready to nestle at his side. But she held herself proud, and questioned him again.

"Are you sure it isn't mere liking you have for me? It would be nothing strange or wrong if you were generous enough to deceive yourself in this. I could be your friend, and leave you free to find some one who would attract you wholly, but I can not love you and have you only imagine you love me. Why, I do think I could kill you for that!" she said, too simply to be vehement.

It pleased him. Such speeches made in earnest do please men, when they come from a woman they prefer.

"I believe you're the only woman who would do as much for me," he laughed, but in a way that was very reassuring to the listener. "I don't think I could afford to lose you. I can't think of giving myself the pain for any fears or possibilities whatever."

If words of fondness and endearments are left out of these lovers' speech, it is because such things are not made to be public in print any more than in reality. Not the expressions of feeling, but the heart itself, is most beautiful in full view and strongest light.

"Can I believe in you?" she said, looking in his eyes as women look when they put this hopeless question to a man. As if a woman could ever read a man's heart, except like a Hebrew Bible, backward.

"If you say so, I'll give up Hattie Spencer altogether," he said, magnanimously, knowing the girl with whom he had to deal.

"I can't bear to be unreasonable," she flashed.

"I only don't want to be given up myself. As if I were afraid of trusting you with her!"

He gave her payment for her generous words. She did not see, and yet she believed, and opened her frank heart and put out her frank hand to her splendid lover. More; she mentally sat in sackcloth for her injustice in making much ado about a trifle.

"Is any body going to die?" asked Doxy, appearing from a closet with loaded pinafore, and meeting rather sober faces. "I've got something, and I'm going to take it to my mother. She needs something to do her good."

Whether an apronful of brandy-peaches would do her good or not, Aunt Lydia must lay hands on benevolence, and order him to the bath-room. "Tain't my fault," objected the offender, loudly. "You ought to have been looking after me better. A child like me don't know different—can't be expected to! Anyhow, I've drunk all the brandy. It was juicy! And I guess the jar's broke. Ow! my head's running away from me inside! Aunt Lydia—I feel—like being a good boy!" And so he probably did till he got over his debauch on brandy-peaches the next morning. Meanwhile, as grandmother was gone to sit with her mother in the village, and the child's rightful parent had gone to prayer-meeting, and Sarah Eagan was gossiping off with the cats, there was nothing to do but say good-even, and let Lydia take care of the boy. Julius

stepped into the cool, dark air some hours sooner than he intended. Having made a sacrifice to his lady-love, or offered to, early in the evening, he naturally felt disposed to reward himself for it. Spite of himself he smiled to find his feet straying into the quiet street up which Hattie Spencer lived. French-roofs and gardens set with evergreens appeared along this road, and a pale dress and tulle scarf about an invisible head was lurking among the cedars near the gate of the farthest one.

"Is it a ghost that walks so late?" asked Julius, pausing.

"You really keep promises, then?" said one of the softest, fullest voices, while a white hand was held out to him across the gate.

"If they are pleasant ones, I never fail to do so. You don't have much cause to complain of people failing in their promises to you, I think;" coming close enough to see her bright eyes and beautiful curled lashes.

"I never exact," sighed the lady. "Perhaps I deserve to be disappointed oftener than I am. I wanted something dolefully this evening."

"I wish I had the honor of being the object of your thoughts, so I might be sure of a welcome."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of being personal at all. It was Jack and the evening's letters I was looking for. But I was wishing you or somebody would come to keep me amiable while I wait."

"I or somebody wanted to come! I don't believe I came of my own accord. You must have drawn me here, *angel de mi alma*—veiling a daring phrase in a tongue unknown to her, and letting the tone express enough to translate it."

"How do I know you're not calling me a curled rabbit, as my music-teacher did once, and I couldn't understand him? What a pity you came when you didn't want to! Couldn't you go away if you pleased?" holding the gate open in gay mockery.

"Is there any reason why you and I shouldn't talk, and be—just as we are?"

"Don't you wish it was always evening?" she asked, capriciously, turning to the still gleaming west, with the dark woods under it.

"Like this—yes;" his eyes on her, tracing the passion-flower in her hair, the sweep of tulle about her swan throat, the golden bracelet under her thin flowing sleeve.

"You have been annoyed," she said, kindly. "Now I can't see that without wanting to meddle with it. It is easier to forgive injuries than annoyances."

"I agree too much with you there;" his conscience lightening at this convenient touch.

"With your nature," she went on, with a little serious air, "one would often blame one's self only because others blamed, while the generosity lay on your side. You puzzled me long enough, because I didn't have to recall any of my pleasant first impressions, as one must with most people; but I hope I haven't lost all my insight in reading hearts."

"You draw people to you to do them good," he said, enthusiastically, as the soft flattery wound about his aching self-love, which felt Lydia's light handling more than it seemed to.

"I put faith in your sincerity, that's all, whether I see it at once or not." Absolute faith, insight, and freedom—the stale devices of modern coquettes of whatever breed, religious, sentimental, audacious, or sisterly. No man ever learns the trick till he has lost the game.

"Put faith in me, Hattie," he begged, in a voice of feeling. "I want to be trusted. It does me good after the coldness of the world, the distrust of those from whom I expect it least."

"I couldn't help it, you know," she said, with milk-white candor.

But just then letters came, and tearing them open, a photograph dropped out. There was light left to see, as it lay with face upturned on the grass—I hope you do not think Julius capable of looking at it otherwise. It was a man's face, whose luxurious sunny sweetness could only assort with curled golden hair and open blue eyes; a gallant, irresistible face, that woke general jealousies in Julius.

"That man couldn't come between us any other way, but he sent his picture to disturb me at least," he said.

"That's only fair. You have probably had some face in your mind while you talked to me."

"Leave such fears to other women," was the scornful reply. "Hattie, I wish I dared ask you if that man ever walked with you as I do now?"

"Why not?" came the provocative answer, and the uplifting of serene eyes. It was August, lily season, and full moonlight rising on them, not clear nor dark; odors of tuberoses and carnation afloat; a dark-haired sweeping siren beside him, with caressing vibrant voice, a slim white hand in reach; and he had been annoyed. What followed was too natural.

"I feel a ghost walking over my grave. Perhaps I'd better leave you to your pasteboard companion," he said, a little bitterly.

"Pray give me my picture!" she said, quickly. "I can't do without that!"

The sudden change of tone made the blood rebel in Julius's veins.

"Must you care so much for that picture when I am with you?"

"What if it were more than any or all friends could be?" she asked, with genuine thrilling depth in her voice.

"Is that ring on your finger a bond, Hattie?" he demanded, huskily.

"I own no bonds but such as the heart weaves for itself," she answered, sweetly and absently. Santa Maria! They were doing the scene—a mere play of emotion to each—beautifully.

"This is not the world, Hattie! The moonlight makes a new earth of mystery and beauty for you and me. You are more to me than a

common friend, and I know you trust me. Look at me and read what I must not say."

She bent till a fold of tulle blew against his neck, and wrapped them together for a moment. The sweetness, the brilliance, of his eyes would have drawn some women to him heart and soul. His breath alone was hurried in the perfumy folds of that veil. "Because we are in another world," he said, in soft, hushed tones, and kissed her, holding her by the shoulders like some prize he grasped but feared to crush. Then he left her hastily without another word.

She looked after him with a satisfied glance. "How the dew ruins these organdies! Limp as a handkerchief! He kisses very well—quick and firm; better than—" But a coquette's reveries may not be profitably pursued farther.

"The air is like a sea of crystal," thought Lydia, leaning from her window that hour. And her own mind was as light and calm. Ah, that last week of her dream-life! Julius was never so gentle and kind, praising her work, seeming to worship her hands and her hair, and loading her with attentions in a silent, absorbed way. He begged to be allowed not to talk much: "It was a relief to be with some one who understood him without words," and she took this for sheerest praise. But the moonlight was fair at the Cedars too, and Hattie Spencer's art past feigning. "There was no harm in singing the song to its close," he said. But the little birds flew east and the little birds flew west to tell Lydia Cleveland how her lover was at the Cedars every evening he spent away from her; and Hattie Spencer walked with him, the meeting being by accident, of course, and the carved onyx ring Julius wore sparkled back *en suite* with her raven eyes and hair for a week, a gage of jest. But when he found that Lydia knew this, he stood shaken and striving for nonchalance before her.

"You needn't tell me any thing," said Lydia, sparkling as ever. "You couldn't help it. I blame myself for not seeing things earlier, but my faith in facts bowed to my faith in you. Forgive me for presuming to read your heart better than you meant to have me. I haven't quite all your heart, and I'd rather have none of it. I can't say how I knew this. It came by a ghost: only if you give that woman your love, be sure you get all hers in return."

This was all the warning she dared give him. No one else hinted about the gay, wild, handsome lover from whom Hattie Spencer had been parted by her family years before, nor did any one know how eager she was for some change—even if it were marriage—that might take her into his world again. Since he too was married, nothing could part them more than they were, and she might make him feel her power still.

So when the harvest-moon shone over the still green and fragrant fields about the Cedars, it fell through broad casements on Hattie Spencer in her wedding dress. She made a splendid bride, the red-lipped, black-crowned woman in white silk, filmed with tulle and crusted with orange buds. She had locked herself in alone, and stood with her lips on a photograph, almost crushing it with their pressure. "Always yours, Cecil," she whispered, "and never more than now." The next moment came the bridegroom's knock.

Below, in the crowd that overflowed the parlors into the hall, sat Lydia at the foot of the staircase, looking like a Northern streamer, with her white dress and trailing garlands of scarlet leaves, whose color was reflected in her cheeks. She seemed the goddess of gayety, whom all men love, and it was while bending over her, absorbed in the flash and laughter of their talk, that Lieutenant King, a kinsman of the bride's, forgot to look up till the pageant was upon them. His face shone as if bidden from three summers ago, when he and Cecil were inseparable, since when he had been absent; and seeing him, the bride's foot wavered and her white boot heel caught on the edge of the stair, almost throwing her headlong. It was only a moment, and nobody saw the picture which dropped from her dress and was swept down to the lowest stair. Doxy, who was there on his best behavior, a little brown Fate in white velvet and gold buttons, secured the prize, keeping it hid till he went to pay his felicitations and kiss the damask cheek of the bride, holding Aunt Lydia's hand. It was a pretty sight; the two women, both tall and slender; one like a Jacques Minot rose, the other more like a Maréchal Niel, with her soft fair cheek and blonde hair.

"Mayn't I have this?" Doxy asked, holding the photograph straight out before him so that the three could see it. "I found it on the stairs after you came down. I think you might give it to me, for I kept still clear through the sermon, and I wanted to squeal two or three times."

Light curling hair and blue eyes shone at them from the card: not the bridegroom's deep gray eyes and scarcely waving locks. The bride stood palsied long enough for Julius to know the face. The woman who had insinuated all his self-indulgent nature in a feverish passion wore another man's picture in her bosom on her wedding-day.

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

ONE of the first questions a stranger is sure to ask on arriving in a strange place where he thinks of settling, either permanently or for a time, is, What is the best neighborhood? Before answering the inquiry one should ascertain what the person who makes it may understand by the best neighborhood, for what is in every way so to one may not be so in any respect to another. The man or woman of fashion who comes to enjoy life in Paris for a short season

will, of course, look out for quarters that will make it convenient to see and hear every thing that is going on without the loss of time involved by living at a distance from their centre of attraction—the theatres, cafés, fashionable shops, etc., and what makes up the sight-seeing business to be gone through. The quiet paterfamilias, on the other hand, who has young sons and daughters to think of, will not care to be in the noise of one of the great thoroughfares; he will look out for some "pleasant situation, with a nice open view and good air, and at a convenient distance from the market." Between these two classes of visitors there are others of various grades and shades of taste and requirement; but these two compose certainly the majority of Americans in Paris, and therefore I shall confine myself to giving them a few hints concerning neighborhoods, which they may find useful. To begin with the sight-seers and theatre-loving portion of the community, the great object with them is to be central, to be within easy walking distance of their favorite pursuits, to be as nearly as possible in the happy position of *Punch's* office in Fleet Street—within ten minutes' walk of every body. Now these people, as a rule, congregate in the Avenue Joséphine; why and wherefore is a problem which it is quite beyond my possibility to solve, for it does not fulfill a single condition of their requirements. To begin with, it is at the extreme end of Paris. The Arch of Triumph may be said to bound the city to the west; it stands on the threshold of the civilized portion of it. A few years ago the Arch formed the barrier between Paris and the western suburb. When you passed under the monument of a thousand battles you found yourself outside of Paris. M. Haussmann removed the barrier, and enlarged the radius of the city by embracing a considerable extent beyond the old one. The Avenue de l'Impératrice, the Avenue de Neuilly (up to a certain point), and the Avenue de la Grande Armée are now comprised within the limits of Paris proper; but to all intents and purposes they are still suburbs to those who reside there, and have any necessity to keep up daily communication with the town, either for business or pleasure. Now the Avenue Joséphine is on the confines of these remote regions; it runs nearly parallel with the Champs Elysées, or diagonally from the Arch of Triumph to the river. It is only built on one side—facing the north—so that the best rooms, salons, and principal bedrooms have the full benefit of the bleak north winds, and never a ray of sun. This is sufficient to prove that the houses are bitterly cold in winter; in summer, on the other hand, they are proportionally cool and agreeable; but this latter compensation is too short-lived to make up for the inconvenience of the long winter months, even to those who reside permanently in Paris, while to most Americans it is no compensation at all, seeing that they do not remain during the hot weather—not those, at least, of whom I am now speaking. They pass the winter and early spring here, and then take flight to some watering-place or the mountains. The habitations, therefore, have the drawback of being extremely cold, added to the great inconvenience of the locality. The avenue itself is fine and spacious, and planted with young trees that make a delicious green curtain for wearied eyes to rest upon in spring, and there is not a shop from end to end of it. This may be one reason why it is considered by foreigners as "aristocratic;" but beyond this and the wide space, and the undoubtedly fine air that sweeps up fresh and strong from the river, it is difficult to conceive what the magnet is that draws all the Americans to the Avenue Joséphine. If they want a yard of ribbon they must take twenty minutes' walk for it, and more than that if they want an ice-cream, or any extra dish for dinner, or cakes for tea, in case of a friend coming in unexpectedly; they are a long way off from a market, and the few shops at Chaillot which supply the entire neighborhood of small *ménages* offer very scanty resources, and charge very high prices.

Families who regularly settle down in Paris make their arrangements so as to correct these local inconveniences, but birds of passage don't know how to go about it; their cooks do, which is, of course, a great advantage, and they pay for it as it deserves. Then if they want to go to the theatre or to any other place of amusement at night, it is out of the question their doing so on foot; people who live in the Avenue Joséphine must make up their minds either to keep a carriage or to go constantly in cabs, which comes very nearly as expensive at the end of the month, without being near so comfortable, or to lose a great deal of the pleasantest part of Paris life to a stranger. Moreover, their friends must keep carriages, or else they will see very little of them; for this rendezvous of Americans is not in the line, as they call it; it crosses none of the leading thoroughfares; it leaves them all behind; so that your friends never turn in to see you, "just as they are in the neighborhood." They must plan their visit to you betimes, set it down in the morning as a thing to be done specially; and grievous as it may be to the soul of friendship to own the fact, we must most of us admit that it makes all the difference whether our bosom friend lives somewhere that requires some such distinct programme involving a certain inconvenience, or somewhere that enables us to look in without any trouble, and because we happen to be passing her door. If you live a long way out of the beaten track, people will not run the risk of an expedition to your remote latitudes without some guarantee of finding you; and when they have gone a few times and not found you, they will give it up in despair, and then you will either be wise enough to understand their just cause of absence, or you will not, and on the alternative depends the fate of your friendship. Last winter a very pleasant young couple arrived from Boston

and took up their residence in this inconvenient Avenue Joséphine; and though the lady was an old friend of the writer, and they were sincerely anxious to see each other as much as possible, the winter passed without their being able to meet more than once, except in the evening, when they came together in a crowd or at a dinner-table. The morning was spent by both at home, and in the afternoon the various visits and the shopping led miles away from the distant avenue, and making appointments is a difficult matter when people have a variety of conflicting calls upon their time and attention. I would therefore impress upon Americans coming to Paris not to be led away by this foolish rage for a neighborhood which they will find extremely undesirable in the main, if they are here only for a short time. The agents know that the Avenue Joséphine is fashionable among them, and they are sure to bring them straight there when they come in helplessly and ask for a list of apartments. I suppose it is not an exaggerated statement to say that two-thirds of the avenue are furnished lodgings, hired on speculation with a direct view to American tenants; there are scarcely any French families living in it, and those who do reside there mostly have carriages, or else lead very quiet lives, scarcely going out, in the sense of soirées, theatres, etc., at all. The Italian philosopher said that when a man was about to choose a wife, a horse, or a melon, there was nothing for him to do but to shut his eyes and put out his hand, and trust blindly to Providence. What Providence was to the Italian the agents are to Americans; when they want a house, a bonnet, or a cook, they shut their eyes and put out their hand, and blindly take what the agent offers them. Perhaps they will reply, Who else have we to follow? who else can we apply to? In nine cases out of ten they will find some one capable of giving them safer and more disinterested advice if they take the trouble to look for it, and have sufficient common-sense to follow it. Of course there are cases when a stranger will be completely at the mercy of those delusive guides, and then they must only make the best of the sad position, recommend themselves to Providence, and use their intelligence to guard against the snares and pitfalls of the enemy; but, *above all*, let them take to heart and profit by the words of wisdom that flash to them from the golden pages of their faithful counselor, the *Bazar*. I have not space to add more to-day, but I shall conclude this chapter on the Avenue Joséphine next time by a few words to the other class of visitors whom I mentioned at starting.

COMET.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IT is a curious fact that almost every year we have a "remarkable season," either unusually hot, unprecedentedly cold, extraordinarily dry, or there is some other state of the weather which is regarded as exceptional. Last winter, as we all remember, was "peculiar" in several respects. It is now said by scientific men that during the last six or eight months, and especially during February and March, the atmosphere was charged with electricity to a remarkable degree. Physicians refer the unusual prevalence of nervous diseases to this cause, or rather to the sudden change which the warm spring days brought. The human system being highly stimulated by the great amount of electricity in the air during the winter and early spring, experienced a reaction during the damp, warm days which followed. This caused unusual nervous exhaustion and depression of spirits. Such is the theory, and it has certainly a degree of probability, to say the least. The sudden heated term which came upon us early in May was most enervating, but it is wholly useless to speculate whether or not that portended an extraordinary hot summer. It is interesting, however, to compare one week in May, 1872, with the corresponding days of 1871. The following statement, showing the range of the thermometer in New York city for seven days in these two years, may be considered reliable:

	1871.	1872.
	8 P.M.	8 P.M.
May 4.....	62	62
May 5.....	62	63
May 6.....	58	64
May 7.....	60	68
May 8.....	61	69
May 9.....	58	90
May 10.....	66	94

Documents of all kinds pertaining to music and the opera are collected in the archives of the Paris Opera. Some of these are very curious: manuscript copies and first editions of celebrated opera scores, letters from celebrated composers, engagements signed by distinguished singers and artists during the past two hundred years, and various papers of a similar kind.

Another great excitement has been started in the Lake Superior region. The silver fever has scarcely abated when reports of gold arise. The reported gold fields lie from 70 to 100 miles back from the head of Thunder Bay, in a desolate rocky region, any thing but a favorable location to live in. The gold is associated with sulphurets of iron. Reports say that one party of twelve men took out ten and a half tons of ore this winter that "assays" from \$5000 to \$7000 per ton. In this wonderful region also it is said there is an abundance of tin ore; and Silver Islet mine is as rich as ever, another new vein having been found. Reports from far-off places, however, should be taken with caution.

When a real emergency comes, and a woman, stepping out of the positions usually occupied or desired by the sex, meets it successfully and nobly, she is worthy of all praise. Even the most conservative on the question of "woman's rights" would not hesitate to accord it to her. The brig *Abbie Clifford* left Pernambuco on March 27, bound for New York. The crew were seized with yellow fever, and many died. Among the victims also was Captain Clifford, a native of Stockton, Maine. Mrs. Clifford had likewise been ill with the fever; but on the death of her husband, and of the first officer, she went on deck and undertook to navigate the ship. She was found equal to the task. She gave the nec-

essary instruction in navigation to the second mate, and with his aid the vessel was safely conducted through a severe storm, and brought to this port with only some trifling damages.

A great aquarium is now in process of erection in Naples. The building is one hundred feet long by seventy feet wide, with a height of forty feet, and is one hundred feet from the sea. The lower part is to be occupied by the tanks of the great aquarium, to be opened to the public; and the upper will contain twenty-four rooms for laboratories, a library, and collections, with lodging-rooms for three or four zoologists. There will be fifty-three tanks in the lower story, one of them thirty-two feet long, ten broad, and three and a half deep; another twenty-six feet long; and twenty-six three feet by three and a half feet. The tanks throughout are furnished with a continuous current of seawater. Up stairs, the library-room is large enough to hold 25,000 volumes. The principal laboratory-room will contain twenty to thirty tanks of different sizes; and besides, there are private laboratories for the chief zoologist and the first assistant, and other small laboratory-rooms, and rooms for collections.

It is enough to make one's hair stand on end to read of the discoveries made in the water Londoners drink. A distressed resident declares that John B. Gough or Father Mathew, if they had lived in London, would yield to the superior advantages of comparatively clean beer and spirits.

It is said that the base-ball season of 1872 will be more exciting than that of any previous year.

An "Annual Record of Science and Industry" might not generally prove attractive to ladies who have no special scientific tastes; but the recent volume bearing that title, edited by Professor Spencer F. Baird, will, we think, prove an exception. The great variety of topics introduced is diversified, as far as possible, of technical terms, so that what is said of them is readily understood by the general reader. Throughout the whole book, but particularly in the sections devoted to "Botany and Horticulture," "Agriculture and Rural Economy," "Materia Medica, Therapeutics, and Hygiene," and "Household Economy," ladies will find numerous recipes of great value, and much important information about common matters. It is impossible to give an idea of the subjects treated in this book by any selections which come within the limits of our columns, but we make one or two brief quotations, as a specimen of the items which would be useful and interesting to ladies:

"In removing grease spots from fabrics by means of benzine or petroleum, it often happens that a colored and stained outline of the portion moistened is left. This can be prevented by the application of a layer of gypsum extending a little beyond the moistened region. When dry the powder is to be shaken and brushed off, when no trace of the spot will remain."

"If a glass plate be coated with collodion in the ordinary manner, and, after the liquid has set, a piece of printed paper be lightly pressed upon the surface by the hand, a very exact reproduction of the letters or figures will be found impressed upon the collodion when the paper is removed, the design remaining perfectly visible after the complete drying of the film. It is suggested that this may be the germ of some important applications in the way of the reproduction of printed matter without injury to the original."

"According to a late writer, sun-stroke is due to the action of light upon the brain, exerted through the eye, and not, as generally believed, to an elevation of temperature; and it is asserted that if the eye be properly shaded from the glare of the sun, any extra or unusual precaution in the way of protecting the head and back of the neck may be dispensed with."

Preparations have already commenced for the usual summer flitting into the country. A few hot days are sufficient to frighten many people from the city. It is not the hot weather but the unclean streets which give occasion for fear. If all our streets should be thoroughly purified, and kept so, New York would be as healthy and far more comfortable than many country resorts.

Evergreens have suffered severely from the severity of the past winter. A great mortality among them has extended from Virginia to Canada, and from the Atlantic to the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. The loss, pecuniarily, amounts to millions, and embraces Norway spruce, pines, arbor vitae, junipers, etc., not to mention numerous deciduous shrubs. Long Island, in particular, has been a great sufferer. Victims are strewn wherever there are private or ornamental grounds and gardens.

One of the most important contributions yet made to modern surgery is said to be the method of cauterization by the electro-thermic or galvanocautic apparatus. It is possible to vary the degree of heat applied, to direct it into deep cavities, and to destroy all the tissues by contact. The apparatus can be made of any desired shape, so as to be applicable to all parts of the body. Electricity has now been successfully employed in cases of bad tumors, in amputations, in excision of cancers, in destruction of wens, and in numerous other cases. It suppresses all pain after the operation, avoids all loss of blood, prevents putrid and purulent infections, facilitates the organic reconstruction and healing of the parts, and affords a method universal-ly applicable.

The Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, is to be replenished, after the havoc caused by the exigencies of the Prussian siege, with the spoils of Wombwell's Royal Menagerie, which was recently sold at auction in Edinburgh. Some fine spotted hyenas are to be shipped across the Atlantic for exhibition in New York.

An antiquated will has been found in Pennsylvania, containing the following eccentric directions for the funeral:

"I do hereby order my executors to put no new linen about my dead body, but put my worst shirt on it, and my worst handkerchief on the head, and the worst drawers and breeches on my body, and the worst stockings on my legs and feet, and invite my neighbors to come to my spouse, who shall treat them in moderation with a barrel of cider and two gallons of rum or other spirituous drink, and a bushel of wheat flour baked into cakes; and when they are ready to carry the corpse, then in the house or yard read the foregoing and following part of this testament loudly, so that all may hear it."

Coiffures for Young and Elderly Ladies, Figs. 1-8.

Fig. 1.—COIFFURE WITH CURLS. The crimped front hair is combed over the forehead and partly arranged in small curls. The remainder of the hair is in curls of different lengths. A ribbon bow completes the coiffure.

Figs. 2 and 3.—COIFFURE WITH PUFFED CHIGNON. The chignon for this coiffure consists of two puffs arranged on crêpes. The upper part of the crimped front hair is combed down, and the lower part is combed up; the latter is crossed over the chignon as shown by the illustration. The ends of the upper part of the front hair are curled, and fall behind the ear. Braid diadem.

Fig. 4.—COIFFURE WITH ROLLS AND PUFFS. The front hair is partly combed down and partly up; the ends are joined with the back hair and arranged in a chignon over crêpes.

Figs. 5 and 6.—COIFFURE WITH BRAIDS AND CURLS. The crimped front hair to each ear is arranged in a three-strand braid over a crêpe. The back hair is parted in halves, and each half is rolled over a crêpe. The braids of the front hair, which have first been fastened together in the neck, are laid

upward between the rolls. Long and short curls and a jet diadem complete the coiffure.

Figs. 7 and 8.—COIFFURE WITH PUFFED CHIGNON. This coiffure consists of a chignon arranged in two large puffs, on the left side of which are a roped strand of hair and several long curls, as shown by the illustration; above these are several short curls. The ends of the front hair are likewise curled. A diadem braid is set above the front hair.

Suits for Young Ladies, Figs. 1-4.

Figs. 1 and 3.—GRAY PONGEE DRESS. This dress with heart-shaped basque-waist is of gray pongee, and is trimmed with box-pleated ruffles of the material. A bow of the material is set on the bottom of the waist in the back.

Figs. 2 and 4.—BLACK GROS GRAIN SACQUE. This sacque is made of black gros grain, and is trimmed with three rows of black velvet ribbon, as shown by the illustration. A deep Watteau pleat falls on each side from the back of the armhole to the bottom of the sacque. Coat sleeves. Écru cambric dress.



Fig. 1.—COIFFURE WITH CURLS.



Fig. 4.—COIFFURE WITH ROLLS AND PUFFS.



Fig. 2.—COIFFURE WITH PUFFED CHIGNON.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 3.]



Fig. 6.—COIFFURE WITH BRAIDS AND CURLS. BACK.—[See Fig. 5.]



Fig. 5.—COIFFURE WITH BRAIDS AND CURLS. FRONT.—[See Fig. 6.]



Fig. 8.—COIFFURE WITH PUFFED CHIGNON.—BACK.—[See Fig. 7.]



Fig. 3.—COIFFURE WITH PUFFED CHIGNON.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]

Fig. 7.—COIFFURE WITH PUFFED CHIGNON.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 8.]



Fig. 1.—GRAY PONGEE DRESS. BACK.—[See Fig. 3.]

Fig. 2.—BLACK GROS GRAIN SACQUE. FRONT.—[See Fig. 4.]

Fig. 3.—GRAY PONGEE DRESS. FRONT.—[See Fig. 1.]

Fig. 4.—BLACK GROS GRAIN SACQUE. BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]



Fig. 1.—BLACK GROS GRAIN FICHU.—BACK.

Black Gros Grain Fichu, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE illustration, Fig. 1, shows the fichu trimmed with pointed ruffles of the material and with black silk fringe seven-eighths of an inch wide. Fig. 2 shows the same fichu trimmed with gathered black lace and with gros grain rolls.

Ladies' and Children's Dresses, Figs. 1-4.

Fig. 1.—LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This pretty wrapper is gored in front, and is finished in the back with a postilion-basque. The original is of lilac poplin, trimmed on the bottom with a box-pleated flounce of the material. A ruche of lilac silk trims the waist and sleeves, and simulates an over-skirt.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern is in seven pieces—front of body and skirt attached, back, side back, side breadth of skirt, back breadth of skirt, sleeve, and cuff. It is fitted by one dart on each side of the middle in front of the side backs, and the seam in the middle of the back. The back and side backs form a rounded postilion below the waist line, and are cut with extra fullness at each side back and middle back seam, and laid in three box-pleats on the under side. The top of the separate skirt is gathered and secured to a belt, which is tacked under the basque to the side seams, passes round the back to the front, and is fastened with hooks and eyes. The coat sleeve is sewed plain into the armhole, and finished at the wrist with a long cuff, buttoned on the outer seam. Baste according to the notches and lines of small holes, try on wrong side out, and alter, if necessary, by taking up more or less in the seams. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all other seams. The holes in the top of the skirt show where to sew on the pockets. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back the hem in front.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 10 yards.

Extra for trimming, 2½ yards.

Fig. 2.—GRAY POPLIN DRESS. Vest-basque and double skirt, trimmed with black velvet ribbon. Black velvet buttons.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD. Blue and

white Scotch plaid dress, trimmed with folds of the material corded with blue. White velours double-breasted sacque, with blue revers and buttons. A cut paper pattern of this sacque was published with *Harper's Bazar* No. 2, Vol. V.

Fig. 4.—POINTED CAPE, WITH FIVE-PLEAT BLOUSE, APRON OVER-SKIRT, AND WALKING SKIRT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This stylish and fashionable walking skirt is made of black silk, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and silk fringe. A five-pleat blouse-waist of black and white striped linen is worn under the pointed cape. The skirt is trimmed with a wide gathered flounce.

Cut paper patterns of this suit, and also of the Postilion-basque Wrapper, Fig. 1, are furnished in nine sizes, even numbers, from 30 to 46 inches bust measure, the manner of taking which is familiar to our readers.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises four garments—pointed cape, five-pleat blouse, apron over-skirt, and walking skirt.

POINTED CAPE.—This cape is in one piece, cut straight in front and opening to the neck, and is fitted by one dart on each shoulder. The neck is corded. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem in front.

FIVE-PLEAT BLOUSE.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, back, collar, and sleeve. It is cut with full back and fronts. The back is laid in five box-pleats, an inch and a quarter wide, extending from the neck to the waist line. The front forms two box-pleats on each side of the middle, which turns

back to form a hem of the same width as the box-pleats. These box-pleats are sewed in a seam underneath. Bring the lines of small perforations evenly together, open the pleats, and tack at the top and the waist line. The neck is finished with a collar

pointed in front, and forming a straight band in the back. Flowing sleeve, sewed plain in the armhole. The lines of small holes show where to lay the pleats, to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and the size and shape of the under part of the sleeve. Put the pattern together by the notches.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 3½ yards.

Quantity of material, 36 inches wide, 2½ yards.

APRON OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—half of front gore, side gore, full back breadth, and postilion tab. Cut the front gore, back breadth, and tab with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam. Cut the two side gores with the edge that has the single notch laid on the edge of the cloth. Put the pattern together by the notches. Lay the box-pleats in the tab according to the notches on the top. The notches in the top of the front gore show where to lay a side pleat turning backward on each side of the middle in front. Gather the top of the side gore and full breadth, and sew to the belt, placing the middle of the tab even with the middle of the skirt in the back. The six holes show where to lay the pleats, placing the holes evenly together. A quarter of an inch is allowed for the seams.

WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—half of front, two side gores, and half of back breadth. Only half the pattern is given. Cut the front and back breadths with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam. Cut two pieces each of the pattern given for the side gores laid lengthwise of the goods. Put the pattern together by the notches.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for cape, over-skirt, and skirt, 15 yards.

Extra for flounce, 2 yards.

Fringe, 8 yards.

Velvet, 15 yards.

DAY-DREAMS.

HALF our burdens and our consolations in this world depend on the working of our imaginations. Who has never been haunted by a terrible dread, hanging over him like a heavy cloud, which, after threatening a storm, suddenly disappears, leaving a clear sky behind? And who has not been often buoyed up for months or years by expectations of a consummation devoutly wished for—expectations growing smaller and beautifully less, until they vanish into thin air?



Fig. 1.—LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

Fig. 2.—GRAY POPLIN DRESS. Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 4.—POINTED CAPE WITH FIVE-PLEAT BLOUSE, APRON OVER-SKIRT, AND WALKING SKIRT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

[Cut Paper Patterns of Lady's Postilion-basque Wrapper, and Pointed Cape with Five-pleat Blouse, Apron Over-Skirt, and Walking Skirt, in Nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents each.]

THE DOLL'S VIGIL.

"DOLLY, I'm tired, so tired of play,
Your cheeks with my tears are wet;
No one will look for us, though it is late,
For mother is slumbering yet;
Slumbering yet, though she loves us so,
But, Dolly, we'll go and see,
And if she can hear us, I know she will wake,
My Dolly, for you and me.

"Dolly, our mother's asleep by this tree,
They covered the place with grass
For fear of the cold, and lest she should hear
The footsteps of people that pass.
Home I must go when it gets quite dark,
But, Dolly, I'll leave you here:
If mother should waken, and see you, she'll know
We two have been wandering near.

"Oh, Dolly, it's snowing, there's no one to care,
And oh, it is damp and chill;
Poor mother may waken, so, Dolly, we'll stay,
And lovingly watch by her still."
Both mother and orphan were sleeping soon,
They heard not the wind's sad tone,
While drifting the snow o'er their resting-place,
Where Dolly was watching alone.

(Continued from No. 21, page 356.)

TO THE BITTER END.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

HARCROSS AND VALLORY.

WILLIAM VALLORY, of Harcross and Vallory, was one of the wealthiest attorneys in the city of London. The house had been established for something over a century, and the very name of the firm meant all that was most solid and expensive in legal machinery. The chief clerks at Vallory's—the name of Harcross was nowadays only a fiction, for the last Harcross slept the sleep of wealth and respectability in a splendid mausoleum at Kensal Green—the very clerks at Vallory's were full-blown lawyers, whose salaries gave them larger incomes than they could hope to earn by practicing on their own account. The appearance of the house was like that of a bank, solemn and strong; with outer offices and inner offices; long passages, where the footfall was muffled by kamptulicon; Mr. Vallory's room, spacious and lofty, a magnificent apartment, which might have been built for a board-room, and Mr. Weston Vallory's room; Mr. Smith's room, Mr. Jones's room, Mr. Thompson's room. Weston Vallory attended to common law, and had an outer chamber thronged with anxious clients. Economy of labor had been studied in all the arrangements. In the hall there was a large mahogany tablet inscribed with the names of the heads of the firm and chief clerks, and against every name a sliding label, with the magic word *In*, or the depressing announcement *Out*. The whole edifice was pervaded with gutta-percha tubing, and information of the most private character could be conveyed to far-off rooms in a stage whisper. There were humble clients who never got any farther than Mr. Thompson; and indeed to all common clay the head of the house was as invisible as the Mikado of Japan.

In the Bankruptcy Court there was no such power existent as Harcross and Vallory. Commissioners quailed before them, and judges themselves deferred to the Olympian power of William Vallory. The bankrupt, failing for half a million or so—the firm undertook only great cases—who confided himself to Harcross and Vallory, was tenderly led through the devious paths of insolvency, and brought forth from the dark valley at last with a reputation white as the undriven snow. Under the Vallory treatment a man's creditors became the offenders, inasmuch as they did, by a licentious system of credit, lure him to his ruin. Half a crown in the pound in the hands of Harcross and Vallory went farther than seven-and-sixpence administered by a meaner house.

They were great in chancery business too, and kept a printing-press perpetually at work upon bills of complaint or answers. The light of their countenance was as the sunshine to young barristers, and even Queen's counsel bowed down and worshipped them. They never allowed a client to lift his finger, in a legal way, without counsel's opinion. They were altogether expensive, famous, and respectable. To have Harcross and Vallory for one's family solicitors was in itself a stamp of respectability.

They were reputed to be enormously rich, or rather William Vallory, in whose person the firm now centred, was so reputed. Weston Vallory, his nephew, was a very junior partner, taking a seventh share or so of the profits; a bachelor of about thirty, who rode a good horse, had a trim little villa at Norwood, and lived altogether in the odor of respectability. Not to be respectable would have entailed certain banishment from those solemn halls and stony corridors in the Old Jewry.

Stephen Harcross, Augusta Vallory's godfather, had died a wealthy old bachelor, and had left the bulk of his fortune, which was for the chief part in stock and shares of divers kinds, to his goddaughter—having lived at variance with his own flesh and blood, and being considerably impressed by the beauty, accomplishments, and general merits of that young lady. Whereby it came to pass that Miss Vallory, besides having splendid expectations from her father, was already possessor of a clear three thousand per annum. What her father might have to leave was an open question. He lived at the rate of five thousand a year; but was supposed to be making at least eight, and Augusta was his only child.

It was, of course, a wonderful stroke of fortune for such a man as Hubert Walgrave, with three hundred a year and his profession, to become

the accepted suitor of Augusta Vallory. The thing had come about simply enough. Her father had taken him by the hand three or four years before; had been pleased with him, and had invited him a good deal to Acropolis Square, and to a villa at Ryde, where the Vallorys spent some part of every summer—invited him in all unconsciousness of any danger in such an acquaintance. He had naturally rather lofty notions upon the subject of his daughter's matrimonial prospects. He was in no hurry for her to marry; would, so far as his own selfish desires went, have infinitely preferred that she should remain unmarried during his lifetime. But she was a beauty and an heiress, and he told himself that she must inevitably marry, and could hardly fail to marry well. He had vague visions of a coronet. It would be pleasant to read his daughter's name in the "Peerage" before he died. All such ideas were put to flight, however, when Miss Vallory coolly announced to him one morning that Mr. Walgrave had proposed to her on the previous night, and that, with her father's approval, she meant to marry him: not without her father's approval; she was much too well brought up a young woman to conceive the possibility of any such rebellion. But, on the other hand, if she was not allowed to marry Hubert Walgrave, she would certainly marry no one else.

William Vallory was dumfounded. He had suspected nothing, seen nothing. There had been a few accidental meetings at flower-shows in London. Hubert Walgrave had been among the young men most frequently invited to fill up the ranks at the Acropolis Square dinner-parties; he knew a good many people in Miss Vallory's set, and had happened thus to meet her very often in the course of the London season. Then came an autumn invitation to Mr. Vallory's villa at Ryde; a great deal of idling on the pier, an occasional moon-lit stroll, a little yachting—most fascinating of all pleasures; during which Augusta Vallory, who was never seasick, looked her handsomest, in the most perfect marine costume that a French dress-maker could devise.

It was while he was on board Mr. Vallory's yacht, the *Arion*, one balmy August morning that Hubert Walgrave told himself for the first time that he was in love with Augusta. She was sitting opposite him, making a pretense of reading a novel, dressed in blue and white, with a soft cashmere scarf floating about her tall slim figure, and a high-crowned hat, with a bunch of white and blue feathers crowning the massive plaits of black hair.

"Why shouldn't I marry her?" Mr. Walgrave said to himself. "The notion looks preposterous at the first showing; but I really think she likes me—and she must marry some one. Her fortune would be an immense assistance to me; and over and above that, she is a woman who would help her husband to get on in life, even if she hadn't sixpence. She is the only woman I have ever really admired; perhaps the only woman who ever liked me."

At this stage of Hubert Walgrave's career he had no very exalted idea of that passion which makes or mars the lives of some men, and counts for so little in the careers of others. He meant never to marry at all unless he could marry to his own direct and immediate advantage. If he married he must marry money, that was clear. The income which was ample for all his wants as a single man would be ridiculously small when set against the requirements of a wife and family. He was very positive upon this point, but he was no heiress-hunter. Not the wealth of Miss Kilmansegg would have tempted him to unite himself to a fright or a dowdy, a woman who dropped her *h's*, or was in any manner unrepresentable. Nor did he go out of his way to meet Miss Vallory. Fate threw them together, and he merely improved his opportunity. Of all the men she had ever known he was the one who treated her with most nonchalance, who paid least court to her beauty or her wealth. Perhaps it was for this very reason that she fell in love with him, so far as it was in her nature to fall in love with any one.

So one moon-lit night on the little lawn at Ryde—a grassy slope that went down to the beach—Mr. Walgrave proposed, in a pleasant, gentleman-like, unimpassioned way.

"Of course, my dear Augusta," he said, in conclusion, "I can not be blind to the fact that I am a very bad match for you, and that I am bound to do a good deal more than I have done toward winning a position before I can reasonably expect any encouragement from your father. But I am not afraid of hard work, and if you are only favorably disposed toward me, I shall feel inspired to do any thing—push my way to the woollack, or something of that kind."

And then, little by little, he induced Miss Vallory to admit that she was favorably disposed toward him—very favorably; that she had liked him almost from the first. That final confession was going as far as any well-brought-up young person could be expected to go.

"You have not been so absurdly attentive as other men," she said, "and I really believe I have liked you all the better on that account."

Mr. Walgrave smiled, and registered an unspoken vow to the effect that Miss Vallory should have ample cause to continue so to like him.

It was rather a long time before Mr. Vallory quite got over the shock occasioned by his daughter's astounding announcement; but he did ultimately get over it, and consented to receive Hubert Walgrave as his future son-in-law.

"I will not attempt to conceal from you that it is a disappointment," he said; "I may say a blow, a very severe blow. I had hoped that Augusta would make a brilliant marriage. I think I had a right to expect as much. But I have always liked you, Walgrave, and—and—if my daughter really knows her own mind, I can hold out no longer. You will not think of marrying just yet, I suppose?"

"I am quite in your hands upon that point, my dear Sir. My own desire would be to make an assured position for myself before I ask Augusta to share my fortunes. I couldn't, on any consideration, become a dependent on my wife; and my present income would not allow me to give her an establishment which should, even in a minor degree, be the kind of thing she has been accustomed to."

"That's all high-flown nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Vallory, rather impatiently. "If you marry Augusta, you will marry her money as well as herself. As to waiting till you've a silk gown—well, you may do it if you like, and if she likes. I shall be glad to keep her near me as long as I can. But you will be as old as I am, I take it, before you can hope to win a position that would be any thing like what she has a right to expect. She has made a bad bargain, you see, my dear Walgrave; and there's no use in you or me trying to make believe that it's a good one."

Hubert Walgrave's dark face grew just a shade darker at this, and the flexible lips tightened a little.

"If it is so very bad a bargain, Sir," he said, gravely, "it is not at all too late for you to rescind your approval, or for me to withdraw my pretensions."

The great William Vallory looked absolutely frightened. His only child had a will of her own and a temper of her own; and he had had more than one unpleasant scene with her already upon this question.

"No, no, my dear fellow!" he answered, hastily. "Bless my soul, how touchy you are! Haven't I told you that I like you? My daughter's feelings are involved; and if she likes to marry for love, she can afford to do it. It will not be love in a cottage; or, if it is, it will be a cottage of gentility, with a double coach-house, and so on."

Thus Mr. Walgrave found himself accepted, much more easily than he could have supposed it possible he should be. He was engaged to a young woman with three thousand a year in the present, and unlimited expectations of future wealth. It seemed like some wild dream. Yet he bore this sudden fortune with the utmost equanimity. Indeed, it scarcely surprised him: he had made up his mind from the beginning to prosper in life.

Once, and once only, William Vallory ventured upon some slight inquiry as to his future son-in-law's connections.

"I have never heard you speak of your family," he said, one evening, as the two men sat alone in the spacious dining-room—an apartment that was almost awful in its aspect when sparsely occupied—with a Pompeian claret-jug between them. "I need scarcely say how pleased I shall be to make the acquaintance of any of your people."

"I have no people," Mr. Walgrave answered, coolly. "I think you must have heard me say that I stand quite alone in the world. Augusta will not receive many wedding presents from my side of the house; but, on the other hand, she will not be troubled by any poor relations of mine. My father and mother both died while I was a youngster. I was brought up in Essex by a maiden aunt. She too has been dead for the last five-and-twenty years, poor soul! She was a kind friend to me."

"Your father was a professional man, I suppose?" hazarded Mr. Vallory, who would have been gratified by a more communicative spirit in his future son-in-law.

"He was not. He lived upon his own means, and spent them."

"But he left you fairly provided for?"

"He left me three hundred a year, thanks to the good offices of a friend who had considerable influence over him. The money was settled upon me in such a way that my father could not touch it. I should have begun life a beggar, if it had been in his power to dispose of the money."

"You don't speak very kindly of him."

"Perhaps not. I dare say I am somewhat wanting in filial reverence. The fact is, he could have afforded to do a good deal more for me than he did do, and I have not yet learned to forgive him. He was not a good father, and, frankly, I don't much care about talking of him."

This was like a conversational dead-wall, with "No thoroughfare" inscribed upon it. Mr. Vallory asked no more questions. Hubert Walgrave was a gentleman—that was the grand point; and it mattered very little how many uncles and aunts he had, or if he were totally destitute of such kindred. He was clever, energetic, hard-working, and tolerably sure to get on in the world.

"I am not marrying my daughter to a drone who would stick a flower in his button-hole and live on his wife's fortune; that is one comfort," the lawyer said to himself.

He had, indeed, no reason to complain of any lack of industry in Hubert Walgrave. From the hour in which his engagement to Miss Vallory became a settled thing he worked harder than ever. That which would have tempted most men to idleness urged him to fiercer effort, to more eager pursuit of that single aim of his existence—self-advancement. He wanted to win a reputation before he married; he did not want people to be able to say, "There goes that lucky fellow Walgrave, who married old Vallory's daughter." He wished to be pointed out rather as the celebrated Mr. Walgrave, the Queen's counsel, and his lucky marriage spoken of as a secondary affair, springing out of his success.

With this great end in view—a very worthy aim, in the opinion of a man of his creed, which did not embrace very lofty ideas of this life—Mr. Walgrave had very nearly worked himself into a galloping consumption; and while going this high-pressure pace had been brought to a sudden stand-still by that perilous illness which had led to his holiday at Brierwood. Skillful

treatment, and a naturally good constitution, which would bear some abuse, had pulled him through, and he was what our forefathers used to call "on the mending hand" when he went down to the old farm-house, to fall sick of a still more troublesome disease.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE SHOWS OF THINGS ARE BETTER THAN THEMSELVES."

MR. VALLORY came in just before dinner, bringing a visitor with him—rather a dandified-looking young man, of the unmistakable City type, with faultless boots, a hot-house flower in his button-hole, carefully arranged black whiskers, a good-looking supercilious face, a figure just above the middle height, eyes like Augusta's, and a complexion that was a great deal too good for a man. This was the junior partner, the seventh-share man, Weston Vallory.

"I found your cousin Weston at the office, Augusta," said Mr. Vallory, "and brought him home to dinner. You must excuse his morning dress; I wouldn't give him time to change his clothes."

"I always keep a dress suit at the office, and Pullman, the porter, valets me," said Weston. "I only asked for ten minutes; but you know how impatient your father is, Augusta. So behold me!"

He kissed his cousin, and gave the tips of his fingers to Hubert Walgrave. There was no great affection between these two. Weston had fully intended to marry Augusta, and had been both astounded and outraged by her engagement.

They dined at eight, and the banquet was not especially lively—a little overweighted with attendance and plate and splendor: a large round table, with a pyramid of gaudy autumnal flowers—Japanese clematis and scarlet geranium, calceolaria and verbenas—in the centre; four people scarcely able to see each other's faces without an effort, and three solemn servants waiting upon them. Mr. Vallory and his nephew talked shop. Augusta asked her lover little commonplace questions about commonplace things, and gave him small shreds and patches of information respecting her stay at Ems. He caught himself on the brink of a yawn more than once. He thought of the dusky garden at Brierwood—the perfume of the flowers, the low music of Grace Redmayne's voice, the tender touch of her hand. He thought of these things even while Augusta was entertaining him with a lively description of some outrageous costumes she had seen at Ems.

But presently he brightened up a little, and made it his business to be amusing, talking in oh! such a stereotyped way, like a creature in genteel comedy. He felt his own dreariness—felt that between him and the woman he was to marry there was no point of union, no touch of sympathy. She talked of Parisian dresses; he talked of the people they knew in a semi-supercilious style that did duty for irony; and he was miserably conscious of the stupidity and narrowness of the whole business.

He remembered himself roaming in the gardens at Clevedon Hall—along the moss-grown paths, by the crumbling wall where the unprotected cherries ripened for the birds of the air, among the dilapidated cucumber-frames, in a wilderness of vegetable profusion, where the yellow pumpkins sprawled in the sunshine, by the great still pond overhung by a little grove of ancient quince-trees, in and out amidst waste, neglect, and sweetness—with Grace Redmayne by his side. Was it really the same man seated at this table, peeling a peach, with his eyebrows elevated languidly, and little cynical speeches dropping now and then from his thin lips?

Augusta Vallory was quite satisfied with her lover. He was gentleman-like and undemonstrative, and had nothing kindly to say about any one or any thing. She had no admiration for those exuberant hearty young men from the universities, great at hammer-throwing and long jumps, who were beginning to overrun her circle—youths with loud cheery voices and sunburnt faces, hands blistered by rowing, and a general healthiness and joyousness of aspect. They only bored her.

After dinner, when Vallory senior and Vallory junior were playing a game of billiards in a room that had been built out at the back of the house over some offices, half-way between the dining and the drawing rooms, the fair Augusta amused herself by questioning her lover about his life in Kent. It must have been ineffably dismal. What had he done with himself? how had he contrived to dispose of his time?

"Well, of course," said Mr. Walgrave, dreamily, "that sort of life is rather monotonous. You get up and eat your breakfast, and walk a little and write a little and read a little; and, if you happen to be a man with that resource open to you, you smoke a great deal, and eat your dinner, and go to bed. And you hardly know Monday from Tuesday; if you were put in a witness-box you couldn't swear whether a given event happened at the end of the week or the beginning. But to a fellow who wants rest, that kind of life is not altogether disagreeable; he gets a honey-comb for his breakfast, a dish of fresh trout now and then, and cream in his tea. And then, you see," concluded Mr. Walgrave, making a sudden end of the subject, with a suppressed yawn, "I read a good deal."

"You read a good deal! when the doctors had especially forbidden work!"

"Oh, but it wasn't hard work, and I don't believe I did myself any good by it; it was only a desultory kind of reading. I was rather anxious about Cardium versus Cardium, that chancery case in which your father wants me to make a figure; and I read up some old precedents bearing on it. There was a man in the reign of James II. who went in against his next

of kin on exactly the same grounds. And I read a novel of Anthony Trollope's."

"There could be no harm in your reading a novel. You must have read all the novels of the season, I should think, in eight weeks."

"No; I did a good deal of fishing. I made the acquaintance of a jack that I mean to bring to terms at some future date. He wasn't to be had this year."

Miss Vallory asked a great many more questions; but it was astonishing how little Mr. Walgrave had to tell of his Kentish experiences.

"You are not a particularly good hand at description, Hubert," she said at last, somewhat displeased by his reticence. "If it had been Weston, he would have given me a perfect picture of the farm-house life and the queer clod-hopping country people, with an imitation of the dialect, and all that kind of thing."

"If I were good at all that kind of thing, I should write for the magazines, and turn my gifts into money," replied Mr. Walgrave, superciliously. "I wish you'd play something, Augusta."

This was a happy way of getting out of a difficulty, suggested by a glance at the open piano.

"I'll sing you something, if you like," Miss Vallory said, graciously. "I was trying a new ballad this morning, which is rather in your style, I fancy."

"Let me hear it, by all means."

He went to the piano, adjusted the candles, which were lighted ready, waited while the performer seated herself, and then withdrew to a comfortable easy-chair. Never during his courtship or since his engagement had he fatigued himself by such puerile attentions as turning over the leaves of music, or cutting open magazines, or any of those small frivolous services by which some men render themselves precious to their womankind. Indeed, in a general way, he may be described as scrupulously inattentive. If this girl chose to give him her wealth, she should bestow it spontaneously. There should be no cajolery on his part, no abasement, not the smallest sacrifice of self-esteem.

Miss Vallory sang her song. She had a strong mezzo-soprano voice of the metallic order—a voice that is usually described as fine—without a weak note in its range. She had been taught by the best masters, pronounced every syllable with undeviating accuracy, and had about as much expression as a musical-box.

Hubert Walgrave thought of "Kathleen Mavourneen," and the soft sweet voice singing in the twilight, "Oh, do you remember?" "The Meeting of the Waters," "The light Guitar," and all Grace Redmayne's little stock of familiar old-fashioned songs. The ballad was something of the new school: the slenderest thread of melody eked out by a showy accompaniment: the poetry, something rather obscure and metaphysical, by a modern poet.

"Do you call that thing a ballad, Augusta?" he cried, contemptuously, at the end of the first verse. "For pity's sake sing me *Una voce*, or *Non più mesta*, to take the taste of that mawkish stuff out of my mouth."

Miss Vallory complied, with tolerable grace.

"You are so capricious," she said, as she played one of Rossini's symphonies, "there is no knowing what you will like."

She sang an Italian bravura superbly, looking superb as she sang it, without the faintest effort or distortion of feature, Mr. Walgrave watching her critically all the while.

"Upon my soul, she is a woman to be proud of," he said to himself; "and a man who would sacrifice such a chance as mine would be something worse than a lunatic."

The two lawyers came into the room while Miss Vallory was singing, and Weston complimented her warmly at the close of the scene, while her plighted lover sat in his easy-chair and looked on. He knew very well that the man would have liked to take his place, and he never felt the sense of his triumph so keenly as when he was, in a manner, trampling on the neck of Weston Vallory.

"The black-whiskered scoundrel," he said to himself; "I know that man is a scoundrel, whom necessity has made respectable. He is just the kind of fellow I should expect to make away with his clients' securities, or something in that way. Very likely he may never do any thing of the sort, may die in the odor of sanctity; but I know it's in him. And what a delightful thing it is to know that he hates me as he does, and that I shall have to be civil to him all the days of my life!"

And then, after a pause, he thought, "If I were capable of getting myself into a mess, there's the man to profit by my folly."

The unconscious subject of these meditations was leaning over the piano all this time, talking to his cousin. There was not much justification in his appearance or manners for such sweeping condemnation. He was like numerous other men to be met with daily in middle-class society—good-looking, well dressed, with manners that could be deferential or supercilious according to the occasion. He had plenty of acquaintances who called him a first-rate fellow, and he was never at a loss for invitations to dinner. Only in those eyes of his, which were so like his cousin's in color, there was a hard glassy glitter, a metallic light, which was not agreeable to a physiognomist; nor had the full red lips a pleasant expression—sensuality had set its seal there, sensuality and a lurking cruelty. But the world in general took the black eyes and the black whiskers as the distinguishing characteristics of a very good-looking young man; a man in a most unexceptionable position; a man to be made much of by every family in which there were daughters to marry and sons to plant out in life.

Mr. Walgrave allowed this gentleman to engross the attention of his betrothed just as long

as he chose. He fully knew the strength of the chain by which he held Augusta Vallory, and that he was in no danger from Weston.

"I believe poor Weston was brought up to think that he was going to marry me," she said to her lover one day, with contemptuous compassion. "His mother was a very foolish woman, who thought her children the most perfect creatures in the world. But Weston is really very good, and has always been quite devoted to papa and me. He owes every thing to papa, of course. His father quarreled with my grandfather, and got himself turned out of the firm. I have never heard the details of the story, but I believe he behaved very badly; and if papa hadn't taken Weston by the hand, his chances of advancement would have been extremely small. He is an excellent man of business, however, according to papa's account; and I think he is grateful."

"Do you? Do you think any one ever is grateful?" Mr. Walgrave inquired, in his cynical tone. "I never met with a grateful man yet, nor heard of one, except that fellow Androcles—no, by-the-bye, it was the lion who was grateful, so Mr. Spectator's story counts for nothing. However, your cousin is, no doubt, an exception to the rule—he looks like it. Was the father transported?"

"Hubert! How can you be so absurd?"

"Well, my dear Augusta, you said he did something very bad; and I inferred that it was defalcation of some kind, tending toward penal servitude."

"I believe the quarrel did arise out of money matters; but I should hope no member of my family would be dishonest."

"My dear girl, dishonesty crops up in all kinds of families; a dukedom will not protect you from the possibility. There are rogues in the peerage, I dare say. But I am not at all curious about Mr. Weston Vallory's father. The man himself is enough—I accept him as a fact."

"You really have a very impertinent manner of speaking about my family," Miss Vallory exclaimed, with an aggrieved air.

"My dearest, if you expect that I am going to bow down and worship your family as well as yourself, you are altogether mistaken. It was you I wooed that sweet summer night at Ryde, not the whole race of Vallory. Upon that point I reserve the right to be critical."

"You seem to be quite prejudiced against Weston."

"Not at all. I will freely admit that I don't care very much for a man with such a brilliant complexion; but that is a mere capricious antipathy—like an aversion to roses—which I would hardly confess to any one but yourself."

The lovers frequently indulged in small bickerings of this kind, by which means Mr. Walgrave maintained, or supposed that he maintained, his independence. He did not bow down and worship; and it happened curiously that Miss Vallory liked him all the better for his habitual incivility. She had been surfeited by the attentions of men who thought of her only as the heiress of Harcourt and Vallory. This man, with his habitual sneer and cool off-hand manner, seemed so much truer than the rest. And yet he was playing his own game, and meditating his own advantage: and the affection he had given her was so weak a thing that it perished altogether under the influence of his first temptation.

In the course of the evening there was a discussion as to where Mr. Vallory and his daughter should go for the next six weeks. The father would gladly have staid in Acropolis Square, and potted down to his office every day. There was always plenty of business for him, even in the long vacation, and it was nearer his heart than any of the pleasures of life; but Augusta protested against such an outrage of the proprieties.

"We should have fever, or cholera, or something, papa," she said. "That kind of thing always rages out of the London season."

"The London death rate was higher last May than in the preceding August, I assure you."

"My dear papa, it is simply impossible. Let us go to the Stapletons. You know it is an old promise."

"I hate staying at country houses: breakfasting with a herd of strangers every morning; and hearing billiard-balls going from morning till night; and not being able to find a corner where one can write a letter; and being perpetually driven about on pleasure jaunts; doing ruined abbeys and water-falls; not a moment's peace. All very well for young people, but actual martyrdom when one's on the wrong side of fifty. You can go to Haley if you like, Augusta, I would much rather go to Eastbourne."

"In that case, I will go too, papa," replied Miss Vallory. "It's rather a pity you lent the villa to the Filmers; it would have been nice to have the *Arion*."

"You can have the *Arion* at Eastbourne," said Mr. Vallory. "I didn't lend the yacht to the Filmers."

"Very well, papa; let us go to Eastbourne. And Hubert can come down to us—can't you, Hubert?"

"I shall be delighted, of course, to run down for a day or two."

"A day or two!" exclaimed Miss Vallory. "Why shouldn't you spend all September with us? You can have nothing to do in London."

"My dear Augusta, I came back to town on purpose to work. I can never do much good except in my own rooms, with my books of reference at hand."

He rather shrank from the idea of Eastbourne—the half mile or so of parade—the band—the dull narrow round of sea-side life. Ryde had been very agreeable to him last year, though his life had been the same kind of thing; but tonight he thought of such an existence with a strange aversion. Indeed, it seemed to him just

now that nothing would be so pleasant as to bury himself in his chambers, with his books for his sole companions.

"But it is preposterous to think of working all through September," urged Augusta, with a somewhat heightened color. "You really must come; the sea air will do you a world of good. We shall have the *Arion*; and you are so fond of yachting."

"Yes, I am very fond of yachting; but I scarcely feel equal to the gayeties of a watering-place. I would rather vegetate in the Temple."

"But Eastbourne is not a gay place. It is the place of places for an invalid, if you still profess to be one."

"My dear Augusta, if you command me to come, I will come, at any hazard to my professional advancement."

"Come and go just as you like, Walgrave," said Mr. Vallory. "You're quite right to stick to your books; that *Cardium versus Cardium* is a great case, and if you come out strong with your precedents, you'll carry every thing before you.—Don't be jealous of his work, Augusta; he means to make you a judge's wife one of these days. Weston can dance attendance upon you."

"I don't dance," said Weston; "but I shall be most happy to be useful to my cousin."

"And, by-the-way, Weston, as there's not much doing at the office just now, you might run down to Eastbourne to-morrow and see if there's a house to be had that would suit us," Mr. Vallory said, coolly. He had made the young man's fortune, and had a knack of ordering him about in this way.

Weston bowed. "I have two or three interviews for to-morrow," he said; "but I can make Jones attend to the people. I don't know that I'm quite up in a house-agent's duties; but I suppose I shall know instinctively the kind of thing you want."

"Instinctive fiddlesticks!" Mr. Vallory exclaimed, impatiently. "Augusta will give you a sheet of paper with a memorandum of the accommodation wanted."

Mr. Walgrave smiled, congratulating himself upon his exemption from house-hunting. He felt a malicious delight in beholding Weston Vallory, one of the most conceited men he knew, charged with these ignominious services, while he, the rightful slave, went free. "May all the imaginable blessings descend upon the revered heads of the Cardiums!" he said to himself.

At a quarter to eleven o'clock he wished his betrothed and her father good-night. Weston took his departure at the same time, bound for the Charing Cross station, whence a midnight train would convey him to Norwood. It was a clear moon-lit night. Even the Acropolis Square houses were tolerable in that mellow atmosphere, with solitary tapers twinkling here and there in upper chambers, tenanted by a char-woman in charge or a lonely scullion. There was a perfume of mignonette, a faint rustling of the sycamores in the inclosure, which reminded Hubert Walgrave dimly of the Brierwood garden.

"Do you mean to walk home?" Weston asked, as the two men left the house together.

"I don't care much whether I walk or ride. If I see a hansom, I dare say I shall hail it. Are you going to walk to the station?"

"I make a point of walking six miles a day, and I shall be very glad of your company on the way. We go the same road, I know."

Mr. Walgrave submitted. He was a man somewhat given to strong antipathies, and Weston Vallory was one of his strongest.

"Confound the snob!" he thought; "what makes him fasten himself on to me, I wonder?"

He had no occasion to wonder long. The drift of his companion's conversation soon convinced him that Weston Vallory wanted to pump him: to get at the history of his eight weeks' holiday—to test his feelings in regard to his betrothed—to find out any thing there was to be found out, in fact, in a gentleman-like way. But Mr. Weston might just as well have tried to pump Lord Burleigh or Lord Bacon, had he been contemporary and on pumping terms with those distinguished noblemen. Hubert Walgrave betrayed no more of the secrets of his inner man than if he had been deaf and dumb; and yet he was civil, aggravatingly civil, and left Weston at the gates of the station oppressed with a sense of failure.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARRIED BACHELORS.

THERE are men who have no vocation for marriage. Home is a word that has no real meaning for them—a place where there is no charm and as little duty. A wife is a tie, a clog, an incumbrance, or at best a painful necessity—any thing but a "half," better or worse, a helper, or a companion; and children are locusts that devour hunters and opera-boxes, kid gloves and "little dinners," at an alarming rate of progression, and finally grow up into tall men and women who make the best work of tailors and hair-dressers a patent anachronism. These men married one day because they had committed the unpardonable folly of giving way to a temporary madness they called love, and they recovered by the process; or they sold themselves for so much in the stocks, to find the bargain when concluded too bitter to be digested. They are bachelors by nature, and no legal ties can make them any thing else. Their line is essentially single, and they have no notion of life *à deux*. They give up no old habits of their bachelor days because of the wife at home, recognize no new duties because of their change of state. The utmost concession they make to their condition is to be seen together in formal society, and to receive formal company at home.

For any thing closer or more domesticated—for *tête-à-tête* evenings passed with the wife alone,

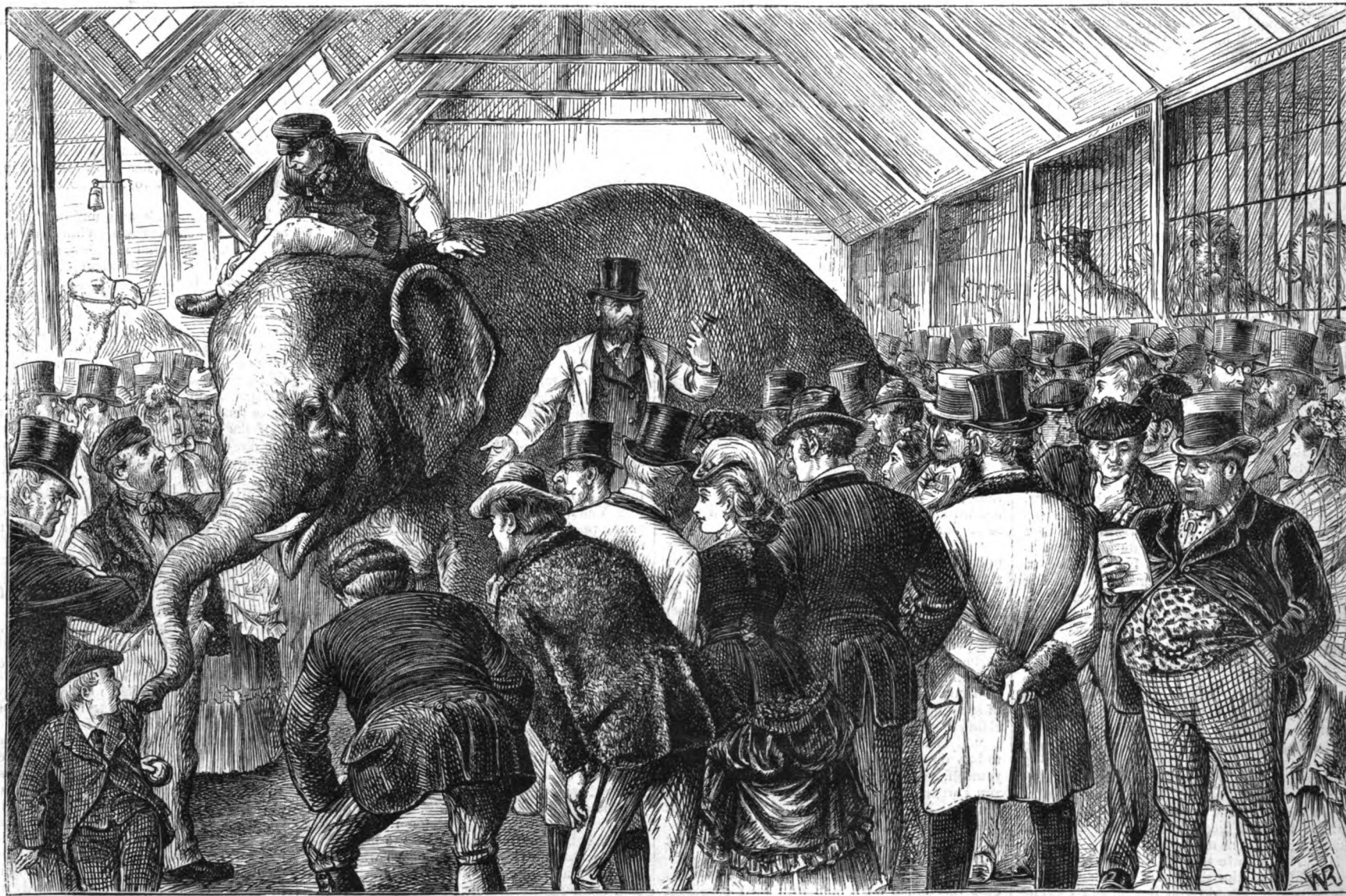
for pleasant little jaunts together, renewing the love-time and the honey-moon, for conversation carried on with grace, with spirit, with a desire to please or to shine where she is the only listener, for any thing like home joys or home pride—they have no more vocation or desire than they have for rocking the cradle up stairs as the small locusts successively arrive. *Toujours perdrix* is the text on which they found the acted sermon of their lives; and in their fear of getting prematurely tired of their matrimonial partridge they are careful to take her society only in infinitesimal doses, and not to risk the chance of being cloyed by a surfeit.

If these men undertake nothing, they give up nothing. Bachelor friends, club dinners, private pleasures, antenuptial manners, and antenuptial relations, they keep to them all; and no one would know, from manner or act, that the gallant Lothario flirting in the corner yonder has a pretty little wife at home, with whom, were she not his wife, he would probably be desperately in love. He sees no harm in it—or at least he says so—and maintains with energy the doctrine that a married man has the right to amuse himself just as much as when he was single. It is more than probable that his wife might not like it if she were to see it; but he takes care that she does not see it, and that when he is flirting in one corner she is not watching him from another. Indeed, they are together so seldom she has little chance of watching, and for all this part of his life she is as though she were not. No man is so dangerous to women as the married Lothario. The stakes are all on the other side, and if he wins nothing, he risks and consequently loses nothing.

You can usually in a small society of strangers—say at a dinner-party of modest dimensions—pair off the husbands and wives, if you have eyes and a fair amount of perception; but the married bachelor eludes you. The one woman at whom he never looks, and the last whom he addresses, is his wife; not because she is not pretty and interesting, but because she is his wife, and the tie irks him if she does not. At the general break-up of the evening, however, the two who have seemed to you entire strangers shake hands with the host and hostess simultaneously, and to your astonishment coalesce at the door, and drive off to the marital home in company. You wonder if they have quarreled, and perhaps speculate on her hard fate in being married to such a man, if she has pleased you and he has not; but they are probably quite good friends now that they are together, only it is part of his plan that they shall be together as little as possible, and that the world shall rush in between them through every available gap: and to pay attention to his wife in public would seem to the married bachelor the dreariest kind of fun imaginable. The married bachelor has generally a strong sense of the rights of property—we will not talk about its duties—and denies all claim on his wife's side to have a voice in its distribution. Beyond the base-line on which he has constructed his social being—the locality he lives in, the establishment he has set up, the amount and kind of entertainments he gives—he holds that she has nothing to do with the matter. If he likes to spend the margin—any amount of margin—on betting, on horse-racing, on diamonds to one fair siren, or on pearls to another, it is not his wife's business to inquire or object. She has her house and her pin-money, her carriage and her servants, and what more does she want? She is handsomely subsidized; and so long as her comforts are not interfered with, he holds himself at liberty to divert the remainder to any purpose he pleases.

Marriage being simply a one-sided convention with him, a coupling and not a fusion, its rights—from the woman's point of view—go no farther than public decencies; and if the married bachelor is inclined to be a gambler or rake, neither the locusts in the nursery nor the wife in the drawing-room will have moral power enough to prevent him, or teach him the grace of self-control and the religion of duty. And if his wife presumes to interpose with remonstrance or advice, she is met as one without rights, and an intruder, not a partner. He even thinks her unreasonable if she makes a fuss, and gets her friends to advise her to "keep things quiet," when she has stumbled on the traces of more than he would care to reveal. If she does not, but, on the contrary, insists on the public punishment of separation, or on the private repentance of renunciation, the married bachelor is immensely disgusted, and never forgives her having got, as he calls it, the whip-hand over him. He thinks her wanting in good taste, in common-sense, in every kind of right feeling, if she can not reconcile herself to the facts she has discovered without more trouble than if she had found a rent in her best silk gown, which a little careful stitching would mend. It is a man's privilege to kick over the traces occasionally, without being called to account or held any the worse for it, he says; and being without the shadow of a sentiment for his wife on his side, he does not understand it for himself on hers, and resents its expression when made uncomfortable. Then he takes his revenge, and comforts himself at the same time, by inveighing against women in general, and his own wife in particular; and to hear him talk, all men are lambs and their wives the wolves who insist on slaughter and oppression. Poor fellow! at the end of life he is heartily glad of his wife to nurse him, to amuse him, to minister to him. Old as she may be, she is still his handmaid and his bondswoman; and when going to the devil is a service of more pain than pleasure, then the home begins to put on a pleasant face of peace and rest, and the wife, so long despised, creeps gradually into her place as his nearest friend, the one who sweetens the downward journey, and who makes the barren latter days serene and pleasant.

SALE OF A MENAGERIE.



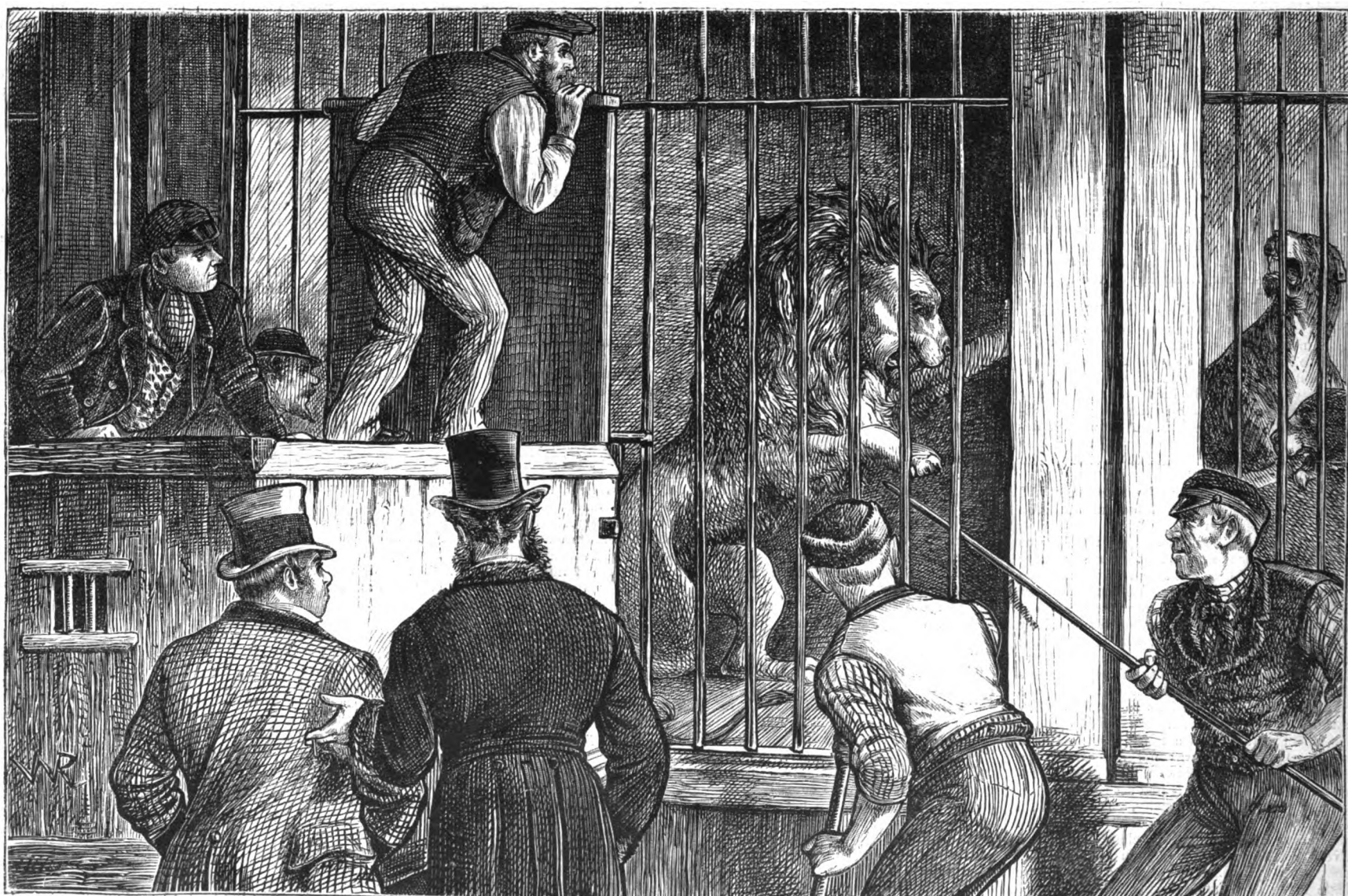
KNOCKING DOWN THE ELEPHANT.

A LARGE portion of the celebrated collection of wild animals known as "Wombwell's Menagerie" was recently brought to the hammer at Edinburgh, Scotland. Wombwell, the founder of the collection, was a showman of no ordinary enterprise and skill. He built up the menagerie, so to speak, and made it by far the finest collection of wild animals in Great Britain. His heart was in his work, and he spared nothing that would help it forward. He never missed

Bartlemy Fair as long as it was held; once, however, he was nearly doing so. He was at Newcastle, and had decided not to go to the fair, when he heard that his rival, Atkins, was advertising that his would be the only wild beast show at the fair. This put Wombwell on his mettle; he hastened to London (there were no railways then), and just reached the fair in time; but his elephant died of fatigue on the road. Atkins instantly advertised "the only live ele-

phant in the fair!" Wombwell retorted with "the only dead elephant in the fair!" and drew crowds of visitors. George Wombwell died 1850. His widow traveled with the show till 1866, and then handed it over to her niece, Mrs. Fairgrieve, and her husband. The novelty of seeing an auctioneer knocking down lions, tigers, and elephants, in spite of the half-crown charged for admission, attracted a large crowd to the menagerie, which was in the Waverley Market.

Many menagerial celebrities were present, including representatives from the most celebrated menageries and traveling shows of London and Paris, together with Van Amburgh's agent from America. A magnificent tigress sold for \$775; the black-maned lion "Hannibal," said to be the handsomest and the largest lion in Britain, fetched \$1350; while the large performing elephant brought \$3400. The sale in all realized nearly \$15,000.



CATCHING THE LION.

JEWS' INFANT-SCHOOL BALL.

THE annual ball of the Jews' Infant Schools was held at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, London, on the 11th April. About three hundred persons were present. The ball was successful in all respects, and the collection amounted to about \$2500. Mr. Aloof's band attended, and the dancing was kept up with great spirit till

in Roumania and elsewhere; then a letter about the Jews' Hospital, in which there are at present ninety-nine children; then an account of the Jewish Work-house in Goulston Street, White-chapel, established, says Mr. Gree, the chairman, "for the purpose of affording an asylum for our aged and decrepit poor, and avoiding the reproach of Jews dying in Christian work-houses;" then we have an appeal for aid to two discharged Jew-

stigma too often on charitable elections—has been abandoned; then comes the institution commemorated in our picture; and lastly, an account of some lectures to Jewish working-men. These items are selected, be it observed, from a casual number of the *Chronicle*. If Christian charities were proportionately as extensive and as well organized, the misery which disgraces our great cities would soon be considerably lessened.

this difficulty Mr. Greger advises us to take perfectly ripe, dry, and clean berries, and to mash them in an earthen jar with a wooden pestle, so as to obtain a homogeneous mass. To this five to ten per cent. of grape or cane sugar is to be added, and the whole then allowed to stand, being stirred occasionally. An alcoholic fermentation will before long take place, in the course of which the pectine will separate com-



THE JEWS' INFANT-SCHOOL BALL AT WILLIS'S ROOMS, LONDON.

an early hour on the following morning. We have borrowed the above brief particulars from the London *Jewish Chronicle*, and we can not help remarking, as we glance over the columns of that journal, on the spirit of charity which so especially characterizes the Hebrew community. First, we have a reference to the Anglo-Jewish Association, formed for aiding distressed Jews

ish prisoners; then a report of the Liverpool Jewish Ladies' Benevolent Institution for giving relief to married women during their confinement, in cases of sickness, and during the week of mourning; then an account of the proceedings at the Court of the Governors of the Jews' Orphan Asylum, from which we are glad to learn that the system of "trafficking in votes"—a

PREPARATION OF FRUIT JUICES.

IT is well known that the juices of many kinds of fruit are so extremely delicate that they can not be preserved by the ordinary methods of heating so as to retain the flavor, this being especially the case with the raspberry. To meet

pletely, leaving the perfectly clear juice, which will be found to retain all the peculiar aroma of the raspberry.

For preparing strawberries two pounds of berries are to be selected, as directed for raspberries, and placed in a large-mouthed bottle without mashing, so as to fill the bottle one-half to two-thirds; two and a half pounds of finely pul-

THE CELEBRATED



Trade-Mark. Patented 1868.

BRAND
BLACK ALPACAS,

For Spring wear, in a beautiful shade of
PURE BLACK.
Are to be found at the principal Dry-Goods Stores
throughout the United States.

Purchasers will know these Goods, as a ticket
is attached to each piece, bearing a picture of the Bu-
falo, precisely like the above.

PEAKE, OPDYCKE, & CO.,
427 & 429 Broadway, New York,
Sole Importers of this Brand for the United States.

Cut Paper Patterns

OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
IN
HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and
are fitted with the greatest accuracy, THE NAMES AND DI-
RECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON
EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be ad-
justed by the most inexperienced. The bust measure
is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body
under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder
blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the
chest; and for Children, straight around the body
under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.

- | | |
|---|-------|
| LADY'S GORED WRAPPER..... | No. 6 |
| LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK..... | " 11 |
| POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT..... | " 15 |
| SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT..... | " 17 |
| MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 | " 23 |
| to 15 years old)..... | |
| GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to | " 25 |
| 8 years old)..... | |
| CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALK- | " 27 |
| ING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 | |
| years old)..... | |
| BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND | " 29 |
| JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)..... | |
| BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, and KNICK- | " 31 |
| ERBOCKERS (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)..... | |
| YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, | " 33 |
| VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth | |
| from 8 to 15 years old)..... | |
| INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, | " 35 |
| Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt)..... | |
| MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING | " 37 |
| SUIT..... | |
| LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER..... | " 42 |
| GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from | " 44 |
| 5 to 15 years old)..... | |
| GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND | " 46 |
| SMOKING-CAP..... | |
| PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron- | " 48 |
| front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..... | |
| LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Ad- | " 49 |
| justable Court Train and Round Skirt..... | |
| WATTEAU MANTLE, with 3-Pleat Blouse, | " 50 |
| Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..... | |
| MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALK- | " 52 |
| ING SUIT..... | |
| WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pom- | " 52 |
| padour Waist and Trailed Skirt..... | |

Vol. V.

- | | |
|--|------|
| DOUBLE-BREADED SACQUE, with Postil- | " 2 |
| ion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Un- | |
| der Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)..... | |
| LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER..... | " 4 |
| LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset | " 6 |
| Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke | |
| Chemise, and Drawers)..... | |
| PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt | " 8 |
| and Walking Skirt..... | |
| DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT..... | " 11 |
| SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with | " 13 |
| French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Wat- | |
| teau Postillon, and Walking Skirt..... | |
| MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALK- | " 15 |
| ING SUIT, with Cape..... | |
| TALMA, with Poluted Hood, Postillon Waist, | " 20 |
| Dolly Varden Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..... | |
| VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleat- | " 21 |
| ed Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)..... | |
| LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER..... | " 23 |
| POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over- | " 25 |
| skirt, and Walking Skirt..... | |

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail,
prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine
Patterns will be sent for \$2.00. No patterns separated
or exchanged.

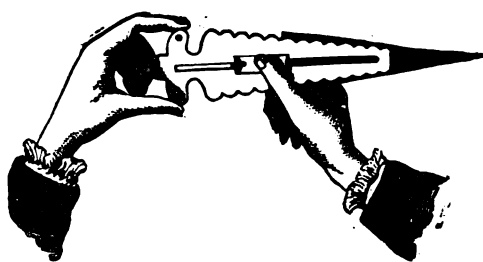
In ordering, please specify the Number of paper con-
taining Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied
at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

THE "LIGHT RUNNING"
"DOMESTIC"

A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS,
481 Broadway, N. Y.,
will dispose of One Hundred Pianos, MELODEONS, and
ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters',
at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, during this
month, or will take a portion cash and balance in
monthly or quarterly installments.

MAGIC PHOTOGRAPHS.—Wonderful, curious,
amusing. 25c. a package; 5 assorted packages, \$1.
Sent postpaid by W. C. Wemyss, 730 Broadway, N. Y.

THE
Protean Lancette.

Experience teaches that to secure for an article
the favor and patronage of the LADIES, it must
combine beauty and elegance of design with prac-
tical utility. The favor with which our modifica-
tion of the **Button-Hole Cutter** has been
received predicts that no Lady's Work-Basket will
be regarded as complete without it. It is also
an admirable Envelope, Leaf, and Paper Knife.
Samples mailed postpaid on re-
ceipt of 50 cents.

DOOLITTLE MFG CO.,
599 Broadway, New York.



THE GREAT NATIONAL PARK

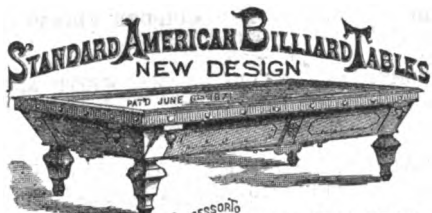
In the Yosemite Valley, when finished and fenced in (3), will be the grandest
pleasure-ground in the world. If it had a fine medicinal spring, like the Ger-
man Seltzer, it would be perfect. Yet this is of no importance, for who goes
any where in summer without being provided with

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT,
which is identical in its components and its effects with the famous Prussian
Spa. It takes but an instant to evolve from this preparation the most deligh-
tful and admirable of all medicinal draughts. As a cure for biliousness, rheu-
matism, indigestion, constipation, nervousness, &c., and as a renovator of the
system, it stands alone. Sold by all druggists.

COLGATE & CO'S

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP
has a novel but very delightful per-
fume, and is in every respect superior
for TOILET USE.

Sold by dealers in perfumery and
Toilet Articles.



H.W. COLLENDER, Successor to PHELAN & COLLENDER.
738 Broadway, New York.
ILLUSTRATED PRICE-LIST SENT BY MAIL.

Harper & Brothers'
Latest Publications.

1. **THE DESERT OF THE KYODUS.** Journeys on
Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wan-
derings; undertaken in connection with the Or-
dnance Survey of Sinai and the Palestine Exploration
Fund. By E. H. PALMER, M.A., Lord Almoner's
Professor of Arabic, and Fellow of St. John's Col-
lege, Cambridge. With Maps and numerous Illus-
trations from Photographs and Drawings taken on
the spot by the Sinai Survey Expedition and C. F.
Tyrwhitt Drake. Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$3.00.

2. **LORD KILGOBBIN.** A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER,
Author of "Charles O'Malley," &c. Illustrated.
8vo, Paper, \$1.00; Cloth, \$1.50.

3. **A SMALLER ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST,**
from the Earliest Times to the Conquest by Alex-
ander the Great. Including Egypt, Assyria, Baby-
lonia, Media, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phoenicia.
By PHILIP SMITH, B.A. With Woodcuts. 16mo,
316 pages, Cloth, \$1.00.

4. **ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**
FOR 1871. Edited by SPENCER F. BAIRD, with the
Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. 12mo, Cloth,
\$2.00.

5. **A BRIDGE OF GLASS.** A Novel. By F. W. RON-
INSON, Author of "True to Himself," "For Her Sake,"
"Carry's Confession," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

6. **ROLFE'S SHAKESPEARE.** Shakespeare, edited,
with Notes, by WM. J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head
Master of Cambridge High-School. (The Merchant
of Venice.—The Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Julius
Cæsar.) Illustrated. 4 vols., 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents
each; or bound in one volume, handsomely orna-
mented, \$3.00.

7. **LIBRARY EDITION OF MISS MULOCK'S WORKS.**
12mo, Cloth, \$1.50 per vol.

Hannah.—Olive.—Ogilvie.—The Head of the
Family.—John Halifax.—Agatha's Husband.—A
Life for a Life.—Two Marriages.—Christian's Mis-
take.—A Noble Life.—A Hero.—Studies from Life.
—The Fairy Book.—Unkind Word.—Mistress and
Maid.—The Woman's Kingdom.—A Brave Lady.

8. **TALMAGE'S SERMONS.** Sermons by the Rev. T.
DE WITT TALMAGE, delivered in the Brooklyn Tab-
ernacle. 12mo, Cloth, \$2.00.

9. **HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD DICKENS.**
OLIVER TWIST. With 28 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper,
50 cents; Cloth, \$1.00.

MARTIN CHuzzlewit. With 59 Illustrations. 8vo,
Paper, \$1.00; Cloth, \$1.50.

10. **TYERMAN'S WESLEY.** The Life and Times of the
Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists.
By the Rev. LUKE TYERMAN, Author of "The Life
of Rev. Samuel Wesley." Portraits. Complete in
3 vols., Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$3.50 per vol.

11. **GRIF.** A Story of Australian Life. By B. L. FAR-
JON, Author of "Joshua Marvel," "Blade-o'-
Grass," &c. 8vo, Paper, 40 cents.

12. **LORD BROUGHAM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.** Life
and Times of HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM. Written by
Himself. Complete in 3 vols., 12mo, Cloth, \$2.00 per
vol.

13. **MAUD MOHAN.** A Novel. By ANNIE THOMAS, Au-
thor of "Doris Donne," "On Guard," "Playing for
High Stakes," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of their
works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the
United States, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE mailed free on receipt of
Six Cents in postage stamps.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!!
WITH A NOVELTY PRESS!

The best ever made for the purpose.

THE most valuable addition to
the **Business Office**; the most
efficient instructor in **Schools**;
the most fascinating and instructive
amusement in the **Family**;
and is unsurpassed for the use of
AMATEUR AND REGULAR PRINTERS.
Send for descriptive & illustrated Pamphlet
to BENJ. O. WOODS, MANUFACTURER,
345-361 Federal & 162 Kneeland Sts., Boston;
WM. Y. EDWARDS, 543 Broadway, N. Y.;
KELLY, HOWELL & LUDWIG, 917 Market St.,
Philadelphia; J. F. EDWARDS, 120 N. Sixth
St., St. Louis; A. C. KELLOGG, 33-35 S. Jef-
ferson St., Chicago.—Manufacturers' Agents.

TRUSSES, Supporters, Elastic Stockings, Belts,
Braces, &c., especially for Ladies' use, at "Seely's
Hard-Rubber Truss" Establs., 737 Broadway, N. Y., &
1347 Chestnut St., Phila. Careful and correct adjust-
ment. Experienced Lady in attendance.



you may know, using our Planos in 40 States and Territories.

U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, New York.

L. W. HAUSER, 5 Waverley Place, N. Y., Im-
porter and Manufacturer of Human Hair Goods,
wholesale and retail. The Latest Styles. The Best and
Cheapest Hair Goods in the United States. Orders
from the country are promptly executed, C. O. D.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW and
Wonderful Method of Showing
Ghosts in every Man's House,
without the aid of a medium? **Innocent**
Amusement for the Home Circle.
The great demand for this development of
Optical Science shows it to be ONE OF THE
WONDERS OF THE AGE! Sent post-paid for 50 cts., with
directions. **L. WALKER & CO.** Box 4099, Boston.

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key-
Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples, and
full particulars FREE. **S. M. SPENCER,** Brattleboro, Vt.

MAGNETIC TIME-KEEPER, COMPASS AND IN-
DEX for the pocket of every traveler, trader, boy, farmer, and for
everybody desiring a reliable time-keeper, and also a superior
compass. Usual watch-case, steel works, glass crystal, all in a neat
case. **WARRANTED** to denote correct time and to keep
in order—fairly used—for two years. *Nothing like it!* This per-
fect triumph of mechanism will be sent in a neat case, prepaid to any
address, for only \$1.25 for \$2.00. Circulars sent free. Try one. Order
from the Sole American Agents, **KING & CO.,** Brattleboro, Vt.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at
work for us than at anything else. Particulars free.
G. STINSON & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

SAFEST & PUREST OIL IN
DENSLAW & BUSH'S PREMIUM
OIL, fire-test 150°—This oil
will not explode or ignite if a
lamp be broken. "N. Y. Tribune."
Sold everywhere. Address Denslow
& Bush, 130 Maiden Lane, N. Y.,
Boston, Baltimore or Chicago.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year.....\$4.00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year.....4.00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year.....4.00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S
BAZAR, for one year, \$10.00; or any two for \$7.00.
An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or
BAZAR will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five
Subscribers at \$4.00 each, in one remittance; or, Six
Copies for \$20.00, without extra copy.

The Postage within the United States is for the
MAGAZINE 34 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR
20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quar-
terly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from
the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with
24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for
the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the
Numbers for June and December of each year. Sub-
scriptions may commence with any Number. When
no time is specified, it will be understood that the
subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of
the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent
accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence
with the year. When no time is specified, it will be
understood that the subscriber wishes to commence
with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed,
both the new and old one must be given.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft
payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is prefer-
able to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft
be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to
the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, \$500; Half Page,
\$250; Quarter Page, \$150—each insertion.
Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, \$2.00 per Line;
Outside Page, \$4.00 per Line—each insertion.
Harper's Bazar.—\$1.00 per Line; Cuts and Display,
\$1.25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

BAZAR

Cut Paper Patterns,

For Ladies, Misses, Girls, and
Children of Both Sexes.

The great design of the proprietors of the Bazar
Patterns is to furnish cut paper patterns of every de-
scription, and for every size, at a moderate price.
These patterns are intended to be the most perfect,
the most practical, and the most economical ever pro-
duced in this country, and so arranged as to be easily
understood by those not accustomed to making their
own garments. We avoid as far as possible every form
of extravagance in cutting up material, at the same
time combining all that is desirable with fashion and
good taste. Our business will be conducted in a spirit
of progress. Every pattern we issue will be the pro-
duct of the ablest and most experienced gentlemen
dressmakers in the country, all under the supervision
of Mr. Moechowitz, a gentleman who stands at the
head of his profession, and who is unquestionably the
ablest dressmaker in the United States. What Worth
is to Paris, Moechowitz is to New York—the highest
authority on all matters pertaining to fashion. We
have carefully prepared a catalogue of 28 pages, con-
taining over two hundred figures, showing the leading
fashions of the day. From this catalogue may be se-
lected patterns of every description and of every size,
ranging from 30 to 46 inches bust measure; also for
misses from 10 to 16 years of age, and for children of
both sexes under 10. On receipt of postage stamp, the
above catalogue will be sent to any address free of
charge. In this catalogue will be found a list of two
valuable premiums, both of which are offered to sub-
scribers for Harper's Bazar. One subscriber will get
at least one of these premiums, and we confidently as-
sert that, for liberality and magnitude, the premiums
offered to each and every new subscriber for the Bazar
have no parallel, an offer in which thousands of fami-
lies will be benefited, and will, we trust, be the means
of adding much to the comfort and economy of every
household. We are confident that this premium will
be hailed with delight by every lady in the land. For
terms to Agents, or for catalogues, address

JAMES M'CALL & CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

Important to Ladies.—Read the fol-

lowing extraordinary offer: The Wheeler & Wilson Sew-
ing Machine Co. manufacture and warrant two different
Sewing Machines, one called the **ELLIPTIC**, the other
called the **Wheeler & Wilson**. The Elliptic Machine ex-
cels in many important points. It is so light that a child
can run it with ease; or an invalid, whose strength is
sufficient to walk about the house or to do the work of a
child ten years old, can sew all day without being over-
fatigued. It is impossible to convey by language a
title of the merits belonging to this deservedly popular
Machine. To see it perform the different operations,
such as hemming, felling, gathering, embroidering,
tucking, cording, frilling, quilting, fringing, etc., it
seems more like a thing of life than a machine moved
by the will of the operator. It has adjustable gauges
for every description of work, and can be changed in
a moment to suit any material, coarse or fine. The
economy of the Elliptic Machine in a family is almost
incredible—with one, a good operator can do the work
of twelve hands. A breadth of a skirt can be sewed
in less than a minute; a gentleman's fine shirt can be
made in three hours; or a child's dress, with many tiny
pleats, in less time than the hands can fold them—in
fact, every description of sewing is reduced from a
question of hours to one of minutes. We make the
following offer: Any person in the United States de-
siring one of these celebrated Machines can buy one
and pay for it in work (not sewing) furnished at their
own home. The work is pleasant and profitable, and
can be accomplished by any lady, old or young. We
send circulars on receipt of stamp. Address

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

J. B. SMALL, Manufacturer of Cut Paper
Patterns for Ladies', Misses', Boys', and Chil-
dren's Garments, of all ages and sizes. We furnish
Harper & Brothers with all the suits of Cut Paper
Patterns issued with this paper.
Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Address
J. B. SMALL, 643 Broadway, New York.



No. 822, Front and Back View

Lady's Polonaise Over-Dress, with Cape. Nine even
sizes, 30 to 46 inches bust measure. Sent on receipt
of 25 cents and measure.

J. B. Small's Cut Paper Patterns have a printed label,
showing their size, the amount of cloth, trimming,
&c., required, with instruction for cutting and mak-
ing, and a Picture of the garment when finished.

COLORED FASHION PLATE,

For Spring Styles, will be ready March 1st. Sent on
receipt of 25 cents; or, with Four Cut Paper Patterns
on plate, for 60 cents.

LADIES!
Dr. Kennedy's Hair Tea
will prevent the hair from
falling out, and preserve
its health and beauty. Sold by
Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.



THEA-NECTAR,
A Pure Chinese Tea,
The Best Tea Imported.
Warranted to Suit all Tastes.
Put up in our trade-mark Half-
Pound and Pound Boxes only.
30 and 60 Pound Boxes.
For Sale, at Wholesale only, by
The Gt. Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.,
New York City; P. O. Box 1600.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

For particulars, address **AVERY BILL,** Care Har-
per & Brothers, 331 Pearl St., New York.

FACETIE.

Mrs. PARTINGTON wants to know why some of the sewing-machine advertisers do not call their machine the *Ceres*. Her nephew, who is learning the heathen misogyny, tells her that *Ceres* first taught sowing.

A *POKER*.—The rash man who declared that he would not take Miss Flirtington to be twenty was at once asked whether he would take her for better or worse.

A noisy cock need not be immortal, though his son never sets.

THE PRIDE OF PLACE.

Mistress. "Want to go at the end of a month? Why, what is the matter, cook?"
Cook. "Well, mum, master brought some a tin o' turtle soup yesterday, and I couldn't stop in a place where I'm expected to send up tinned witties!"

A young lady would like to know, if *patrimony* is the property bequeathed to her by her papa, what is that left by her late lamented mamma?—Why, *matrimony*, of course, you say one.

A garrotter reports that the turnkeys have struck in his prison: it would seem that they struck him with a whip.

A fool can't draw beer properly—it should be drawn with a head.

STRIKING TERROR.

News from Dundee of an alarming nature reaches us. What will sympathizers with the agricultural laborers say when a strike is brought literally home to them?

"Last night a large meeting of Dundee domestic servants was held to consider the advisability of forming a protective and benefit society. Two of the girls who spoke touched upon the unreasonableness of some of the duties which mistresses called upon their servants to perform, and contended that the working hours should be shortened, with a weekly holiday, and every other Sunday out. It was also argued that as mistresses were very particular regarding the character of servants, some organization should be instituted to enable servants to learn something of the characters and tempers of those into whose service they thought to enter. The meeting decided to establish a protective and benefit society."

What will *missus* say to this? Of course the claims will not stop at these moderate proportions. We may expect a demand for half an hour's conversation with the butcher and the baker, permission to practice three times a week on the piano, and the run of *missus*'s wardrobe on "Sundays out." A lady of our acquaintance exclaimed, on hearing of the possibility of servants "going out" on strike, "Out! why, they're out-and-out nuisances already!"

DEEP FISHING.—A paper informs us that "fishing at Ausanquoatonsongomongotongo Lake, in Oxford County, Maine, is reported as first-rate." If it's any thing like as deep as it's long, the fishing-tackle-makers who supply lines must have a high old time.

HINT TO HUSBANDS.—Jones says he always gives Mrs. Jones her way, because it's the only thing he has to give her.

HOOD MODERNIZED.

Take her up tenderly, lift her with care—None know how dearly she paid for her hair.

What is the difference between the hurried reading of a fast young lady of the period and the painstaking reading of a blue-stocking?—The one reads for pastime and the other for the future.

When the rain falls, does it ever rise again?—Yes, in dew time.

A paper says, "We have adopted the eight-hour system in this office. We commence work at eight o'clock in the morning, and close at eight in the evening."



"ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR."

By dint of insidious flattery Captain De Tomkyns persuades his hated rival, Mr. Grigsby, to sing a comic song in the presence of the lovely being whom they both adore. Mr. Grigsby falls into the cruel trap, and ruins himself in the lovely being's estimation forever.

Our clock-maker says he passes a great many springs every year in his shop.

One of the exquisites of Paris in the art of constructing the femininely beautiful in costume to hide the femininely beautiful has suggested a new color for silk—namely, "burned love-letters." Some umbrella-maker might improve upon the idea, and produce a male umbrella for Don Giovanni, to protect them from betrayed lovers' tears.

Music is the food of love—beef and mutton that of matrimony.

In one of the earliest trials before a colored jury in Texas twelve gentlemen of color were told by the judge to retire and "find a verdict." They went to the jury-room. The sheriffs and others standing outside heard the opening and shutting of drawers, the slamming of doors, and other sounds of unusual commotion. At last the jury came back into the court, when the foreman rose and said, "We have looked every whar, in the drawers and behind the do', and can't found no verdict. It warn't in the room."

MATRIMONIAL.—Marriage makes the husband and wife one. The query after three months of it is, though, "Which is the one?"

A poet has forwarded to us this modern prayer:

"Teach me to scan another's faults,
To hide the good I see;
To put upon some other back
The blame that's due to me."

A social philosopher says: "It comes very hard on poor Tittlebat Titmouse, with a salary of ten dollars a week, to have to give the dearest girl in the world a supper after taking her to the theatre. The little conceited animal imagines, with too many of a certain class, that respectability amounts to nothing, style is every thing. Therefore he must appear out of character before the lady of his affections, and go to the expense of a supper at Delmonico's. He hands her the bill of fare. She sees 'woodcock,' and never having seen the bird, is going to try it from curiosity. Titmouse looks dismayed, for the price is three dollars, and cries out, 'What a whole woodcock! Why, that fowl's as large as a turkey!' 'Oh, then,' she says, 'I'll take an oyster stew.' He feels relieved, and places the difference to the credit of his washer-woman."

ALL JAW.—"Talk about the jaws of death," exclaimed a man who was living with his third scolding wife: "I tell you they're no touch to the jaws of life."

A lady recently asked a distinguished member of the French Academy of Sciences, "What is the use of being an academician if you can't tell what comets are made of?" To which the learned man replied, "Madame, that I may be able to say I don't know."

ONE WAY.—A young husband having bought salmon early in the season at five shillings a pound, his father reproved him for his extravagance in eating salmon at that price. "Oh, well," said the young man, "I'll just put it in the ice-box, and not eat it till it gets cheaper."

Some one says "the lobster is a posthumous work of creation, for it is only red after its death."



Portrait of Mr. Grigsby when he's not singing comic songs.

When Madame Schneider was engaged for an opera-bonnie season recently, the manager demurred to her exorbitant terms, remarking that her income would be higher than that of a Marshal of France. "Well, then," said she, "let a Marshal of France sing for you."

"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a medical missionary of a lady who responded to his knock.
"Leave some tracts? Certainly you may," said she, looking at him most benignly over her specs; "leave them with the heel toward the house, if you please."

CROWNING THE EDIFICE.—A well-known bald-headed banker, who always prides himself in being a self-made man, during a recent talk with a friend, had occasion to remark that he was the architect of his own destiny—that he was a self-made man. "W-w-what d-did you s-say?" asked the friend, who stutters. "I say with pride that I am a self-made man—that I made myself—" "Hold," interrupted the friend, "w-while you were m-m-making yourself, why the Dickens d-didn't you p-put some more h-hair on the top of y-your h-head?"

PRETTY IDEAS FOR LADIES' DRESSES IN VARIOUS GRADES OF LIFE.

The green-grocer's lady.—Costume à la Savoy; petticoat, asparagus trimming.
The musical costume.—This may be made as expensive as you choose, being trimmed with flounces of notes.

The lawyer's lady.—Chignon à la Mephistopheles; brief petticoat; trimming, pink tape.

The baker's lady.—Cottage-loaf chignon; French-roll side curls; long French-loaf fluted costume. This is suited either to a crummy or crusty lady.

The hearty costume.—Chignon à la ace of hearts; petticoat puffed an cœur. This is suited to unmarried ladies.

The sporting, or horsey costume, for the race.—Hat à la jockey Anglais; jacket lap-seamed white cloth, large pearl buttons; ornaments, snaffle chain, stirrup ear-rings.

The doctor's wife.—Hat antibilious pill-box shape; ear-rings, vial. Costume cut as tight as possible, so as to have a vile effect.

The poultryer's or bantam costume.—Frisled bird-tail panier; lark bonnet, feather trimming.

The grocer's wife.—This is a sweet costume. Sugar-loaf petticoat, middling-eight dip trimming.

"BE COOL."—A Philadelphia journal lays down a number of rules of action in case of one's clothes catching fire, and concludes by recommending any lady, who should unfortunately find herself enveloped in the flames of her burning garments, "to keep as cool as possible."

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Beeswax: "what will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might as well tell me that the man had six heads in his hat."

FROST-BITTEN.—A little girl, when asked by her mother about suspicious little bites in the sides of a dozen choice apples, answered, "Perhaps, mamma, they may have been frost-bitten, it was so cold last night."

MANLY ART.—A patriotic citizen boasts that "no people on earth can excel the Americans in the manly art of sitting on a bench and watching eighteen men play baseball."

WHY SHE DRESSED.

"Your dress," said a husband to his fashionable wife, "will never please the men."
"I don't dress to please the men," was the reply, "but to worry other women."

The late Emperor of Austria, when Liszt had played before him, went up to compliment him. "I have heard Heltz and Thalberg and Chopin," he said, gravely, "but I have never seen any one persepire like you."

A story illustrative of the way in which revolutions are got up in South America is told by the *Anglo-Brazilian Times*:

Three or four years ago an Argentine second lieutenant made a "pronunciamento" in the city of Corrientes, but was beaten and captured. At his court-martial he was asked,

"What post had you in the affair?"

"I was commander-in-chief of all the infantry of the revolution."

"How many men had that infantry?"

"Seven men," replied their commander-in-chief.

A traveler announces as a fact (and though he is a "traveler" we believe him) that he once in his life beheld people "minding their own business." This remarkable occurrence happened at sea, the passengers being "too sick" to attend to each other's concerns.

TIME AND MONEY.—"My dear Sir, I will pay you in time; and since time is money, the longer you wait the surer you will be of your pay."

A young man in New York was the victim of misplaced confidence a short time ago. He was particularly sweet on a very young girl, and called one evening, having previously paid her several visits. The girl's parents, thinking both too young to begin to keep company with each other, gave a gentle hint to that effect—first, by calling the girl out of the room, and sending her to bed; and secondly, by the lady of the house bringing in a huge slice of bread-and-butter, spread with jam, and saying to the youth, in her kindest manner, "There, take this, and go home; it is a long way, and your mother will be anxious."

Is a lamp at any time in a bad temper?—Yes, when it is put out.

A "POME" ON COMMON THINGS.

The bee from the clover bloom
Is ready to lift his wings;
I found him gathering honey;
One of the common things; he stings.

The bird is in the maple bough;
He twigs me. I wonder what he brings.
Ah, ah! he's building his love a cottage;
One of the common things; he sings.

The poet sits by himself—
What do you think he sings?
Nothing! He's got no music,
And his banjo's got no strings.

A man a hundred years old went to have a pair of shoes made. The shoemaker suggested that he might not live to wear them out, when the old man retorted that he commenced this one hundred years a good deal stronger than he did the last one.

An article you can always borrow—trouble.

The young lady inhabitants of the island of Hinia, in the Mediterranean, are not allowed to marry till they bring up from the depths of the sea a certain number of sponges. Notwithstanding this sponging business, diverse couples are united in indissoluble bonds every week.

Incredible as it may seem, many of the richest planters in Jamaica live on coffee grounds.

Why is love like a Scotch plaid?—Because it is all stuff, and often crossed.



THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

GEORGE. "Oh, I do love the Central Park so! I prefer it to Switzerland, really!"

MABEL. "Why, George, you've never been to Switzerland!"

GEORGE. "No; but I've seen it on the Map, and I don't like the Look of it at all."



A CENTURY AGO.

BEDELL'S Stationery and Book Store, TREMONT.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 24.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1872.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

HINTS ON THE USE OF PASTE AND GLUE.

FOR uniting wood, nothing equals good glue, under which term we of course include all forms of gelatine, such as isinglass, etc. By means of a glue prepared from the sinews of the reindeer the Laplander is able to join together the pieces of which his bows and spears are made so firmly that no amount of bending will cause them to separate, while at the same time they remain perfectly elastic. But in order to attain such a result as this the glue must be of the finest quality, prepared with great care, and applied with the utmost skill. The most frequent cause of deterioration in glue is decomposition. Glue that has been kept in a moist state until it has become tainted loses nearly the whole of its strength; and some of the glue in market has been allowed to reach this condition before being dried and packed for sale. Another source of weakness in glue is impurity. The presence of other animal matter, and especially of fat, injures it very seriously. Good glue is clear, though not necessarily light colored, and free from offensive odor. To prepare it, it should be soaked in cold water until it has swollen and become soft. If good, it will not dissolve in the water, which should be poured off, and the softened glue boiled or melted. Great care should be taken to avoid burning it, and to this end the vessel that contains the glue should be placed in another that is filled with water. In the hardware stores may be found regular glue-pots, which are double, and of course answer the purpose admirably; but very good results may be obtained by melting the glue in a common flat-bottomed tin pail, which should be placed in a round-bottomed pot. By having one bottom round and the other flat a layer of water will separate the two, and the danger of burning will be very much diminished. For domestic purposes, and when used by amateurs, the quantity of glue prepared at any one time should not be greater than is required for immediate use, since if kept moist it soon decays, and if allowed to harden it is more difficult to melt than when in the original cakes. Glue when applied to a joint should be as hot as possible. Chilled glue does not stick well to wood, as is readily seen when a drop is allowed to fall on the surface of a board, in which case it peels off as soon as it has set. In cold weather the pieces to be joined should be warmed, and the glue should be well rubbed into contact with the surfaces, which should then be pressed together and slightly moved on each other to expel the superfluous glue. After this they should be held together by screw clamps, if such can be had; but if these are not to be obtained easily, we may manage by means of twine and wedges to secure sufficient pressure. By carefully attending to these directions any housekeeper may by a little trouble mend a piece of broken furniture, and have the pieces adhere more firmly than they did before being fractured, and this, too, without the trouble and annoyance of calling in the aid of carpenters.

The conditions under which glue does not hold firmly are: 1, when the glue is poor or stale; 2, when the surfaces to which it is applied are greasy or dirty; 3, when the glue is cold; 4, when the surfaces are not pressed together with sufficient force; 5, when the glue is not well rubbed into contact with the surface. When a piece of furniture has been previously repaired with glue, and the joint has proved defective, if it be wished to repeat the operation, the old glue must be all carefully removed by soaking and scraping. The surfaces must then be warmed, dried, and treated as if they were new and clean.

Glue is sometimes made portable or liquid by mixture with acids, but in every case these additions injure the strength of the glue. The famous Spaulding's glue was simply glue kept in

is good paste made of some suitable flour, such as wheat, rye, rice, etc. The best flour paste for ordinary purposes is made of wheat flour, sifted and carefully mixed with water, so as to avoid all lumps, and then thoroughly boiled. The best paste contains no other ingredients than flour and water, but shoe-makers sometimes add resin, from an idea that it increases the strength of the cement, and a little alum is sometimes added for the purpose of making it keep. When paste is to be kept for a considerable time, it will be found advantageous to add a few cloves, as they will prevent mould and fermentation. Carbolic acid has been used for the same purpose, but the odor of this substance is so offensive that the remedy is worse than the disease.

When paste is applied to paper the moisture

which is simply a weak solution of glue. All this is decidedly wrong. The glue and paste are very apt to decay during hot and damp weather, and to give off poisonous gases. Good paste will cause paper to adhere to any wall that is not coated with quicklime, and when this is the case the wall ought to be washed with a solution of white vitriol, or sulphate of zinc—a cheap salt that may be bought of any druggist. The vitriol changes the lime into plaster of Paris, and the paste will adhere without difficulty.

There is one subject for which paste is employed, and which forms such a special object of interest to most young ladies that we feel that it would be unpardonable in us if we were to omit it. We refer to the making of scrap-books. When poor paste or common mucilage

is used for this purpose several difficulties are encountered. Many of the scraps are rendered so transparent as to be illegible, and they are so greatly expanded that when they contract, as all paper does when it dries, they wrinkle up the leaves to which they are attached, and render them unsightly. If any of our young lady friends desire to make a really handsome scrap-book, we would advise them to proceed as follows: Procure some good paste, well boiled, but quite thick. Paste made from wheat flour will answer, but that made from rice flour is a great deal better, as it does not diminish the opacity of the scraps. Use a very stiff brush, as with a soft brush you can not spread such stiff paste as you ought to use. Such a brush is best obtained by getting one of the stiff brushes that are usually put up with tin ferrules, and cutting the bristles off to a length of, say, half an inch. Spread a very thin layer of paste over the back of the scrap, and place the latter on the page of the scrap-book, rubbing it down lightly with a smooth ivory paper-folder. If you wish a very neat scrap-book, it will be advisable to get a dozen pieces of the thin, smooth pasteboard known as press-board; place them between the leaves of the book, and lay something heavy on the latter until it is dry. The leaves will be beautifully smooth.



Fig. 1.—WALKING SUIT WITH CAMARGO OVER-DRESS.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II, Figs. 11*, 11*-14.



Fig. 2.—WALKING SUIT WITH CAMARGO OVER-DRESS.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II, Figs. 11*, 11*-14.

a liquid state by means of acids (vinegar with a few drops of nitric acid); but it was far inferior to glue prepared as we have directed, and though thousands of bottles were sold, it was never used to any very great extent. There is another liquid glue that is sometimes found in market, and is occasionally called Chinese liquid glue. It consists of shellac dissolved in alcohol, and answers very well for some purposes, but is far more expensive than good common glue, and does not possess half its strength. The real Chinese or Japanese glue or cement, about which so much has been written, is not a solution of shellac in alcohol, and the materials are not easily procured in this country.

When paper, cloth, or other fibrous materials are to be joined together or attached to other surfaces, the cheapest and most efficient cement

causes the paper to expand, and this is often productive of disagreeable consequences. The only way to avoid this difficulty is to make the paste as thick as it can be conveniently used, since the less moisture we employ, the less will the paper expand. In many cases, however, we can take advantage of the expansion thus caused, and by means of it obtain a perfectly smooth and unwrinkled surface. This is especially the case with paper that is to be applied to rigid surfaces, such as boards or walls. In this case the paper, no matter how much it may have been wrinkled, comes out perfectly smooth and even. Glue is sometimes added to the paste used for papering walls. The object is to make the paste stronger, and to cause it to adhere to old walls, especially those that have been coated with whitewash. The walls are also frequently washed with size,

of Paris, recommends the cooking of food at a temperature below that of 212° F., and says that the heat of boiling is in many, if not in most, cases beyond that which is actually required, and if continued during the whole process of cooking, has two inconveniences: first, that of dissipating the aromatic principles of the food to the detriment of its flavor; and second, that it involves a great waste of fuel and an inferior result. Thus meat and leguminous vegetables (pease, beans, etc.), fresh or dried, are best treated at 200° F. At this temperature a little more time is required than at the boiling-point under the ordinary pressure—the proportion being 16 to 15 or 14 for meat, and 5 to 4 for potatoes or dried legumes. The consumption of fuel is as about 40 to 100, or even less, this being determined by very careful experiments with an automatic reg-

TEMPERATURE FOR COOKING.

DR. JEANNEL, in a memoir presented to the Academy of Medicine

ulator in a gas stove, by which it was ascertained that to maintain water at a temperature of 200° F., instead of at the boiling-point (212°), required a consumption of fuel in the ratio of 35 to 100.

Bouillon and beef are much more savory when cooked at 200° F., and without any ebullition other than what is necessary for skimming, the duration of which should not exceed fifteen minutes. In boiling at 200° the yield of cooked meat is increased from three to six per cent.; the yield of bouillon is increased ten per cent. Thus we can obtain a quantity of bouillon equal to that which we had at 212°, and nevertheless diminish by ten in the hundred the portion of water placed in the pot. To maintain the cooking at the degree of heat mentioned it would, of course, be necessary to make use of some kind of thermometer properly secured against danger of breaking by the ordinary carelessness of cooks. Such, however, has been manufactured, and can be obtained at the house-furnishing establishments in Paris.

THE HEAT OF THE DAY.

THERE must be those who bear the heat And burden: on with weary feet They toil along the noontide way, Nor rest when comes the fall of day.

Through dewy morns, through tender eves, Love's labor keeps them binding sheaves Which no man cares for: One on high Will count their earnings by-and-by.

O patient heart! heroic will! That bends to work such strength and skill! The angels sometimes stoop to ask The meaning of thy daily task.

God knows, beyond an angel's ken, The grandeur God bestows on men Whom sorrow, failure, pain, and loss But crown anew at every cross.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1872.

WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be issued gratuitously a splendid Supplement containing a carefully engraved Four-page

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PHILADELPHIA,

constituting a Complete and Accurate Map of the City.

A Cut Paper Pattern of the Albert Victor Sailor Suit, graded to fit Boys from Four to Twelve Years old, will be published with our next Number.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Boys' and Girls' Gymnastic Suits; Dresses, Blouse-Waists, Aprons, Lingerie, etc.; a full assortment of Infants' Clothing, Ladies' Garden Hats and Gloves, Sofa-Pillows, Clothes-Racks, Crab Napkins, Embroidery Designs and Medallions; an Alphabet for Marking Children's Clothing, etc.; with brilliant literary and artistic attractions.

THE MORAL OF BOTH BABIES.

By GAIL HAMILTON.

WHICH it is this (as Sairey Gamp would say): we know very little about it.

When I see the absolute ownership in and control of their children which some parents assume by virtue of their relationship, I marvel. The responsibility of a parent can not perhaps be exaggerated. This little boy who sits on the floor talking dreamily and dramatically to himself as he plays with his blocks may be warped and ruined by parental blunders, may lose his life by parental neglect, or the sound mind in the sound body may be wisely guided to its greatest possibilities. But no parental design can determine what those possibilities shall be. It remains for observation to discover them. Herein lies the mistake of many: they will determine rather than discover. They wish their boy to be a minister, like his fathers before him, and they shape all his training to that end. But the boy does not want to be a minister. He wants to be a sailor. The blood of some old sea-king, dead for generations, reddens anew in his veins, and impels him irresistibly. Why it lay dormant so long, what influences quickened it to life in him, none can say. But the fact must be noted and respected, or disaster will ensue. This round-eyed baby, all dependent now on others, is yet as distinct an individual as the emperor on his throne. What traits he has selected from his numerous ancestors doth not yet appear; but the selection is already made. The parental part is wisely to cultivate what exists, not ignore or repress it, and cultivate what the father wishes were there instead. The parental part is to stand in awe before that mysterious and fearful thing, a human being. In youth, in maturity, in old age, it is still fearful; but time has incrustated the soul, has developed somewhat its powers, has given it expression and self-direction, has made its features familiar

to our eyes. The new soul comes fresh from the unknown, itself all unknown. This waxen-faced creature with the rounded limbs, the flaxen hair, the cooing voice, has been six months in this rushing, tumultuous world, and has never told us what she thinks of it. The lips of him a thousand years dead are not more securely sealed than hers.

When little Harry lay tossed and tortured by cruel disease, whither fled in dismay his bright and eager mind? Where behind the dim and faded eyes lay the forces of thought and feeling? Locked in what evil spell languished the isolated soul? Torpid, in heavy sleep through the early night, the midnight clock did not more surely strike than the demon of unrest came in upon him from the wide outer universe, and drove him through the slow, pitiless hours. What subtle sympathy linked this atom with the stars in their courses? What finest cosmic ether penetrates all space, and thrills both soul and substance? Is mind, then, only refined matter? Are we in very deed children of the clod?

"Mamma! mamma!" cries Harry, his great eyes clouded, his brow wrinkled with displeasure, his whole face set against outrage—"Mamma, are I sparkin' the girls? I want to go play with Bessie Manning, and Fanny say I sparkin' the girls?"

"Sparkin' the girls" is evidently some undesirable, unknown quantity to this future man, whose boyhood is as yet only evolving itself from babyhood. The baby in him goes about sucking the other baby's bottle with great delight, while the nascent boy is equally and simultaneously delighted to stride the yard-stick, which he picturesquely dubbed his "straddle-horse." Nursing-bottle in one hand, equine yard-stick in the other, he walks along the parting of two ways, holding the winsome graces of both. Not yet has fallen from him the awful innocence of infancy; but all his blood bounds with the strength and energy of masculine vigor. When a new crying-doll is put into the tiny hands of the little sister, the boy-baby also goes moaning about for "a squeak-thing," and no nomenclature of his maturity could more happily hit off the clumsy directness of the male mind than this name he gives to the gutta-percha toy.

And the little lady who sits throned amidst her pillows on the bed, and who, in spite of pillows, lunges now this way and now that in slow, vague, vain pursuit of the "squeak-thing" that is ever falling from her fumbling fingers—this little lady approves as unquestionably her right to belong to the oppressed sex. Small notice gets she from the other, though when she is actually thrust into a man's face, he will look up and say, "Ah! pretty little girlie!" and become immediately reabsorbed in his book. When, an hour after, she puts on some irresistible new attraction, and he is implored to "look at the little sister," he responds, abstractedly, "Yes, I did!" as if he had given a note of hand to take account of stock in her once a day, and had kept his bond. For this stoical and monstrous indifference does the little girl show any resentment? Does she, as the very least of her duty, deny acquaintance with this unnatural parent, and stare or shriek her *aperta injuria forma*? Spiritless, abject, and servile specimen of her abject and servile sex! Born to be neglected and slighted, because she permits slights! Not she! Whenever the Grim Grendal enters the room this miserable little damsel, doomed to be despoiled, pockets all her slights, cranes her lovely neck, follows the tyrant man with eager, delighted eyes, puts forth all her witchery to wile him into noticing her, and if my lord deigns to hold out his golden sceptre, all her face grows radiant with smiles, and body and soul leap with ecstasy. Silly little minx! to go into raptures over an indifferent wooer! Stupid little Mädchen! if only you would stand on your dignity, how would you bring all the world to your feet! More than now! Ah! that I know not!

"Bright as the sun your eyes the gazers strike,
And like the sun they shine on all alike."

But is it any harm to the sun that he shines on all alike? Has he any the less light left in his heaven of heavens? Is it not rather his glory and unutterable joy that he shines and shines out of his own heart, not heeding returns, but flooding the wandering worlds with warmth and beauty and color and life because it is his nature and happiness to give?

Or does my little lady of the starry eyes feel blindly somehow in her ignorant heart that she is a fifth wheel in this coach, and must justify her existence by rolling smoothly, since there was no real need of her rolling at all? Truly she is wise in her generation, for MALTHEUS himself could not find it in his heart to remand her to the blank eternities. All she asks is a little food, a little bed, and she flowers to the light, and folds at night the purest lily that ever soared on slender stalk to greet the gracious

day. Who shall grudge her the joy of living, when she herself is a living joy? But woe is me for the unhappy babies whose life is a succession of wails! Wrong, all wrong. Babies no more ought to cry than grown people. Yet you will hear it said of such and such a baby that "the first three months of its life it cried all the time," as if you should say it had blue eyes. A baby cries because it is unhappy. And the natural condition of life is happiness. They start out in life—when they start properly—with an immense surplus capital of contentment. Why, a baby I wot of has been known to wear a needle sticking into her all day and never wince. I don't suppose she knew it was a needle. I suppose she thought it was the natural feeling to have when you are five months old. But, at any rate, she felt that life was too short and sweet to sacrifice your serenity to a needle. So she smiled and smiled. Cry-babies indeed! It is some ancestral sin or folly or ignorance that clouds the sunshine of life's morning hour.

But it is the little sister's evening hour. Soft as the petals of the apple blossoms one by one fall the gossamer garments, till the baby sits clothed upon with her beauty, naked and unashamed. Oh, but then how she frisks and curvets and coos! The caressing air, the boundless freedom, set all her nerves a-tingle. Then how sweet seem to her her tiny toes, if only she could get at them! What vigorous dives she makes at hair and neck-ties and every thing within or without her reach! And presently, while she bounds and frolics, overflowing with the joy of life, we are aware that the window is darkened, and, lo! four little boy-faces pressing against the pane and gazing in with wide eyes of wonder and admiration at the minute morsel tossed aloft in a giant's stalwart arms.

And the minute morsel leaps and coos and crows and kicks with undisguised and undiminished exultation till cambrie and sleep descend upon her, and all the darkened world curtains her repose.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Lilacs.

MY DEAR LUKE,—I was going up town the other morning, and met a friend coming down, his honest face beaming with health and satisfaction, and an enormous bunch of lilac in his button-hole. It was a prodigious ornament. I seemed to smell him before I well saw him. "Far off his coming smelled," I said, as I saluted him.

"Yes," he answered; "tis fresh and pretty, isn't it? Dolly put it in, and said that it would keep me sweet all day."

He looked very happy, and a very Birnam Wood of blossoms. I thought of my young friends in whose dress-coats there is a slip of elastic under the button-hole to keep fast the delicately blushing tea-rose bud which the Cynthia of the minute has inserted. I thought of the dainty London gentlemen going down town with the neat little nose-gay, the pansy, the carnation, and the rose-geranium leaf. My friend of the lilac blossoms was a parody of them all. There was something preposterous in the great purple plume that dangled all over his breast. "Tis fresh and pretty, isn't it?" he said, with a little consciousness, as if he were too finely decorated for the occasion.

But why not? Why not a cluster of lilac, if a man prefers it, or if there be no tea-rose bud handy? You do not object to the color, I hope; and you will not deny that it is fragrant. It is a good, honest, wholesome flower, and Walt Whitman does not disdain to mention it and its frequent home, the door-yard. "When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed," he says, showing his just feeling for the honest domestic flower. And my friend whom I met adorned with it is the very man to wear it in ample bloom upon his bosom. For he, too, is a lilac. I could hardly tell whether he wore the flower or the flower wore him, so wholly did they suit and become each other. However, I will not go too fast. Extravagant speed, my dear Luke, is conspicuous ill manners upon the road. If you are driving or riding, you unhandsofly whirl your dust upon every body whom you pass. If you are in a train, you are defrauded of the landscape. If you are talking, nobody can understand you, and your personal dignity suffers. If you are eating—I am sure you see that extravagant speed in travel is ill-mannered.

Now these splendid spring mornings even in the city refresh your memories of the country, without doubt. You think of the little door-yards before the farm-houses, red, with long low roofs and very small windows, the signs of a cold climate and a long winter, and by experience suggesting to you the low rooms, the feather-beds, and the mouldy air of the chambers. The men breakfasted at five, and have been long away in the fields at work. I pity those who are weeding the just springing onions and carrots, kneeling on the dry ground, with the

unclouded sun smiting their backs. And it is so still every where! A little clucking of hens and the whistle of a thrush, perhaps, but nothing more. But there, in the little door-yard, at each side of the gate, are the great lilac-bushes covered with the generous blossoms. And beyond, in the garden, is a long range of them like vast bouquets stuck in the ground, and sweetening the air with their full fragrance. I shall not say rank fragrance, for it is too spicily pungent for such a word. What healthy shiny green leaves the huge bushes have! And how faithful they are—larger and richer every year, and without the least care. Nobody waters them, nobody praises them. But with the first warm days they visibly begin to set their flower-buds, and in early May out they come, making the day sweet and the home beautiful.

And how they take part in the landscape! With the apple blossoms, and the dogwood, and the "nannyberry," they make the great flower-show of spring. They are not miniatures and cabinet pieces. They are imposing and effective frescoes. They "tell" when your delicate tea-rose bud is unnoted. And in the door-yards where they bloom they always seem to me set as signs. Lilacs outside, lilacs inside. No rare, exquisite, frail genius here, but homely honesty and common-sense, health and the cardinal virtues. These are sincere, simple, frugal, industrious, sober citizens who live in this house. Lilacs, you see, in the door-yard. For further particulars inquire within. The family like these flowers, and phlox, and sweet-william. There will be sunflowers and hollyhocks about the house later. They are the positive flowers. And when the mother of the family, who is cooking the dinner, wipes her forehead with her apron, steps to the door for a breath of air, and seeing the lilacs, breaks off huge bunches of them and carries them into the house, putting them into large blue pitchers and placing them upon the table in the sittin'-room, she seems to me to be bringing in part of the family.

Therefore when I saw my friend marching down Broadway with the efflorescence of lilac upon his left breast, he seemed to be wearing his own order, as it were—the order of a grand commander of the hearty and sturdy virtues. I saw simplicity, honesty, vigor, generosity, and the charity that goes with good health, advancing toward me. How d'ye do, warm hands and feet? How are you, clear head? Your servant, true heart! The top of the mornin' to ye, good nature and sweet smile! Come, sordid care and close calculation, whisky-skins, shinning, and sham, make way there for incarnate cheerfulness and robust health! Nerves and tea-rose buds, place for the lilac! And as my friend shook my hand briskly, and said once more, "Tis fresh and pretty, isn't it?" he passed on; and as I stood and watched him I saw the country come to town; I saw freshness and sincerity advancing upon our civic artificiality. As that tremendous lilac bobbed along, as it were, and the boys laughed and the men smiled and the women looked, I seemed to see the consecrated rose of faith, the only royal fleur-de-lis, the symbol of the ever-new energy and fresh inspiration which keep the city strong and successful. It is the country that comes to town that saves the town. It is the natural homely moral prevailing over our morbid refinement which keeps our life straight. To smell the lilac is to breathe our native human air.

Do you not think that it is so in literature also? There are hybrid books, as it were, and new varieties and strange crosses and fashions and fancies, but the steady old standards remain. There will be a passion for tulips, perhaps, and fortunes may be squandered upon a few bulbs—and the pert little beauties are pretty enough, certainly; but a whole parterre of them is but a brilliant party of dwarfs. You can't see them on the other side of the fence. You can't smell them at all. The dilettanti and the expert may enjoy the slight streak of novelty which discriminates one from another. But behold that towering lilac! It fills the field with odor and decorates the plain. The children going to school gather it gladly, and in the recess the girls string its blossoms upon threads, weaving flowery and fragrant chaplets. Its scent becomes a part of their lives, and long, long hereafter, when they are famous or infamous, happy or unhappy, one breath of the lilac will restore to them unchanged the picture of this day, the image of careless and merry youth.

What else, I say, is the charm of Homer but that of the lilac? It is the homely, common, obvious character, the simple, manly virtues, that appeal to us throughout. Every line smells of the lilac. It is all positive, sturdy, familiar. It is not the delight of the scholar only and the thinker. I know a boy and a girl to whom no book is so precious as "Pope's Homer." Why not? It is all adventure and love and battle. Is

there any better fairy story than the Odysey? What is Chaucer but great clusters of lilac? He stands in the door-yard of English literature, like a vigorous lilac-bush in the May morning, covered with sunshine and sweet-smelling flowers. There are tulips, also—Donne, perhaps Herbert; there are exquisite tea-roses and verbenas and what not. The garden is full of lovely flowers. But the overpowering fragrance, the blossom that blooms undiminished from year to year, is the lilac, is Chaucer. Direct, open, cheerful, spicy, the man who fills his memory with plumes and sprays of that flower will be attended with visions of youth and joy continually.

When I heard from my young friend Belinda, who passed the last winter in the city and has now gone home to the country, that she was going to persuade her father to call his farm Sylvan Dell and to allow her to dig up "those odious vulgar lilacs," I needed no other evidence that she had been sophisticated and a little spoiled in town. She was ashamed of the lilacs, and therefore I was ashamed of her. No, no: Belinda, reconsider. The farm is a prettier name than Sylvan Dell, and every body knows what it means. And the lilac is the honest flower that makes the road-side so fragrant and beautiful. If it were an exotic shrub from Japan, if it needed the nursing of glass, and dwindled and shriveled in January, how gladly would you cherish it, vainly fancying that in so doing you cherished your own exclusiveness and superiority! No, no: Belinda, consider the lilac; how healthful, how clean, how free from every noxious thing! How full of generous life and beauty and honest fragrance! I could ask for you no greater blessing than that it should be a true type of you. Do not disdain it. King Solomon was sent to the lilies to consider. Queen Belinda, go you to the lilac and learn its lesson.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

TRAVELING DRESSES.

STRIPED materials are in favor for traveling dresses this season. Bayadère stripes across the goods are seen in rich camel's-hair, Algerine, and goat's-hair fabrics; but lengthwise stripes prevail in pongees, mohair, and in washing goods, such as linen, batiste, and seersucker. Various shades of wood brown and dust-color in inch-wide stripes of two tints are the first choice for traveling suits; after these cool gray shades are chosen. The handsomest importations are striped India cashmeres or camel's-hair cloth of light quality. Only over dresses are made of this fabric, and these are usually imported ready-made, to be worn over a solid-colored silk skirt of the same shade or black. Plain camel's-hair without stripes is made into jaunty little over-skirts and sleeveless sacques with capes. Round braid, fringe, and woolen guipure lace of the same shade are the trimmings. Very tasteful suits for traveling are also made with polonaises of smooth French cashmere, or of all-wool delaine in clear gray and sage green shades, trimmed with gray guipure lace, and rows of guipure insertion set in the garment, with the goods cut out beneath it. A black or brown silk skirt trimmed plainly with kilt pleating completes the costume.

Less expensive suits are made of striped mohair and an imitation of goat's-hair in alternate stripes of écar and nut brown; sold for 50 cents a yard. These fabrics are very serviceable, as they do not rumple, and their smooth surface repels dust. A simple polonaise, such as the Marguerite, and a single skirt is the style most often chosen for these suits. In many cases the skirt is a solid color, trimmed with bias striped flounces or bands like the polonaise. At the furnishing houses such suits cost from \$25 to \$35. Slight ladies who prefer two skirts select the Berlin costume with French blouse, two skirts, and a sleeveless sacque with cape like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V. This suit is commended for long journeys, like that to California, as it may be varied and freshened by substituting pleated blouses of linen or cretonne for the French blouse of the dress material.

For short excursions during the summer the pale buff suits of last year will be superseded by costumes of deeper tints—flax gray, tea-color, and wood browns. When made of batiste these are of solid color, richly wrought in tamboured work, or trimmed with insertions and edgings of guipure; simpler batiste suits have white stripes, and are ornamented with rows of side pleating, or else bias bands piped with white. Linens are most stylish when striped at intervals with a deeper shade than the ground, or with black. Whole suits are made of these fabrics, but ladies economically disposed purchase merely a polonaise to wear with dark silk skirts. The fabric costs 37½ cents a yard, and the Marguerite Dolly Varden polonaise is the model for the garment. The lowest-priced polonaises found ready-made at the furnishing houses are those of gray glazed linen sold for \$7.50. Suits of seersucker—a sort of gingham with stone gray and bluish grounds striped with white—are simply and neatly made with a graceful polonaise and ruffled skirt. These suits wash and wear well, and cost from \$11 to \$15.

The talma is the most convenient extra wrap for travelers, as it is easily put off and on. If not made of the dress material it should be of

colored cloth simply braided and fringed. \$12 buys a stylish talma. Linen dusters or overalls, large enough to cover the entire suit and protect it from dust, are made of thick "blay linen," and sold for \$6. Gray is the best color. The shape is precisely like that of the waterproof cloak illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. IV. The cape is scalloped and bound with linen. Large pearl buttons fasten the entire front.

Shade hats of thick, coarse-looking Mackinaw and Rough-and-Ready straw will be worn for traveling this season. For very young ladies these are of sailor shape with upturned brim, trimmed with a band of sage green, plum-color, or nut brown ribbon, with a curled ostrich tip far back on the left side. The Rubens flat, with wider brim turned up on one side, and the coolly, shaped like an inverted bowl, are also worn. With very dressy traveling suits turquoise silk hats, and fine colored straws matching the costume, are worn in the new shapes that serve both as bonnets and round hats. The favorite veil is of gray grenadine, a square, sometimes edged with Tom Thumb fringe, thrown over the bonnet, with one point falling low in front, while the other three corners are fastened back over the chignon with a jet or shell dagger. Undressed kid gloves with long wrists, fastened by three buttons, are selected for traveling gloves: price \$2 a pair. A wide Marie Antoinette frill of white cambric, or else the standing English collar of linen, completes the costume. If a silk cravat is used it should be white, or else some quiet color that will not be conspicuous.

VARIETIES FOR TOURISTS.

Red Russia leather is in favor at present for many articles useful to tourists, such as bags, belts, fans, and the walking-stick handle of umbrellas. There is also a fancy to suspend things from the belt, and chataleine hooks are shown for fans, bags, vignettes, and parasols. A chataleine bag and belt of red Russia leather, large enough to hold the porte-monnaie and handkerchief, costs \$9. When larger bags are required for toilette articles, the inexpensive canvas bags bound with Russia leather are chosen. Those of American make cost from \$4 to \$7, according to size. Shawl-straips of pale leather with a handle are from \$1.25 to \$2. Compact oblong cases for writing materials are nicely furnished, and sold for \$5.75 in red Russia, or for \$11 in wood brought from the Mount of Olives. Large nécessaires of the fragrant leather, with many pockets for toilette articles, are \$7 or \$8. Pocket nécessaires for gentlemen are of dark leather, with tiny glass, scissors, and shell mustache-comb and tweezers: price \$2.90. Circular boxes for collars were shown in three sizes of Russia leather, and of canvas with Russia trimmings. A beautiful box for jewels has gilt handles and a secret drawer of satin-wood. The traveler's drinking cup is of clear, thick glass, in a red leather case; of different sizes, it costs from \$1.75 to \$3. An improved instant for tourists is red Russia, with gilt top, and in addition a tray for pens. This is small enough to be carried in the pocket, and costs from \$1.25 to \$2.25. Ladies' hand-mirrors of French plate-glass in leather frames cost from \$3 to \$5. A small shaving-glass for gentlemen is inclosed in an olive-wood case: \$7.25. For European travelers is a pair of candlesticks that screw together, to be carried in a bag or the pocket: price \$2 a pair.

POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY, ETC.

Ladies going into the country supply themselves with fanciful needle-work with which to while away rainy mornings and the leisure hours of long summer days. The favorite caprice this summer is for the point Russe embroidery introduced by the *Bazar* two or three years ago, and profusely illustrated since. It is very easily done, consisting of simple back stitches and chain stitch on cloth; applications of velvet complete most patterns. It is used for lambrequins for brackets, mantel-shelves, draperies for wall baskets and carriage baskets, table-covers, round mats for flower pots, afghans, and babies' blankets. Sets of draperies for a basket are sold in scarlet, blue, or white cloth, with one piece embroidered and the others stamped, for \$4 or \$5. From \$5 to \$12 is charged for designing an afghan, according to the application.

Quantities of guipure lace-work are also in store for summer mornings on the piazza, and many pretty things will be made of the honeycomb or waffle canvas, ornamented with quaint designs in colored Saxony yarn done in simple darning stitches. The toilette sets are shown commenced, and are quite inexpensive, as the canvas costs from 50 cents to \$1.50 a yard. Slipper cases are made of Marseilles and Java canvas braided; there are also cases for night dresses, stamped with a border and *Good-Night* in the middle. Ladies seem to be growing too indolent for the old-time embroidery that it was once the fashion to copy from a pattern. Dealers say that the stripes for Oriental chairs, lambrequins, slippers, and the pretty light screens most sold are those that have the design completed, merely requiring to be filled in with cross stitches of one color for a background.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Thick repped belts embroidered with fine jet are worn with blouse-waists. They are usually fastened by a jet buckle.

Swiss muslin hats for children and young girls are made on a stiff net frame. The prettiest have a succession of fluted ruffles, with the centre finished by an Alsatian bow of the muslin edged with Valenciennes.

Very small figures are now preferred for Dolly Varden polonaises. The prettiest for summer evening wear are of white foulard with pink rose-buds. A blue or rose-colored silk vest is

now worn with them, and bows to match are on the elbows. The edge of the garment is scalloped and finished with fringe of the prevalent color and white.

The black lace scarfs most fashionable this season are of plain net without dots, made very long, and finished on the edges with Spanish blonde lace. This lace when used on scarfs and veils should be carefully appliquéd, instead of being sewed on in the ordinary way.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; A. SELIG; and A. L. CARILLO.

PERSONAL.

OF the eight bishops of the M. E. Church just elected, Bishop BOWMAN is fifty-four, born in Pennsylvania, and a graduate of Dickinson College. For many years he has been president of Asbury University, Indiana, and is a very brilliant pulpit orator.—Bishop HARRIS is fifty-four, born in Ohio. He commenced to preach at nineteen. After spending some years as teacher and professor in educational institutions, he was in 1860 elected Assistant Missionary Secretary, which place he has held to the present time.—Bishop FOSTER, born in Ohio, is fifty-two, and entered the ministry at the early age of seventeen. His preaching attracted so much attention that he was appointed to some of the important churches in Cincinnati. In 1850 he was transferred to this city. On the establishment of Drew Seminary he was elected a professor, and on the death of Dr. McCLINTOCK succeeded to the presidency of that institution. He is esteemed for ability as a preacher and fine administrative qualities.—Bishop WILEY is forty-seven, and a Pennsylvanian. After graduating in medicine he entered the ministry, went to China as a missionary, served five years, returned, and four years later was chosen president of Pennington Seminary, New Jersey, and afterward editor of *The Ladies' Repository*, which position he now holds. He is a fine platform speaker and forcible writer.—Bishop MERRILL is an Ohioan, forty-seven years old, and entered the ministry at twenty-one. He was soon appointed presiding elder, where he displayed great discrimination and judgment. With the exception of four years as editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, his whole ministerial life has been spent as an itinerant preacher, and he is regarded as a beau ideal in that particular.—Bishop ANDREWS, a New Yorker, is forty-seven. After acting for nine years as president of the Oneida Conference Seminary, at Cazenovia, he was transferred to Brooklyn, where he has officiated for eight years. He has high ability as a preacher and administrator.—Bishop HAYEN is a Massachusetts man, fifty-one years old, and as editor of *Zion's Herald* is known as one of the most advanced of "liberal" Methodists, especially on the right of women to preach the Gospel. He is a solid-looking, able man, strong preacher, with the gentlest of tempers, and one of the most popular men in the Church.—Bishop PACK is a New York man, aged sixty-one. Besides doing his full share in the itineracy, he has done some work as an author, and is now president of the Board of Trustees of Syracuse University, which has a large real estate and an endowment of over \$500,000.

—Apropos of Herr Bulow, who is coming over to us in autumn, all musical critics are warned against saying, "Man wants but little Herr Bulow, nor wants that little long."

—The Czar is reported to be again subject to fits of profound melancholy. For hours together he occupies himself in solitary walks, or remains shut up in his room, where he sees no one. The mystical ideas by which he has for some years been possessed have obtained great influence over his mind, and according to the testimony of those who have had opportunities of judging, his mental powers are seriously affected.

—Father CLEVELAND, of Boston, should he survive until the 21st of June, will be one hundred years old. His health, however, is very precarious, and his friends greatly fear that he will not be able to round off his century. His mind is clear and active as ever.

—The woman suffrage question has come to grief in the British Parliament for the present, the members voting for it being fewer in number than last year. One of the principal speeches against it was by Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN, author of a fairy book published by HARPER & BROTHERS, who said the bill should be called a bill "to add to the duties, burdens, and responsibilities of women." But it was Mr. DOWSE, the Attorney-General for Ireland, who said the funniest things. This learned gentleman never fails to be comic. His Irish accent alone sets some folks off laughing, and the drollery of his look and the oddity of his movements are so many fresh incitements to mirth. A previous speaker had alluded to the reign of Queen ANNE being so distinguished for arts and literature. No doubt, observed Mr. DOWSE, that was the Augustine age of English literature, but "he had yet to learn that JOSEPH ADDISON was a great writer because Queen ANNE was a woman; and if it came to that, the word 'Augustine' was derived from Augustus, not Augusta." It was because by this bill they would be drifting into an age of female lord chancellors, female attorney-generals, female Speakers and members of Parliament, that he should vote against it. He was well aware that many a judge had been an old woman, but "it did not follow that every old woman should be a judge."

—Mr. GARFIELD, of Ohio, is allowed to be one of the best-looking men in Congress, a good debater, full of good humor—in fact, jolly—yet one of the hardest-working men in the House. Cox, of this city, is the witliest of the members, is a general favorite, and has troops of friends on both sides of the House. He is quick and rapid in his movements, and has a habit of putting his arm around a fellow's neck whom he likes with such an affectionate manner that one feels instinctively drawn toward him. Near Cox is General FARNSWORTH, of Illinois, between whom and General BUTLER there is bitter feud. An amusing incident occurred not long ago, when these gentlemen were appointed tellers to take a vote. An audible titter greeted the announcement, necks were stretched, and business was suspended to watch the result of the meeting. They finally marched down to their places, but failed to observe the usual

courtesy of shaking hands. A member, anxious for fun, called the Speaker's attention to the fact, but the omission was not noticed by him, and the matter passed off without a scene. Mr. FARNSWORTH is one of the ablest men in Congress. He is a ready debater—never writes his speeches. One of the *Globe* reporters has said that General FARNSWORTH's speeches never have to be corrected or altered; are always printed just as delivered.

—The youngest member of the diplomatic body at Washington is Don JOAQUIN GODOY, of Chili, a very pleasant, sprightly gentleman, who has represented his country four years. He is a lawyer by profession, and has gone home on leave for the purpose of returning with a bride—a Peruvian lady, to whom he has long been attached.

—Admiral INGLEFIELD, naval attaché of the British legation at Washington, has a fine standing in the service, and is said to be one of the very first who rallied around the north pole. He is a middle-aged gentleman, fond of society, joins in the dance with zest, and is quite popular.

—Although most of the original writers of *Punch* have passed away, the present contributors, with SHIRLEY BROOKS, the editor, at their head, dine together every Wednesday, and keep up the old traditions. HORACE MAYHEW, recently deceased, made the Index from the first and continued it to his end. His aquiline features, bright eyes, long white hair, and lank body, were familiar to literary people. He had a passion for colors in his dress, and his velvet collars, showy waistcoats, and patent-leather boots were sometimes "prodigious." He was sparing in his expenditures, and his father, in his will, recognized the fact. HORACE received his portion without conditions. JOSHUA MAYHEW, the father, was a solicitor in large practice. It is told of him that he was once lamenting to DOUGLAS JERROLD some particular loss. "It's all gone," said he—"all gone to the devil." "Never mind," said JERROLD, consolingly, "you'll get it back when you die."

—Col. HARRY B. RANSOM, of Clarence, Erie County, who died last week, was the first white male child born within the bounds of the "Holland Purchase," and resided in the place of his birth (Clarence) all the years of his life, which were seventy-two. The "Holland Purchase" embraced nearly all the territory of Western New York contained in the Eighth Judicial District—a territory now inhabited by nearly a million of people.

—Mr. A. M. HOLBROOK, for many years one of the editors and proprietors of the New Orleans *Picayune*, has induced Miss ELIZA J. PULVANT to change her "local habitation and her name," and become Mrs. HOLBROOK. She is a lady of literature, and is known to persons who read as "Pearl River."

—The Japanese young girls who were sent to this country to be educated are now in Washington, and will there for the present remain. They learn quickly, are very studious, obedient, and tractable, and set a very good example in deportment to the Washington young ladies. They are quite self-possessed in their manners, and impress strangers favorably by their lady-like ways and quick perception. The eldest carries on conversation in English very well; but she thinks there are a great many Charlies in this country, and that we talk very fast. They not only have become accustomed to the American style of dress, but like it, though they do make such little blunders as wearings things upside down and inside out.

—Apropos of the Methodist clergy who just now pervade New York and Brooklyn, they do not have quite such rough work as WESLEY did. It is mentioned in TYERMAN that "at Heptonstall an attorney endeavored to interrupt by relating low and threadbare stories; but the people cut him short by carrying him quietly away."

—There died at Paterson, on the 17th ult., Miss SARAH COLE, at the ripe age of ninety-one. She is said to have organized the first Sunday-school in the United States. Her original idea was to teach the mill-boys to read and write, and from this resulted the Sunday-school as it now is. She had resided in Paterson for seventy-eight years.

—On the first day of May last the widow of ex-President TYLER and her young daughter and infant grandchild were baptized and received into the Roman Catholic Church at Georgetown, D. C.

—George Sand says, and, like Toodles, says it "boldly," that her seventy-five volumes have paid her on an average \$10,000 each. This, mind you, is exclusive of her plays, which have brought her in \$80,000.

—Mr. E. PESHINE SMITH, who, from the State Department at Washington, went to Japan to look into and reorganize the legal bureau of the foreign department of that government, had an interview recently with the very Mikado himself. This potentate Mr. S. describes as having a pale, intelligent, but somewhat effeminate, divinity-student look. He stared so intently into Mr. S.'s face that he could not take a good look at him without apparent disrespect, and would not know him in the street. He wore a long, straight feather on his head. The people are polite to the nobility but not servile, and what we would call an excess of courtesy marks the intercourse of all classes, from the laborer to the lord.

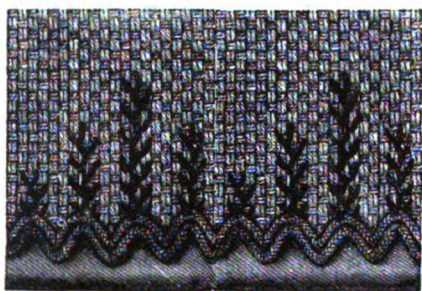
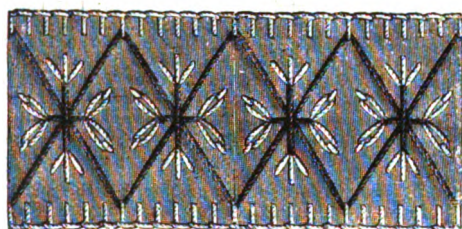
—The Marquis de Noailles, just appointed minister of France to the United States, is a man of marked ability and a thorough republican. He was a courageous opponent of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and exposed many of the "ways that were dark" of that unscrupulous potentate. He is descended from one of the oldest families in France, several of his ancestors having distinguished themselves in the public service. It had been announced that JULES FERRY was to be the appointee, but that gentleman has been given the mission to Greece.

—Mr. PULESTON, well known in the business circles of New York, and now a member of the firm of JAY COOKE, McCULLOCH, & Co., is a Conservative candidate for the British Parliament for Devonport. The London *Standard* says: "Mr. PULESTON, who has returned to England after many years' residence in the United States, will be a valuable acquisition to the House of Commons at a time when British and American interests are daily becoming more closely associated, and when it becomes really a matter of importance to find an authoritative exponent in the House of the feelings and opinions of the American people."

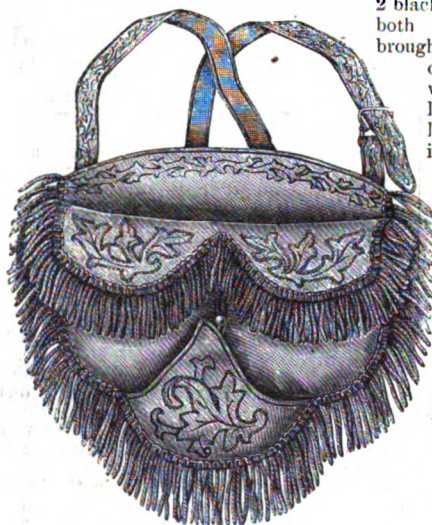


Fig. 1.—DRESSING-CASE.—CLOSED.

leather, complete the pouch. Begin the latter with the lace on the upper edge, working with violet silk a foundation of 150 ch. (chain stitch), which are closed in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch). On this crochet with violet silk five rounds of transposed dc. (double crochet), always alternately 1 dc., 1 ch.; with the latter pass over 1 st. (stitch); then two rounds of sc. with violet silk also, then forty-five rounds in the design given by Fig. 43, Supplement, observing the description of symbols. For each symbol of the design work 1 sc. In changing colors always work off the last stitch of one color with the thread of the next color, and carry on the discontinued thread on the under side. Now follow two rounds of violet silk; widen 4 st. in these two rounds so that the last round counts 154 st. In the following, 55th, round begin the star figure of the bottom, and crochet as follows: * 2 st. gold, 12 st. violet, and repeat ten times from *. In the following rounds we shall make no further mention of "repeat from *," which is done as a matter of course; at the end of each round the design of the next round should be observed. 56th round.—* 4 st. gold, the middle 2 of which are worked on the 2 gold st. of the preceding round, and the outer 2 each on the violet st. before and after these, 10 violet. 57th round.—* 6 gold, the middle 4 of these on the 4 gold of the preceding round, 8 violet. 58th round.—* 8 gold, 6 violet. 59th round.—* 4 gold, 2 black, 4 gold, 4 violet; the 2 black should come on the middle 2 of the 8 gold of the preceding round, and each 4 gold of this round are brought 1 st. further outside. 60th round.—* 4 gold, 4 black, 4 gold, 2 violet; the 4 gold are also brought 1 st. further outside each. 61st round.—* 7 gold, the middle

TRAVELING-PURSE.
For pattern and design see Supplement,
No. VII, Figs. 36 and 37.Fig. 3.—SECTION OF EMBROIDERY FOR
DRESSING-CASE.—FULL SIZE.Fig. 2.—SECTION OF EMBROIDERY FOR
SHAWL-STRAP.—FULL SIZE.

ing over the second of the 5 gold, thus narrowing 1 st., then 6 black. 64th round.—* 3 gold, 2 violet, 3 gold, 4 black; the 3 gold on both sides of the 6 gold are each brought out 1 st. further, and the 2 violet come on the middle 2 gold. 65th round.—* 3 gold, 3 violet, 3 gold, 2 black; the 3 gold on both sides are each brought 1 st. further outside, and in working the 3 violet pass over 1 violet of the preceding round. 66th round.—* 6 gold, the middle 2 of which come on the 2 black of the preceding round, and each of the remainder come on 1 gold, 5 violet. 67th round.—* 4



TRAVELING WALL-POCKET.

For pattern and design see Supplement, No. V, Figs. 28-33.

gold on the middle 4 of the 6 gold in the preceding round, 6 violet, pass over 1 violet of the preceding round. 68th round.—* 2 gold on the middle 2 of the 4 gold, 7 violet, pass over 1 violet of the preceding round. Now follow six rounds more, in each of which crochet 2 gold on the 2 gold of the preceding round, and between these the requisite number of violet

Crochet Tobacco Pouch.

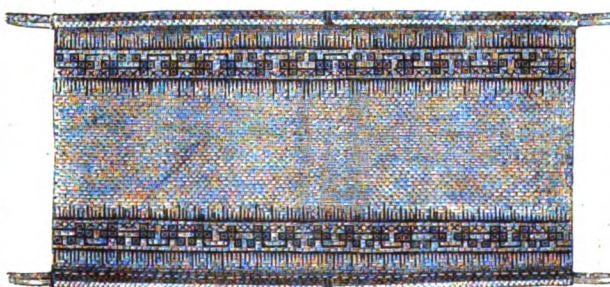
This tobacco pouch is worked in sc. (single crochet) with saddle's silk of different colors, which are given in the description of symbols, and with gold thread. The top of the pouch is edged with lace, through which fine silk cord is run for closing it. Tassels of silk in different colors and gold thread, and a lining of fine

CROCHET
TOBACCO
POUCH.

For design see
Supplement,
No. IX, Fig. 43.

COLLAR BOX WITH COVER OF PLAITED
CORD.—[See Page 400.]

Fig. 1.—UMBRELLA AND PARASOL TRAVELING-CASE.

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED TWINE CANVAS
TRAVELING-BED.—CLOSED.
For design see Supplement, No. XXII,
Fig. 94.Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED TWINE CANVAS TRAVELING-
BED.—OPEN.

For design see Supplement, No. XXII, Fig. 94.



Fig. 2.—DRESSING-CASE.—OPEN.

stitches; in working the latter always pass over 1 violet of the preceding round. Then work two more rounds, alternately 1 gold, 1 violet, in doing which pass over every second following st. in the preceding round; finally, 1 more gold round, which closes the opening. Crochet with gold thread, turning the pouch downward, one round of sc. on the fifth dc. round of the lace; then one round of bar scallops on the foundation st. of the pouch, as follows: 1 sc. on the next ch. between 2 dc., * 2 dc., 3 ch. and 2 dc. on the following ch., 1 sc. on the next ch.; repeat from *. Finally, line the pouch with leather, run two silk cords crosswise through the third round of dc. on the upper edge, and set on the silk tassels as shown by the illustration.

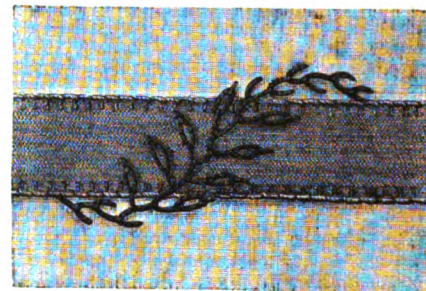
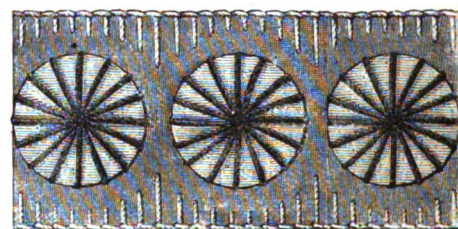
GENTLEMAN'S TRAVELING OR SMOKING CAP.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV, Figs. 25-27.

Dressing-Case, Figs. 1-3.

This useful dressing-case is made of gray sail-cloth and maroon enameled cloth (the latter forms the lining), bound with maroon silk, and ornamented in point Russe embroidery with maroon saddle's silk. To make the dressing-case cut, first, for the outer cover of gray sail-cloth one piece twenty-five inches and three-quarters long and ten inches and seven-eighths wide, and for the lining cut a piece of enameled cloth of the same width, but only fifteen inches and a quarter long. Having worked the embroidery on the outer material with the help of the illustrations, and set a band of double enameled cloth an inch and a quarter long crosswise on

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED SHAWL-STRAP.

the middle, stitch a double strip of enameled cloth two inches wide, which has first been furnished with cross bands of the same material at regular intervals, as shown by Fig. 2, and bound on the sides with braid, lengthwise through the middle of the lining. On the right end of this strip sew a strap of double enameled cloth twenty-one inches and three-quarters long and an inch and a quarter wide, which is pointed on the ends and bound with braid all around; this strap is run through underneath the cross bands, and serves to hold the different toilette utensils,

Fig. 2.—SECTION OF EMBROIDERY FOR
UMBRELLA AND PARASOL CASE.—FULL SIZE.Fig. 3.—BORDER FOR SHAWL-STRAP.—APPLI-
CATION AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.
FULL SIZE.

as shown by Fig. 2. Baste the lining thus formed on the wrong side of the material intended for the outer cover, so that on both ends an equal space is left free for the pockets, which are sewed on afterward. The latter are made thus: Cut, first, for the back and flap in one piece of enameled cloth a piece ten inches and seven-eighths wide and eight inches and seven-eighths deep, then cut for the cover of the flap a piece of sail-cloth and three inches and seven-eighths deep. Round off the material and lining of each flap on both outer corners as shown by Fig. 2, furnish the material with embroidery as shown by Figs. 2 and 3, and baste it on the lining. Bind the flap of each piece with braid on the outer edge, and furnish it with a pointed flap of enameled cloth four inches long as shown by Fig. 2. For the front of each pocket cut of sail-cloth and enameled cloth two pieces each fourteen inches and seven-eighths wide and four inches and a half deep, baste the material and lining together, cut out a piece two inches square on both corners of one of the longer sides of



EMBROIDERED TRAVELING-BAG.

each pocket in order to form the soufflet, and sew the edges of each slit together on the under side. Bind each pocket with braid on the upper edge, set a band of double enameled cloth on the middle, and sew the pockets, excepting the upper edge, on the back previously made. In doing this the front should form an inner fold one inch from the seam made by sewing it on, and an outer fold one inch from the inner fold,

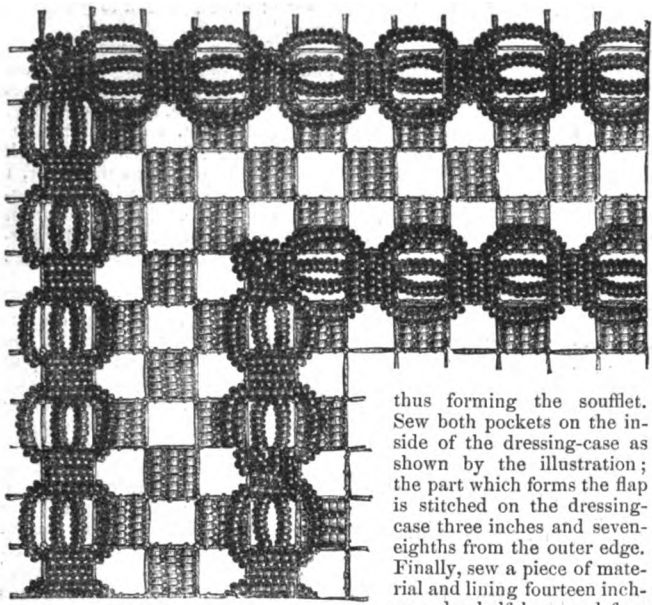


Fig. 3.—SECTION OF BORDER FOR WINDOW-SCREEN.—FULL SIZE.

2, ornamented with embroidery, and bound straight side, on both sides of the dressing-case between the pockets. Bind the outer edge of the dressing-case. A strap of double enameled cloth furnished with a buckle is slipped through the band on the outside of the dressing-case, and serves to close it.

Hanging Flower-pot Screen, Figs. 1-6.

THIS flower-pot screen is made of brown varnished wicker-work, lined with brown carriage leather, and trimmed with flowers and leaves of the same. The illustration, Fig. 2, shows the flower-pot screen without the trimming. The back of the screen is twenty-two inches high, and the upper circumference is twenty-three inches and a quarter. To make the leaves shown by Fig. 4 cut, first, of carriage leather and brown muslin lining a requisite number of separate pieces (seventeen in the original) from Fig. 38, Supplement, join the material and lining on the outer edge, and through the middle of each leaf form three cross pleats, bringing \times on \bullet , and one lengthwise pleat on the under edge, bringing \times on \bullet also. For the flower shown by Fig. 3 cut of carriage leather and muslin three pieces each from Fig. 40, Supplement, and two pieces from Fig. 41, gather each of these on the straight edge to a width of half an inch, join the separate leaves, observing illustration Fig. 3, and cover the seam made by doing this with a carriage leather button. Instead of the flower shown by Fig. 3, that shown by Fig. 5

thus forming the soufflet. Sew both pockets on the inside of the dressing-case as shown by the illustration; the part which forms the flap is stitched on the dressing-case three inches and seven-eighths from the outer edge. Finally, sew a piece of material and lining fourteen inches and a half long and four inches and a half wide, which has first been rounded off on two corners as shown by Fig. 2, with braid excepting on one

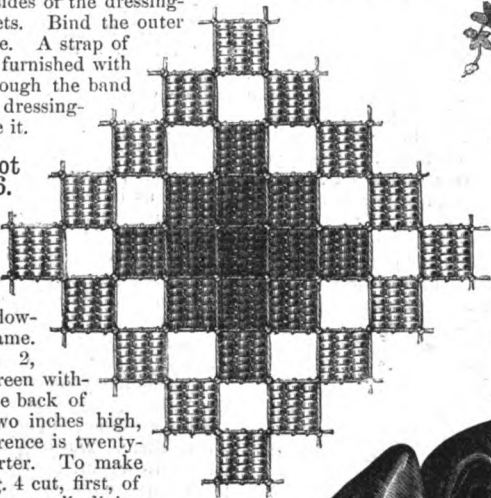


Fig. 2.—FOUNDATION FOR WINDOW-SCREEN.—FULL SIZE.



Fig. 6.—LEATHER-WORK LEAF FOR FLOWER-POT SCREEN.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII, Fig. 39.

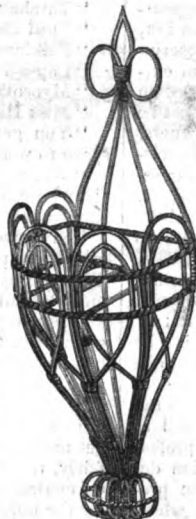


Fig. 4.—LEATHER-WORK LEAF FOR FLOWER-POT SCREEN.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII, Fig. 38.

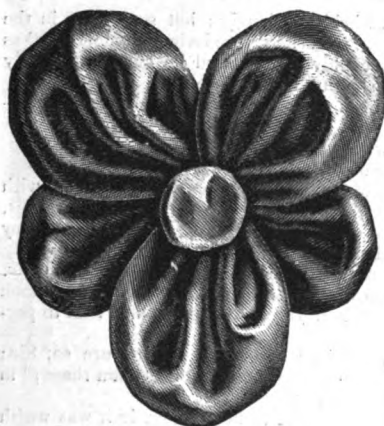


Fig. 3.—LEATHER-WORK FLOWER FOR FLOWER-POT SCREEN.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII, Figs. 40 and 41.

Netted and Bead Window-Screen, Figs. 1-6.

THIS pretty window-screen is an imitation of glass mosaic, and consists of a netted foundation which is fastened in a frame of four polished black cane bars. To make the window-screen work, first, with medium-sized thread on a netting mesh three-quarters of an inch in circumference a square foundation of the requisite size. Begin on one corner with a foundation of 2 st. (stitch), always going back and forth, and widening 1 st. at the end of every round. Continue in this manner until the last round counts 1 st.

more than the number of holes desired on each side of the foundation; then work one round without widening, and again work the same number of rounds as before, narrowing 1 st. at the end of each round, however. Stretch the finished foundation tightly in the frame of the window-screen by

means of colored cord or silk. Then execute the bead-work with string beads, No. 3, which have been strung on fine thread, and work, first, the foundation figures with beads in three shades of red, then the diamond foundation with crystal beads, and, finally, the border with red beads in two shades; for the border seven holes of the netted foundation should be left free all along the outer edge. For the foundation figures, each of which covers 13 squares (netted holes), begin each with the outer square at the left. Fasten the working thread to the corresponding point, take up 6 b. (beads) of the lightest shade of red, lay them upward underneath the square referred to, draw the thread up from the under side around the upper cross-bar of the square and back through the 6 b., pass the needle from the upper to the under side around the lower cross-bar, take up 6 b., lay them underneath the same square, fasten them as before, and repeat this until the square is filled with three rows of beads. After the third row of beads wind the thread several times about the vertical left bar of the next square diagonally below, take up 6 b. of the lightest, 6 b. of the second, and again 6 b. of the lightest shade of red, lay them upward in a straight direction underneath the next three netted squares, carry the thread over the netted bars back through the 18 b., so that 6 b. come inside of each netted square, and work two more similar rows of beads; again wind the working thread around the next netted bar straight below, fill the next five netted squares with three rows of 30 b. each, observing Fig. 2, which gives a foundation figure and a section of the foundation in full size, and continue in a similar manner until the figure is completed. Having worked all the foundation figures as shown by Fig. 1, work the foundation with crystal beads. The bead diamonds are worked like those of the foundation figures, beginning at the top, however, and working in slanting, connected rows in the direction from left to right, see Fig. 4. One row of netted squares remains free between every two slanting rows of the

Netted Guipure Square for setting together Covers, etc.

THE foundation of the square is worked in straight netting with white thread, and ornamented in point de toile and point de reprise in the design shown by the illustration. Stretch bars for the wheels, and wind thread around them as shown by the illustration.

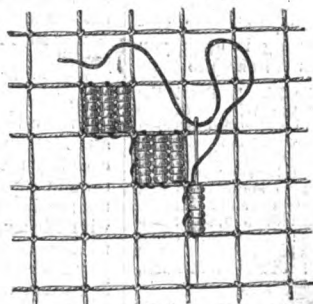


Fig. 4.—MANNER OF MAKING BEAD FIGURES ON NETTED FOUNDATION.

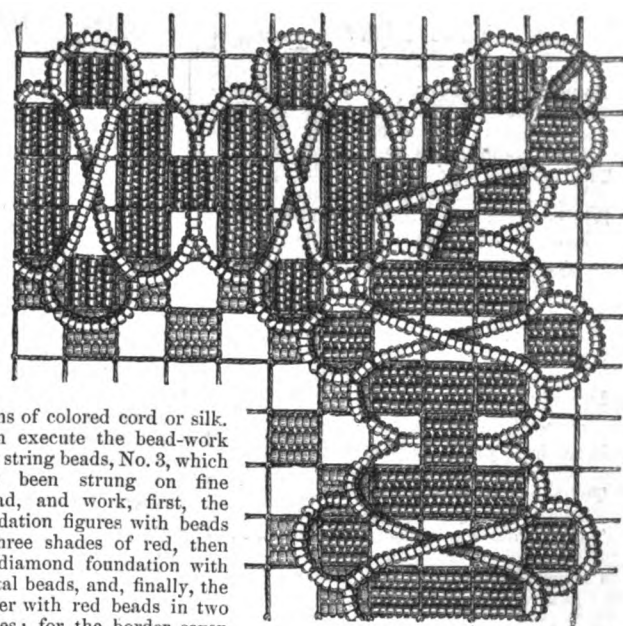


Fig. 5.—SECTION OF BORDER FOR WINDOW-SCREEN.—FULL SIZE.

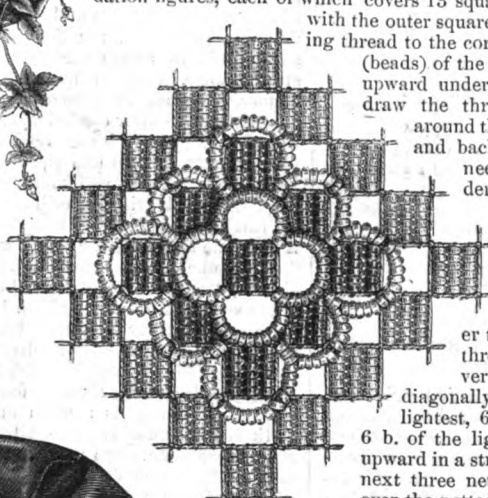


Fig. 6.—FOUNDATION FOR WINDOW-SCREEN.—FULL SIZE.

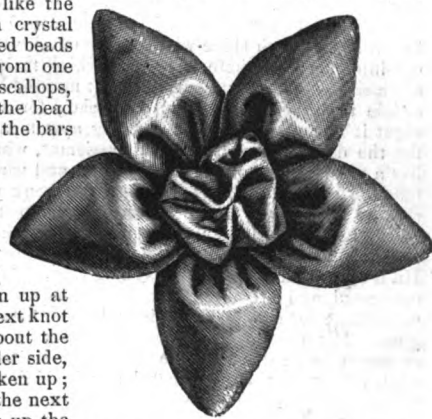
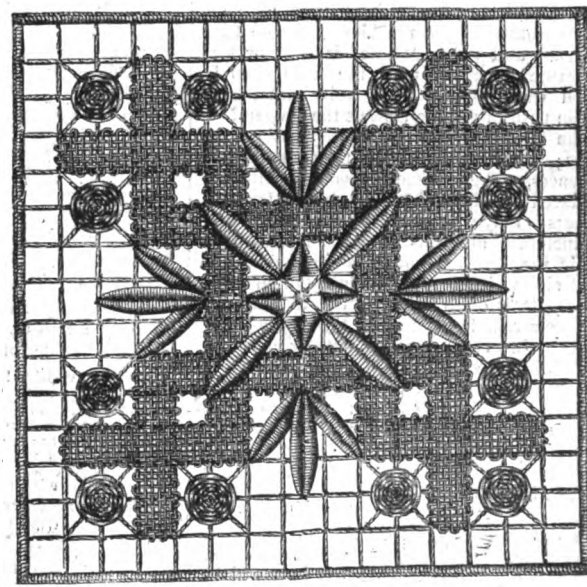


Fig. 5.—LEATHER-WORK FLOWER FOR FLOWER-POT SCREEN.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII, Fig. 42.



NETTED GUIPURE SQUARE FOR SETTING TOGETHER COVERS, ETC. FULL SIZE.

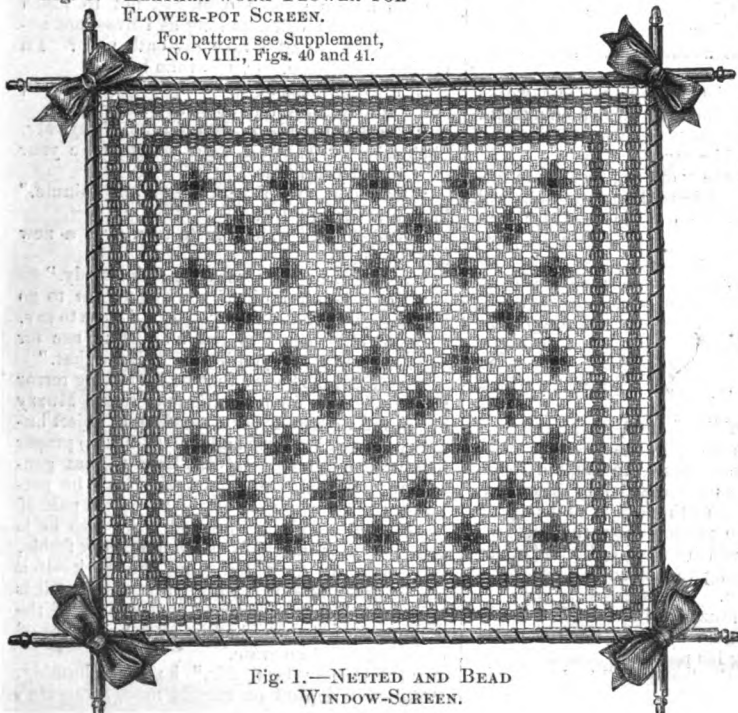


Fig. 1.—NETTED AND BEAD WINDOW-SCREEN.

YOUNGER?

A BIRTHDAY SONG TO MY WIFE.

YOUNGER? yes, but then not clung to
With the love that folds you now—
Then, when those eyes first I sung to,
When unlined was that dear brow.
Then perhaps that step was lighter;
Let Time take all it can claim;
Still our love but burns the brighter,
Still our hearts are all the same.

Older? yes, but only dearer,
Loved more deeply with each day;
Nay, your beauty grows but clearer
As its radiance fades away.
Older? dearer with each morning,
Dearest through all joy, all pain,
Deeper loved through smiles and sorrow,
And hopes shared, if hoped in vain.

What have years the power of taking?
What has time the might to harm?
To these fond eyes is it making
Aught it changes lose a charm?
Touched alone to something rarer,
Beauty into beauty dies,
Changed to what is holier, fairer,
Dearest to these dotting eyes.

Can I in those eyes be gazing,
And see not how years have given
Less of earth for my fond praising,
But, oh! how much more of heaven!
Softened with a saintly fairness,
More divine look lip and brow,
All transfigured to a rareness
Never seen, dear wife, till now.

(Continued from No. 22, page 367.)

LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND
"JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XIV.

TRAPS FOR GULLS—SHOWING HOW SPIDERS
CATCH THE FLIES.

At the corner of a desponding thoroughfare in the neighborhood of Vauxhall is a chemist's shop, where every cure for every ailment is dispensed. The thoroughfare is one of a numerous family of streets so exactly alike in their melancholy aspect that you can scarcely tell one from another. They are all very sad-looking, and they are all composed of rows of private houses, two stories high, exactly of a height, and of a dismal flatness, which look dejectedly at one another across the road. The name of Dr. Cadbury is over the door of the chemist's shop, and a neat inscription on a brass plate informs the public that the doctor may be consulted (gratis) from 11 till 1 o'clock in the morning, and from 6 till 8 in the evening. It is a queer-looking shop, and wonderfully comprehensive, notwithstanding that it is much cramped. The consultation-room is a small apartment at the back of the shop, and, viewed from the outside, has quite a pretentious appearance. The word "Surgery" over the door is suggestive of dreadful instruments of bright steel, which shine with a savage desire to cut into you; but there is really nothing to be alarmed at in the apartment, the most noticeable article in it being a turn-up bedstead; for at night it is converted into a sleeping apartment for the doctor's assistant. This assistant, who has a passion for too much bitter beer, and who tells the customers under the pledge of secrecy that he is a partner in the concern, is a moon-faced, bald-headed man, who has walked the hospitals, as the women whisper to one another. He is mysteriously spoken of as being very highly connected, and he continually talks of going down somewhere for a week's shooting; but he never goes. His present lowly position is popularly supposed to be due to his having been a little wild, and it is rumored that he is in hiding, which immensely enhances his reputation. The queer little shop has quite a bustling appearance during the hours of consultation; but very different pictures are presented in the morning and evening. In the morning it is the males, who, chiefly in their dinner-hour, throng to the doctor for his advice; but the evening is sacred to the wives. As the consultation hour draws nigh, all the poor women in the neighborhood who feed the census, and whose "time" is more or less near, gather together, until the little shop is crowded with them. They wait with folded hands on natural rests to consult the "dear doctor"—he is such a dear man! they say to one another; and while they wait they relate their experiences, and exchange pleasantries with the moon-faced assistant. The doctor's fee for confinements is only a guinea, attendance and medicine included, and this guinea he sometimes takes in installments, and sometimes does not take at all—which is not his fault, but his misfortune. It is quite a relaxation to the poor women to assemble together on these occasions; and when they come away from their consultation, they have none but words of praise for Dr. Cadbury, who is such a pleasant man, and has told them such funny stories that they declare they would send for him—ah, that they would!—in the dead of night, if they lived ever so far away. For which marks of favor Dr. Cadbury could not be, and certainly was not, sufficiently grateful.

The doctor occupies only the ground-floor. Who occupies the upper portion of the house? Let us step up and see. The first floor will be sufficient for our purpose.

It is the day after the running for the Northumberland Plate, and a man about thirty-five

years of age has just laid down a paper where he has read, not for the first time, how that the morning opened unfavorably at Newcastle, the rain pouring steadily down, and how the sporting fraternity grew despondent in consequence; how deserted the Newcastle streets were, when upon every previous Plate-day they had been crowded with betting men; how the weather took a better turn about noon, and hope revived in the ardent breasts of the men who laid the odds and the dupes who took them; how the special trains from Northumberland and Durham began to arrive with eager excursionists, and matters began to look brighter; how all considerations of the weather, and every other consideration whatsoever, paled to insignificance before the news that a noble sportsman had insisted that Christopher Sly, the sensational animal of the day, who had been backed for pounds, shillings, and pence, should carry a ten-pound penalty for winning another race a short time since; how the question was discussed, and what excitement it caused those who had backed the horse, trembling in their shoes lest they should be "done" out of their soon-to-be winnings at the last moment; how the stewards were unable to decide the point before the race, and how the horse declined in the betting from 6 to 4 to 2 to 1, still being first favorite, however; how eight runners came to the starting-post, Christopher Sly being one, and looking as fresh as paint; how, after two or three false starts, the horses were fairly slipped; how, soon afterward, Christopher Sly threw his jockey clean over his head, and then tumbled down and rolled over the lad, who was carried off the field in an insensible state; and how, after some other slight mishaps, an old horse, Taraban by name, came in the winner, to the discomfiture of more persons than one, and to the utter confusion, if they have any shame in them (which may reasonably be doubted), of every prophet and tipster in the United Kingdom. All this and more the occupant of the room reads with exceeding relish, slapping his thigh and rubbing his knees in delight, as if it were the finest joke he ever heard of.

"Not one of 'em thought of Taraban," he exclaims; "not one. What a sell for the talent!" He says this in a tone which implies that the "talent," whatever that may be, is his natural enemy, and he rejoices in its discomfiture. The furnishings of the room in which he sits are very simple—a deal table, three or four chairs, and a safe. But that it is a room in which serious work is performed is evident from the appearance of the table, upon which are pens and ink, piles of letters, half a dozen different descriptions of circulars, some account-books, and cuttings from newspapers. From the addresses on the letters, the firm which he represents must be an extensive one, comprising many partners. Here is one pile addressed to Adolphus Fortescue, Post-office, Rugby; here is another addressed to Horace St. John, 43 Diddledom Place, W. C.; here is another addressed to James Middleman, Box 67, Post-office, Leicester; here is another addressed to W. and B. Tracey, 87½ Essex Road, E. C.; and others to other names and other addresses, all of which he has opened with his own hand, as if he were one and all of these persons combined. Perhaps he is; he looks confident enough and shrewd enough to be a score of men in one. Perhaps his own proper name, which any detective would be able to tell you without going to the bottom of a well to seek for it, is too common a one for his profession; and if the success of that profession depended on the catching of gudgeons, the presumption is that many an unwary one which would have turned up its nose at plain Smith or Robinson would for a certainty fall into the spicy trap labeled Adolphus Fortescue or Horace St. John. But, unexplained, it is a very riddle to the simple and uninitiated. Riddle me riddle me ree, tell me who this man can be? Perhaps some of the documents on the table will supply a clue to the seeming mystery. Here is an advertisement cut out of a sporting newspaper. What does it say?

"AN ABSOLUTE MORAL FOR THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER.—Horace St. John is in possession of certain important information respecting this race, which he is willing to impart to Gentlemen, and to no others. The Horse that will win is a dark horse, and has been reserved especially for the Leger. No one else is in the secret, except the Stable, and they have kept it dark, and intend to back it for every shilling they can raise. Not one of the favorites has a chance. Horace St. John is no vulgar tipster, but a Gentleman moving in the very Highest Circles, and his honor is unimpeachable. A TREASURY sum will be won upon this Moral Certainty, which will absolutely WALK IN. But remember—only to gentlemen will this secret be imparted, and only upon the understanding that it will not be imparted to outsiders. At present 100 to 1 can be obtained. This is the greatest certainty in the annals of racing. Send immediately 5s. worth of postage stamps and your Word of Honor that, after the race, you will remit five per cent. of your winnings to Horace St. John, 43 Diddledom Place, W. C., and the name of the horse, with all particulars, will be forwarded by return post. Subscribers, remember the enormous sums you won over H. St. J.'s tip for the Derby—remember his earnest words, 'The Zephyr Colt, and no other'—and send at once, before the book-makers take the Alarm. To those who wish H. St. J. to undertake their commissions for them, 100 to 1 will be obtained."

Here is another advertisement, in which James Middleman, Box 67, Post-office, Leicester, vindictively advises you (impressing it upon you after the manner of Macbeth's Witches) to

"Break the Ring! Break the Ring! Break the Ring! If you want to know the Winner of the Cheater Cup, send six stamps and a stamped directed envelope for the greatest certainty on the face of the earth. Break the Ring! Now or never! Now's the day, and Now's the hour! Faint hearts never won great fortunes yet. Trust not to stable-boys and specious impostors, but send six stamps and a stamped envelope immediately to James Middleman, and reach the height of your cupidity (sic)! The horse could win with three stone more on his back. The greatest coup on record. Now or never! James Middleman, Box 67, Post-office, Leicester."

Here is an advertisement from W. and B. Tracey, who "implore you not to throw away your money upon ignorant tipsters, whose worth-

less selections will bring you to ruin. Send a stamped envelope for our System—our infallible System—by which loss is rendered an impossibility. £10,000 is waiting for you this season. With a capital of £5, a fortune is certain. Be wise in time."

Here is another, addressed

"TO GENTLEMEN OF HONOR.—A Turfite of high position (recent owner of race-horses and member of Tattersall's) desires to communicate the Winner of the Goodwood Stakes to Gentlemen who will Pledge their Honor to respect his confidence, and send him ten guineas from winnings. This advertisement emanates from no common tipster, and well merits the confidence of the public. To prevent merely inquisitive and unprincipled persons from benefiting by it, a post-office order (or stamps) for 7s. 6d. must accompany each application."

But, indeed, you may spend hours in reading the traps for the unwary set by the person who occupies the room, and who is known to his private friends as Con Staveley. He is a sharp, cunning rogue, indeed, and has as many aliases as Argus had eyes; and the mine in which he digs is rich enough, in all conscience, to make the fortunes of a thousand such rogues as he. Gulls and dupes abound, and it has become part of our social system that, turn which way you will, spiders may be seen lying in wait for flies.

Some of Con Staveley's systems are simplicity itself. It was only last week that, in the innocence of his heart, he was explaining to an intimate friend the machinery of one which seldom failed to bring grist to his mill.

"It is very easy," said Con. "Here, now: the Northumberland Plate is going to be run for. You advertise, a fortnight or three weeks beforehand, that you will send the winner for twelve stamps and a promise of five per cent. on their winnings. Throw in something strong when you write the advertisement. Say you will forfeit a thousand pounds if the horse you send doesn't win, or that you will eat the horse, or something of that sort. Plenty of fools'll believe you. You'll get lots of answers, and any number of stamps—more than enough to pay for your advertisements six times over. Well, then you make a list of the horses that are likely to start for the Plate. You've only got to know the ropes to do this easily. There won't be many starters: about ten or a dozen, probably. Here is your list:

"The Boy.
"The Dwarf.
"Christopher Sly.
"Mineral.
"Taraban.
"Lord Hawthorne.
"Falkland.
"Cap-à-Pie.
"Myosotis.
"Miss Hervine.

"You get some circulars printed, leaving a space to write in the name of the horse."

"But why," interrupted Con's astute friend, "send answers at all? Why not stick to the stamps and have done with it?"

Con Staveley winked, thrust his tongue into his cheek, put a wing to his nose, and in other delicate ways asserted the superiority of his judgment to that of his friend.

"My very worthy and particular," he replied, oracularly, "you've got a thing or two to learn before you're quite awake. Why? Because it pays better the other way. To each one of your subscribers you send a circular, with the name of one of the horses from your list, so that if you get three hundred subscribers, and divide the list fairly, there will be thirty subs to every horse. Of course the circular says that it is impossible for the horse to lose, that the stable are backing it heavily, and all that sort of thing. Well, one of the horses wins—Taraban, Christopher Sly, or any other—it doesn't matter which. Then you look out the names of the subs to whom you sent the winning horse, and you send them congratulatory letters—you hope they have won a pot, and that they will send you the percentage on their winnings; you've got a rare good tip for the next big race, which you will be glad to send to them. You'll get something from them, depend upon it, if it's only half a crown's worth of stamps. A fellow sent me a fiver only last week, and I've got plenty of post-office orders for sovs. That's the reason why, my worthy and particular. Because it pays better, and because" (tapping his nose with his finger, knowingly) "honesty's the best policy."

If all Con Staveley's systems are as simple as this one, gulls must abound, indeed, to make them profitable.

As Con Staveley sits and smokes and works on this summer afternoon, he hears an uncertain foot upon the stairs.

"It's the old un," he says.

The reference to the "old un," which to un-instructed ears might have borne a diabolical signification, applies to an old man—older than his years, which may be about fifty—who presently enters the room: an old man, with restless eyes that seek the ground, as if fearful of looking any one in the face; a very shabby, sad, and worn old man. All his clothes are too large for him, and are kept together by a very few buttons and a great many pins.

"Well, Muzzy," says Con, "got plenty of letters?"

Muzzy, with trembling hands, produces letters from every pocket, and deposits them on the table. All these letters are addressed to Captain Leonard Maginn, who, as represented by Muzzy, is certainly not a credit to the army; and they all contain stamps from persons eager to be let into the precious secret which Captain Maginn, otherwise Muzzy, is willing to impart to them for a trifling consideration.

"Is this the lot, Muzzy?" inquires Con Staveley, when the old man has completed the slow process of emptying his pockets.

"Yes, Mr. Con, that's the lot," is the answer, in a shaky, hesitating voice.

"Haven't kept a few stamps back to get drunk with, eh, Muzzy?"

"No, Sir; no, Mr. Con," in querulously indignant tones, and with a vain endeavor to express injured innocence with his eyes; but he can't get them to the level of Con's face, strive as he may. "I haven't kept a few stamps back, Mr. Con. You ought to know better, Mr. Con, than to ask me such a question. I don't want them, Sir, I don't want them. I backed the winner yesterday; I backed the old horse. I put a dollar on him, and the governor said he'd get me starting-prizes—twelve to one; that's what the old horse started at."

"Why, who put Taraban into your head?" asks Con, good-humoredly, as he opens the letters Muzzy has brought. "Not one of the prophets went for him. You ought to set up in business for yourself, if you're as clever as that."

"No, Sir; no, Mr. Con; I'm too old, Sir—too old. My time's gone by. If I was younger, as young as you, Mr. Con, I'd make a fortune. I'll tell you how I spotted the winner, Mr. Con. I wrote the names of the horses on pieces of paper, Sir, and shook 'em up in a hat, and the first one I drew out was Taraban; so I backed him for a dollar. Back your luck always, Mr. Con, if you want to win—back your luck always."

Muzzy's voice and his hands and his whole body tremble and shake in sympathy, as he relates the luck that has befallen him.

"I hear the governor's step," he says. "Yes, that's him, on the stairs. I'll ask him for my twelve dollars."

"You're precious sharp on him, Muzzy; it isn't settling-day yet."

"I know it isn't, Mr. Con, I know it isn't; but the governor's always good to me. I'll give him a dollar if he lets me have the money now. I'll take eleven dollars—eleven fives are fifty-five. That's good interest, Mr. Con, and that's what the governor likes."

"Hullo, Muzzy!" exclaims Mr. David Sheldrake, as he enters the room, "what are you shaking and quivering about for, eh? How much did you back Taraban for altogether?"

With an easy nod to Con Staveley, Mr. Sheldrake seats himself and lights a cigar.

"Only a dollar, Sir, only a dollar with you," replies Muzzy. "I'd have backed it for more—for all I could raise—but a dollar was all I had, and I couldn't raise another shilling."

"Just like your luck, eh, Muzzy?"

"Yes, Sir, just like my luck. I've spotted many a winner, Sir, and never had the money to back them. But luck's been against me all my life, Sir—all my life!"

He passes the back of his hand slowly across his mouth half a dozen times, and stands looking timidly at Mr. Sheldrake, with an uncertain look in his eyes.

"Well, Muzzy, what do you want now?" asks Mr. Sheldrake, with an inward chuckle, knowing the old man's thoughts.

"I thought, Sir, you might be so good as to pay me the odds on Taraban. I'm in want of money, Sir, badly, very badly."

"To get drunk with, eh?"

"No, Sir; I don't drink, Sir; I've given it up," cries Muzzy, with no consciousness that every thing about him gives the lie to his words. "I've taken the pledge a dozen times—a dozen times, Sir; and I'll take it again if you want me to."

Mr. Sheldrake laughs; but something in the old man's earnest, imploring manner makes him suddenly serious, and he gazes attentively at the shaking form before him.

"Listen to me, old man," he says, impressively.

Muzzy leans forward to denote obedience.

"Look at me."

But Muzzy finds it impossible to comply with this demand. He raises his eyes a dozen times, but he can not control them. Invariably they seek the ground.

"I see you, Sir," he murmurs, apologetically.

"Do you think it possible that you could look respectable if you had a respectable task to perform?"

"Yes, Sir, I think so; I am sure so, Sir; but I should want better clothes than these," in apology for his rags.

"And possible to keep sober, if it was worth your while?"

"I'll take a solemn oath, Sir, not to touch another drop of drink as long as I live—not another drop! Shall I take my oath now? I'll take it this minute, Sir, upon the book."

In his eagerness he takes up a betting-book, and stands waiting for the word of command.

"Put down the book, you old fool!" says Mr. Sheldrake. "When I want you to take your oath I'll let you know."

"Ready at any time, Sir—at any minute." Which is literally true.

"And when I want you to turn over a new leaf—"

"As many as you please, Sir; I'm ready."

"You'd better do it, if you don't want to go to the dogs. What would you do if I were to say, 'Muzzy, old man, I've got no farther use for you?' How would you live? Tell me that."

Mr. Sheldrake knows that he is striking terror to the old man, for he is the only friend Muzzy has in the world. Muzzy, standing in abject humility before his patron and master, has no proper idea what a valuable servant he is to that gentleman, nor that the dirty work which he performs for his employer would be poorly paid if he received his wages threefold. All that he is conscious of is that he is an old man, very feeble, very shaky, fit for nothing but the work—if it can be called so—he is engaged in, and that it is in Mr. Sheldrake's power to deprive him of the only pleasure the world affords—the pleasure of getting drunk in private.

"I'll do my best, Sir," he says, humbly. "You may depend on the old man, Sir. He's

a little bit shaky sometimes, but Muzzy's to be depended on."

"All right, then; you can go now."

But still Muzzy lingers, passing the back of his hand over his mouth with a parched air. When he has mustered sufficient courage to speak, he says,

"Taraban started at twelve to one, didn't he, Sir?"

"That's the price, Muzzy, and I wish I'd known what you knew, you old dog."

"I only had a dollar, Sir—it was the last I had in the world. I'll take eleven dollars if you'll pay me now, Sir. The landlady'll be down on me for my rent to-night, and I haven't a copper to buy a loaf with."

Mr. Sheldrake pays Muzzy two pounds fifteen shillings, retaining the odd crown for interest, and the old man slouches out of the room and into the streets, and when he is near a favorite public-house, gives the lie direct to his earnest words.

No one who knew him had ever seen him take a glass of liquor at a public-house bar. His enjoyment was indulged in secretly. He would linger about the public-house where he bought his liquor until a small bar marked "private" was empty, and then he would sink in, and, without a word, take a bottle and place it upon the counter, casting apprehensive looks at the door lest any one should come in and detect him. The bar-man, knowing his wants, would fill the bottle. If Muzzy was rich, he would produce a second bottle from another pocket, and this the bar-man would also fill. Quickly placing the bottles in his pocket, Muzzy would lay upon the counter the exact price of the liquor (having provided himself beforehand with the necessary change), and glide swiftly away. Hugging the bottles to his breast, hiding them so that no one could see, or even, as he believed, suspect, Muzzy would make his way to his garret and lock his door. Then he would experience thrills of pleasure at the prospect before him, and he would sit and drink and drink and mumble until every drop was gone; then he would sigh and wish for more. Such was the bad sweetness which life contained for this ill-starred man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

FOR about a month past—ever since M. Thiers returned to Paris to make a brief stay and hold a few receptions—the fashionable season has been at its height. Numerous reunions in official and private houses, races in the Bois de Boulogne, promenades in the Champs Elysées, and horse shows, form rallying-points for the élite of Parisian society. The ladies, therefore, both natives and foreigners, have many opportunities to invent and display new toilettes, and to indemnify themselves for their late seclusion.

It is worthy of remark that the fashions take their key from the events of the times. France is barely convalescent after ills so great that it would be easier to specify what she has not than what she has suffered. By way of sympathy, the colors most in vogue are all sickly colors—dying rose, faded blue, jaundiced green, and withered lilac. Fashion recoils from the colors of the empire which has drawn so many calamities on the country—green, violet with its various shades, and lilac—and eagerly adopts the Orleans blue, while modifying it to suit the taste of the moment into turquoise green-blue, gray-blue, yellow-blue, and so on.

One of the most interesting spectacles of the season was the late horse show, which reflected so much credit on the breeders and the noble races of horses produced on French soil, where the Southern horses, with an Arab strain, and those of the Pyrenees, the strong and stately Norman teams, and the celebrated Bocage and Marais breeds, were exhibited at the Palais d'Industrie, and prizes were decreed by a committee. All the fashionables of Paris, in their most elegant attire, grouped around the platform occupied by the judges. Among the spectators were seen the Orleans princes and princesses. The Comtesse de Paris, whom it is agreed is more beautiful in profile than in full face, and more pleasing when animated than when thoughtful and in repose, was there with her husband and children. Among the misfortunes of this family, alas! to-day, the extraction of the Duchesse d'Orleans, the mother of the Comte de Paris, is not the least. The crowd that eagerly gathered round him fell back at the first glance, exclaiming, "How German he looks! What a pity!" Indeed, his German origin is strongly impressed on his face, and contrasts unfavorably, in the eyes of Parisians, with the strongly marked French physiognomies of his uncles, the Duc de Nemours, the Duc d'Aumale, and the Prince de Joinville. The resemblance of the first to the statue of Henri IV., the most popular of the French kings, on the Pont Neuf, is truly striking.

Preparations for the exhibition of paintings in the Palais d'Industrie, which is to follow the horse show, were made simultaneously with those for the latter; and in ten days the galleries will be opened to the public. Wonders are related of this exhibition, which, it is predicted, will be a genuine revival of painting. The judges have shown themselves extremely rigorous, and the great number of pictures that were offered them permitted them not merely to accept only those which were excellent, but to refuse many which were good, which was unfortunate for the artists, but which insures to the public a choice collection. The exhibition will probably prolong the season, and make amends in some measure for our penitential winter.

The activity in our manufactures is calculated

to satisfy the most exacting. Never have our upholstery and dress goods been more elegant and tasteful in design. One fabric is especially worthy of note. It is a superb silk with Pompadour designs woven only in the warp, the woof being plain, which gives the fabric a peculiar effect of light and shade, while the designs have a soft and velvety appearance, as if stamped on the goods, such as never can be obtained when they are printed at the same time on the warp and the woof.

Fashion is making the same efforts as manufactures. We see, indeed, that the time has not yet come when France can be blotted out, for this would be to extinguish art, and to dry up the source of exquisite and ingenious taste. I shall proceed to describe a few typical toilettes; but I must say first that all summer costumes are completed by a parasol to match, which is more or less elegant according to the dress, but which is always furnished with a very long handle, to be inverted and used as a staff in walking. These large parasols, which remind us of the crooks of the Watteau shepherdesses, are finished at the top by a knot of ribbon of the same color, with long ends.

The following are the dresses mentioned above: Skirt of green faye, trimmed with two flounces surmounted by a band scalloped on each side. Polonaise of white crêpe with green stripes and green figures in several shades. The polonaise is edged with a green scalloped band like that on the skirt, under which is set fine white lace. The same dress in light nut brown, with a polonaise of white crêpe with brown stripes and brown figures, shaded to yellow, was still prettier; the revers of the polonaise were of brown silk, like that of the skirt; and the polonaise was trimmed with brown woolen guipure and bows of very wide brown ribbon.

Skirt of blue-green faye, with four flounces arranged as follows: one in a straight line, the second in sharp points, edged with a ruche of fringed faye, under which was set Valenciennes edging; the two following flounces were arranged in the same manner—that is, alternately one straight and the next in points. The over-skirt was of ancient green faye (of the same tone, but much lighter than the skirt), with Pompadour designs printed only on the warp, and was edged with sharp narrow points edged with faye of the same color as the skirt. Between the points were set projecting quillings of white muslin. The over-skirt was drawn backward, so as to form very large folds. The waist was in the Louis XIV. style, pointed in front and back, to match the over-skirt. All these greens and the following ones have nothing in common, except the name, with those known hitherto, and which are absolutely rejected by the reigning fashion.

Skirt of green faye, trimmed with two flounces, set on a flat puffing of the same material. Above these flounces are long squares, cut out of figured crêpe, with an ocean ground, and each containing a Pompadour bouquet, which forms the design of the crêpe. Polonaise of the same figured crêpe, trimmed with a notched band of the same material as the skirt, and which forms the heading of white Russian lace, ornamented with a fringe composed of bunches of silk of the same colors as the Pompadour bouquets of the crêpe. On the left side of the polonaise are set immense coques of very wide plain ribbon of the ocean tint.

There are simple but not less beautiful toilettes; for instance, a skirt of plain nankeen pongee trimmed with two narrow flounces surmounted by three bias folds. Polonaise of the same fabric, with a nankeen ground and alternate satin and lustreless nankeen stripes, trimmed with a plain bias fold of the same material as the skirt, and thread guipure, fringed, also of a nankeen shade. Under the basques, on the left side of the waist, are set large bows and coques of black velvet ribbon, which also trim the skirt.

Rose-color foulard skirt, trimmed with two narrow flounces two inches wide, surmounted by a band in flat pleats, with a bias fold through the middle and on each side; the upper fold is surmounted by a ruche. Polonaise of white challie, with alternate satin and lustreless stripes, edged with a flounce of the same material. The seam, when the flounce is set on, is covered by a band of white silk, slightly gathered, and cut on each side in small points; this band is set on in such a manner that the upper part forms a small heading, and is much narrower than the lower part. A small basque is set on the back of the waist. Very broad sash of rose-color bows on the waist and the sleeves, which are half-flowing, and reach to the elbow, where they are finished with a large puffing of white tulle. White lace under-sleeves. White straw bonnet, trimmed with hydrangeas. White silk parasol, lined with rose-color.

Skirt of écarle cotton satin, trimmed with five bias folds of white cotton satin. Under the edge of the lower fold is set a band of nanook embroidered and scalloped. A similar narrower band is set upright above the upper fold. Écarle cotton satin tunic, trimmed in the same manner, but with only two bias folds. Basques simulated by folds and embroidered bands.

Skirt of lilac gray sultane with satin stripes, trimmed with five bias folds. Over-skirt trimmed with one fold and woolen guipure, fringed, of the same shade. Basque-waist, with pleats on the back.

For very warm weather the same suits, skirts and polonaises, will be made of white muslin and organdy, with large bouquets; the trimming of these suits will consist solely of pleated flounces and puffings with a double heading. The polonaises for these suits will not be tight-fitting, but somewhat loose, so as to form a sort of blouse, confined at the waist by a sash with

long loops falling on the left side. It is announced that, in spite of summer satin, skirts will be worn under muslin dresses at fashionable parties; and Lyons velvet or English velvet skirts, as in winter, at the sea-side, on the cold and cloudy days which are invariably in store there. I only mention these rumors, without pledging myself to their truth; life would lose all its charms to some women if the change of seasons did not bring with it a change of dress.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

BROOKLYN justly glories in the possession of a delightful breathing place within her own limits. Central Park stands pre-eminent in beauty of detail and in artistic and artificial embellishment; but Prospect Park excels in natural advantages of location. Its elevated position, extensive views, and natural forest trees give a peculiar attraction. Every fine afternoon there is a rush Park-ward from all parts of Brooklyn. Carriages through the drives, which extend over a distance of eight miles; the three or four miles of bridle-roads are the delight of equestrians, while ramble, meadow, and forest are filled with seekers of health and pleasure, who come thither either on foot or in one of the five lines of cars which now run to the Park from various parts of Brooklyn. The area of ground embraced within the limits of Prospect Park covers 510 acres. There are five entrances, the principal one, on Flatbush Avenue, being known as the Plaza. "Look-out," the highest point in the Park, is 186 feet above ocean level, and from it, on a clear day, a magnificent view can be obtained. An observatory is to be erected near this place next year. "Cottage Hill" is the favorite resort for invalids and those who have children in their charge. It is a quiet and airy spot; children may freely play on the turf near by; sheltered seats are provided, to many of which small tables are attached. At the Cottage there is a dressing-room, with a woman in attendance; and pure milk and simple refreshments may be there obtained at moderate charges. The Lake, with its swans, boats, and canoes, is a special attraction; and during the summer concerts will be given. About one thousand laborers are now employed at Prospect Park, and the work of beautifying is going forward rapidly.

According to a project of Baron Schwarz, director-general of the Viennese Universal Exhibition, a new feature of interest is to be introduced into the great industrial contest. It is the design to call particular attention to the work of women, and a systematic endeavor will be made to show the importance of their work in economy and civilization, and to ascertain the best means to elevate their position in regard to labor. This Baron Schwarz intends to accomplish through practical means, appealing not merely to benevolence and justice, but to the material interests of the family, society, and the state.

Paris and many parts of France are afflicted by a plague of flies. They are ugly-looking, black, and sluggish, though they do not bite. Scientific men, in trying to class them, give them ugly names—such as phryganes, ichneumon, and hymenoptera. The popular belief is that these flies were generated by dead bodies, and they are commonly called Prussian flies.

Fires have been raging in forests and on mountains and plains all over the country in consequence of the long-continued drought of this spring. An examination of the table furnished by the self-recording rain-gauge at the Central Park Meteorological Observatory shows that up to this date the supply of rain is scarcely more than one-half that of last year at a corresponding date. The difference in the depth of snow was also very great. In 1871 there were 30.11 inches; in 1872 only 9.87 inches. The frost, therefore, penetrated the ground much deeper this year than last, which was doubtless the chief cause of the destruction of so many trees and hedges in the country.

The big bass drum which is to be used at the Boston Peace Jubilee is being constructed at Farmington Falls, Maine. It is a monster, twelve feet in diameter and five feet high. It is too big for any car to receive it; so, when completed, it will be conveyed by team to the Boston steamer at Hallowell, and thus arrive at its destination.

Chicago is intending to surpass all other cities in her hotels. The latest proposition is to construct a monster building at a cost of twenty million dollars. It is to be entirely of iron, ten stories in height, and will cover four blocks, with grand arches over the intervening streets. A circular railway is proposed to go around each block, and elevators are to be at each corner. The prices asked in this elegant prospective establishment are to vary from one to ten dollars a day, according to the accommodations.

A lady who was once examining a painting of Turner's in his studio remarked, "I never saw anything like that in nature." "Don't you wish you could?" was the reply of the artist. But recent discoveries go to show that nobody with correct vision ever saw in nature such pictures as some which Turner painted during the latter part of his life. Visitors to the Kensington Museum or National Academy in London remark the strange difference between Turner's pictures painted before 1830 and those executed after that time. The earlier ones excite immediate delight in cultivated minds, while the later ones have a blurred and fantastic look that astonishes the gazer. It being the fashion, however, to admire all of Turner's works, not a few persons have tried to look at these eccentric drawings long enough to attain raptures over them. This effort will no longer be necessary for those who desire to be thought artistic. Astigmatism is an optical disease recently discovered by an eminent German oculist named Liebreich. Its effect is to elongate all perpendicular lines so as almost to obliterate horizontal ones, and produces analogous effects in colors. Liebreich, impressed by the difference between the two styles of Turner, made a

study of the phenomenon. The result is, that in a recent lecture he proved by striking experiments with astigmatic lenses that the astonishing pictures produced by Turner in the latter part of his life were attributable to this disease of vision, now known as astigmatization. Turner himself was, of course, unaware of any defect, as to his vision the proportions were correct. By using a reverse or stigmatizing glass, Liebreich showed that some blurred paintings of Turner's, confused by elongated lines, assumed proper proportions, and appeared in every way natural. It is just to say, however, that there are those who flatly contradict the whole theory.

Who would suppose, in passing through New York city, that the "street-cleaning specifications" contained any such regulations as the following:

"The paved and unpaved streets, avenues, and public places of the city of New York to be cleaned every night in the year are Broadway from Thirty-fourth Street to Bowling Green, and Fifth Avenue from Fifty-ninth Street to the Washington Parade Ground.

"Those to be cleaned three times a week throughout the year—to wit, on the nights of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday—are those which are situated south of Fifteenth Street.

"All others to be cleaned twice a week at night, on Wednesday and Saturday, throughout the year.

"In the word 'cleaning' is comprehended the removal from the public streets, avenues, gutters, culverts, and all other places prescribed by the police, and beyond city limits, all dirt, sand, stones, bricks, sweepings, and refuse of every description, except materials for building purposes in actual and lawful use. Ashes and garbage, whether deposited in proper receptacles, or found upon the streets' surface in violation of law, are to be removed daily beyond the city limits."

The records of the trials of youthful French Communists are full of painful details. Some of the accused are mere children. One, only fifteen years of age, was accused of having shot down the hostages. He only begged for indulgence. Two others, aged sixteen, declared they had taken no part in the assassination, but had been spectators in the horrible scene. Another said he had been forced by the National Guard to plunder the corpses. One young girl, who is supposed to have fired a murderous shot, begged hard for mercy. "Think," she said, "of my youth, my weakness, and my ignorance. I repent of all I may have done." Another girl declared that every thing said against her was false.

The following conversation between a young lady who wrote for magazines and an old gentleman who believed he could speak English occurred somewhere in Massachusetts, and is quoted for the benefit of grammarians:

OLD GENTLEMAN. "Are there any houses building in your village?"

YOUNG LADY. "No, Sir. There is a new house being built for Mr. Smith, but it is the carpenter who are building."

GENTLEMAN. "True; I sit corrected. To be building is certainly a different thing from to be being built. And how long has Mr. Smith's house been being built?"

LADY (looks puzzled a moment, and then answers rather abruptly). "Nearly a year."

GENTLEMAN. "How much longer do you think it will be being built?"

LADY (explosively). "Don't know."

GENTLEMAN. "I should think Mr. Smith would be annoyed by its being so long being built, for the house he now occupies being old, he must leave it, and the new one being only being built, instead of being built as he expected, he can not—"

Here the gentleman perceived that the lady had disappeared.

It is gratifying to know, through the ladies of the committee of the Grand National Bazar, that the money collected by means of the bazar for the relief of France has done great good. Letters and reports received from various sections of France show how the money was distributed, and express in strong terms the gratitude of those whose sufferings were thus alleviated by the generosity of the American public. Those who had charge of the fund distributed, often in small sums, to poor families who were utterly destitute immediately after the armistice, and thus saved from ruin many who were famished and despairing.

At Warsenstien, near Cassel, a curious collection of specimens of wood has been formed, arranged in imitation of a library. Each block of wood is wrought into a box in the form and appearance of a book. The back of each is formed of the bark of some particular tree, and the sides are constructed of polished pieces of the same wood. Inside the box thus formed are stored the fruit, seeds, and leaves, together with the moss which grows on the trunk, and the insects which feed upon the tree. Every volume corresponds in size, and the collection altogether has an excellent effect.

Dr. Hall says a word in favor of city life, in this wise:

"Other things being equal, in any ordinary case of consumption, if a man has money enough, the chances of recovering from consumption are better in a large city than in the country, with all its boasted advantages of pure air, fresh vegetables, luscious fruits, spring chickens, rich butter, and fresh-laid eggs; these things can be better obtained the year round, in their highest perfection, in New York city than at the 'farm-house.' In addition, hot and cold water for all bathing purposes are at hand in every dwelling, at any hour of the day or night; every room about the house is tidy, cozy, and comfortable. You can ride for miles, and for hours at a time, in an omnibus or a rail-car for a few cents, or take a carriage-drive in the Central Park every day, or make an excursion around the harbor, or out to sea, or up the Hudson. If muscular exercise is desired, it can be had the year round, on the shady side of the street in warm weather, and on dry sidewalks in cold, with an infinite variety of attractions and diversions and changing panoramas in every five minutes of the day."

The doctor goes on to say that it "is true that the air in the country is purer than that of the city; but look at the obstacles to getting it in the country—the dusty roads in summer, the muddy roads in winter, the damp grass at morning and evening." Those who, whether sick or well, have no prospect of going into the country this summer must read over these advantages of the city until a happy feeling of content comes over their spirits.

Gentleman's Traveling or Smoking Cap.

See illustration on page 394.

This cap is made of black silk; the under edge (to a depth of two inches and a half) and the revers are interlined with wadding, and quilted in strips as shown by the illustration. A button and tassel form the trimming. To make the cap cut, first, of double silk one piece from Fig. 25, Supplement; furnish the under edge of this piece with the wadding interlining, which has first been laid between net, and quilt as shown by the illustration, beginning half an inch from the under edge; leave an interval of half an inch between every two rows. Sew up the seams in Fig. 25 each from * to :; then the seams from 59 to the upper point. For the revers cut of double silk on the bias and of wadding and net one piece each from Figs. 26 and 27, Supplement, furnish the revers with the wadding interlining, which has been first laid between net, and quilt them, observing the illustration. Set the revers into the double material of the cap according to the corresponding figures, in doing which care should be taken that the right side of the revers comes on the outside, and set a button and tassel on the cap in the manner shown by the illustration.

Traveling-Purse.

See illustration on page 394.

This purse, which is divided into two sections inside, is intended to be hung around the neck and worn under the dress. The original is made of yellow transparent enameled cloth, a kind of thick oiled silk, and is cut out on the front and the flap in the design shown by the illustration, lined with red satin, and divided into two sections by a partition of red satin. To make the purse cut, first, of enameled cloth one piece each from Figs. 36 and 37, Supplement, the front, however, only from the under edge to the outline indicated; transfer the designs for the front and flap of the purse, one-half of which are given on Figs. 36 and 37, Supplement, to the wrong (lustreless) side of the material, and cut away the latter between the design figures, having first surrounded each pocket piece on the outer edge with long button-hole stitches of saddler's silk in the color of the enameled cloth. Hem-stitch a lining of red satin, button-hole stitched all around, to each of these pieces. Besides this, fasten the separate design figures each with several small stitches of very fine silk on the satin. Sew the partition to

the front of the purse; the partition is cut of red satin from Fig. 36, Supplement, also, but only from the dotted line to the straight upper edge. Finally, overseam the front and back of the purse together, in doing which surround the button-hole stitches of both parts, and furnish the purse with a button and button-loop for closing, and with a linen tape, by means of which it is suspended from the neck.

Embroidered Shawl-Strap, Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 394.

This strap, by which a shawl may be carried in the hand or slung across the shoulders, is made of double dark brown carriage leather and interlined with muslin. It is ornamented through the middle in point Russe embroidery with saddler's silk in two shades of brown, and button-hole stitched on the outer edges. That part of the strap, an inch and a quarter wide and sixty inches long, which is laid over the shoulder, is furnished on the ends with a button on the under side, and on the outside, four inches and five inches and three-quarters from the button, with two button-holes each. Then lay both ends of the strap in a longer or shorter loop, drawing the buttons through the first or second button-hole. Through each of these loops slip one of the narrow straps which serve to buckle the shawl. Each strap is twenty-eight inches long and seven-eighths of an inch wide, cut in a point on one end, and furnished with a button-hole two inches and seven-eighths and four inches and a half from this point; on the other end set a button on the right side, and two inches and a half from this set

a band of the material half an inch wide, through which the pointed end of the strap is slipped in buttoning it. These two straps are joined by a handle. The latter consists of a strip fourteen inches long and seven-eighths of an inch wide, on the ends of which one loop each is formed to suit the long embroidered strap. Through these loops slip the straps which are buttoned about the shawl. The shawl-strap may also be made only with the handle, or only with the long strap. Fig. 2 shows a section of the shawl-strap with embroidery. Instead of the latter, the border shown by Fig. 3, which is worked in application and point Russe embroidery, may be used. The monogram or initials of the owner, embroidered on the shawl-strap in colors contrasting with the ground, makes a pretty and useful addition.

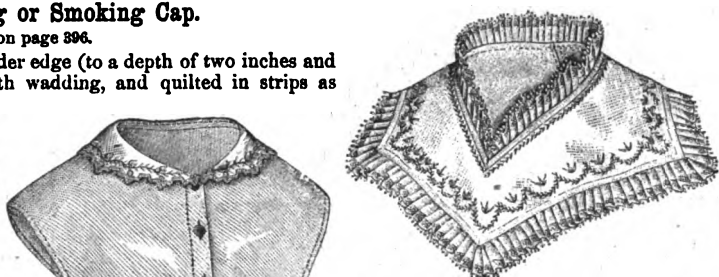


Fig. 1.—LINEN FICHU-COLLAR WITH PLEATED RUFFLES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI, Fig. 88.



Fig. 2.—LINEN AND NEEDLEWORK COLLAR WITH CHEMISSETTE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI, Fig. 93.



Fig. 3.—LINEN AND LACE COLLAR WITH CHEMISSETTE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII, Figs. 84-86.



Fig. 4.—SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE FRILL WITH CHEMISSETTE.
For description see Supplement.



Fig. 5.—LINEN COLLAR WITH TURNED-DOWN CORNERS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII, Figs. 87 and 88.



Fig. 6.—CUFF FOR COLLAR, FIG. 5.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII, Fig. 91.

Fig. 7.—EMBROIDERED LINEN COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX, Fig. 92.

Fig. 10.—SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE INSERTION FRILL.
For description see Supplement.



Fig. 11.—SWISS MUSLIN AND GUIPURE FRILL.
For description see Supplement.

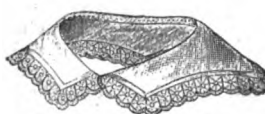


Fig. 8.—LINEN COLLAR WITH GUIPURE EMBROIDERY.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX, Fig. 90.



Fig. 9.—CUFF FOR COLLAR, FIG. 8.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX, Fig. 91.

FIGS. 1-11.—CHILDREN'S LINGERIE.



SECTION OF POINT RusSE EMBROIDERY ON CLOTH FOR COLLAR BOX.—FULL SIZE.—[See Page 396.]



Fig. 1.—FAWN-COLORED DELAINE DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—GRAY PONGEE DRESS WITH DARK GRAY CLOTH MANTELET.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—BLACK GROS GRAIN SUIT.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—BROWN SERGE DRESS AND PALETOT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X, Figs. 44, 44^b, 50.

Fig. 5.—GRAY POPLIN SUIT WITH CAPE.
For description see Supplement.

Gentleman's Collar Box with Cover of Plaited Cord.

See illustration on page 396.

This collar box is covered with fine gray plaited cord, and trimmed with embroidered brown cloth scallops. To make it take a round card-board box five inches and three-quarters in diameter and three inches high; the rim of the lid should come inside of the rim of the box. First bind the box on the upper edge and on the outer edge of the bottom, which projects an eighth of an inch, with a bias strip of brown silk. Then cover the rim of the box, which

is three inches high, smoothly on the outside with gray linen, and on this plait the cord. To do this take a piece of cord the length of which corresponds with the circumference of the box, and on this cord sew pieces of cord six inches long each, at intervals of half an inch, in the middle, so that both ends of each piece hang down in an even length. Stretch the cord all around the under edge of the box and plait it. In doing this, hold the box so that the bottom is turned upward and the double cords fall downward on the rim of the box. Fasten every second following one of

the double cords in a vertical direction by means of a pin on the upper edge of the box, which is now turned downward, the opposite direction; fasten the end of a long piece of cord wound up in a ball close underneath the cord stretched on the rim of the box, and then wind the cord eight times around the rim of the box. The windings should come close together and cover those double cords which are pinned on. Then pin the other cords, which have previously been omitted, on the box; lay the cords which have first been pinned on back in the opposite direction, again form eight windings with the long cord, and continue in this manner; hereafter each of the double cords comes alternately once over and once under the eight horizontal cord windings, by doing which the design shown by the illustration is formed. The ends of the double cords are sewed on the rim of the box. After finishing the braid-work paste scallops of brown cloth, which have first been ornamented in point Russe embroidery with light and dark brown saddler's silk, and button-hole stitched on the outer edge with the same, on the upper and under edge of the box. Brown silk cord covers the line formed by setting on the scallops. To cover the lid of the box cut, first, a piece of card-board of the requisite size, on which baste gray linen, and in the middle fasten a brass ring seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, on which twenty-four pieces of cord, each five inches and a quarter long, and laid double, are fastened. This is done by laying the loop formed in the middle of each double cord under the ring, so that it projects outside of the latter, then slip both cord ends above the ring, through the projecting loop, and draw the latter tight. Spread out the double cords ranged on the lid, and then with a long piece of cord laid on anew form regular windings on the card-board similar to



Fig. 1.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 76-82.

GENTLEMAN'S SMOKING JACKET.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 51-55.

Fig. 1.—BLACK CASHMERE VEST WITH WHITE PIQUE COLLAR BUTTONED ON.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 56-62.



DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 71-75.



SUIT FOR BOY FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 63-70.



Fig. 2.—WHITE PIQUE COLLAR FOR VEST.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 62.



Fig. 1.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 15-24.

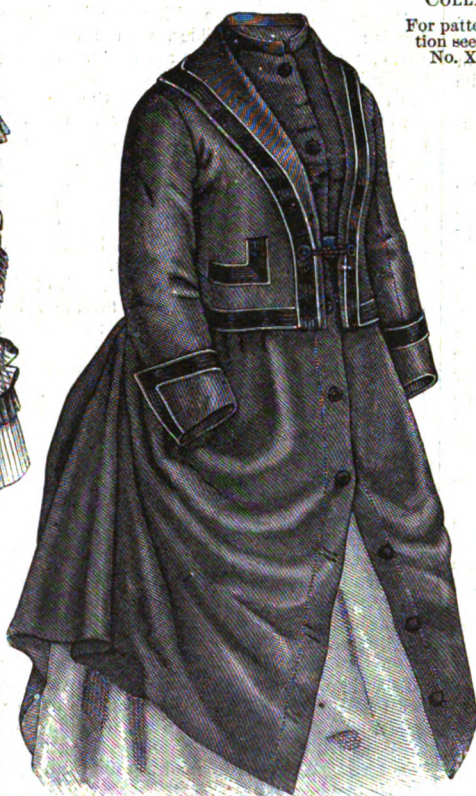


Fig. 1.—STEEL BLUE WATER-PROOF CLOAK. FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-10.



Fig. 2.—STEEL BLUE WATER-PROOF CLOAK. BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-10.



Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 15-24.

of brown cloth (an illustration, page 400, shows a section of the embroidery for the scallops), and finish them with brown silk cord. Paste a piece of brown paper of the requisite size on the under side of the bottom of the box.

Umbrella and Parasol Traveling-Case, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 396.

THE original consists of a large and small cover of gray drilling, which are intended to hold an umbrella and parasol, and are joined by a strap, by means of which the parasol and umbrella may be carried on the arm. Both are ornamented with maroon worsted braid and with button-hole stitches of brown and black saddler's silk. To make the larger cover cut of gray drilling three strips twenty-five inches long and two inches and seven-eighths wide, slope them off on both sides so that they are only one inch wide on the ends, and sew them together. Cover the seams with maroon worsted braid three-quarters of an inch wide, which is fastened on both sides with button-hole stitches of maroon saddler's silk, and work the point Russe embroidery with black silk as shown by Fig. 2. Bind the upper and under edge of the case with braid, in doing which fasten in a piece of elastic cord on the upper edge and a brass ring on the under edge. Having made the smaller cover to suit the size of the parasol in the same manner as the larger cover, cut for the strap of double drilling one strip an inch and seven-eighths wide and eighteen inches long, ornament it as shown by Fig. 1, and fasten it to each of the two covers about two inches from the upper edge. Finally, sew on maroon worsted fringe and two bands furnished with a button and button-loop to hold the parasol and umbrella together as shown by Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 76-82.

Embroidered Twine Canvas Traveling-Bed, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 396.

THIS bed is designed for traveling in a railroad car or stage-coach. It consists of a piece of twine canvas fastened to a wooden frame, which is spread out on two opposite seats, and covered with a plaid or traveling-shawl. When not in use the frame is folded by means of hinges, and, together with the shawl, is inclosed in a The frame consists of four polished

strap, making a convenient portable bed. wooden bars twenty inches and a quarter long, every two of which are joined on the ends by a hinge. The two bars thus formed, each thirty-eight inches and a half long, are joined crosswise in the middle by an iron band furnished with a hinge also, which, in using the bed, serves to keep the bars in place as well as for a handle. The piece of canvas stretched on the bars is thirty-four inches and a

those on the rim; after each four windings fasten the double cords each with a stitch on the card-board close to the last winding. The double cords partly lie over and partly under the windings, like those on the rim. In the middle of the ring to which the double cords were fastened fasten a second ring, covered with double stitches, for the handle. Having bound the lid of the box on the projecting edge of the upper surface with brown silk, paste the card-board covered of this set the embroidered cloth scallops, which are cut in one piece from a circular piece

half long, thirty inches wide, and ornamented in cross stitch embroidery with black and red worsted in the design given by Fig. 94, Supplement; it is fastened on the bars so that the latter are entirely covered with the material. Before fastening the material cut a slit in each side where it comes on the hinge, and bind the edges with ribbon.

Traveling Wall-Pocket.

See illustration on page 396.

THIS wall-pocket is designed to hold such articles as are constantly used in traveling, and

may be easily hung up in a sleeping-car or state-room. The original is made of light brown carriage leather, ornamented in chain stitch embroidery with dark brown saddle's silk, bound with worsted braid of the same color, and trimmed with brown fringe. To make the bag cut, first, of carriage leather one piece each from Figs. 28, 29, and 31, Supplement; Fig. 28, besides, of double material; and two pieces from Fig. 30. Then work the embroidery on the separate parts as shown by the illustration and indicated on the pattern (Fig. 32, Supplement, gives the design for the flap), and cover Fig. 29 on the wrong side with the outer material from the upper edge to seven-eighths of an inch beyond the dotted line indicated for the fold of the flap. Bind the separate pieces with braid, excepting that part of the outer edge which afterward at the same time forms the outer edge of the wall-pocket, and baste, first, Figs. 30 and 31 on the front, then the latter on the back, with the aid of the illustration, and according to the corresponding figures. Now bind the outer edge of the wall-pocket with braid, trim it with fringe, and furnish it with elastic cord loops and buttons. For the strap cut of double carriage leather one strip forty-six inches long and one strip three inches and three-quarters long and an inch and a quarter wide each; cut one end of the longer strip in a point, and ornament the upper layer of both strips with embroidery, as shown by Fig. 33, Supplement. Bind the double material with braid all along the outer edge, fasten a buckle on the shorter strip, and sew both strips to the wall-pocket from the under side as shown by the illustration; cover the seam made by doing this with a row of braid stitched on. The pointed end of the longer strip is slipped through the buckle, by means of which the strap may be lengthened or shortened as may be required.

Embroidered Traveling-Bag.

See illustration on page 394.

This bag is of dark brown carriage leather, lined with the same, and ornamented in point Russe, half-polka, and satin stitch embroidery with saddle's silk in different shades of brown. The bottom and lower part of the bag are interlined with thick card-board. Of the latter cut for the long sides two pieces each sixteen inches and seven-eighths long and three inches and three-quarters wide (high), for the bottom cut one piece of the same length and six inches and a half wide, and for the short sides cut two pieces each six inches and a half long and three inches and three-quarters high. Bind each of these pieces on the outer edge with a bias strip of shirting or muslin seven-eighths of an inch wide, and overseam the long and short sides together. Then cut of double carriage leather for the long sides of the bag two pieces each sixteen inches and seven-eighths long and sixteen inches high, and for the short sides two pieces each six inches and a half long and fifteen inches and a quarter high; allow half an inch extra material all around on each piece for the seams. Ornament the outer pieces in point Russe embroidery as shown by Fig. 28 (the border on page 394 of *Harper's Bazar*, No. 12, Vol. V., gives the design for doing this), and on the front side of the bag work the initial letters. Join the long and short sides of the outer material, stitching the former on the latter, sew up the lining from the wrong side with a back stitch seam, and draw the material over the lining so that the seams come exactly on each other, and the material and lining form an even line on the under edge. Then join the material and lining four inches from the under edge with close button-hole stitches of brown silk, insert the joined card-board pieces, and button-hole stitch the under edge to the binding of the card-board pieces. In a similar manner button-hole stitch the bottom of the card-board interlining, which is covered with carriage leather on both sides, to the bag. On the upper edge of the long sides of the bag stitch in a cane bar half an inch wide and sixteen inches long, or a steel hoop, join the double material of each short side there with back stitches, and then set on the handles of double carriage leather as shown by the illustration; the seams of the handles are covered by cross bands of the material. A button and elastic loop serve to close the bag.

PRETTY PEPITA.

I.

IN all Seville there was not a prettier maiden than Pepita. Her eyes were black as sloes, her rich brown cheeks glowed like damask roses, and when on festal days she wore her shoes with silver buckles, her scarlet laced bodice, and the filigree arrow in her jet-black braids, she was the admiration of all beholders, and especially of poor José, the image vendor.

She was the sunshine of his life. But for her, indeed, and the elastic temperament of the merry-hearted fellow himself, existence would have offered but few attractions to him. He was miserably poor. The little room where he lived was open to the wind and rain, and could boast of no furniture save a straw pallet and José's work-table. This last was strewn with plaster images of every description: pretty little statuettes to please the poor but critical lover of the beautiful, and wonderful green and yellow parrots, dogs, and cats to please the children, with whom José was a great favorite, many a little one having become the fortunate possessor of one of the brilliant treasures by offering a kiss in payment.

A little apart from the rest of the articles littered about the table stood something closely hidden from view by a green baize cover. The images knew what it was. It had been their companion, or that of their brothers and sisters, for many months; but, saving their knowledge, José's secret was hidden from all the world besides. The thought of it cheered his heart like wine all through the toilsome days as he wandered up and down the streets of the big city, balancing his image tray upon his head, and crying his wares in many a neat little verse that he made up as he went along. He would build air castles about it as he ate his frugal dinner of black bread and olives under some old archway or shady green tree; and at night his farthing candle flared and burned down to the very socket, while José, softly talking to himself, caressed his darling secret with loving fingers, and labored skillfully and proudly toward its completion. When finally the candle, after one last sputter, went out, and left him in darkness save for the

stars that peeped through the roof, José would fling himself upon his heap of straw to dream of his secret and Pepita.

This latter, however, gave him but scant encouragement. She was a flower girl, and sold flowers in the market-place; and when all the gay young gallants of the city would stop to buy a rose and speak a flattering word, how could she spare much thought to José, who could only show his devotion in his humble, beseeching eyes; for the thousand nameless attentions a young, strong man can render to a delicate, pretty woman were monopolized by Antonio, the son of the rich miller.

Many and angry had been the discussions in the miller's family about this strange infatuation of Antonio's.

"That you, Antonio, who, with your handsome face and father's long purse, can take a wife that will advance you in the world—that you, I say, should fling yourself away upon Pepita—a pretty girl, 'tis true, and honest enough, maybe, but—"

"Stop, mother!" cried Antonio, his forehead darkening into an angry frown: "no more of this. Pepita I must and will have, so have a care how you speak of my future wife and the mistress of this house."

The mother shrank back and said no more. From childhood this only son had been petted and indulged, until now, in his manhood, he carried every thing before him with a high hand; and as she looked on her husband, who was daily growing more and more feeble, she felt that it would not be very long before his sceptre would pass from him into younger hands, and that it behooved her not to irritate the future master. Yet this enforced submission to Antonio's whim was a bitter trial to her, for she was a proud woman and accustomed to rule.

"It is a sorrowful thing to nurture children and find you have only warmed vipers into life!" she said, bitterly, to her husband, after Antonio had quitted the house.

"Nay, nay, wife," returned the miller, indifferently, "Antonio is no viper; but you pull the rein too hard sometimes. For my part, I say, let the lad have his lass—she is a pretty one; but I remember when you would have carried the day over her head."

So saying, the miller returned to his pipe; but the mother's heart was sore spite of the compliment. The matter had gone beyond soft speeches, she thought, and that was true; but where soft speeches avail nothing angry words will but do harm, and so it proved in this case.

Antonio had long admired Pepita; she was always his chosen partner at all their merry-makings; many and many a moonlight stroll had they taken on the outskirts of the town; the filigree arrow she wore in her hair was his gift; but as yet he had not spoken of his love.

But now, his heart burning with anger at his mother's ill-timed words, he hurried from home straight to the market-place, merely stopping on his way at a gay little booth to purchase a betrothal ring.

It was just about sunset, and Pepita was preparing to go home; she had, as usual, sold nearly all her bouquets, but two of the finest still lay at the bottom of her basket, for she felt sure that Antonio would come, as always, to claim the ornament for his button-hole, though to-day he was so strangely late.

All her companions gradually departed, however, and Pepita, with a heavy heart, was about turning homeward, when she espied Antonio close upon her. He looked unusually eager and excited, and a thrill, half of terror, half of joy, passed through the girl's slender frame as she stood bathed in the sunset glow which lighted up her braids, her velvet cheeks, and her slumberous dark eyes with a new charm; stood waiting for the handsome young lover—for lover her heart told her he was before he had spoken a word.

"Pepita," he cried, breathless with excitement and the haste he had made, and taking the bouquet she held toward him, but retaining the hand also, "every day you give me your loveliest bunch, but to-day you must accept this in return." And on the willing little hand he slipped the betrothal ring. "Now you are not only Pretty Pepita, but Antonio's Pretty Pepita!" he cried, exultantly, as he snatched a reluctant kiss; and drawing her arm within his, they walked out of the market-place into the golden light which bathed field and meadow, and seemed to them an emblem of the glorious happiness love had brought to their hearts.

In the shadow of the market-place, however, resting his image tray against an old wall, stood José. He had been waiting there patiently, hoping that, if Antonio did not come, Pepita might allow him to walk home with her, for she lived in a distant quarter of the town. And now the sorrow he had been dimly dreading for so long had come upon him, and he stood motionless, trying to nerve himself to bear it, when the happy lovers passed him.

As Pepita saw him a faint feeling of compassion that he was in the darkness while she was in the light, a wish to do something to brighten the loneliness of this faithful fellow, induced her to hold toward him the remaining bouquet, with a careless "Good-night, and pleasant dreams, José!"

He made no motion to take the flowers, and she tossed them petulantly into the street, where the dust smirched their innocent freshness.

The lovers passed on, but José carefully lifted up the little bouquet (he was too tender-hearted to leave the flowers there to perish before their time), and carrying them home, he placed them carefully in his one cracked blue mug; but this night, for the first time in many months, the veil was not lifted from his precious secret, and José, looking out into the quiet starlight, strove to face his sorrow manfully, and learn to bear it.

The weeks flew by, but brought no comfort for José. It seemed to him that wherever he went the happiness of Antonio and his own desolation were thrust upon him. He was continually meeting the lovers strolling about arm in arm, for Antonio had persuaded Pepita to abandon her daily task of selling flowers in the market-place.

"My wife need do nothing but beautify my home," he had said, proudly, and Pepita, with a happy blush, had declared to herself that she could do that to perfection. Still sometimes, to tease her lover or punish him for some trifling quarrel, she would return to her old stand in the market-place, and then she would be surrounded by her former admirers, and laugh and jest with them, turning a cold shoulder on her betrothed, until, satisfied that he had suffered sufficiently, she would relent, and become once more gentle and loving.

Antonio submitted to all these caprices with a good grace, for not only his heart, but his ambition was entirely satisfied with his choice.

Pepita was so lovely, even the duke himself had noticed her, asked her name, and bought some of her flowers, and all Antonio's friends with one voice declared that he was a most fortunate man.

As he looked on her ripe young beauty, he felt a thrill of pride to think that all was his: with the handsomest wife in Seville, the largest mill, the most hospitable house, what more could he desire?

I am afraid the love he had for Pepita was compounded of many feelings, and was far from the single-hearted, self-sacrificing, passionate devotion José had felt, nay, still felt in his heart of hearts, though he was trying to teach himself to look upon her as Antonio's wife, and to accept his fate without repining. To a strong, determined soul like José, much was possible, but as yet his heart was sore within him, and since the fatal evening when his hopes had withered he had not lifted the veil that shrouded his secret.

II.

While the careless lovers reveled in their happiness, and José struggled with his sorrow, the hot summer months drew near, bringing with them a terrible curse that darkened alike the homes of the rich and the poor: people began to move cautiously about the streets, with fearful faces, and every day a few more houses displayed the hideous yellow flag; for the plague had smitten Seville.

All who could fled from the city. The miller's family invited Pepita to accompany them, and José, much relieved on knowing her safe, offered his services to the committee the duke had organized as nurse for the sick, and found such occupation for both brain and hands that Pepita was for a time forgotten.

He was sharply reminded, however, that his sorrow was merely pushed aside, not forgotten, when one morning, about a week after he had entered upon his new duties, as he was hurrying along the quarter of the town where Pepita lived, his heart suddenly stood still with horror, for out from the window of the house where he had often seen her sit, gayly nodding to friends and acquaintances below, waved the terrible yellow flag.

With ashen face and stammering speech José questioned the old cobbler who was smoking his pipe beside his idle bench: he could not leave the city, and so sat awaiting his fate with a stolidity engendered of despair.

"You thought she had gone away? Ah! poor lass! she came to pack up her finery, and the plague seized her. When the miller's folks stopped for her she leaned out of the window and told them she felt ill, and they never waited to hear more, but scuttled off—more shame to them, say I."

"But Antonio? surely he did not desert her?" cried José, huskily.

"He had to take care of his own handsome face," returned the cobbler, with a touch of scorn. "leastways she was left alone. All the people in the house ran away when they heard she was smitten. I went and told the committee of her, but never a one of her friends has been to ask after her but you. If she lives to get well, she won't be Pretty Pepita," and spite of his own forlornness, the cobbler felt a gleam of compassion for the vain, coquettish little neighbor, who, if she should escape the death she was then battling with, would be shorn of all the charms she valued so highly.

José knew well the transmuting touch of the plague. He had seen too much loveliness become hideous deformity, in the short experience he had had of nursing, to doubt for a moment that Pepita's beauty had gone never to return; but he scarcely bestowed a thought on that. To save the precious life no time was to be lost.

Hurrying to a poor but kind woman, a neighbor whom he had often befriended, he secured her services as nurse for Pepita.

"I am alone in the world, Master José, and I don't fear the plague, and if I can save your sweetheart for you, trust me, I'll do it."

The kindly soul hastened to take her post by the sick-bed, and José hurried back to his duties; but his heart felt like lead as he thought of the danger to the precious life he would so gladly have purchased with his own.

The neighbor's well-meant words, unheeded at the time, returned again and again to fill him with a delicious half hope that yet was half despair. Could it be possible that, if Pepita's life was spared, he could ever do any thing to win her love? Would Antonio keep his troth spite of her lost beauty?

With these thoughts filling his mind, and the thousand petty cares for the sick occupying his hands, José passed the long summer days, while the plague, having spent its violence, slowly de-

parted, and Pepita, after a long illness, woke again to life.

Several times a day José went to inquire after her and see that she needed nothing; for the duke, in return for José's devotion to the sick, allowed him to take what he wanted from the hospital stores. As Pepita verged toward convalescence, José sent her every day some little offering to cheer her sick-room—either a rose, a bunch of sweet grasses, a cluster of fine grapes, or a ripe juicy peach. He felt greatly encouraged when the nurse told him that Pepita, though too weak to talk, always welcomed these gifts with a smile, and unconsciously to himself a strong hope was springing up in his heart; but this was destined to be rudely dispelled.

One day Pepita was so much better that she asked to be placed near the open window, where she could feel the soft breezes, and hear the hum in the street below, for almost all who had fled had now returned to the city and their usual avocations. As, assisted by the nurse, she passed the looking-glass, Pepita carefully averted her eyes from it, and taking up the fresh, dewy bouquet that stood in a vase on the window-ledge, she, for the first time, spoke aloud some of the thoughts that filled her heart.

"I am a most fortunate girl in having such a sweetheart, am I not?" she asked, holding up the flowers with a smile to the nurse.

"There's not many a one like Master José, that I will say," returned the other, wiping away a tear with the corner of her apron.

"José?" said Pepita, a little sharply. "I am speaking of Antonio, who has sent me so many love-tokens during my sickness."

"Every one of the peaches and flowers and things Master José sent, bless his kind heart! which is just breaking for love of you," cried the nurse, vehemently, defending her favorite.

"I don't understand you," said Pepita, laughingly, a faint, sick feeling stealing over her. "You say these are from José?"

"Yes," replied the other, timidly; for Pepita's eyes were flashing and her bosom heaving strangely.

"Then I will have none of them!" and with all her remaining strength she flung the flowers out of the window, and sinking in a miserable heap on the floor, swooned away.

The despised flowers fell at the feet of José, who had come, as usual, to inquire after Pepita, and the poor fellow, as he for the second time stooped to pick up what she rejected, understood the whole at once. His face was very pale, but he suffered no word to escape him. Yes, his last faint, sweet hope was gone! Henceforward he would steel his heart against any such delusion. With dull, heavy steps he sought his little attic. Once again his cracked blue mug was adorned with Pepita's scorned flowers, and for the first time for many weeks he drew aside the baize covering from his secret.

Long and earnestly he gazed at his treasure, while anger, despair, and love strove within him for the mastery. At length he raised his hand to shiver his idol into pieces, but something held him back; his hand dropped at his side, and burying his face on the table, José wept away the bitterness of his heart in tears of which no one need have been ashamed.

And Pretty Pepita? Alas! she no longer deserved the name. The delicate complexion was all roughened and seamed, her long braids had been cut off, her bright eyes were dimmed. Indeed, her best friend would hardly have known her.

As soon as she recovered from her swoon she bade the nurse bring her the looking-glass, and then she sternly gazed at what the plague had made her. A few short weeks ago and Pepita would have sunk under the shock of beholding her altered face, but her faculties were benumbed by the greater blow of Antonio's desertion. What did she care for beauty now? The whole world was darkened to her.

But she was still so weak that she was soon compelled to let the nurse help her back to bed, where she lay for hours with closed eyes, but not asleep, as her faithful attendant fondly hoped. No; she had too much to think about and resolve upon to be able to sleep.

Toward evening she opened her eyes, and in a weak but firm voice bade the nurse tell her all she knew about the miller's family, and especially about Antonio. When she heard how they had abandoned her, and that Antonio had now been nearly a month in Seville without coming to inquire after her, she grew so pale that the nurse cried in fright:

"Ah, how Master José would scold me for making you so unhappy!"

"Not a word of him," said Pepita, recovering herself by an effort.

"No, indeed, since you will have it so," replied the other, submissively; "but if you only knew—"

"Hush!" said Pepita, warningly, for her heart was still hard toward José: hard because she was so absorbed in her own sorrow; "some day, perhaps, I will hear more of him, but now tell me only what I want to know, and help me to get well, for I have much to do."

Thus counseled, the nurse did as she was bidden, and Pepita forced herself to eat and drink and grow strong, for she knew she had a hard task before her.

III.

Soon after dawn, a week or two later, a slight woman's figure issued from the house where Pepita lived; she was dressed in a gray stuff skirt and mantle, and carried a bundle in her arms. With slow, faltering steps she moved along, until near the outskirts of the town, and at length, overcome by the unwonted fatigue and agitation of mind, she sank down half fainting on a large stone by the way-side.

Pepita—for she was the lonely traveler—had

suffered much in the last few days, and the old gayety and waywardness had vanished with her beauty; she looked aged and worn, for Antonio's desertion had strained the undisciplined heart almost to breaking. The day before she had sent for him, and coldly returned to him the betrothal ring and all the little gifts he had made her; and Antonio, though ashamed of his own baseness, did not attempt to justify his heartless conduct, and was but too thankful to be released from his vows to one who had lost all resemblance to the beautiful girl he had wished for his wife.

Very bitter were Pepita's thoughts as she sat slightly shivering in the cool morning air: two months ago and she was the envy of all her friends, admired and caressed by every one; and now she was utterly solitary and forlorn, without one being on earth to care whether she lived or died.

As if to contradict her repining thoughts, a tall, light figure sprang over the wall at her side, and José, seizing both her hands in his, in his delight cried, joyfully,

"Pepita, darling Pepita, it does my heart good to see you!"

He would not have ventured to address her thus in the old days, but matters were now reversed between them, and José felt all his courage and manhood strengthened within him as he gazed protectingly at the drooping figure before him.

"Dear José, this is most kind," said Pepita, repressing a sob. It comforted her sad heart greatly that he never seemed to notice her altered looks, when every other face had expressed horror or pity on beholding her.

It would be idle to say that José did not feel the change down to his very heart's core; but, after all, he had loved Pepita for herself, not for her beauty, and as he saw how lonely she was, and how pleased to see him, a wild hope again darted across his mind.

But in a moment Pepita rose, and holding out her hand to him, said,

"Good-by, José. I have never half believed in your goodness until now, and if we do not meet again, remember Pepita will never forget you."

"Why should we not meet again?" cried José, impetuously. "Surely, Pepita, you are not going to leave Seville?"

"Do you suppose," she retorted, with a flash of her old haughty pride, "that I can bear to live here and have the finger of scorn pointed at me; to see my stand deserted, while all flock to buy flowers of those who could not once have been named in the same breath with Pepita? But what a fool I am!" she said, relapsing into a tone of patient endurance. "It is not only that my pride is humbled, but, José, I think my heart is broken!" And covering the poor changed face with her slender fingers, she burst into a passion of tears.

And José was powerless to help! He could have cursed his miserable poverty as he stood looking at the weeping figure before him: if he only had a palace, that he might invite her to share it! And then there awoke in him a determined purpose that he would try to rise above the miserable lot that had hitherto contented him, for he had now something to work for: and as he thought of his secret he uttered a silent thanksgiving that his hand had been stayed from its destruction, for that might aid him in his purpose.

So cheered was he by this resolve that his voice was as gay as ever, when Pepita rising to continue her journey, he declared he would accompany her a little way and carry her bundle.

"Tell me where you are going," said he, when at length she forbade him to accompany her farther.

"I hardly know," she answered, wearily; "anywhere that I can earn a crust and shelter. But what matters it, José? Forget me, and be happy!"

"I shall never forget you, and when the time comes I shall find you if you are at the very ends of the earth!" he cried, in his strong, hopeful voice; and as Pepita went on her way alone, his words recurred again and again to her mind, and though she did not understand what he meant by "when the time comes," yet it was balm to her wounded spirit to know that he had spoken truly in saying he would never forget her.

It was in a little village but a few miles from Seville that Pepita took refuge; her weakness prevented her from seeking farther, and as she was not known there, she felt as remote from old associations as if she were a hundred miles away. A friendly woman with several young children took her in, and as Pepita was skillful with her needle, patient and kind with the children, and very quiet and uncomplaining, her hostess was well satisfied.

But as the weeks rolled by into months, and more than a year had passed away since she parted from José, Pepita began to feel a yearning to hear from him, to know if he still held her in his heart, as she now cherished the thought of him. Yes, José's patient waiting had borne its reward! In the long, uneventful days Pepita passed, the image of José had grown more and more dear to her; and though she could not think of Antonio's desertion of her without a pang of wounded feeling, yet he had been long since dethroned, as unworthy, from her heart, and José put in his place.

But as she heard no sign, she began to droop. He had not proved faithless—she trusted him too entirely to believe that—but he might be ill; might, remembering her past coldness to him, fear she could never learn to love him; and so, by degrees, she came to the determination to go to Seville and find out what had become of him.

She carefully concealed her face, which had regained much of its old freshness and charm, under a large gray hood (for she declared to herself that she did not mean to be discovered), and

passed once more through the old familiar streets of Seville.

There was an unusual stir and excitement visible among the passers-by, and Pepita, asking the reason, was told that the duke had that day thrown open his picture-gallery to the public, especially to show a charming new statue that had been executed by a native artist.

Thinking that her best chance of seeing or hearing of José was at this exhibition, for she well knew his love of art, Pepita followed the crowd, and entering the duke's gallery, stood breathless before the statue, which was raised on a rich pedestal in front of heavy crimson draperies.

Why did her heart give a sudden leap and then stand still, while blinding tears filled her eyes?

The statue was called "Maidenhood," but Pepita recognized herself as she was in the old days that seemed so long ago.

And the artist? Who was he? Down the long room came a young man in a velvet blouse, and by his side, chatting familiarly with him, was the duke.

Pepita needed but one glance to recognize José; and as they passed near her she tried to shrink back among the crowd; the movement not only displaced her hood, but attracted José's restless eyes, and in an instant, with a glad, low cry, he was at her side, and Pepita knew she had not been forgotten.

Slipping away from the throng out into a quiet by-street, they poured out their hearts to each other, and José told how he had received so many orders from the duke and his friends that his fortune was secured, and he had intended to set forth that very week in search of her.

And when Pepita faintly murmured that it was not for her, poor, ugly, and friendless, to mate with him, the rising young sculptor whom the duke had taken under his protection, "My love," he said, "you have made my fortune, and must consent to share it; in the old days, when I had no hope of winning you, I worked in secret on your statue; it was my companion for many a month, and I loved it better than my life. After you left Seville I determined to make a name and a home for you, and I began by modeling little trifles, one of which attracted the duke's notice; he came to my attic, and when he saw your statue, which I had completed, he told me I was a genius, and ordered it for his new gallery; and so," added José, modestly, "if it had not been for you, dear love, I should still be poor José, the image vendor."

"Ah, José," said Pepita, with regret, "I can never be again what you thought me!"

"Hush!" he answered, gazing fondly at the blushing face: "to me you have always been, and always will be, 'Pretty Pepita.'"

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Mr. Gillott's Sale.—A courageous Picture-Dealer.—Art Twaddle.—Our know-nothing Population.—An ambitious Drawing-Master.—Sir Edwin Landseer.

THERE have been two remarkable sales by auction in England lately. The more important was that of the late Mr. Gillott's pictures, probably the finest collection that was ever brought to the hammer. He was the famous steel pen manufacturer, and, like many men of his class, took a pride in purchasing the best productions of modern art. It is said that Turner, in spite of his passion for money, was not favorable to this description of patron, and that Gillott had a difficulty in interviewing the great painter, and only obtained access to him under pretense of being a brother artist. "I have brought you some of my pictures, Sir, to exchange for some of yours," said he, producing a great sheaf of bank-notes. But whatever he paid Turner and others has been realized over and over again in the present sale. Never has been seen such an enthusiasm for canvas-backed ducks. Not even standing-room has been procurable at "Christie's" throughout the week, and the net result of it all, including a trifle of £5000 or so for *violins*, is nearly £200,000! The great buyers, as usual, were dealers—notably Agnew, of Manchester. It is said that, notwithstanding the five per cent. of commission, it is cheaper to authorize these gentlemen to purchase for you than to buy yourself, which seems strange enough, since there is an obvious advantage in their running up the biddings; but such is the rage for pictures at present in London that what would have seemed extravagance a year ago is now only making a good investment. On the present occasion Agnew bought a picture of Müller's (not on commission) for £3900. No sooner was it knocked down to him than two gentlemen, A and B, at once applied for it, both prepared to advance the usual ten per cent. upon his purchase. "Really, gentlemen, I don't know to which of you it belongs," said he; "you asked me at the same moment. Perhaps you had better draw lots."

They did so, and the lot fell upon A. In the mean time, however, it had struck that gentleman that his enthusiasm had perhaps carried him a little too far; £4290 was a larger sum to give than it had seemed to be. "My dear B," said he, "I will not take the advantage fortune has offered me. The picture shall be yours."

"Thank you," answered B, dryly, to whom the same thoughts had been occurring, and who was intensely pleased at finding himself excused from so enormous an outlay; "but I can not accept so generous an offer. I wouldn't rob you of that Müller for the world."

Agnew, perceiving how the case stood, at once observed, "I am quite ready to take the picture back on my own hands;" and did so, and before the day was over had sold it to C. C took it home, asked a couple of Royal Academi-

cians to dine with him on purpose to admire his bargain, and this is what they said: "The price would be a fancy one even for a good specimen of the master, and this is by no means a good one. Wants tone; bad grouping," and all the rest of the things that painters are so ready to say of the production of a professional brother—even a dead one. The next morning C appealed to Agnew, and for the second time that astute gentleman relieved his purchaser of his bargain, which he finally disposed of the same afternoon. Even if he had not been fortunate enough to do so, the transaction would have "paid" him in the end, for A, B, and C, all picture fanciers and men of fortune, now entertain a higher opinion of their professional guide and of his judgment than ever. Indeed, I have heard it said that it will always "pay," when Agnew is buying on his own account, to give him ten per cent. for his purchase. Commercially this may be, and doubtless is, the case, but to one who is not blinded by the mere fashion of the thing there is nothing more ridiculous than the chatter about art, and the value that is assigned to this or that picture without the least regard to its intrinsic merits. I can never forget how, five years after the famous robbery at Lord Suffolk's—where some of the greatest "miracles of ancient art" in the world were cut out of their frames and hidden up a chimney in Whitechapel—that one or two of them, not, indeed, the most celebrated, but each worth its 2000 guineas or so to Mr. Agnew, were hawked about London (and offered to Sir Charles Eastlake, the president of the Royal Academy, among others) without finding one art patron to offer more than a ten-pound note apiece for them, being "obviously only second-rate imitations of the old masters." Nay, two years ago a Turner and a Gainsborough were on view in London, at a certain auction-room, which appeared to all the cognoscenti, including the great Agnew himself, as two of the happiest specimens of those great masters' style. Nothing was amiss with them, indeed, except the suspicious fact that neither of them had been engraved. Only just before the sale commenced a little Jew picture-dealer suddenly pressed his dirty thumb against one of them, and cried out, "Why, mother of Moses! dish paint is wet!" which it really was.

A rather striking incident is said to have taken place when Sir Edwin Landseer's picture, "The Painters," was knocked down for nineteen hundred guineas. A certain drawing-master—not altogether unknown, I believe, to the art public—cried out, "I painted that myself, and got but twenty-five guineas for it." The sensation among those who heard him was, as you may imagine, considerable. The revelations concerning M. Dumas have familiarized us with the fact that it is not every author who writes the work that is published under his name; but the application of this principle to art is novel. In all probability the drawing-master either made a mistake or told a malignant falsehood. But it is stated that the purchaser of the picture in question was a little staggered by the unlooked-for exclamation, and was not reassured when some "d-d good-natured friends" informed him frankly that they did not consider "The Painters" to be a "characteristic" specimen of Sir Edwin's style.

Scarcely had I written the above "gossip" when a friend comes in to tell me that Sir Edwin Landseer, whose health has long been failing, was placed this very morning (May 9) "under control" by the Commissioners in Lunacy. Under such circumstances, had he been a lesser man, I would have expunged "The Painters" story; but the reputation of the king of animal painters is unassailable. Through his very excellence, indeed, in that line his wonderful powers in other walks of art (and notably in that of landscape) were apt to be overlooked; and every body knows the indignant reply returned by a famous wit when Sir Edwin offered to take his likeness: "Is thy servant a dog, that he should sit to you?"

It must be confessed that people don't talk so much rubbish about the old masters as they talk about wine, and that the former class are not so numerous; but still they do their best to add to the great sum of human weariness and boredom. Why should they? Folks don't talk such nonsense about literature. If any person should protest that Sir Walter Scott's "Count Robert of Paris," though "an inferior specimen of his style," was still a very valuable production because it was his, and worth all modern fiction put together, would he not be held down by the whole strength of the company till the keepers should come with their strait-waistcoat and take him away from under the dinner-table to his proper place?

By-the-bye, speaking of the old masters—though the circumstance has no connection with lunacy—I should have mentioned that a cabinet-picture of Mr. Gillott's, by Greuze, "Domestic Felicity," was purchased for your New York Museum of Arts for 240 guineas; and a grand "Bird's-eye View in Holland," by De Koning, for 575 guineas. There were also bought for the same institution Bonington's "View of a Château," £350; Constable's "Rustic Landscape," £367; his "View of the Stour," £682; and his "Weymouth Bay," £735, also a chrome at the same price. A Gainsborough portrait of the artist, £346; Turner's "Kilgarron Castle," £630; and the same, with bathers in the river, £2835! The largest price given for any picture was £4567, paid (I think by Agnew) for "The Junction of the Thames and Medway," by Turner.

The other great auction sale which has taken place among us was that of Wombwell's Menagerie, of which it has been facetiously written, "The lion of the sale, if the bull may be pardoned, was the elephant."

A few months ago the *Times* had to chronicle the death by drowning of the eldest son of its proprietor, Mr. Walter, M.P.; and this last week the son of one of its principal contributors, Dr.

Dasent—whose letters signed "Habitués in Sicco," may have come under your eye, but whose books are certainly familiar to you—has perished by the same means at Oxford. He was a young man, it seems, of exceptional promise.

Our agricultural difficulty, as I foretold you, is increasing. The Union has now spread into half a dozen counties, and bids fair to become a power. Their demands are moderate, and yet the farmers declare that they can not be granted; while the landlords, on their part, protest that their land is let as cheap as it can be already. Some of the leaders of the movement show a remarkable clearness of intelligence; there is no rant nor clap-trap in their speeches; but the ignorance of the rank and file is such as might be expected from the supineness of our governments—until this present one—with respect to education. Of the state of ignorance of our criminal population the Rev. R. Tomlins, chaplain of the city jail, Manchester, reveals some particulars that would be laughable if they were not so sad. Many of his grown-up flock are utterly unable to inform him as to whether they do, or ever did, belong to any religious body. The question is altogether unintelligible to them. He asks a boy of what religion he is. "Do you mean what trade my father is working at?" was the reply. Another answered to the same question, "A Liberal" (which, I should think, was true enough); and a third, as if to adjust the balance, replied, "A Tory." When asked what prayers he had been taught, he answered, "Orange and Blue." One poor outcast girl, to whom he spoke of the world beyond the grave, observed that she "thought she had heard tell of" such a place, but imagined it to be for the rich people only. I am glad to think that, in education at least, matters are not so bad as this across Harper's Ferry, which is your faithful correspondent's name for the Atlantic.

R. KEMBLER, of London.

P.S.—Let me cry "Pecavi!" in respect to the statement in my last that the wife of that injured innocent, "Sir Roger," has sued for a divorce. The wish, perhaps, was father to the rumor, but at present she dwells with her enfranchised lord—for he has just been bailed out of Newgate—in all meekness and duty.

USEFUL RECIPES.

TO PREPARE RHUBARB FOR PIES OR TARTS.—Cut the stalks from the plant, ridding them of their leaves. With a knife scrape off the outer skin, and cut transversely into little pieces, being sure to remove any fibres that adhere, just as you do in stringing beans. To each pound of this substitute for fruit allow half a pound of sugar if for immediate use, one pound if designed to keep as a preserve. The addition of a little grated lemon rind is esteemed by most persons a great improvement to the flavor. Spice of any kind, however, may be added if fancied. This is the most common use to which rhubarb is put.

MOCK GOOSEBERRY-FOOL.—Cut up and scrape as much rhubarb as will be enough to half fill a glass bowl of the size you wish to use. Stew in enough water to cover it well. When tender, rub through a colander to a smooth pulp. To a quart of the fruit, well sweetened and flavored with lemon peel, add a quart of sweet cream, stirred smoothly in till well mixed. Heap the bowl up high with whipped syllabub. If you have no cream, substitute a quart of custard, made with the yolks of six eggs. In place of the syllabub, use the whisked whites of the six eggs, sweetened with six table-spoonfuls of fine white sugar, and brown the top slightly with a hot salamander or clean shovel.

WINE.—Rhubarb is said to make a sparkling white wine of good flavor. Stew the cut-up stalks in water, and to each gallon of the strained juice allow three pounds of sugar. Treat exactly as you do other home-made wines.

DUMPLINGS.—Stew the fruit with a little sugar, and lay upon a thin sheet of pastry. Fold up, tie in a bag, boil, and serve with sweet sauce, or simply butter and sugar, as you choose.

PUDDING.—Stew in water, with one pound of sugar and the peel of one lemon, enough rhubarb to make a pint of marmalade when done. Add a quarter of a pound of butter, one gill of cream, and the beaten yolks of four eggs, with the whites of two. Bake in pans lined with puff paste.

SHERBET.—Wash very clean a dozen stalks of rhubarb. Boil ten minutes in a quart of water. Strain this juice, and add half a pound of sugar, with a little pure essence of lemon. Set aside in a pitcher for some hours. When ready to use it, add plenty of cracked-up bits of ice, and you will find it to be a pleasant and cooling beverage.

CAPITAL JELLY CAKE.—One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, four eggs, half a cup of sour milk, one tea-spoonful of soda; or use sweet milk and add two tea-spoonfuls of cream of tartar. Flavor with lemon or vanilla. Beat up very light, and bake in shallow pans. Quince jelly is one of the nicest sorts for this purpose, and should be applied to the cake while still hot. Pile up high, and ice nicely.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.—To a pint of freshly gathered strawberries put a light pound of sugar. In a large deep dish place a portion of the fruit, strew it lightly with sugar, add more fruit, then sugar, etc., till you have disposed of all. Let the strawberries stand thus for several hours to form sirup. Put them on the fire in a bell-metal or porcelain-lined kettle, and boil rapidly fifteen or twenty minutes. When done, put the preserves in tumblers or half-pint jars. Cover them with brandy papers, using as paste the unbeaten white of egg. If fastened up immediately, while the glasses are yet hot, the white of egg will adhere nicely. Set your glasses in the sun for a day or two, and you will find the preserves keep perfectly throughout the year, provided always the fruit is sound at the time of preserving. Select the largest, firmest varieties for the purpose, and delay not until too late in the season, when the berries are more liable to mash and run to juice.

STRAWBERRY JELLY.—Soak as much gelatine as is contained in one of Cox's shilling boxes in cold water, say one pint. When thoroughly softened, add five ounces of white sugar, two quarts of strawberry sirup, made as above directed, and put over the fire for a few minutes, or until the gelatine is perfectly dissolved. Pour from the kettle into moulds or small jars, and you have a most beautiful and pleasantly flavored jelly. This recipe is meant for cool weather; if used in summer, reduce the quantity of sirup by one-half.

GENERAL SCHENCK AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, LONDON.

A SHORT time ago General Schenck, the American minister to England, visited Christ's Hospital for the first time, and the treasurer, Mr. Foster White, with several of the governors and the chief officers of the establish-

gives a graphic representation of the interesting scene.

Christ's Hospital, or the Blue-Coat School, was founded by Edward the Sixth, in the sixth year of his reign, through the influence of Bishop Ridley, for the education and maintenance of orphans and the children of indigent persons. Many eminent men have sprung from the ranks

and that the grounds have been sold to a railway company for \$3,000,000, so that in all probability this interesting landmark of old London will soon disappear. It is comforting, however, to know that the additional funds thus acquired will enable the governors to extend their educational privileges to girls, who seem to be strangely neglected in the endowments of London.

practice prevails. No justice can be done, even if the servant means to do it, during his brief term, to his employer; for it is in the very nature of domestic service to require a certain length of experience of the habits of each family, the articles of their common use, their arrangements with their tradesmen, the names of their visitors, and a dozen other matters. To



GENERAL SCHENCK INSPECTING THE BLUE-COAT BOYS AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

ment, assembled in his honor and accompanied him on his rounds. The boys, upward of seven hundred strong, were drawn up in martial array, and proved how carefully they had been drilled by the excellence of their marching and the precision of their movements, while their brass-band played American national airs in compliment to their visitor. The accompanying engraving

of the Blue-Coat boys; among others, Camden the historian, Bishop Stillingfleet, Richardson the novelist, Charles Lamb, and Coleridge. The site of the institution was formerly occupied by the priory of the Gray Friars, which was founded about 1225, and a portion of the old cloisters still remains. It is reported that Christ's Hospital is soon to be removed into the country,

GYPSYING SERVANTS.

I earnestly hope it is not inevitable that servants shall remain, as they have been called of late, the Bedouins of the Pantry, living in a constant state of migration from place to place. No hope remains of establishing any thing like a proper state of things so long as this abominable

go through the trouble of training a servant, and then discover that he or she never intended to allow us to reap the harvest of our trouble, is to be, strictly speaking, cheated of time and labor, and often in a way for which twice the servant's wages would not compensate. As to the higher and more kindly relations which ought to grow up on the bare rock of justice, they are, of course, in

such cases utterly out of the question. Neither the servant nor the employer can look on each other save as cheating and cheated; and as to personal interest and attachment, it would be merely a mockery to talk of them under the conditions of a three months' visit to the kitchen. The result of the modern plan is simply that the hearts of mistresses are made sore and hard;

gether brought about, is, of course, beyond hope. Yet I think a good deal might be done which is not yet done toward putting a strong check on it. Each servant on leaving a place might obtain a certificate from her employer stating the length of time she had been in service, and her reason for quitting it. In any case, the discovery that a servant habitually leaves his or her

reach a similar position of trust and regard, can hardly be overstrained. It is not too much to say that the true human friendship between a good man-servant and his master, or a good maid and her mistress, may and ought to be one of the most beautiful, honorable, and blessed which the catalogue of earthly relationships can include,

ternal to the devoted pair, and usually tend, if their love is of the sterling sort, to knit them together closer than ever. Under this head may be classed the prejudices and objections made by relatives, and the delays caused by misfortune, ill health, and slenderness of purse. Lovers' quarrels do not belong to this category, for they are rarely symptoms of true love. Unless aris-



"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH."

and the servants, when their prime is over, end in an immense number of cases by sinking, unnoticed by any one, into the wards of the hospital, where they are left to ponder on "the days when they went gypsying" at their leisure.

To stop altogether this wretched fashion, which the present facilities of locomotion and advertisement, and the restlessness of the age, have to-

places after short service should be held to be a fault of magnitude sufficient to bar admission into any well-managed household, where she will probably only come to infuse a spirit as wayward as her own. And on the other hand, the value and confidence to be given to old and faithful servants, and the encouragement to young ones to remain fixed in one place till they

"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH."

"A LOVERS' Quarrel" would, to our thinking, have been a better title for this picture. The obstacles intended to be indicated in the proverb above quoted arise rather, according to our view, from persons and circumstances ex-

ing from a misunderstanding capable of complete explanation, they too often leave a sting behind them, and act as precursors either to a breach of the engagement or to the deeper and bitterer feuds of wedded existence. At the best, when lovers quarrel, often one of the pair is sure to be silly, perhaps both; and it is not a desirable prospect to have a silly partner for life. The

artist has told his story very nicely; the weeping girl, the indignant confidant, and the swain retreating down the avenue, with temper and obstinacy plainly depicted in his attitude, are all capitally rendered. The cause of the quarrel lies in the pathway in the form of a letter, and, in our opinion, judging from the evidence of the picture, the man is in this instance more in fault than the woman.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. A. B.—Make a Dolly Varden polonaise of your figured goods, and wear it over a black silk skirt. Get a cashmere tulle trimmed with jet galloon and fringe. Trim your poplin with silk folds of the same shade and fringe.

FLORENCE.—Get some colorless muslinage of a drug-gist.

WARM ADMIRER.—Your lavender silk is most bride-like, especially as you will wear a veil; but the delicate green tinted silk with lilies of the valley will look very beautiful, although not the conventional wedding dress. Make a polonaise with one of your silk dresses. The black silk will be more useful made with an upper skirt and basque, as you can then wear thin waists with the heavy skirts at midsummer.

Mrs. W. A. C.—We have several times described the dotted Swiss muslin curtains now in fashion. They are two separate straight widths of Swiss parted in the middle to the back at each side of the window. The entire curtain except the top is edged with a three-inch fluted ruffle. A cornice is made of a plain board covered with blue or pink cambric, and on this is fluted muslin.

HATTIE.—Most widows wear a widow's cap inside their bonnets, but it is not indispensable. It is simply a tarlatan puff above the forehead, not around the face.

Mrs. A. C.—Use the Plain-basque Walking Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V.

A CONSTANT READER.—Trim your Victoria lawn with side pleatings and bows of the material, or else black velvet. Many narrow ruffles are worn. Make your grenadine ruffles bias and gathered. Folds will trim your basque well. Button-holes are worked in grenadine corsages. The lining of silk or of farmer's satin makes them strong enough to hold.

A. H. M.—Make your white organdy suit with a Marguerite polonaise and flounced skirt with black velvet bows. The evening dress of organdy should have a demi-train ruffled to the waist, an apron without the back of an over-skirt, a three-fourths low-necked basque, and antique sleeves.

S. D.—Trim your brown silk with ruffles of another shade of brown.

F. F. V.—Make your Victoria lawn with a Marguerite polonaise, and trim with side pleatings.

M. E. T.—Colors are now being used as bindings and facings of black ruffles to brighten the dress. Make the poplin with a Marguerite polonaise and plain skirt. You have not enough material to do more.

E. H.—White alpaca is not much used for suits and day dresses. The over-skirt is probably in good shape still. Make a basque of the new goods, and trim the whole dress with folds of alpaca and loops of black velvet ribbon.

Mrs. J. W. H.—We do not furnish addresses.—The vest-polonaise is suitable for alpaca.

STELLA.—Make a Marguerite Dolly Varden polonaise of your chamois silk, and wear with colored silk skirts.—In writing for patterns, mention the name of the pattern and the number of the paper in which it is illustrated.

M. A. G.—Brighten up your ashes-of-roses silk by ruffles of another shade, and wear with it a polonaise or fichu of black guipure, or drape a lace mantle above it as an over-skirt.

Mrs. S. G. S.—Make a tulle with hood like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 90, Vol. V., out of your black circular. Dress your boy in kilt-pleated skirts and jackets of piqué and linen.

A FRIEND.—Make your bishop's lawn with a Marguerite polonaise and ruffled skirt. Get heavy linen or pongee for summer traveling, or else the gray mohair sold at 50 cents a yard. Silk sacques will not be much worn.

Miss K. Q.—Trim your gray cloth cape with a silk band and fringe.—Covers for the *Bazar* cost 75 cents each.

Mrs. M. H. B.—We do not replace *Bazars* lost in the mail.

J. L. M.—The point Russe embroidery is made up of back stitches and chain stitch.

MOLLIE.—We do not make purchases for our readers.—The necklace will cost from \$5 to \$30.

LOVE TREE.—You can order the self-binder from the firm whose advertisement you saw. It is merely a portfolio to hold the *Bazars* temporarily, but will not serve as a regular binding.

VERMONTANA.—The cut paper pattern of boy's suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. IV., is what you want. Gore your silk and make a false postilion basque. Boy's shirt-waists are simple blouses with belts, to which their trousers are buttoned.

N. C. M.—White folded lawn or twilled silk neckties are worn in light mourning. Instead of collars wear standing ruffles of white net, tulle, or clear muslin edged with footings.

DILEMMA.—Don't make a black silk with a low waist. Cut it a heart-shaped basque with antique sleeves. Your ideas about the black grenadine are good. White Swiss pleatings are not now used on black dresses. Make an over-skirt of your three yards for the back breadths of the gray mohair, and put black velvet bands and fringe across the front. Your sample will make a pretty Dolly Varden. You can wear your blue repped silk with a Swiss muslin polonaise. Large tournures are more worn than hoop skirts.

Mrs. C. W. N.—Make the puffed Swiss cap lately described for a girl of one year. Get a pliqué walking coat for her wrap. A black grenadine will be of great service to you. Make your summer silk by pattern of suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V.

E. N.—Kilt pleats for ladies' dresses are made an inch and a half wide; they touch each other without lapping. The sacque wrapper is sufficiently full behind to look well without the founce.

PITTSFIELD.—Box-pleated blouses, long on the hips, with drawing strings but no belts, are what you want for your girls of nine and thirteen. Swiss muslin curtains will look well in your large windows.—We are not at liberty to give the address you want.

Mrs. H. A.—You can have white holland shades to fit each compartment of your bay-window, and then put lace curtains at the entrance of the window, or else put lace or Swiss muslin curtains in each compartment, a double curtain parted in the middle in the wide sash, with a single curtain to match in the narrow side sashes, looping each back from the centre of the bay.

Augusta S.—A polonaise and single skirt untrimmed is all you can make of your short pattern.

OMIO.—Ruffles of the same, or else écaré guipure, will trim your Dolly Varden.

E. F. G.—Black velvet ribbon and fringe will trim your checked Japanese silk prettily.

R. E. G.—Your silk will look well with flounced skirt and plain waist trimmed with brown velvet and worn under a brown batiste polonaise.

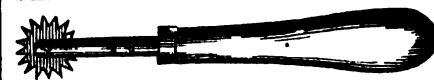
L. L.—The "Bazar Book of Decorum" is sent by mail on receipt of \$1 and address.

M. E. N.—A gray foulard or pongee with stripes will be pretty for spring and summer. Make it with a flounced skirt and Marguerite Dolly Varden polonaise. Repped piqué trimmed with bias bands of the same is stylish for second mourning. Do not put black trimming on it, but wear with jet jewelry. The plain Marguerite polonaise and skirt with much side pleating is the prettiest model for Victoria lawn.

TO LEAD ALL COMPETITORS is the aim of the proprietors of the New Wilson Under-Feed Sewing Machine. It is founded on the very best principles known to the sewing-machine science, and improvements in advance of all other sewing machines are being adopted constantly. The Wilson is rapidly gaining the preference of all parties that are acquainted with sewing machines, and it has already taken the front rank among the first-class machines of this country; and its price, owing to its being manufactured where labor and materials are much cheaper than in eastern cities, is fifteen dollars less than all other first-class machines, which fact alone is sufficient to induce all to examine the New Wilson before buying any other. Salesroom, 707 Broadway, N. Y.; also for sale in all other cities in the U. S.—[Com.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. H. F. TAYLOR, Braisher Falls, N. Y., has used a Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine since 1858 in dress-making and family sewing, without any repairs, and has broken but 2 needles in 13 years. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[Com.]

ALL DRUGGISTS sell Burnett's Cocaine for the hair.—[Com.]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, the well-known, reliable, and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations of the Face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists.

MRS. C. C. THOMSON,

Will purchase any thing required for personal wear or household use, at five per cent. upon cost of article. Information in regard to wanted, with circular, upon application. If samples are wanted, inclose eight Postage Stamps. Is permitted to refer to Rev. O. B. Frothingham; E. O. Flagg, D.D.; J. E. Cossart, with Arnold, Constable, & Co.; C. C. Merchant, with A. T. Stewart & Co.; G. Haven, Putnam, of G. P. Putnam & Sons. Mrs. C. C. THOMSON, 341 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

JEFFERS, 1179 BROADWAY,

LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES

AT POPULAR PRICES.

MRS. C. G. PARKER

Makes PURCHASES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION for ladies, at a moderate charge. Samples sent on receipt of 25 cents. Refers, by permission, to Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., 713 Broadway; Mr. James McCall, 548 Broadway; Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., New York City. For Circular (free), address Mrs. C. G. PARKER, 713 Broadway, New York City.

A. SELIG,

Successor to S. M. Peyser, 813 Broadway, Importer of Zephyr Worsted; Silks for Embroidering; Embroideries on Canvas and Leather—Slippers, Cushions, Light Screens, Suspenders, Stripes for Oriental and Camp Chairs. Also, Guipure and Point Laces, and materials for making the same. Novelties in Fringes, Gimps, Buttons, Ornaments, and Laces. Fringes and other Trimmings made to order. All kinds of stamping done. Monograms and Crests designed and embroidered in gold, silk, or worsted, in artistic style, at the lowest prices.

Daniel D. Youmans,

IMPORTER OF ENGLISH HATS,

719 and 1103 BROADWAY, N. Y.

LADIES' RIDING HATS.

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' HATS

In every variety.

ISLAND LEDGE HOUSE, Wells Beach, Maine.

Best house, most delightful location, and finest beach on coast of Maine. House erected 1871, has large, airy rooms, single and en suite, lighted with gas, with wide halls, extensive verandas, with unobstructed sea view on three sides. Billiards, Bowling Alleys, Croquet Lawn; sailing and row boats, with trusty skippers; saddle and carriage horses. Quadrille band in constant attendance. Four hours from Boston, by Boston, Maine, and Eastern Railroad. Terms moderate, particularly to families and season boarders. Apply to DAVIS, WORCESTER, & CO., Wells Beach, Me.

HOW TO EARN A FEW DOLLARS.

Take an Agency for the new Health Monthly, THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH, \$2 a year. Send stamp for particulars to S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

TRUSSES, Supporters, Elastic Stockings, Belts, Braces, &c., especially for Ladies' use, at Seeley's Hard-Rubber Truss Establs., 787 Broadway, N. Y., & 1347 Chestnut St., Phila. Careful and correct adjustment. Experienced Lady in attendance.

MAGIC PHOTOGRAPHS.—Wonderful, curious, amusing. 25c. a package; 5 assorted packages, \$1. Sent postpaid by W. C. Wemyss, 330 Broadway, N. Y.

\$425 A MONTH! Horse and Carriage furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.,

Broadway, cor. Nineteenth Street, N. Y.

In view of the extensive alterations and large additions now making to the present premises, and to make room for the largely increased

FALL IMPORTATIONS,

(now ordered), will, from and after

MONDAY, MAY 27,

Offer THE ENTIRE BALANCE OF THEIR ELEGANT and well-assorted stock of

FANCY

SUMMER SILKS, JAPANESE SILKS, AND POPLINS, PONGEES, ARMURES, CREPE DE CHINES, CHINTZ FOULARDS, PARIS PRINTED GRENADES, GAZE DE SOIES, GAZE CHAMBRAS, PARIS ORGAN-DIES AND JACONETS, TRAVELING-DRESS MATERIALS, PRINTED CAMBRICS, CALICOES, &c., &c.,

AT AN IMMENSE REDUCTION.

N. B.—Purchasers are respectfully requested to inspect these goods, as the REDUCTION will be found on EXAMINATION TO BE ACTUAL.

MOURNING DEPARTMENT.

In addition to the stock of DEEP-MOURNING GOODS, such as English Bombazines, Henrietta, Tamise, Barthes, and Crepe Cloth, Serges, Crepes, &c., they would call especial attention to their magnificent assortment of

BLACK IRON GRENADES.

These goods are all of the best make and finish, pure silk and wool, and are now offered at prices from 50 cents per Yard and Upward.

(Being an actual reduction of fully 25 per cent.)

Also, Silk Grenadines in Plain Silk and Satin Stripes, and Brocades.

(In quality from medium to the richest manufactured), together with a full line of

Lawns, Organdies, Cambrics, Ginghams, Prints, &c., &c., at equally Low Prices.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY

REDUCTION IN

MOURNING GOODS.

COMPLETE SLAUGHTER.

IRON GRENADES, warranted all

SILK AND WOOL, 50c.; former price, 80c.

Much finer goods, 65c.; former price, \$1.

One case 2 yards wide, \$1 25; former price, \$2.

One case 2 yards wide, \$1 50; former price, \$2 50.

One case 2 yards wide, \$1 75; former price, \$3.

Black and White Silk-Stripe GRENADES, 20c.

SILK-WARP HENRIETTA, \$1 25; former price, \$1 60.

GRAPE CLOTH, 50c.; former price, 70c.

FRENCH CASHMERE, \$1 25; former price, \$1 75.

BARATHEAS, 75c.; former price, \$1.

BLACK ALPACAS, 50c.; former price, 65c.

BLACK SILKS,

\$1 65; former price, \$2.

\$1 75; former price, \$2 15.

BEST ENGLISH CALICOES, 1 yard wide, 20c.;

former price, 25c.

OBSERVE

JACKSON'S MOURNING STORE,

No. 729 Broadway, corner Waverley Place.

Extremely LOW PRICES

For Style and Quality.

Usual price.

Each.

Solid Gold Leontine

Chains..... \$14 \$22

Solid Gold Matinee

Chains..... 35 55

Solid Gold Nilsson Chains..... 45 65

Solid Gold Half-Opera Chains..... 55 75

Solid Gold Opera Chains..... 65 85

Sent C. O. D. Privilege to examine before paying.

F. J. NASH, 712 Broadway, N. Y.

"Worthy of the fullest confidence."—*Christian Ad-*

vocate. "Just what he represents them."—*Christian*

Union. "Has a good stock, and is entirely reliable."

—*Appleton's Journal*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MONITEUR

DE LA

MODE

FOR

JUNE

MILLINER AND DRESSMAKER, 729 MAY on

hand and for sale by

GEO. B. ROYS, Bookseller and Stationer,

823 Broadway, N. Y.

Price Seventy-five Cents each, or Nine Dollars per

Year. Sent to order to collect on delivery in this city;

out of the city sent to order on receipt of Seventy-five

cents each, or Four Dollars and a Half for Six Months.

\$500,000 IN CASH!

Second Grand Gift Concert,

IN AID OF THE

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY,

[Authorized by Act of the Legislature of Kentucky,

March 16, 1871.]

The Public Library of Kentucky occupies a splen-

d building, recently purchased at a cost of \$210,000.

It is now open and free to the world.

1000 Gifts in Cash (highest \$100,000, lowest \$100) will

be distributed, amounting in all to \$500,000.

Tickets, \$10 each; halves, \$5; quarters, \$3 50.

Concert and distribution will take place Sept. 28,

1872, and is under the management of Hon. THOS. E.

BRAMLETTE, late Governor of Kentucky, who has

consented to represent the Trustees.

The Farmers and Drivers' Bank is Treasurer.

For full information and for tickets apply to

THOS. E. BRAMLETTE,

Agent Public Library Kentucky, Louisville, Ky.

37 Circulars (giving full particulars) sent on appli-

cation.

MOTHERS,

S NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS FARINA, Y

A THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE. O

Extensively used and recommended

by the most eminent physicians.

Sold by Druggists and Grocers.

H. ASTIE & CO., Sole Agents, U

15 South William Street, New York.

E INFANTS. R

HAIR.—HUMAN HAIR SWITCHES.

SOLID HAIR—NOT DYED.

RETAILED AT IMPORTERS' PRICES.

28 inches long, weight 2½ oz., only \$5 00.

30 inches long, weight 3½ oz., only \$7 50.

32 inches long, weight 4 oz., only \$9 00.

34 inches long, weight 4½ oz., only \$11 00.

Coronet Braids, 2 oz., 28 inches, only \$4 50.

BACK CURLS,

Now the fashion for evening wear. Full sets. Natural curly.

Size. My Price. Retails in N. Y. for

Medium..... \$7 00..... \$10 00

Large..... 8 00..... 12 00

Extra Large..... 10 00..... 15 00

LONG SINGLE CURLS.

No. 1.—18-inch Hair, only..... \$1 50

" 2.—20 " " "..... 2 00

" 3.—22 " " "..... 3 00

" 4.—24 " " "..... 4 00

" 5.—26 " " "..... 4 50

Every lady should embrace this opportunity, and purchase hair goods from the only hair importer who retails at wholesale prices.

CHAS. V. PECKHAM,

Established 1848. 687 Broadway, near Amity St., New York City.

Will send goods, C. O. D., by express; or by mail or express, prepaid, on receipt of color and money in registered letter or P. O. money order.

Correspondence answered by inclosing two 8-cent stamps.

WARREN WARD & CO.,

ESTABLISHED 1850,

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers, are prepared to furnish Country Cottages, City Residences, and Hotels with first-class

THE BEAVER BRAND.



SILK-FINISHED

BLACK PURE MOHAIRS.

These GOODS are finished alike on both sides, and are distinguished for their silky appearance, brilliant lustre, and pure shade of fast Black. Being made of the very finest material, they positively excel all other Mohairs ever sold in the United States.

These splendid Goods are sold by most of the leading retail Dry-Goods Merchants in all the leading cities and towns throughout all the States.

Purchasers will know these Goods, as a ticket is attached to each piece, bearing a picture of the Beaver, precisely like the above.

PEAKE, OPDYCKE, & CO.,
427 & 429 Broadway, New York,
Sole Importers of this Brand for the United States.

WEBSTER'S PATENT
BUTTON-HOLE WORKER.

The most perfect Button-Hole Worker invented. So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can without it.

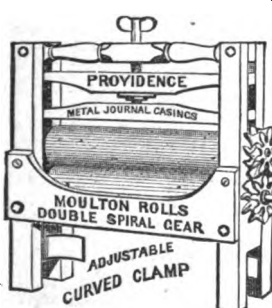
It does away with pricking the fingers, straining the eyes, and with imperfect and irregular worked button-holes. They give universal satisfaction. Ladies who use them say they are worth their weight in gold. Sample worker, with full directions for use, sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents. Local and traveling agents wanted for this and other useful articles. Address GEO. DAVIS, 91 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!!
WITH A NOVELTY PRESS!

The best ever made for the purpose. THE most valuable addition to the Business Office; the most efficient Instructor in Schools; the most fascinating and instructive amusement in the Family; and is unsurpassed for the use of AMATEUR AND REGULAR PRINTERS. Send for descriptive & illustrated Pamphlet to BENJ. O. WOODS, MANUFACTURER, 349-351 Federal & 152 Kneeland Sts., Boston; WM. Y. EDWARDS, 548 Broadway, N. Y.; KELLY, HOWELL & LUDWIG, 917 Market St., Philadelphia; J. F. EDWARDS, 120 N. Sixth St., St. Louis; A. C. KELLOGG, 53-55 S. Jefferson St., Chicago.—Manufacturers' Agents.

COLGATE & CO.'S
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP
has a novel but very delightful perfume, and is in every respect superior for TOILET USE.

Sold by dealers in perfumery and Toilet Articles.

Providence Wringer,
NEW 1872.

Moulton Rolls,
Most Durable;
Double
Spiral Cogs,
Easiest Working;
Curved Clamp,
Holds Firmest;
Metal Journal
Casings.

NO WEAR OUT.

PROVIDENCE TOOL COMPANY,
11 Warren St., N. Y., and PROV., R. I.



A DOMESTIC
Luxury.
A DOMESTIC
Blessing.
A DOMESTIC
Necessity.

"WILL LAST A
LIFETIME."

Address
"DOMESTIC" S. M. Co., 96 Chambers St., N. Y.



MEDICINAL TORPEDOES,

In the shape of fierce cathartics are falling into disrepute. TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT is driving them out of use. It is the mildest and most genial of all laxatives. Instead of weakening the stomach and bowels, it gives them tone and vigor. Other purgatives leave the excretory passages in an unnatural condition, and new concretions gather there, often more difficult to remove than those that have been violently expelled. The Seltzer Aperient, on the contrary, establishes a regular habit of body. As an appetizer and exhilarant it is far superior to any "Bitters," and its purifying influence on the vitiated animal fluids excels that of any blood depurant in the Materia Medica. And then, how delicious! Sold by all druggists.

Harper & Brothers'
Latest Publications.

1. **THE DESERT OF THE EXODUS.** Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings; undertaken in connection with the Ordnance Survey of Sinai and the Palestine Exploration Fund. By E. H. PALMER, M.A., Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. With Maps and numerous Illustrations from Photographs and Drawings taken on the spot by the Sinai Survey Expedition and C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake. Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$3.00.

2. **LORD KILGOBBIN.** A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, \$1.00; Cloth, \$1.50.

3. **A SMALLER ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST,** from the Earliest Times to the Conquest by Alexander the Great. Including Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phœnicia. By PHILIP SMITH, B.A. With Woodcuts. 16mo, 316 pages, Cloth, \$1.00.

4. **ALBERT LUNEL.** A Novel. By the late LORD BROUGHAM. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

5. **ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1871.** Edited by SPENCER F. BAIRD, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. 12mo, Cloth, \$2.00.

6. **A BRIDGE OF GLASS.** A Novel. By F. W. ROBINSON, Author of "True to Himself," "For Her Sake," "Carry's Confession," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

7. **ROLFE'S SHAKESPEARE.** Shakespeare, edited, with Notes, by WM. J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of Cambridge High-School. (The Merchant of Venice.—The Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Julius Caesar.) Illustrated. 4 vols., 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents each; or bound in one volume, handsomely ornamented, \$3.00.

8. **LIBRARY EDITION OF MISS MULLOCK'S WORKS.** 12mo, Cloth, \$1.50 per vol.

Hannah.—Olive.—Ogilvies.—The Head of the Family.—John Halifax.—Agatha's Husband.—A Life for a Life.—Two Marriages.—Christian's Mistake.—A Noble Life.—A Hero.—Studies from Life.—The Fairy Book.—Unkind Word.—Mistress and Maid.—The Woman's Kingdom.—A Brave Lady.

9. **TALMAGE'S SERMONS.** Sermons by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. 12mo, Cloth, \$2.00.

10. **HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD DICKENS.** OLIVER TWIST. With 28 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1.00.

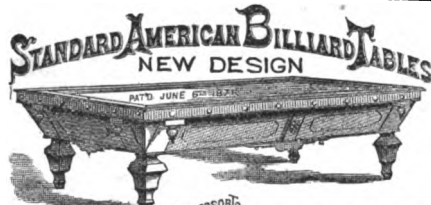
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. With 50 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, \$1.00; Cloth, \$1.50.

11. **TYERMAN'S WESLEY.** The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. LUKE TYERMAN, Author of "The Life of Rev. Samuel Wesley." Portraits. Complete in 8 vols., in a Box, Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$2.50 per vol.

12. **GRIF.** A Story of Australian Life. By B. L. FARJON, Author of "Joshua Marvel," "Blade-o'-Grass," &c. 8vo, Paper, 40 cents.

Harper & Brothers will send any of their works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

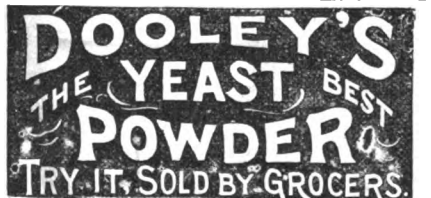
Harper's Catalogue mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.



H.W. COLLENDER, Successor to
PHILAN & COLLENDER.
738 Broadway, New York.
ILLUSTRATED PRICE-LIST SENT BY MAIL.



Beautifies the complexion by removing Pimples and all other disagreeable disorders of the skin. Twenty-five cents per box. JOHN F. HENRY, Sole Proprietor, No. 8 College Place, New York.



BOOK AGENTS WANTED.
For particulars, address AVERY BILL, Care Harper & Brothers, 331 Pearl St., New York.

THEA-NECTAR.
A Pure Chinese Tea,
The Best Tea Imported.
Warranted to Suit all Tastes.
Put up in our trade-mark Half-Pound and Pound Packages only. 30 and 60 Pound Boxes.
For Sale, at Wholesale only, by The Gt. Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., New York City; P. O. Box 5506.

Commencement of the 45th Volume.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR JUNE, 1872.

CONTENTS:

THE GERMAN GAMBLING SPAS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Wiesbaden: the Garten.—Invalids at the Spa.—View of Baden-Baden.—The old Castle.—The Trinkhalle, Baden.—Experience of a Novice.—The Conversationshaus, Baden.—Interior.—The Conversationshaus, Baden: Exterior.—Diagram of Roulette.—Gambling Saloon, Wiesbaden.—Diagram of Rouge-et-Noir.—A Lackey receiving a Stranger.—Venerable Gamblers.—Countess Kiseleff.—The Curia, Wiesbaden.—At the Kochbrunnen.—Bridge of Boats at Mainz.—"Please don't die here."—At Ems: a Believer in "the Waters."—At Ems: those who go there to pick up a little Money.—View of Ems.—At Ems: those who go there to drop a little Money.—Bismarck.—A genuine Croupier.

THE MOUNTAINS.—III. ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Arched Strata.—The Chimney Rocks.—North Fork Gap.—Refused to be comforted.—Great Expectations.—Karr's Pinnacles.—The Race.—Cliffs of Seneca.—The Clerk.—The Country Store.—Old Sam Bonner.—Cathedral Rock, Mouth of Seneca.

THE HEBREW EXODUS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Sinai: Valley of the Convent of St. Katherine.—Summit of Mount Sinai.—Abraham's Well at Beersheba.—View from the Summit of Sinai.—Wady Wutah.—Map of the Hebrew Exodus.—Jebel 'Aradeh.—Modern Bedouin of Sinai.—Ras Sufsafeh, from the Plain.—Gate of the Convent of St. Katherine.—View from the Cleft on Ras Sufsafeh.—Wady Feiran.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.
By EMILIO CASTELAR.—(First Paper.)
With a Portrait.

AUNT PEN'S FUNERAL.
CALIFORNIA.—II. WHAT TO SEE THERE, AND HOW TO SEE IT. By CHARLES NORDHOFF.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Summit of the Sierras.—C. P. Huntington.—Alkali Desert, Central Pacific Railroad.—Bloomer Cut.—Flume and Railroad at Gold Run.—First Office of the Central Pacific Railroad.—Secret Town: Trestle from the East.—Green Bluffs.—Map showing Points of Interest to Tourists.—Central Pacific Railroad Hospital.—The Geysers.—California Live-Oak.—Piute Squaw and Papoose.—The Yosemite Valley.—Donner Lake, Crested Peak, and Mount Lincoln.—The Big Trees.—View near the State Line, Truckee River.—Lake Tahoe.—Boating on Donner Lake.

ONE NIGHT IN VENICE. By CAROLINE A. MERIGHI.
ILLUSTRATION.—"The Gondola beside the Terrace pausing."

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE. By ANTHONY TROLOPE.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Head-Piece.—"Oh, George, if you could know all!"—"Then I will protect her from you."

DOHN RUSCHEN, THE MYTH. By ROSE TERRY.
A GOOD INVESTMENT.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—"What Time can he make?"—"Vesta was seated on a low Stool."

JOHN WESLEY AND HIS TIMES.
OLD KENSINGTON. By MISS THACKERAY.

CHAPTER VI. Down Stairs in the Dark.
CHAPTER VII. Cloud-capped Towers and gorgeous Palaces.
CHAPTER VIII. Immortelles.

TWO OF MY LADY-LOVES.
WHILE SHE SLEEPS.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.
EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD.
EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

TERMS FOR HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year.....\$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year..... 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year..... 4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, \$10 00; or any two for \$7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers at \$4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for \$20 00, without extra copy.

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, \$500; Half Page, \$250. Quarter Page, \$150.—each insertion.
Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, \$2 00 per Line, Outside Page, \$4 00 per Line.—each insertion.
Harper's Bazar.—\$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, \$1 25 per Line.—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

PRICE \$200
You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 Octave Pianos for \$200? We answer—It costs less than \$300 to make any \$600 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per cent profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant Five Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to 300 Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories.
U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. BRINSON & CO., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

BAZAR

Cut Paper Patterns,

For Ladies, Misses, Girls, and
Children of Both Sexes.

The great design of the proprietors of the Bazar Patterns is to furnish cut paper patterns of every description, and for every size, at a moderate price. These patterns are intended to be the most perfect, the most practical, and the most economical ever produced in this country, and so arranged as to be easily understood by those not accustomed to making their own garments. We avoid as far as possible every form of extravagance in cutting up material, at the same time combining all that is desirable with fashion and good taste. Our business will be conducted in a spirit of progress. Every pattern we issue will be the product of the ablest and most experienced gentlemen dressmakers in the country, all under the supervision of Mr. Moschcowitz, a gentleman who stands at the head of his profession, and who is unquestionably the ablest dressmaker in the United States. What Worth is to Paris, Moschcowitz is to New York—the highest authority on all matters pertaining to fashion. We have carefully prepared a catalogue of 28 pages, containing over two hundred figures, showing the leading fashions of the day. From this catalogue may be selected patterns of every description and of every size, ranging from 30 to 46 inches bust measure; also for misses from 10 to 16 years of age, and for children of both sexes under 10. On receipt of postage stamp, the above catalogue will be sent to any address free of charge. In this catalogue will be found a list of two valuable premiums, both of which are offered to subscribers for Harper's Bazar. One subscriber will get at least one of these premiums, and we confidently assert that, for liberality and magnitude, the premiums offered to each and every new subscriber for the Bazar have no parallel, an offer in which thousands of families will be benefited, and will, we trust, be the means of adding much to the comfort and economy of every household. We are confident that this premium will be hailed with delight by every lady in the land. For terms to Agents, or for catalogues, address

JAMES M'CALL & CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

Important to Ladies.—Read the following extraordinary offer: The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co. manufacture and warrant two different Sewing Machines, one called the Elliptic, the other called the Wheeler & Wilson. The Elliptic Machine excels in many important points. It is so light that a child can run it with ease; or an invalid, whose strength is sufficient to walk about the house or to do the work of a child ten years old, can sew all day without being over-fatigued. It is impossible to convey by language a tithe of the merits belonging to this deservedly popular Machine. To see it perform the different operations, such as hemming, felling, gathering, embroidering, tucking, cording, frilling, quilting, fringing, etc., it seems more like a thing of life than a machine moved by the will of the operator. It has adjustable gauges for every description of work, and can be changed in a moment to suit any material, coarse or fine. The economy of the Elliptic Machine in a family is almost incredible—with one, a good operator can do the work of twelve hands. A breadth of a skirt can be sewed in less than a minute; a gentleman's fine shirt can be made in three hours; or a child's dress, with many tiny pleats, in less time than the hands can fold them—in fact, every description of sewing is reduced from a question of hours to one of minutes. We make the following offer: Any person in the United States desiring one of these celebrated Machines can buy one and pay for it in work (not sewing) furnished at their own home. The work is pleasant and profitable, and can be accomplished by any lady, old or young. We send circulars on receipt of stamp. Address

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

J. B. SMALL, Manufacturer of Cut Paper Patterns for Ladies', Misses', Boys', and Children's Garments, of all ages and sizes. We furnish Harper & Brothers with all the suits of Cut Paper Patterns issued with this paper. Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Address J. B. SMALL, 643 Broadway, New York.



No. 822, Front and Back View

Lady's Polonaise Over-Dress, with Cape. Nine even sizes, 30 to 46 inches bust measure. Sent on receipt of 25 cents and measure.

J. B. Small's Cut Paper Patterns have a printed label, showing their size, the amount of cloth, trimming, &c., required, with instruction for cutting and making, and a Picture of the garment when finished.

COLORED FASHION PLATE,

For Spring Styles, will be ready March 1st. Sent on receipt of 25 cents; or, with Four Cut Paper Patterns on plate, for 60 cents.

LADIES!
Dr. Kennedy's Hair Tea will prevent the hair from falling out, and preserve its health and beauty. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred Pianos, Melodions, and Organs, of six first-class makers, including Waters', at extremely low prices, for cash, during this month, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

STILL AHEAD! The "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER," illustrated, 8 pages, Ledger size, overflowing with charming reading of all kinds to suit ALL persons. The superb bouquet of "Moss Roses," is still sent free, and this paper a whole year for only 75 cents. 25,000 Chromos now adorn as many homes. Specimens, 6 cents. Address Banner, Hinesdale, N. H.

FACETIÆ.

The toast of "The Ladies" might have been given at a recent literary banquet thus: "Woman—the fairest work in all creation. The edition is large, and no man should be without a copy."

An Iceland judge, we are told, asked if all the jury were united. "Yes, judge," was the reply, "we're all frozen together."

A witness in court who had been cautioned to give a precise answer, to every question, and not to talk about what he might think the question meant, was interrogated as follows:

"You drive a wagon?"
"No, Sir, I do not."
"Why, Sir, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?"
"No, Sir, I did not."
"Now, Sir, I put it to you on your oath: Do you drive a wagon?"
"No, Sir."
"What is your occupation, then?"
"I drive a horse."

THE LAND OF CANE—The place where sugar comes from.

Why is a beauty like the engine on a railway?—Because she draws a train after her, scatters the sparks, transports the mails (males), and makes us forget time and space.

One of the candidates for the Hawaiian Legislature is in favor of the repeal of the kanawai hookamakama.

There are no more savages. A Cherokee Indian chief is in Paris. He is going to study for the bar. His name is Mr. Wood—very well chosen for an ex-inhabitant of the forest. He looks first rate in the newest male Parisian fashions. In fact, they seem to have been especially designed for the adornment of an ex-wood denizen.

The Chinese picture of ambition is a mandarin trying to catch a comet by putting salt upon its tail.

A STIR IN THE KITCHEN.

It is said that, emulous of the example of her Caledonian sister, the English female Domestic Servant is about to initiate a movement to better herself, and to form an association to protect her interests against that worst of all tyrants, despots, enemies, oppressors, and down-trodden—"Mistress." Preliminary conferences have already been held in halls and kitchens of the first respectability; and as soon as the weather is finally settled a great open-air meeting will be called at an hour convenient to those whom a hard fate compels to dish up a late dinner, at which the following programme will be recommended for adoption, as essential to the comfort, happiness, self-respect, and independence of all those whom ~~saukumstances~~ obligations to resort to domestic service for their livelihood. We hope the agitation may not extend to America.

No Servant to accept an engagement until she has first received a satisfactory character of the Mistress who is anxious to secure her assistance.

Public waiting-rooms to be established, at which Mistresses shall attend (at their own cost), to be inspected and questioned by their intending employees.

No Servant to permit, on any pretext, the slightest difference in the quality or quantity of the provisions supplied to the parlor and the kitchen. The best tea always to be provided, and an absolute prohibition to be placed upon the use of moist sugar.

No Mistress to enter her own kitchen without giving previous notice of her intention to its occupants.

No cupboards, sideboards, store-rooms, or cellars to be kept locked.

Free access to the beer-barrel.

No Servant to be rung up in the morning, or expected to retire to rest at a certain hour at night.

No interference to be allowed with a Servant's dress, of which she is to be considered the best and only judge. Artificial flowers, vells, jewelry, parasols, chignons, and high-heeled boots to pass unquestioned and unnoticed.

No restriction to be placed on kitchen company. Male friends to have the *entrée* to that apartment



GENTLE OVERTURES TOWARD FRIENDSHIP.

FIRST STRANGER. "I declare, Sir, that Women are getting more outrageously Decolletay every Day. Just look over there at that Prodigious old Porpoise with the Eyeglass!"
SECOND STRANGER. "Hum! Ha! Yes! I can't help thinking she's a more Festive-looking Object than that Funereal old Frump with the Fan!"
FIRST STRANGER. "The 'Funereal old Frump' is my Wife, Sir!"
SECOND STRANGER. "The 'Prodigious old Porpoise' is mine! Let's go and have some Tea!"

whenever it may be agreeable to them. (This last stipulation to be a *sine qua non*.)

Cold meat to be eaten only at breakfast, luncheon, tea, and supper.

Char-women to be engaged to undertake such onerous and disagreeable duties as washing, scrubbing, black-leading grates, lighting fires, preparing the rooms for the reception of the family in the morning, making beds, cleaning boots and knives, etc.

Servants with musical tastes and acquirements to be allowed the use of the piano.

A supply of newspapers, magazines, and reviews, and a subscription to a circulating library for the exclusive accommodation of the kitchen.

The total abolition of the irksome and barbarous custom of washing at home.

All such degrading terms as "place," "wages," "character," and "maid-of-all-work" to be forbidden, and, in their stead, "situation" or "engagement," "salary," "testimonials," and "general domestic" to be employed. The word "kitchen" to be gradually discontinued in favor of "Servants' Apartment."

Two half-holidays a week. Vacations at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, and a month's leave of absence in the summer (without any deduction from salary) for the sea-side, etc.

An evening party once a month.

The Sunday question to be a matter of special negotiation; but all leave of absence on that day to be considered to apply to the whole of it, and no hour to be fixed for the return of domestics to their duties at night.

All salaries to be paid in advance, and Servants to be entitled to draw as much money as they please on account.

Servants not to be required to give warning, but all existing customs, as regards notice, wages, etc., on the part of employers, to remain in full force.

The extension of the franchise to Domestic Servants. No caps.

GOING ON CIRCUIT—Taking a turn on the tread-mill.

TO MAKE JAM TART.—Leave out the sugar when you preserve your plums.

"WHAT THEY HAVE BROUGHT IT TO."—In the window of a shop in an obscure part of London is this announcement: "Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject."

MUSIC.

I used to hear
"You have an ear,"
And fancied it was true.
An ear, forsooth!
Well, well, 'tis truth—
So has a donkey, too!
I would I'd not
That organ got—
My brow is oozing clammy,
For I've been away
For a week to stay—
To stay—in a musical family!
From morn till night
Black notes and white,
Like teeth, at me were gnashed;
With fiddles, harps,
And flutes and sharps,
That jingled, scraped, and crashed!
My poor brain throbs
Like triple bobs,
My brow is oozing clammy,
And I would I had ne'er
Been tempted there—
To stay in a musical family!
Oh, take away
That fiddle, pray—
I'll give it no encomium!
That harp as well—
And prythee sell
Piano and harmonium!
A bore I vote
The faintest note—
It makes my brow feel clammy!
It is weak I know,
But did you ever go
To stay with a musical family?
If they ask again
They will ask in vain;
Consent I ne'er can give;
And with both ears full
Of cotton wool
Henceforth I mean to live.
From do, re, mi
I fain would flee:
My brow is oozing clammy
At the thought of what
Was once my lot—
To stay in a musical family!

hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the laws in force against witchcraft, sorcery, and the like, and the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

FLOWER AND FRUIT.

"How lovely," said Amelia Jane—
Delight her face illuming,
As on they wandered down the lane—
"The fruit trees in full blooming!"

"How sad that they should fade so soon,
And shed their petals snowy;
Would they might last through May and June,
They're so uncommon showy!"

"Amelia Jane," her love replied,
"The notion's foolish—very!
We should not get, did blooms abide,
Our apple, pear, or cherry."

"And so about their swift decline
I am not a regretter,
For though the blossom may be fine,
I guess the plums are better."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—A horsey man, hearing mention made of the "Latin Races," wished to know where they were held.

MEDICAL MEM.—Wine "laid down" too long may "lay up" its imbibers.

CAPITAL (VERY!) AND LABOR.

The following items in connection with the Shorter-Time-and-More-Money agitation have reached us:

"A lunar telegraphic dispatch reports that the Man in the Moon has struck work. He represents that eight hours a day are quite enough for such a clever fellow to shine in, and declines to carry his bundle of sticks any longer. This announcement has caused great consternation throughout the whole of the Solar System."

"A report comes from Holland that all the Dutch clocks have commenced striking. They are determined not to work more than twelve hours a day. It is believed, however, that the government will deal with the offenders under the Winding-up act, as strikes are not allowed in Holland."



THE PICNIC.

PLAYFUL WIDOW. "Jump me Down, Mr. Figgins!"
[The gallant little man did his best, but fell—in her estimation forever!]



AUGUSTUS HATES CALLS.

"Augustus, Love, let me entreat you! Do not give way to any Insane Demonstrations of Delight before the Servant if she says they're Not at Home!"

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 25.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1872.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



CHILDREN'S AND LADIES' SUMMER SUITS.

Fig. 1.—ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

Fig. 2.—LADY'S LOUIS XV. COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—LADY'S WATTEAU COSTUME.

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Albert Victor Sailor Suit, graded to fit Boys from 4 to 18 Years old, in Nine Sizes, from 21 to 30 Inches Chest Measure, will be sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

DEATH IN LIFE.

HERE do I sit, a mourner,
With my dead before my eyes;
Flushed with the hues of life is he,
And quick are his replies;

Often his warm hand touches mine;
Brightly his glances fall;
And yet, of all the earth, am I
The loneliest of all!

In piteous, prayerless burial
I laid him—oh, so low!
And closed my heart above the place,
That none might ever know.

Some mourners feel their dead return
In dreams, in thoughts at even;
Ah, well for them—their best beloved
Are faithful still in heaven!

But woe to her whose best beloved
Though dead still wanders near;
So far away when by her side
He can not see nor hear!

Mine walks the earth—he comes, he goes,
In busy rounds of life;
His gains and chances counteth he;
His days with joy are rife.

Careless, he meets me day by day,
Nor thinks of words once said.
Oh, would that love could live again,
Or my heart give up its dead!

Children's and Ladies' Summer Suits.

See illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This pretty suit is the favorite of the season. The original is made of navy blue cloth, trimmed with black braid and gilt buttons. The material, of course, can be varied to suit the taste. The dress is extremely easy and picturesque, and deserves its popularity. The pattern is furnished in nine sizes, from 21 to 29 inches chest measure, to fit boys from four to nine years old. The size is taken by passing a tape measure entirely around the body, straight under the arms. No other measure is required.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

This pattern comprises two articles—sailor blouse and knee pantaloons.

SAILOR BLOUSE.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, back, sleeve, collar, and cuff. Cut the front, back, and sleeves with the longest, and the collar with the shortest, straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid making a seam. Put the pattern together by the notches. Close the seams and set on the collar. Place the middle of the collar even with the middle of the back, and hold the collar toward you when sewing it on. Gather the sleeve at the bottom and set on the cuff. Close the seam and gather the top, place the seam at the notch in front, and sew it in the armhole, holding the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. Sew a piece of tape on the lower end of the blouse, and run in a piece of elastic braid in order to shirr the waist to fit the form. The extra fullness of the waist droops over the pantaloons. The garment is cut whole in the front and back, and is put on over the head. The cravat is tied loosely in a sailor knot at the opening of the collar. A quarter of an inch is allowed for seams on the patterns.

KNEE PANTALOONS.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, back, front of waistband, and back of waistband. The seven holes show where to set the buttons up the side of the leg on the front part. Lay three pleats at each side of the seam in the back between the notches. When cutting add an inch and a quarter of cloth at the bottom of the pattern for a facing, and leave spring enough at the seams so that it will fit well when turned up. Put in the pockets between the notches on the outside seam. In sewing on the front waistband (which is the shorter) let the band lap so that it can be stitched on smoothly across the top of the pantaloons. In sewing on the back waistband place the middle at the seam in the back, and let it extend to the edge of the facing. This facing is cut in the back part at the side seam, and is of sufficient width to allow the front waistband to lap over and button smoothly. These pantaloons button on a shirt-waist, which is worn under the blouse. A quarter of an inch is allowed for seams on the pattern. The pantaloons are trimmed around the bottom and up the outside seam of the leg with two rows of fine braid, and the buttons are set between the rows, the sailor collar and sleeves of the blouse being trimmed to correspond.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for boy four years old, 3 yards.

Add a quarter of a yard for every year of age.

Quantity of braid, 4 yards.

Number of buttons, 12.

Fig. 2.—LADY'S LOUIS XV. COSTUME. Skirt and basque-waist of rose-colored faille, trimmed with flounces of the material. Louis XV. over dress of maize sultane, with black satin stripes, scalloped on the edge and bordered with black satin bias folds. Frill of Mechlin lace, with bow of maize crêpe de Chine edged with black satin, and lined with rose-colored faille. Rose-colored parasol. Hair confined by a rose-colored ribbon.

Fig. 3.—LADY'S WATTEAU COSTUME. Skirt of striped faille in two shades—Sèvres blue and pale blue. Polonaise of pale chine blue sultane, edged with a pleated ruche of the material of the skirt, with a bias fold through the middle. Pompadour parasol of blue silk, lined with white.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1872.

HARPER'S WEEKLY for June 22 will contain a gratuitous and splendidly illustrated

BOSTON JUBILEE SUPPLEMENT, containing many new and exceedingly interesting engravings of views in and about Boston, with an entertaining and graphic Sight-seer's Guide to the notable places of the city and its vicinity. No visitor to Boston can afford to do without this magnificent Supplement.

Cut Paper Patterns of the Albert Victor Sailor Suit for Boys from Four to Twelve Years old, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement in last Number.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Boys' and Girls' Gymnastic Suits; Dresses, Blouse-Waists, Aprons, Lingerie, etc.; a full assortment of Infants' Clothing, Ladies' Garden Hats and Gloves, Sofa-Pillows, Clothes-Racks, Crab Napkins, Embroidery Designs and Medallions; an Alphabet for Marking Children's Clothing, etc.; with brilliant literary and artistic attractions.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS have a different definition at different periods; those things which were deemed such in the days of our grandmothers have lost their ancient lustre, and retreated into obscurity before the more fashionable accomplishments of to-day. Nobody thinks it an accomplishment now to work feather and hem stitch, to make elaborate embroideries, to paint unclassified plants, to plait watch-chains and crystal beads in fantastic patterns. All these things have grown a little musty. No doubt there was a time when a young lady was considered accomplished if she could read, and when she learned to write what a prodigy she had become! When HOMER lived perhaps it was an accomplishment to be able to listen—that is, to have the appreciative and receptive soul developed.

Nowadays, if one has a smattering of French, can beat a symphony out of the piano, can gossip about art and theology, read novels and waltz, she is pronounced accomplished! But what has she accomplished? We doubt if she has made much of an advance upon her ancestors; hem stitch and fagoting were useful as well as ornamental, while poor French is neither one nor the other; it has only the advantage of employing the mind rather than the muscles; but, after all, is it not the mind which gives motive power to the muscles? Was not BARBARA UTTMAN, who invented lace-making, an accomplished woman? Though she wrought with her hands, it was at the dictation of her brain; she accomplished an industry for her sex; she brought needle-work to a crisis; she bettered the instructions of her elders, and put an idea into that which had been something mechanical and tedious before her.

It would seem that we are a little confused as to the right meaning of accomplishments. They are not for show so much as for use; therefore would it not be better to know one thing perfectly, to accomplish one branch, be it language, art, conversation, or music, rather than to dabble in all superficially in order to pass muster in society, and shine in virtue of the variety of our accomplishments instead of their quality? Moreover, these things seem to retrograde rather than to progress. Who, after the first bloom of young ladyhood, after the actual business of life has begun, continues to paint impossible landscapes, to practice polkas, and translate Sir WALTER SCOTT's novels into the original again? In the hurly-burly of life there is little time and less repose for the serious pursuit of art. The piano disturbs the baby, and one has discovered that Sir WALTER's novels read finer in their native tongue, with a saving of time. So the hand forgets its cunning in oils and crayons, the gamut falls into disuse, and the French verbs retreat into some dusty chamber of the brain. After some years have passed, what has one to show of these mouldy accomplishments? A pencil sketch that has lost its enchantment, a half-remembered melody that clings to the finger-tips, and the ability to comprehend an easy sentence in French met in reading. In reverses of fortune how many of these can be turned to profit? how many are only clear loss?

Those who have the time and power to

accomplish so many things are few; those who touch and go are legions. It is not easy to keep so many irons in the fire, and all in working order; some are almost certain to be too hot or too cold—the fire does not radiate toward all with equal intensity. One has a talent for music, perhaps; but instead of giving her energies to it, instead of accomplishing it, she must perforce dabble in half a dozen other things in order to acquire accomplishments which finally fade out like high-colored prints not warranted to wash, and the talent is hindered of development. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well; and since we can not do credit to a score of these things, why attempt more than human enterprise can perform? Why try to strip the tree, when the windfalls are as much as we can carry away? Is there any glory in doing a great many things shabbily? A universal genius is one of the rarest blossoms of the race; the ordinary intellect can not cover the same area of learning; it may fill one department admirably, but stretch it beyond its limits, and he who runs may read the story of its flaws and failures. The mind gets dissipated, lacks concentration, goes only skin-deep into a subject, arrives at the gist of nothing, resembles the broken bucket with which children draw water from a well; it starts all bubbling over, and making a great show of its contents, but the water has leaked out on the journey! Why should daubing in water-colors and oils be accomplishments, and housekeeping brought to a fine art be considered an inferior performance? Why should a slight acquaintance with foreign tongues transcend the accomplishment of perfect English? If one's sewing or cooking is more perfect in its way than one's music, who can doubt which is the true accomplishment? If one puts more brains into her common work than another into her "accomplishments," which one has toiled most effectively? "But," says an objector, "it is the employment of the mind in these higher tasks which raises them beyond the ordinary level." But is not the mind the inspiration of every energy? and if this be so, it is only that which we do with the utmost of energy that is in us which can be fairly reckoned as an "accomplishment."

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Blowing Trumpets.

MY DEAR THOMAS,—I suppose that you and your friends disdain the circus, but now that the great singers have gone, and the pleasant days have come, I do sometimes renew my youth by joining a party of juvenile people, whose enjoyment in the circus is quite as sincere as yours in the opera, and I confess that mine does not lag far behind theirs. I went recently with such a company, and saw all the familiar sights, and smelled the old smells, and delighted in the eternal youth of things. But when a serious gentleman in a very party-colored costume made a profound bow to the noble company, busily engaged at the moment with fruit and pea-nuts, and then raising a trumpet to his lips, blew a mighty blast, the excitement in my little circle became quite uncontrollable. So gorgeous a musician, producing such tremendous strains, it was agreed had never been seen and heard; and I think that Signor McMaloni, the other grave gentleman, with an Irish aspect and an Italian name, who rode gracefully standing upon the steep flank of a calico pony, was even less impressive to us than Herr Boreas, the trumpeter in ordinary to the crowned heads of Europe; for it was, according to the veracious bills, no other than that celebrated and wide-world-renowned artist and virtuoso to whom we listened.

Little Lucy Honeysuckle was full of enthusiasm. "Oh! dear Mr. Bachelor," she exclaimed, with ardor, "did you ever hear any thing so perfectly splendid in all your life? Isn't he the most wonderful trumpeter in the whole world?"

I sympathized with the dear little girl's delight, but if I had told her the cold truth, which I do not hesitate to confide to my dear Thomas, I should have answered that, marvelous as Herr Boreas might be, I had yet heard even more tremendous trumpeters. And when Lucy asked, "Mr. Bachelor, do you suppose that he can play equally well upon all trumpets, or can he only blow his own?" I answered that there were a great many people who could blow their own trumpets much better than any other, and that Herr Boreas probably belonged to that company. For if all the world is a stage, and men and women merely players, is it not also a circus, and many men and women merely blowers of their own trumpets?

What prodigious blasts I have heard upon some of those private instruments! And when several of the trumpeters chance to be together and play their several tunes, the effect is as overwhelming as that of the old-fashioned chaotic tuning of the orches-

tra before the curtain rose at the theatre. But the solace of a private trumpet to the owner who performs upon it must be very great. He feels no need of other music. The same tune, with infinite yet monotonous variations, satisfies him entirely; and I remark that the delight of a skillful trumpeter in his own performance is only surpassed by his impatience of that of every body else. But that is an old characteristic of musicians; and some cynics have thought that they detected traces of the same disposition in painters. Indeed, I suppose it is we men of letters—for I facetiously claim to belong to that illustrious fraternity because of my correspondence, for I have no other claim, as I am often told—I say it is only we men of letters who habitually praise each other's performances.

There are people whom you may know very well without suspecting that they own a trumpet or know how to play, when suddenly, in the midst of some pleasant interview, they whip out an enormous instrument of this kind and proceed to blow a resounding blast, before which I really believe that Herr Boreas himself would quail. This was recently my experience. I was sitting quietly in my room one evening dreaming, as I often dream at such times, of what my life might have been had a certain monosyllable long and long ago been other than it was, when young Parchment came in and said that he had called to ask my assistance. It is a good youth, whom I have always known, and I said to him that I would gladly help him if I could. Then he unfolded the matter. It was simply that he wished to apply for a position as book-keeper in a certain great house, and would be glad if I would write a letter of introduction to the partners. I said that I would do so immediately, adding that of course he knew that he would be only an assistant, as the head book-keeper had no thought of retiring.

"Oh! I know," he said; and thereupon this youth, in whom I had never suspected any musical skill, deliberately put a trumpet to his mouth and played the most extraordinary and overpowering tune. I listened in amazement. But I remember the melody very well, and I can perhaps give you some idea of it. He began by saying that he thought he ought to know something about book-keeping, as he had given a great deal of his life to it. Moreover, he had a natural aptitude for figures. They never perplexed him. He could solve the most difficult problems in his head. As for his handwriting, he rather thought that it was quite legible and symmetrical. It was as easy for him to write well as for a bird to sing. And let the head book-keeper beware! A very worthy man, undoubtedly, but when his assistant came, we should all see which was which. The partners, he said, would soon discover which was the real man and master in the book-keeping department. Why, my dear Mr. Bachelor, I shall be invaluable to them—invaluable; and they will be very unjust to themselves if they do not make me the most flattering offers to come into the firm.

I listened, astounded, to this performance, and I gazed in admiration at the placid satisfaction which showed itself upon the trumpeter's face. "I congratulate you, my young friend," I said at last: "you certainly blow your own trumpet marvelously." He smiled kindly and loftily as he answered, "It's only the truth, you know." And that parting blast was the most prodigious of all.

There are some performers who, because of timidity, or awkwardness, or ignorance, blunder dreadfully in trying to play. They say, in a deprecatory manner, that if you don't blow your own trumpet nobody else will. That would, perhaps, be a great loss to mankind; but I really think that some trumpets may as well not be blown at all as played in a hesitating, half-ashamed way. Put your instrument to your lips and rouse the echoes, or leave it untouched. I have seen persons come into an editor's room, and pull a manuscript out of their pockets and hand it nervously to that awful being, and then take out their trumpet and puff a feeble, wretched note, hoping that the august arbiter would find in it something not altogether unworthy, or weakly hinting that it was perhaps as good as the pretty "Loves of the Grasshoppers" in the last number, or dying away in a miserable gasp to the effect that it was indeed very presumptuous to expect to be admitted into such a company as the contributors to such a magazine. But this is mere abortive bungling. If a man undertakes to blow his own trumpet, let him do it resonantly. In the supposed serenade to the awful being of whom I speak let him begin *fortissimo* at once, and declare that no magazine can dispense with such contributions and live, and that he offers to this favored editorial mortal the first opportunity of engaging at the highest price the first poet in the world. My dear Thomas, if you propose to blow, blow! Don't puff and wheeze and timidly whistle. Herr Boreas gave all his lungs to it, and you must

do the same if you would make the proper impression upon little Lucy.

Indeed, my boy, if you would study the great art of blowing your own trumpet in its fullest development, you must give your days and nights to the newspapers. How they do blow! What tremendous trumpeting! If an excellent editor should in his private capacity raise his front window and announce to the passers-by that he was the most enterprising, independent, heroic, honest, and influential person in the country; that his only object in life was to surpass all his competitors in every way, and that he did it so completely that they shrank and disappeared in the contest; that he always knew every thing before every body else, and that his statements were the sole authentic sources of information—he would undoubtedly divide with the hand-organ and the monkey the attention of the boys in the street. But sensible men would think him a weak fool or a maniac; and it is not every body who would believe in his virtues because he advertised them. This would be a solo upon the trumpet which would confound that modest performance of Herr Boreas, prodigious as it was.

You will learn with pleasure, however, I know, that this is a tune which is constantly executed by the same editor in his public capacity. His mastery of the instrument is amazing! You learn that his newspaper is in fact the only journal, that his enterprise is phenomenal, that no secret can hope to elude it, and that nothing so great, so admirable, so miraculous, was ever known as the genius which controls his paper. Of course every body believes it. Who should know if not he? Besides, all newspapers tell the truth. It has passed into a proverb that a thing must be true if it is in the newspaper. The louder they blow, the truer they must be. And this of which we speak is only the greatest truth of all. Yet I sometimes think that it is a kind of music which is not the pleasantest of all. Indeed, I remember to have heard people blowing their own trumpets sonorously, and doubting whether it was music at all. And I have remarked that some of the noblest and best men whom I know can not play upon any instrument—certainly never blow their own trumpet—and yet their lives are most melodious, with a music that penetrates wherever their names are known.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE ALBERT VICTOR SUIT.

THE English sailor suit, called the Albert Victor, after the son of the Prince of Wales, is illustrated on our first page. This simple suit is easily made, readily put off and on, comfortable to wear, and so inexpensive that it has become the favorite of the season for small boys. When introduced at the furnishing houses it was intended as a negligé suit for out-of-town and sea-side wear, but it is so jaunty and graceful that it has been adopted for the city also, and is seen in the avenues and Park daily. It is oftenest made of dark navy blue flannels, ornamented with white cotton braid. The twilled flannel that washes without fading or shrinking, is three-quarters of a yard wide, and costs 75 cents a yard, is the serviceable quality mothers select for these suits. More pretentious people buy the soft, fine, Middlesex flannel, of a lighter blue shade; this is a yard and a half wide, worth \$3 50 a yard. The trimming is a washing cotton braid, or white curled gimp, like cable cord flattened. The white pearl buttons are as large as a silver dime. Very small boys wear the pantaloons barely reaching to the knee; larger boys have them an inch or two below the knee. Two rows of braid, with buttons between, extend up the outer seam of the legs. The waist, or shirt, has been described in former numbers. The square collar is very wide, is cut quite low around the neck, and is fastened by one or perhaps two bows of many loops of black ribbon an inch wide. White stars and anchors, formerly embroidered on such suits, are now seldom seen. The collar and cuffs of a striped cambric shirt worn beneath the flannel waist should be shown plainly to light up the dark costume. Furnishing houses charge from \$7 50 to \$10 for these suits: the materials and pattern can be bought, and the suit made at home, for less than half the money. Balmoral stockings, striped around the leg, are worn with these suits. They are usually blue and white, and are long enough to garter above the knee, or else they are kept smooth by elastic bands attached to a waistband and buttoned to the top of the stockings. The hat is a straw of sailor shape, with slightly curled brim and blue ribbon streamer. They are found in various qualities, costing from 50 cents up to \$4. The rough-looking and serviceable Mackinaw straw is the best hat of the season.

Light brown and gray summer cloth is also made up in suits of this style. The trimmings are darker bands of ribbon or of braid, and brown smoked pearl buttons. White satin jean, a thick twilled cotton, is used for midsummer suits. The square collar, deep cuffs, and bands down the pantaloons seams are of solid blue percale or of jean. When made entirely of white jean, the shirt is opened and buttoned down the front; the collar is then fitted more closely to the neck, and an inner collar is dispensed with.

Repped and satin-striped piqués are also made into sailor suits.

MIDSUMMER HATS.

A milliner's opening, for the benefit of ladies preparing for the watering-places and sea-side resorts, presented the latest Parisian novelties in round hats. First is the picturesque Rubens, a shade hat of Leghorn or straw, with square crown and wide soft brim, turned straight up against the crown on the left side and curling upward behind. Black velvet ribbon, autumn leaves, and a long ostrich plume are the trimmings. The brim is lined with silk of a becoming color, and edged with lace. One of fine Leghorn had stripes of black velvet ribbon laid in a lattice pattern around the crown, a cluster of grapes, with autumn leaves, holds the left brim close against the crown, and a long white ostrich plume curls over the crown and falls behind. A black straw Rubens had a garland of bignonia leaves fastened to the front and trailing over the crown and brim: price \$18. Another, all black, had a scarf of twilled silk and lace twined around the crown, with a jet ornament in front: price \$16.

The Shepherdess, a chip flat for lawn-parties, picnics, and for morning drives and rambles in the country, is dented on the sides, front, and back in the Watteau fashion. A lattice of black velvet surrounds the crown, while grasses, leaves, and scarlet poppies are perched on the tip. A pretty one, with the brim lined with blue silk, has a vine of horseshoe geranium on the velvet lattice. A long loop and one streamer of blue gros grain ribbon hang behind. Another hat, with pink facing under the brim, has a black velvet streamer and a vine of rose leaves with closely folded buds: price \$20. With such hats, Dolly Varden or Watteau costumes, and parasols with handles like a shepherd's crook, the fair wearers will look like the pictures on French fans representing the ladies of the court affecting rusticity.

A dress hat for afternoon drives, ceremonious calling, and for city wear has a high soft crown, with narrow brim sloping downward. It is usually made of black thread net, not dotted, but edged with lace, and laid in loose folds like a scarf on the lace foundation. The trimming is a wreath of finely cut jet leaves, with a black ostrich plume closely curled over the crown.

MISSSES' DRESSES.

A simple and tasteful dress worn on the Avenue by a blonde of sixteen is of lapis blue foulard with white Japanese figures—a fabric sold for \$1 25 a yard. There are five overlapping flounces on the lower skirt; the apron front has solid blue bias bands and fringe; the short basque is similarly trimmed. An English collar of linen, black net neck-tie, and long-wristed gloves of undressed gray kid. Blue parasol, with walking-stick of shell. Round hat of black net, with a long black plume. The fair hair was arranged in a single wide chataleine braid. Another stylish suit worn by a young girl is of gray mohair, with kilt pleating reaching to the hips, a short overskirt simply hemmed, and a box-pleated blouse-waist worn with a black velvet sash ribbon. Two young sisters at a matinee were prettily arrayed in blue silk skirts, with Dolly Varden polonaises of pearl gray foulard dotted with rose-buds. The hats were straw Dolly Vardens, trimmed with blue ribbon and clusters of unblown rose-buds.

The furnishing houses sell girls' suits of white Victoria lawn, factory made, for \$5. A polonaise and skirt much ruffled and pleated can be bought for \$8 or \$10.

Young girls deep in their teens wear gray and buff polonaises over black silk skirts. Pongee and foulard are the materials, and black velvet ribbon is the trimming for these pale shades. It is arranged in small loops standing above rows of folds of the foulard. The grisaille Japanese silks are also very effective for these polonaises, to be worn with black skirts. A stylish Marguerite polonaise of buff pongee is simply hemmed, and has black velvet bows behind, on the elbows, and down the front.

VARIETIES.

The furnishing houses exhibit scarfs of soft twilled India silk, blue, lavender, Nile green, and rose-color, edged with fringe, to be worn with light summer dresses. They are to be thrown around the shoulders, crossed on the breast, passed under the arms, and allowed to hang over the tournure. The price is \$14. Large squares of India silk, fringed, are to be folded three-cornered, like a shawl, and worn over the shoulders as a Quakeress does her kerchief. These cost \$9.

Sacques made of lengthwise stripes of black velvet ribbon an inch and a half wide, alternating with guipure insertion, are fashionably worn over summer silks and grenadines. The sacque is of the loose sailor shape, with seams on the shoulders and under the arms. The sleeves are easy coat sleeves, with the stripes running down the arm. A scant ruffle of guipure lace edges the sacque and sleeves, and forms a standing frill about the neck. Simpler and very stylish sacques are made of square-meshed guipure net, in which diamonds and oval figures are wrought. These are edged with guipure lace. A row of narrow jet trimming heads the lace and covers all the seams of the garment. The Watteau pattern, with broad fold behind, is sometimes used for these sacques. These simple wraps are inexpensive, and look especially dressy over black silk suits.

Parasol covers of Valenciennes lace are the latest novelty in Paris. This lace is also in favor for fichus, and for trimming the over-skirt and flounces of colored silk dresses.

There is an effort to revive sashes, and they will probably be again in favor with summer dresses. They are, however, arranged in irregular loops, knots, and ends instead of the prim

bows formerly in vogue. Very wide ribbon tied in a bow behind, with two or three fringed ends of different length hanging on the left side, is one of the most stylish sashes for muslins and cretonnes. This is very prettily illustrated on the first page of *Bazar* No. 24, Vol. V. Plum-colored, nut brown, and black velvet sashes tied in this way will be worn with suits of flax gray batiste. With light summer silks and grenadines French modistes arrange a sash ribbon to fall from under the basque on the right side, catch up the over-skirt in a puff, and fall with ends of different length on the left.

Neck-ties of black net are worn with linen collars. The collar has points that meet in front and turn over flatly, instead of being left half standing as they were formerly. The net tie is then passed around the neck and tied in a bow, as silk cravats are. With gray, buff, or blue suits these black ties are very stylish, and are becoming to fair complexions.

Another caprice is folded neck-ties of twilled silk showing two contrasting colors, such as Pompadour blue with pink, Nile green with buff, or plum-color with sky blue. These are best worn with black grenadine or silk dresses.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART, & Co.; and Miss PAGE.

PERSONAL.

THE British Parliament is queer about some things. When a member of either House becomes bankrupt, he is disqualified from sitting in either House. A victim to this new rule in the House of Lords, Lord DE MAULAY, who had been compelled to vacate his seat, having paid his creditors and produced a certificate to that effect from the Bankruptcy Court, was permitted to resume his seat. This was the first occurrence of such a ceremony in that body.

MILES STANDISH is to have a monument in Duxbury, Massachusetts. The tower is to be one hundred feet high, of granite, surmounted by a statue of MILES, fourteen feet high.

MISS JULIA E. VALLETT, of Providence, Rhode Island, aged twenty-two, impressed the heart of good old THOMAS GRACE, aged sixty-nine. GRACE "popped," and then backed out. Miss JULIA invoked legal vengeance and damages against the heart-breaker, and putting her trust in Providence juries, recovered \$18,000 for his broken promise. When last heard from she was murmuring to herself, in mild, melodious tones, the twenty-third hymn in the P. E. Collection, commencing,

"GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear," etc., etc.

Or words to that effect.

One of the most remarkable men in Mexico is General MANUEL LOZADA, an independent chieftain, who prides himself on having in his veins the blood of the MONTZUMAS. For many years he has been independent of the government, has his own army, collects his own revenues, makes his own guns, and declares war and makes peace to suit himself. The population of his canton is 30,000, all Indians, and under his complete control. He maintains the most stable and orderly government in Mexico. He is a farmer by desires and tastes, and one of the hardest-working men in the canton. His people are comfortable and happy, yet he can not write his name. That sort of thing is done for him by a priest, who is always at his side.

In the obituary column of the New York *Sun* we find that there "died at East Thompson, Connecticut, May 13, ARCHER THAYER, aged forty-three years. He climbed into a tree, took off his boots, hung them to a limb, and then hanged himself to the same branch." How thoughtful to hang up his boots!

From all accounts the King of the Belgians made a great hit in presiding at the late dinner of the Royal Literary Fund in England. His English was singularly pure. Throughout the evening, with the single exception of Mr. DISRAELI, no one spoke more effectively than he. He has the happy knack of catching the spirit of the moment and enjoying it heartily. Of all the crowned heads of Europe he is by far the best as an occasional speaker.

Chief Justice CHASE, after having lived so many years in Ohio and Washington, has finally bought a site for a summer residence at Waukesha, Wisconsin.

STRAUSS, whom GILMORE has captured for the great pandjandrum at Boston, is a handsome, genial, companionable gentleman, who can talk nicely of other things than strings and pipes. He has a round forehead, nervous black eyes full of fire, humor, or earnestness as the occasion may demand, is unusually witty, and perhaps altogether the best style of musical gentleman that could be imported for that Boston thing.

The Boston *Post*, in mentioning that WILLIAM W. ASTOR, of this city, has been appointed aid-de-camp to General WARD, of the First Brigade, says "the martial rôle is a new one for the ASTORS." Not at all. JOHN J. ASTOR, Jun., was for some years a staff officer in one of our city brigades, and at the commencement of the late war held an appointment for some time on the staff of General McCLELLAN, and did good square service in the field.

Among the large and enthusiastic audience that assembled at Drury Lane to witness the appearance of Miss KELLOGG in "Lucia" was PATTI, who went upon the stage, after the performance, and gave a hearty hand-shake and welcome.

MR. LAUNT THOMPSON, one of the most gifted of our sculptors, has been industriously at work during the past year in modeling two colossal statues, one of which, "The Color-Sergeant," is for the soldiers' monument at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. The other is of Lieutenant-General SCOTT, and is intended for the Soldiers' Home at Washington. Both may be seen at the atelier of Mr. THOMPSON.

MR. ROBINSON, of Tazewell County, Illinois, is happy in the prospect of gathering twelve thousand bushels of apples from the trees in his orchard.

Colonel WATTERSON, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, in "taking the life" of Colonel WHITELAW REID, of the *Tribune*, says he has had the diversified experience of a newspaper correspondent, a cotton planter, a polit-

ical writer, and a managing editor. He also owns a farm in Ohio, though soil-delving is not his strong point; but he is a good shot, and keeps a private telegraph in his home, by means of which he ticks his views to the compositors, and asks Colonel HAY and Colonel HASSARD how things are going on at the office. He is not a married man.

THEOPHILUS PARSONS, now seventy-five years of age, has not only written two religious works, "Deus Homo" and "The Infinite and Finite," but seven of the most popular law-books of the time. For twenty years he was a professor in Harvard. He is a zealous Swedenborgian.

VICTORIN SARDOU is writing a tragedy, the main character of which is ROBESPIERRE; LOUIS XVI. and MARIE ANTOINETTE are also in it. It is doubtful whether the government will permit it to be performed in Paris.

JOHN A. McLEAN, of Liverpool, a wealthy young man, has made an index of several daily journals published in England and America during the war. Among them are the London *Times*, London *Post*, Manchester *Guardian*, New York *Herald*, New York *Tribune*, Cincinnati *Commercial*, Richmond *Examiner*, and a few others. These he intends to publish under the title of a "Record of Journalistic Contradictions; or, Prophets come to Grief."

JAMES QUIGLEY, a lad of fifteen, the son of a poor laborer in Buffalo, has won by a competitive examination the naval cadetship at Annapolis at the disposal of Mr. WILLIAM WILLIAMS, the member of Congress from the Erie district. Mr. WILLIAMS last year filled the cadetship at West Point in the same way.

Lady ODO RUSSELL, wife of the English ambassador at Berlin, is regarded as the leader of fashion in the Prussian capital, her entertainments rivaling those of the emperor himself in elegance and extent.

Lieutenant FRED GRANT, of "ours," is to be received in Russia with the honors accorded to the Grand Duke ALEXIS in this country—imperial honors—parades, ceremonies, etc. Such is the report. If Lieutenant GRANT has any sense, he will decline all that sort of thing.

MR. S. N. PIKE, the builder of many opera-houses, is reported to be on the point of breaking ground for a new edifice on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, that will be far more spacious and imposing than any operatic or theatrical building in America or the world.

MR. MORI, the Japanese chargé d'affaires, has presented to Mrs. Secretary FISH a silk flower and box, both the workmanship of the Empress of Japan. The flower resembles a lily, only it is dark blue, and without a stem. The box is a queer shape, pointed like a fish's tail, and composed of specimens of all the different colored silks manufactured in Japan.

Baron VON OFFENBURG, the new Russian minister, describes himself as a German by birth, a Frenchman by education, a Russian at heart, and in sympathies an American.

Bishop CLARKE, of Rhode Island, commends to the public a new lecturer, Monsieur DUBOIS, who is said to be humorous. He is also endorsed by Mr. FRED GRANT, a gentleman of society in Boston, and eminent as a teller of stories.

Speaking of Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* explains how his time-piece was stolen in Mexico—because some thief was on the watch.

Memorial services in honor of the late PARAN STEVENS are to be held in Claremont, New Hampshire, on the 21st instant, at the close of the spring term of the Stevens High School. Colonel JOHN S. WALKER is to deliver the eulogy.

A letter was recently received at the post-office at Lewiston, Maine, inscribed thus:

"Send this to Mrs. ———,
Who out of pride
Refused to marry old Bill Hyde.
(In care of Mr. Abel Morse,
Who asked her to ride when he got a horse.)
Lewiston is the place, a big factory town,
Where every girl wears a new calico gown.
Maine is the State,
Where all is love and fate."

Some of those California miners are peccunious. There is WILLIAM SHARON, who holds 7640 shares of Belcher, which have been paid for out of dividends, and now worth over \$15,000,000; ALVINZA HAYWARD has 7000 shares of Crown Point, doubly paid for by dividends, and his profits are said to be \$25,000,000; J. P. JONES, of Gold Hill, has put away \$10,000,000; C. A. LOW & SON, \$10,000,000; while sundry small chaps have made from \$100,000 to \$500,000 each.

The Emperor of Brazil has returned to his people, and been received with joy. During his absence his charming daughter, ISABELLA, acted as regent, and was gallantly sustained by the politicians, young and old, of all parties. The Brazilians proposed to erect a statue of her in honor of her regency, but with the modesty which characterized her father on a similar occasion, she opposed the project.

The Parisians are recovering from the state of emotion into which they were plunged by the news of the murder of Madame DUBOURG, and are beginning to recollect anecdotes more or less apropos. Here is the latest: At the Théâtre Français Mlle. D. was, in the presence of the author, repeating her part in a comedy by SCRIBE. "My child," said M. SCRIBE, "permit me to give you a hint. Here is the scene. Suppose that you are in your own room. A young man is at your feet making a passionate declaration of love to you; your husband suddenly enters. Now what would you do?" "I would tell him to go away again," replied the artless maiden.

LORD PALMERSTON once said to a friend who was working too hard, "My dear fellow, you are taking too much out of yourself." That is too commonly the case with many of our prominent business men, and they give way under it. Mr. J. EDGAR THOMPSON, president of the Pennsylvania Central Railway Company, has been banished by his physician to Europe to get rest, being threatened with softening of the brain. Colonel THOMAS A. SCOTT, vice-president of the same company, has been told by his physicians that he must either switch off for recreation or die. The second vice-president of the company has been sent to an insane asylum, and other employes are utterly worn out. Take a little leisure, ye overworked New Yorkers.

LORD LYTTON recently went to hear Mr. HENRY IRVING perform at the Lyceum Theatre, London, and said, "No such powerful acting has been seen since MACREADY."

Embroidered Flannel Garters, Figs. 1-4.

Figs. 1 and 2.—EMBROIDERED RED FLANNEL GARTER. To make this garter cut, first, a strip of flannel seventeen inches and a quarter long and two inches wide. Before cutting the slits for the bands work the embroidery shown by the full-sized illustration, Fig. 2, with red saddler's silk in button-hole and half-polka stitch, and with black silk in point Russe. Cut away the projecting material along the outer edges, which are button-hole stitched in scallops; then cut the cross slits shown by Fig. 2 between every two rows of button-hole stitches turned toward each other, and through these slits run elastic braid seven-eighths of an inch wide and of the requisite length, so that always alternately one band lies above and the next band underneath the braid. The ends of the braid are sewed on the ends of the flannel strip; in doing this at the same time fasten in a piece of flannel an inch and a

of button-hole stitches in such a manner that a slit seven-eighths of an inch long is left on both sides. Having worked the requisite number of medallions, run the elastic braid through the slits, fasten the ends of the braid to the ends of the garter, bind the latter seven-eighths of an inch wide with flannel, and furnish one end with a pearl button and the other with a button-hole and rosette. On the scallops at the sides of the garter make one round of single crochet.

Scissors Case with Point Russe Embroidery.

THIS case is made of gray Panama canvas, ornamented in point Russe embroidery with red filling silk. It is lined with red cashmere wadded and quilted in diamonds, and is bound with red worsted braid. Narrow gray fringe, rosettes of narrow red worsted braid, and cords and tassels of red worsted complete the case. Cut of

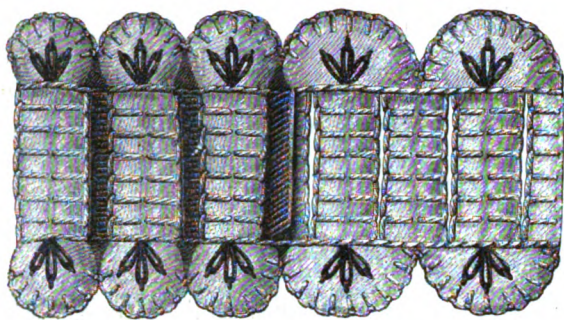


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF EMBROIDERED RED FLANNEL GARTER.—FULL SIZE.

quarter square, which is button-hole stitched all around, cover it with a fan-shaped flannel bow, and furnish the garter with a steel clasp (see Fig. 1).

Figs. 3 and 4.—This garter consists of separate oval pieces of double white flannel, which are ornamented in point Russe embroidery and crochet-work with white saddler's silk, and are gathered on white elastic braid seven-eighths of an inch wide. Fig. 4 shows a full-sized section of the garter. To make the garter cut, first, the requisite number of separate medallion-shaped pieces of double white flannel; on the upper layer of these work the embroidery shown by Fig. 4, and then join both layers by means

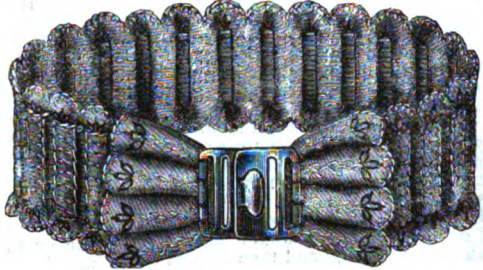


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED RED FLANNEL GARTER.—[See Fig. 2.]



SCISSORS CASE, WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.

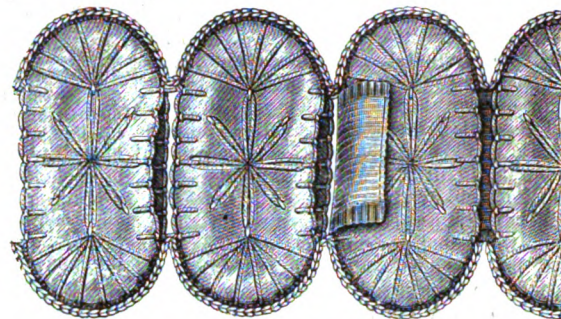


Fig. 4.—SECTION OF EMBROIDERED WHITE FLANNEL GARTER.—FULL SIZE.

Panama canvas, cashmere, net, and wadding one piece each ten inches and a half square. Work the embroidery on the canvas, baste the cashmere, net, and wadding together, and quilt through the several layers in diamonds. On the middle of this quilted lining, five inches and three-quarters from the upper point, set a horizontal band, and on each side a diagonal band of cashmere for holding the scissors (see illustration). Join the material and lining, bind the part all around with red worsted braid three-quarters of an inch wide, and trim it, as shown by the illustration, with narrow red worsted braid and point Russe embroidery of gray silk. Sew up the outer edges from the under corner to a length of five inches and three-quarters, turn



Fig. 3.—EMBROIDERED WHITE FLANNEL AND CROCHET GARTER.—[See Fig. 4.]



ALPHABET FOR MARKING BED LINEN, ETC.—APPLICATION, SATIN STITCH, AND HALF-POLEA STITCH.
[The rest of the Alphabet will be given in a following Number.]

down both side corners in revers, as shown by the illustration, and set on the remaining trimming and the handle. A button and button-loop serve for closing the case.

Passementerie Trimmings for Dresses, Wrappings, etc., Figs. 1-4.

THESE trimmings are designed for ornamenting various articles of dress, and can be made with black or colored materials, to match the garments on which they are used.

Fig. 1.—**BORDER.** The upper straight edge of this border is of coarse soutache edged on both sides with round cord. Make the leaf-shaped figures of soutache, and the coil-shaped figures of round cord; the former are trimmed with round cut beads as shown by the illustration.

Figs. 2-4.—**AGRAFE.** The material for the agrafe, Fig. 2, consists of fine round and flat silk cord, round grelots covered with silk, and an acorn-shaped jet grelot, together with a small plate of jet. The agrafe, Fig. 3, is made of round cord, covered grelots, and jet grelots. The leaf-shaped parts of the agrafe, Fig. 4, are made of fine silk soutache and black cut beads. For the upper crescent-shaped part cover a wooden mould with silk, and on it stretch saddler's silk and fine silk cord. The rings are covered with similar silk, and trimmed with beads. Small covered grelots and tassels complete the agrafe.



Fig. 1.—PASSEMENTERIE BORDER FOR DRESSES, WRAPPINGS, ETC.

furniture, saddle-cloths, letter or music portfolios, etc. They are worked in application, satin and half-polka stitch embroidery, using either linen, woolen material, silk, or velvet for the application; for the half-polka and satin stitch embroidery use embroidery cotton, saddler's silk, or gold thread.

OUR GRANDMOTHERS' FASHIONS.

IN our impatience at such follies as that huge plaited door-mat of false and ill-matching hair called the chignon, that crippling shoe that distorts the spine and spoils the figure, the tawdry sham jewelry, the fantastic paniers, the ear-aching little hats, and other short-lived follies of the day, we must not forget that, in some points, we are not half such fools (male or female) as many of our forefathers. Hold your sides, gentle or simple reader, when you think of the long dress Polish boots held up with gold chains to the knee that Richard II. and his foppish courtiers wore; laugh till you are crimson at the one leg red and the other blue of the same prodigal and idiotic reign. Sneer away at the fifty-pound blonde and black wigs of Charles II. and his dare-devil rakes; turn up your Pharisaic nose at old snuffy Queen Caroline's ladies with their mount-ains of tow and puffed-out hair, as full of weevils and other un-

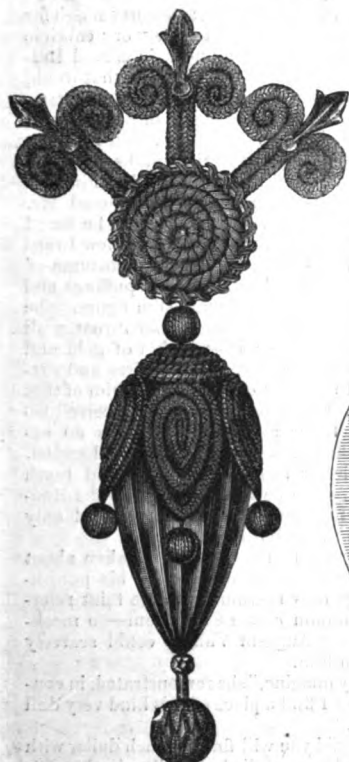


Fig. 2.—PASSEMENTERIE AGRAFE FOR DRESSES, WRAPPINGS, ETC. FULL SIZE.



Fig. 1.—SATIN STITCH MEDALLION FOR CARD-CASES, ETC.

Satin Stitch Medallions for Card-Cases, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE medallions are suitable for ornamenting card-cases, memorandum-books, porte-monnaies, etc. They are worked on colored satin, silk reps, or leather. Work the embroidery, as shown by the illustrations, in diagonal and dove-tailed satin stitch, in half-polka and knotted stitch. The colors for the embroidery may be varied to suit the taste.

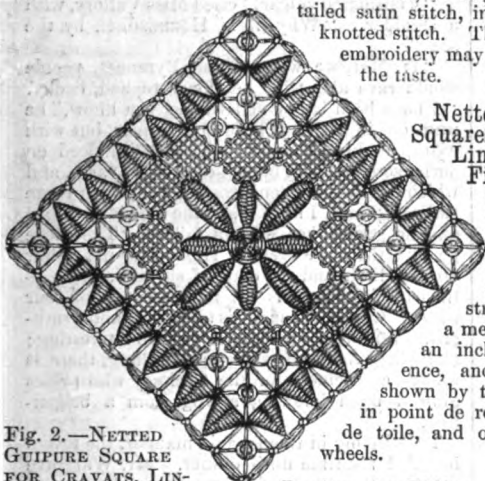


Fig. 2.—NETTED GUIPURE SQUARE FOR CRAVATS, LINGERIE, ETC.

Netted Guipure Squares for Cravats, Lingerie, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THE foundation for both squares is worked with medium-sized cotton in straight netting on a mesh three-fifths of an inch in circumference, and is darned, as shown by the illustrations, in point de reprise and point de toile, and ornamented with wheels.

Design for Tidies, etc.

THIS design is suitable for trimming tidies, covers for toilette cushions, etc. It is worked on a foundation of white lace in Swiss application and French embroidery. Work the scallops on the outer edge in button-hole stitch. After working the embroidery cut away the Swiss muslin between the design figures.

Alphabet for marking Bed Linen, etc.
See illustration on page 412.

THE letters of this alphabet are suitable also for marking tidies for

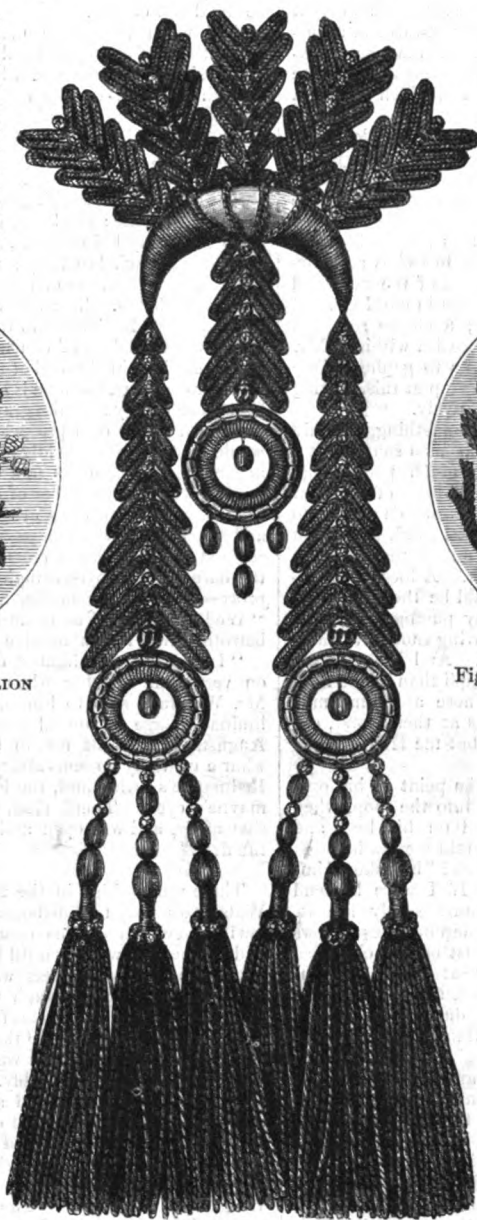


Fig. 3.—PASSEMENTERIE AGRAFE FOR DRESSES, WRAPPINGS, ETC.—1/3 SIZE.



Fig. 2.—SATIN STITCH MEDALLION FOR CARD-CASES, ETC.

pleasant creatures as a bean-stack is full of rats, and powdered *ad nauseam* with scented flour. Scoff on at fat, puffy Bubb Doddington, his silk coat sewn with gold strawber-ries and his tamboured waistcoat with pockets deep enough to hold six packs of cards. Laugh your fill at Brummel with yards of white muslin round his foolish neck, and at his "in-croyable" friend with his whole chin hid-den in one vast bandage of cravat. Despise Benjamite Bowbell's rustic finery of striped Manchester waist-coats, crimson and salmon-col-or, striped stockings, white and blue, cinnamon and plum colored coats. Frown ar-roghantly at your grand-father in nankeen pan-taloons and dan-cing pumps, frilled shirt and green tail coat. Ridicule, if you like, your great-uncle in his tasseled Hes-sian boots, and your great-aunt in her vast Brandenburg bonnet and spiral ringlets. On the other hand, however, rebuke your superciliousness by remembering that many of your an-cesters dressed better and more sensibly than yourself. Very manly and noble was the attire of Chaucer's friends in the court of John of Gaunt, the short, tight-fitting tunic, with the heavy jeweled belt, being worthy the men who fought at Cressy, and sprang from the earnest-ness and sense of a large-heart-ed and chivalrous age. Be-coming were the grave hoods and flowing robes of Henry IV.'s reign. Grace-ful and gallant was the dress Vandeyck immortalized in pictures that reflect every type of gentle taste, courtly dignity, and perfect lady-hood. Ad-mirable, too, for all requi-sites was the



Fig. 3.—PASSEMENTERIE AGRAFE FOR DRESSES, WRAPPINGS, ETC.—FULL SIZE.

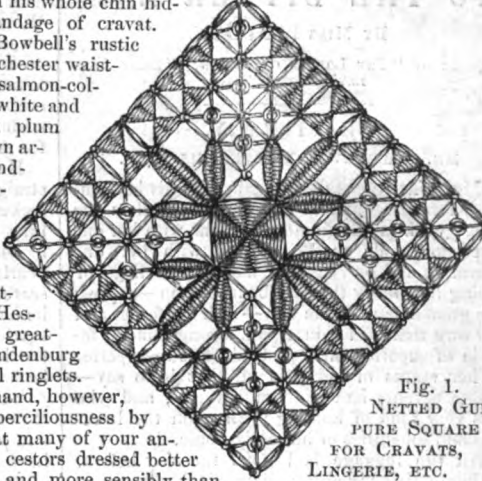
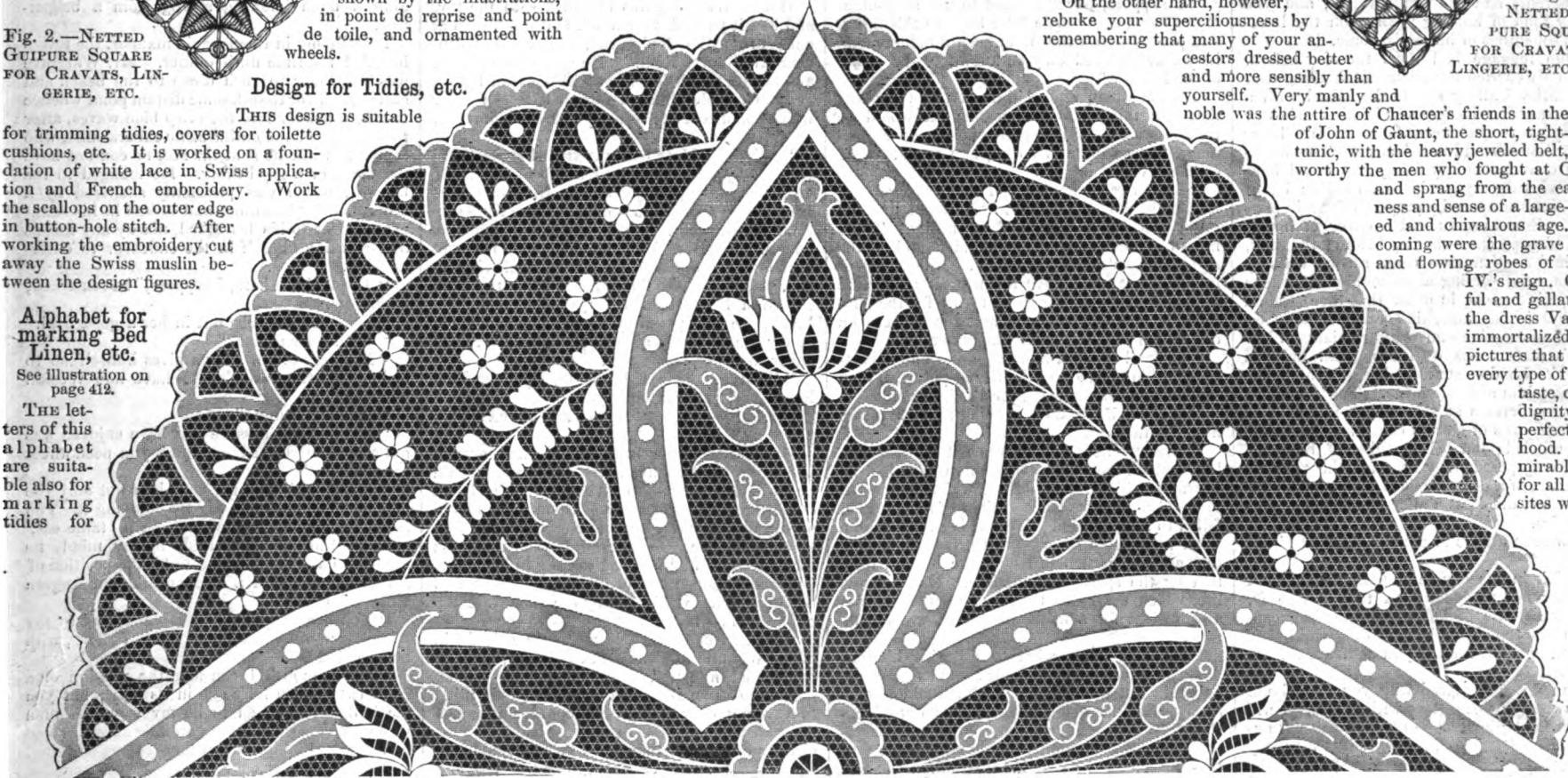


Fig. 1.—NETTED GUIPURE SQUARE FOR CRAVATS, LINGERIE, ETC.



DESIGN FOR SWISS APPLICATION ON LACE TIDIES, ETC.

attire Stothard has suffused with poetry. The men with their own flowing hair, tied with a simple ribbon, the coat sloped off for ease in riding, the round unartificial hat, the boots without tops fitting tight to the leg. Admire his women with their unpowdered hair, simple dress, and broad gypsy hats. In our estimation there has never been a costume since more graceful, simple, and useful.

It is comforting, however, at least to reflect that, if at times we have been excelled in common-sense by our forefathers, in many ways we surpass them. If we still build up our heads with hair raked together Heaven and the barbers only know whence, at least our ladies do not have to sit up all the night before a ball to prevent discomposing their powdered pyramids, which have been wound round with gauze scarfs, and turned into baskets of flowers by light-handed *perruquiers*. At all events, gentlemen do not array themselves in white satin, pearls, and diamonds, like Sir Walter Raleigh, and can, at least, face a day of rain and mud without any more serious injury than a valet's clothes-brush can remove. Men's dress has grown more republican, more uniform, less expensive. Women's, we allow, is more fickle, more changeable, and less adapted to age and circumstances. On the whole, perhaps, the rougher sex now shows more common-sense in dress, and is less like Mr. Darwin's ape progenitor than he has ever before been.

OLD LOVE.

The broadsword loses its glitter
As it hangs in the ancient hall;
Rusted and blunt grows the keen-edged blade
That once so gallant a champion made
As it gleamed from the castle wall.

The jewel loses its lustre
As it lies in its velvet nest,
Till dull and dim is the good red gold
That showed such a royal light of old
As it flashed from a beauty's breast.

The blue eye loses its power
As age comes creeping on;
The fair form droops from its stately grace,
The roses fly from the care-worn face,
The charm from the trembling tone.

The color fades from the canvas,
The magic from ringing rhyme:
Now is there a joy in this world of ours,
Riches, or glories, or hopes, or flowers,
But dies at the touch of Time?

Ay, Love in his pure serenity
Can the pitiless spell defy,
For tears can not drown, nor absence dim,
And death itself may not conquer him,
For true love never can die.

(Continued from No. 38, page 387.)

TO THE BITTER END.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. WALGRAVE RELIEVES HIS MIND.

MR. WALGRAVE dined again with his betrothed before the Vallorys left town, walked in the broad walk in Kensington Gardens with her one afternoon, rode to Wimbledon with her one morning, and on Saturday had the privilege of seeing her off by the Eastbourne train—express the greater part of the way—with her father and her own maid, Tullion, a tall, strong-minded female of superior birth and education—superior to her status of lady's-maid, that is to say—whose parents had suffered reverses, and who was very fond of holding forth upon the luxuries and amenities of her early home.

All the luggage had gone the day before. Tullion only carried her mistress's dressing-bag, in case Miss Vallory should be seized with a desire to use her ivory-backed hair-brushes or her ivory glove-stretchers, or to write a letter between London and Eastbourne. The dressing-bag contained every thing that could have been wanted during a trip to America; but it was Tullion's duty to be prepared for all emergencies. One footman and a covey of housemaids had gone down the day before; the cook, butler, and another man came second class by this train, after serving a ceremonious luncheon in Acropolis Square, in order that there should be no hitch in the domestic arrangements of either town or sea-side—no awkward hiatus in Mr. Vallory's state. His own brougham brought him to the London station; his own barouche would meet him at Eastbourne. The lovers had ten minutes' leisure at the station, in which to renew their vows of eternal constancy, had they been so minded; but being neither of them sentimentally disposed, they beguiled the time by conversation of a commonplace order. Only toward the last did Miss Vallory touch upon personal topics.

"How soon are we to see you, Hubert?" she asked.

"I think in the course of next week; but I had better not pledge myself to a given day. You may be sure I shall come directly I can. And I shall run down by this 3.30 train, and take my chance of finding you at home when I arrive."

"I can not understand why you should not come down at once, and stay with us altogether."

"That is as much as to say you can not understand why I am not an utterly idle man, my dear Augusta."

"I don't wish you to idle; but at this time of year you really can not have any serious work."

"You heard what your father said about Cardium v. Cardium."

The bell rang before Miss Vallory could argue the point any farther. Her place had been taken by Tullion, the maid, who traveled in the same carriage as her mistress, in case Miss Vallory should faint, or require the ivory hair-brushes, or wrench a button off her glove. Hubert Walgrave handed her to her place, lingered at the carriage door to say a word or two, pressed the daintily gloved hand in the orthodox fashion, and stood with lifted hat while the Eastbourne-Bognor-Lewes train steamed slowly off. When it was quite gone, he loitered on the platform for a minute or so, in a thoughtful mood, and then carried himself and his perplexities away in a hansom.

In spite of all he had said to Miss Vallory, he did not work very diligently in the interests of his Cardiums that Saturday afternoon. He seemed to have an idle fit upon him, and loitered about in a desultory way; tried to read for an hour or so in his rooms by the river; but ended by throwing his books aside savagely, and went out-of-doors again, strolling westward, in an utterly purposeless and unprofitable manner, thinking—thinking of a Kentish homestead, and one fair young face; not the face of which he had a right to think.

In Cockspur Street he came to a sudden halt, his listless eye caught by the glitter of a jeweler's window. The dazzling wares were displayed, though London was empty, and the world of Cockspur Street had in a manner ceased to exist—had entered upon its annual hibernation. Locketts and bracelets, brooches and earrings, twinkled in the radiance of the westward sloping sun; marvelous devices in coral courted the eye of the connoisseur; a chaste selection of diamonds hinted at the wealth within. Mr. Walgrave, who was not given to gaping before shop windows, made a dead stop at this, staring at the splendid follies meditatively.

"I should like to give her something," he said to himself; "something as a—souvenir. I have caused her only too much pain; why should I not give her one half hour of innocent pleasure? And it comes natural to a woman to be fond of these things. But I think she would hardly care for any thing unless there were a sentiment associated with it. A locket, for instance; I suppose that would be the right kind of thing—a locket, with my photograph in it. She is simple enough and loving enough to value my unworthy countenance. And I am rather better-looking in a photograph than in the flesh—that is one comfort. There are some men whom the sun always shows at their worst, exaggerating every wrinkle; but me Helios treats kindly."

He had almost decided the point to his own satisfaction, and was going into the shop, when he stopped suddenly, turned on his heel, and walked a few paces farther, still meditating.

"How about Aunt Hannah?" he asked himself. "There's the rub. If I were to send Grace my likeness, she must surely see it. What is there which those piercing eyes of hers do not see? And yet I must be the clumsiest of Lotharios if I can't cheat Aunt Hannah. What were such sharp-eyed, all-seeing people created for, except to be duped egregiously, sooner or later? Yes; I think I am a match for Aunt Hannah."

He turned back again, and this time went straight to the jeweler's counter. He selected a locket—the handsomest, or the one that pleased him best, in the shop: a massive dead-gold locket, oval, with an anchor in large rich-looking pearls on the back; such a jewel as a man would scarcely choose for a farmer's daughter, unless he had sunk very far down that pit from which extrication is so difficult and so rare. He turned the locket over in his fingers thoughtfully after he had chosen and paid for it.

"I suppose, now," he said to the shop-man, "you could make me a false back to this thing, and put a portrait into it in such a manner that its existence need only be known to the owner of the locket?"

The shop-man replied diffusely, to the effect that the thing was practicable, but would be troublesome, requiring great nicety of adjustment, and so on, and so on, and would be, of course, expensive.

"I don't care about a pound or two, more or less," said Mr. Walgrave. "I should like the thing done, if it can be done neatly. There must be a secret spring, you understand, in the style one reads about in novels. I never saw it in real life, but I have a fancy for trying the experiment. You can send to me for the photograph in a day or two; and the sooner you can let me have the locket the better."

He tossed his card on the counter and departed, more interested in this trifling purchase than he had been in any thing for a long time.

"It is a relief to do something that will please her," he thought.

It was a relief; but he was not the less restless and uneasy. The Cardium case had no charm for him. New briefs, which had accumulated during the last fortnight of his absence, failed to interest him. He had been less than a week away from Brierwood, yet it seemed as if that ancient garden in Kent were divided from him by the space of a lifetime. His common life, which until this time had seemed to him all-sufficient for a man's happiness, was out of tune.

He hardly knew what to do with himself. After the excuses he had made about Eastbourne, he could not go abroad; yet he would like to have rushed headlong to some wild out-of-the-way village in the Tyrol, and to spend his autumn climbing unfamiliar mountains. He fancied he could get rid of his infatuation in some remote region such as that; but chained to London, in the dull dead season of the year, there

was no hope of cure. Grace Redmayne's image haunted him by day and by night, mixed itself with every dream, came between him and his books, pushed Cardium v. Cardium from their stools.

Would he not have been safer at Eastbourne, in the society of his affianced, living the life of gentility by the sea-side? He could hardly fail to ask himself this question. Yes; he would be safer, most assuredly, walking that narrow pathway, his footsteps guarded from all possibility of wandering. He would be safer; but he felt that such a life just now would be simply unendurable. The commonplace talk, the narrow mind—narrow though it was stored with stray lines from Tennyson and Owen Meredith, and had been enriched by a careful perusal of every book which a young lady of position ought to read; narrow, although its culture during the educational period had cost from two to three hundred a year—from these he shrank as from a pestilence: in plain words, he felt that an unbroken week of his future wife's company would be the death of him.

And when they were married, what then? Well, then, of course, it would be different. No man—above all a successful barrister—need see enough of his wife to be bored by her companionship. Nor can a man's wife, unless she is inherently obnoxious to him, ever be utterly uninteresting. They have so many ideas in common, so many plans and arrangements—petty, perhaps, but still absorbing for the moment—to discuss and settle: the list of guests for a dinner-party; the way-bill of their autumn pilgrimage; the name of their last baby; the pattern of new carpets; the purchase or non-purchase of a picture at Christie's. The wife is only a necessary note—the subdominant—in the domestic scale.

But the long days of courtship, when there is no fervent love in the soul of the lover; the long summer evenings, when he is bound to stroll with his chosen one by the calm gray sea; when to talk too much of his own prospects and plan of life would be to appear worldly; when he is bound, in fact, to complete his tale of love-making, to produce the given number of bricks with ever so little straw—those days are the days of trial; and happy is he who can pass through them unscathed to that solemn morning which clinches the bargain with joyous ringing of bells, and gay procession of bride-maids, and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and transforms the exacting betrothed into the submissive wife.

"I have not the slightest doubt we shall get on very well together when we are married," Mr. Walgrave said to himself; "but the preliminary stage is up-hill work. I know that Augusta is fond of me, in her way; but oh, what a cold way it seems after the touch of Grace Redmayne's little hand, the look in Grace Redmayne's eyes! Thank God, I did my duty in that affair, and was open and above-board from the first."

There was nothing in the world to delay Mr. Walgrave's visit to Eastbourne during the following week except his own caprice; but he had a fancy for waiting until that locket he had bought in Cockspur Street was ready for him. He selected the photograph which represented him at his best, had it carefully painted by an expert hand, and sent it to the jeweler. At the end of the week the locket was brought to him. The spring worked admirably. On opening the golden case, there appeared a bunch of forget-me-nots in blue enamel; but on pressing a little knob between the locket and the ring attached to it, the dainty little enameled picture opened like the back of a watch, and revealed Hubert Walgrave's miniature. The contrivance was perfect in its way, the forget-me-nots a happy thought. The man to whom the work had been intrusted had taken the liberty to suppose that the trinket must needs be a love gift.

Hubert Walgrave was charmed with the toy, and had it packed, registered, and dispatched at once to "Miss Redmayne, Brierwood Farm, near Kingsbury, Kent." He wrote the address, and posted the little packet with his own hands, and then wrote Grace a formal letter—a letter which could bear the scrutiny of Mrs. Redmayne.

"MY DEAR MISS REDMAYNE,—I experienced so much kindness from your family and yourself during my very pleasant visit to Brierwood that I have been anxious to send you some little souvenir of that event. I know that young ladies are fond of trinkets, and I fancy that your kind aunt would prefer my sending my little offering to you, rather than to herself. I have therefore chosen a locket, which I trust Mr. and Mrs. Redmayne will permit you to accept, in token of my gratitude for all the kindness I received under their hospitable roof."

"With all regards, I remain, my dear Miss Redmayne, very faithfully yours,

HUBERT WALGRAVE."

He read the letter over, and blushed, ever so faintly, at his own hypocrisy. Yet what could he do? He wanted to give the dear girl just one little spark of pleasure. Upon a slip of paper he wrote, "Il y a un ressort entre l'anneau et le médaillon; touchez le, et vous trouverez mon portrait," and inclosed the slip in his letter. Grace would open her own letter, no doubt, and the Redmaynes would hardly see that little slip of paper in an unknown tongue.

"And so ends the one romantic episode in my unromantic life," he said to himself, when he had posted the letter.

A day or two afterward he made up his mind to pay that duty visit to Eastbourne; it was a thing that must be done sooner or later. It was already much later than Miss Vallory could possibly approve. He expected to be lectured, and went down to the quiet watering-place with a chastened spirit, foreseeing what awaited him.

The little sea-coast town, with its umbrageous boulevards and dainty villas, was looking very gay and bright as he drove through it on his way to the habitation of the Vallorys, of course one of the largest and most expensive houses fronting the summer sea. One of the newest also: the bricks had still a raw look; the stucco appeared to have hardly dried after the last touch of the mason's trowel. Other houses of the same type straggled a little way beyond it, in a cheerless and unfinished condition. It looked almost as if the Acropolis Square mansion had been brought down by rail, and set up here with its face to the sea. The unfinished houses, of the same pattern, seemed to have strayed off into a field, where the strange scentless flora of the sea-coast, chiefly of the birch-broom order, still flourished. It was what Sydney Smith has called the "knuckle-end" of Eastbourne, but designed to become the Belgravia of that town. Was not Belgravia itself once a "knuckle-end?"

There was a drawing-room, spacious enough for a church, sparsely furnished with "our cabriole suite at seven and thirty guineas, in carved Italian walnut and green rep;" a balcony that would have accommodated a small troop of infantry; and every where the same aspect of newness and rawness. The walls still smelled of their first coat of paint, and plaster of Paris crumbs fell from the ceilings now and then in a gentle shower.

The Acropolis Square footman ushered Mr. Walgrave to the drawing-room, where he found his betrothed trying a new piece on a new Erard grand, in a new dress—an elaborate costume of primrose cambric, all frillings and puffings and flutings, which became her tall, slim figure. She wore a broad blue ribbon round her throat, with a locket hanging from it—a locket of gold and gems, her own monogram in sapphires and diamonds; and the sight of it reminded him of that other locket. Grace Redmayne had received his gift by this time; and there had been no acknowledgment of it as yet when he left London. Indeed, no letter from Brierwood could reach him directly, since he had never given the Redmaynes his London address. They could only write to him through John Wort.

Mr. Walgrave had not been mistaken about the impending lecture, but he took his punishment meekly, only murmuring some faint reference to Cardium versus Cardium—so meekly, in fact, that Augusta Vallory could scarcely be hard upon him.

"You may imagine," she remonstrated, in conclusion, "that I find a place of this kind very dull without you."

"I am afraid you will find it much duller with me," Mr. Walgrave replied, drearily; "whatever capacity for gayety I may possess—which, at the best, I fear, is not much—is always paralyzed by the sea-side. I have enjoyed a day or two at Margate, certainly, once or twice in my life; there is something fresh and enjoyable about Margate; an odor of shrimps and high spirits; but then, Margate is considered vulgar, I believe."

"Considered vulgar!" cried Miss Vallory, with a shudder. "Why, it is Houndsditch by the sea!"

"If Margate were in the Pyrenees, people would rave about it," her lover replied, coolly. "I have been happy at Ryde, as you know," he went on, in his most leisurely manner, but with a drop in his voice, which he had practiced on juries sometimes in breach-of-promise cases, and which did duty for tenderness; "but with those two exceptions, I have found the sea-side—above all, the genteel sea-side—a failure. The more genteel, the more dreary. If one does not admit Houndsditch and the odor of shrimps, the pestilence of dullness is apt to descend upon our coasts. Cowes, of course, is tolerable; and I rather like Southsea—the convicts are so interesting; and where there are ships in the offing, there is always amusement for the Cockney who prides himself upon knowing a brig from a brigantine."

Discouraging in this languid manner, the lovers beguiled the time until dinner. Mr. Walgrave was not eager to rush down to the beach and gather shells, or to seek some distant point whence to take a header into the crisp blue waves, after the manner of the enthusiastic excursionist, who feels that while he is at the sea, he can not have too much of a good thing. He lounged in the balcony, which was pleasantly sheltered by a crimson-striped awning, and talked in his semi-cynical way to his betrothed, not by any means over-exerting himself in the endeavor to entertain her.

"The *Arion* is here, I suppose," he remarked, by-and-by.

"Yes. I have been out in her a good deal."

"With your father?"

"Not very often. Papa gives himself up to laziness at the sea-side. I have had Weston with me."

"Happy Weston!"

"As the happiness he may have enjoyed was quite open to you, I don't think you need affect to envy him."

"My dear Augusta, I envy him not only the happiness, but the capacity for enjoying it. You see, I am not the kind of man for a 'tame cat.' Weston Vallory is; indeed, to my mind, he seems to have been created to fill the position of a fine Persian with a bushy tail, or an Angora with pink eyes."

"You are remarkably complimentary to my relations at all times," said Miss Vallory, with an offended air.

"My dear girl, I consider the mission of a tame cat quite a lofty one in its way; but you see it doesn't happen to be my way. A man who trains his whiskers as carefully as your cousin Weston lays himself out for that sort of thing. Have you been far out?"

"We have been as far as the Wight. We went to the regatta at Ryde the other day, and

had luncheon with the Filmers, who are intensely grateful for the villa."

"Then my Lady Clara Vere de Vere has not found the time heavy on her hands."

"Not particularly. I have ridden a good deal."

"With Weston?"

"With Weston. You envy him that privilege, I suppose?" This with a little contemptuous toss of the splendid head, and an angry flash of the fine black eyes. If Hubert Walgrave had been in love with his future wife, that little angry look would have seemed more bewitching to him than the sweetest smile of a plainer woman; but there was another face in his mind, eyes more beautiful than these, which had never looked at him angrily. He contemplated Augusta Vallory as coolly as if she had been a fine example of the Spanish school of portraiture—a lady by Velasquez.

"Upon my honor, I think you grow handsomer every time I see you," he said; "but if you ask me whether I envy Weston the delight of riding through dusty lanes in August, I am bound to reply in the negative. Man is essentially a hunting animal, and to ride without any thing to ride after seems to me unutterably flat. If we were in the shires, now, in November, I should be happy to hazard my neck three or four days a week in your society."

"But you see it is not November. If it were, I have no doubt I should be told the duties of a barrister must prevent your wasting any time upon me during that month."

With such gentle bickerings the lovers beguiled the time until the ringing of the dressing-bell, when Miss Vallory handed her affianced over to the custody of the chief butler, and went up stairs to array herself for the small family gathering. Mr. Walgrave found himself presently in a roomy bed-chamber: walls and ceiling painfully new, grate slightly at variance with its setting, bells a failure, windows admirably constructed for excluding large bodies of air and admitting draughts; furniture of the popular sea-side type—brand-new Kidderminster carpet of a flaring pattern, rickety Arabian bedstead, mahogany wardrobe with doors that no human power could keep shut, every thing marble-topped that could be marble-topped; no pin-cushion, no easy-chair, no writing-table, and a glaring southern sun pouring in upon a barren desert of Kidderminster.

"So Weston has been very attentive—has been doing my duty, in short," Mr. Walgrave said to himself as he dressed. "I wonder whether there's any chance of his cutting me out; and if he did, should I be sorry? It would be one thing for me to jilt Augusta, and another for her to throw me over. Old Vallory would hardly quarrel with me in the latter event; on the contrary, it would be a case for solatium. He could hardly do enough for me to make amends for my wrongs. But I don't think there's much danger from my friend Weston; and, after all, I have quite done with that other folly—put it out of my mind as a dream that I have dreamed."

He went down stairs presently, and found Mr. Vallory in the drawing-room, large and stolid, with a vast expanse of shirt-front, and a double gold eyeglass on the knob of his aquiline nose, reading an evening paper.

This, of course, offered a delightful opening for conversation, and they began to talk in the usual humdrum manner of the topics of the hour. Parliament was over; it was the indignant-letter season, and the papers were teeming with fervid protests against nothing particular. Extortionate innkeepers in the Scottish highlands, vaccination *versus* non-vaccination, pater-familias bewailing the inordinate length of his boys' holidays, complaints of the administration of the army, outcries for reform in the navy, jostled one another in the popular journals; and Mr. Vallory, being the kind of man who reads his newspaper religiously from the beginning to the end, had plenty to say about these things.

He was a heavy, pompous kind of man, and Mr. Walgrave found his society a dead-weight at all times; but never had he seemed so entirely wearisome as on this particular August evening, when less aristocratic Eastbourne was pacing the parade gayly, breathing the welcome breeze that set landward with the sinking of the sun. Hubert Walgrave felt as if he could have walked down some of his perplexities, had he been permitted to go out and tramp the lonely hills, Beachy Head way, in the sunset; but in that lodging-house drawing-room, sitting on the creaky central ottoman contemplating his boots, while Mr. Vallory's voice droned drearily upon the subject of army reform, and "what we ought to do with our Armstrong guns, Sir," and so on, and so on, his troubles sat heavy upon him.

Weston came in presently, the very pink and pattern of neatness, with the narrowest possible white tie, and the air of having come to a dinner-party. He had slipped down by the afternoon express, he told his uncle, after his day's work in the City.

"There's an attentive nephew!" exclaimed Mr. Vallory senior; "does a thorough day's work in the Old Jewry, and then comes down to Eastbourne to turn over the leaves of his cousin's music, while I take my after-dinner nap, and is off to the City at a quarter to eight in the morning, unless he's wanted here for yachting or riding. Take care he doesn't cut you out, Walgrave."

"If I am foredoomed to be cut out," Mr. Walgrave answered, with his most gracious smile, "Mr. Weston Vallory is welcome to his chance of the advantages to be derived from the transaction. But the lady who has honored me by her choice is in my mind as much above suspicion as Cæsar's wife ought to have been."

The young lady who was superior to Cæsar's wife came into the room at this moment, in the

freest and crispest of white muslin dresses, dotted about with peach-colored satin bows, just as if a flight of butterflies had alighted on it. She gave Weston the coolest little nod of welcome. If he had really been a favorite Persian cat she would have taken more notice of him. He had brought her some music and a batch of new books, and absorbed her attention for ten minutes telling her about them, at the end of which time dinner was announced, to Mr. Walgrave's infinite relief. He gave Augusta his arm, and the useful Weston was left to follow his uncle, caressing his whiskers meditatively as he went, and inwardly anathematizing Hubert Walgrave's insolence.

The dinner at Eastbourne was as the dinners in Acropolis Square. Mr. Vallory's butler was like Mr. Merdle's, and would not bate an ounce of plate for any consideration whatever; would have laid his table with the same precision, one might suppose, if he had been laying it in Pompeii the night of the eruption, with an exact foreknowledge that he and his banquet-table were presently to be drowned in a flood of lava. So the table sparkled with the same battalions of wine-glasses; the same property tankards, which no one ever drank from, blazed upon the sideboard, supported by a background of presentation salvers; the same ponderous silver dishes went round in ceremonial procession, with the entrées which Mr. Walgrave knew by heart. Mr. Vallory's cook was an accomplished matron, with seventy guineas a year for her wages; but she had not the inexhaustible resources of an Oude or a Gouffé, and Hubert Walgrave was familiar with every dish in her catalogue, from her *consommé aux œufs* to her apple-fritters. He ate his dinner; however, watched over with tender solicitude by the chief butler and his subordinates—ate his dinner mechanically, with his thoughts very far away from that sea-side dining-room.

After dinner came music and a little desultory talk; a little loitering on the balcony, to watch the harvest-moon rise wide and golden over a rippling sea; then a quiet rubber for the gratification of Mr. Vallory; then a tray with brandy and seltzer, sherry and soda, a glass of either refreshing mixture compounded languidly by the two young men; and then a general good-night.

"I suppose you would like to go out in the *Arion* to-morrow," Augusta said to her lover, as he held the drawing-room door open for her departure.

"I should like it above all things," replied Mr. Walgrave; and he did indeed feel as if, tossing hither and thither on that buoyant sea, he might contrive to get rid of some part of his burden.

"It is a species of monomania," he said to himself, "and I dare say is as much the fault of an overworked brain as an actual affair of the heart. Who can tell what form a man's punishment may take if he drives the intellectual steam-engine just a little too hard? The truth is, I want more rest and complete change. I wish to Heaven I could get away to the Tyrol; but that's impossible: I'm bound hand and foot, unless I like to fly in the face of fortune, and offend Augusta Vallory."

He did not fly in the face of fortune. He went out in the *Arion* on the next day, and the next, and even rode Weston's chestnut mare in the dusty lanes, to oblige Miss Vallory, while the owner of the beast sat in an office, where the thermometer was at seventy-five, writing rough drafts of letters to be copied by inferior hands, and interviewing important clients. They went to Pevensey Castle together, and dawdled about among the ruined walls. They went to Beachy Head, and heard wondrous stories of distressed barks and rescued cargoes from the guardians of the point. They got rid of the days in a manner that ought to have been delightful to both of them, since they were almost always together, and Mr. Walgrave made himself more agreeable than usual.

This lasted for about ten days; but at the end of the tenth he discovered suddenly that he must go back to Cardium *versus* Cardium, and stuff his brain with more precedents; nor would he listen to any arguments which Miss Vallory could urge to detain him. She submitted ultimately, and made no show of her regret; but she really was grieved and disappointed, for she was fonder of him than she cared to let him see.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

SELECTED FROM "ADAM BEDE."

FALSEHOOD is so easy, truth so difficult. The pencil is conscious of a delightful facility in drawing a griffin—the longer the claws and the larger the wings, the better: but that marvelous facility which we mistook for genius is apt to forsake us when we want to draw a real unexaggerated lion. Examine your words well and you will find that even when you have no motive to be false it is a very hard thing to say the exact truth, even about your own immediate feelings—much harder than to say something fine about them which is *not* the exact truth.

It is for this rare, precious quality of truthfulness that I delight in many Dutch paintings, which lofty-minded people despise. I find a source of delicious sympathy in these faithful pictures of a monotonous homely existence, which has been the fate of so many more among my fellow-mortals than a life of pomp or of absolute indigence, of tragic suffering or of world-stirring actions. I turn, without shrinking, from cloud-borne angels, from prophets, sibyls, and heroic warriors, to an old woman bending over her flower-pot, or eating her solitary dinner, while the noonday light, softened perhaps by a screen of leaves, falls on her mob-cap, and just touches the rim of her spinning-wheel, and her

stone jug, and all those cheap common things which are the precious necessities of life to her; or I turn to that village wedding, kept between four brown walls, where an awkward bridegroom opens the dance with a high-shouldered, broad-faced bride, while elderly and middle-aged friends look on, with very irregular noses and lips, and probably with quart-pots in their hands, but with an expression of unmistakable contentment and good-will.

Men's muscles move better when their souls are making merry music.

It is very pleasant to see some men turn round; pleasant as a sudden rush of warm air in winter, or the flash of fire-light in the chill dusk.

Human nature is lovable, and the way I have learned something of its deep pathos, its sublime mysteries, has been by living a great deal among people more or less commonplace and vulgar, of whom you would perhaps hear nothing very surprising if you were to inquire about them in the neighborhoods where they dwelt. Ten to one most of the small shop-keepers in their vicinity saw nothing at all in them. For I have observed this remarkable coincidence, that the select natures who pant after the ideal, and find nothing in pantaloons or petticoats great enough to command their reverence and love, are curiously in unison with the narrowest and pettiest. For example, I have often heard Mr. Gedge, the landlord of the Royal Oak, who used to turn a blood-shot eye on his neighbors in the village of Shepperton, sum up his opinion of the people in his own parish—and they were all the people he knew—in these emphatic words: "Ay, Sir, I've said it often, and I'll say it again, they're a poor lot; this parish—a poor lot, Sir, big and little." I think he had a dim idea that if he could migrate to a distant parish, he might find neighbors worthy of him; and indeed he did subsequently transfer himself to the Saracen's Head, which was doing a thriving business in the back street of a neighboring market-town. But, oddly enough, he has found the people up that back street of precisely the same stamp as the inhabitants of Shepperton—"a poor lot, Sir, big and little, and them as comes for a go o' gin are no better than them as comes for a pint o' twopenny—a poor lot."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE Boston Coliseum is to be finished at the appointed time—a circumstance which reflects credit upon the managers of the International Musical Festival, considering the disaster which befell the building weeks ago. The seventeenth of June will be a gala day in Boston, and all the time intervening until the Fourth of July will be regarded as a grand carnival by Bostonians. Thousands of strangers are expected there. Sanguine people believe the "Hub" will not be large enough to contain them all. Famous artists are hastening from all parts of the world, and it is confidently asserted that some high dignitaries will swell the crowd. When the entire instrumental force is gathered under one roof, what a volume of sound will issue forth! Two thousand performers are engaged, one thousand being a regularly organized orchestra, while the remainder will consist of military bands. Between eight and nine hundred of the select orchestra are from musicians of this country, the rest being drawn from foreign sources. New York furnishes about four hundred and fifty members of this great orchestra—far more than any other city. The music selected for the occasion is of great variety, and well adapted to the needs of such an immense chorus. Among the choruses selected from oratorios are, "Sleepers, wake!" and "To God on high," from "St. Paul;" the "Hallelujah Chorus," from "The Messiah;" "Thanks be to God," and the magnificent "He watches over Israel," from "Elijah;" "Inflammatus," from Stabat Mater; and "The Heavens are telling," from "The Creation." There are two chorals from Bach's "Passion" music, and several old glees. But the music of the programme which promises to be most effective and most popular is that of old-fashioned tunes, such as "Toplady" ("Rock of Ages"), "Hebron," "Bethany" ("Nearer, my God, to Thee"), "Nuremberg," and "Old Hundred." These church tunes, performed by so large a chorus, must produce a grand effect.

The new Strasburg Library bears the title of the Imperial University and Provincial Library of Strasburg, and any one belonging not only to the town of Strasburg, but to the province of Alsace, can obtain books from it. It is located in the palace, in rooms granted by the emperor. Books have poured in from all quarters. The German emperor has given many splendid works of art, and has not only sent in a copy of every work which was in duplicate in the royal libraries, but has ordered the German universities to do the same. There are now in the palace 200,000 volumes. The old library consisted of from 300,000 to 700,000 volumes. So vague was the method of cataloguing that nothing more definite is known of it.

Martha's Vineyard is preparing for a great rush this year. Every available workman is employed on public and private buildings. The new hotel is progressing, and will be finished by the 1st of July.

There is a prospect of many famous musicians coming to America next year. Lucca, Carlotta Patti, Tammerlik, Arabella Goddard, Rubinstein, and others are expected; possibly Wachtel and Santley may come.

The Long Island *Weekly Review* gives a spirited account of the energetic measures recently taken by the women of Long Swamp, Suffolk County, to free themselves from the unhealthy results arising from a dam which had been built in that locality. The drainage of the district is very imperfect at best, and it is claimed that the existence of the dam has greatly increased this difficulty, and injured property in that vi-

cinity. So one day, just as the gray tinge on the eastern hills bespoke the dawn of morn, ladies might have been seen coming from nearly every farm-house within a radius of two miles. Every one wore a thick veil closely covering her features, dress either short or tucked up, and stout boots with thick soles. On arriving at the dam, shovels, hoes, picks, crowbars, and the utensils so often used by the stronger arm of man were eagerly grasped by from one hundred to one hundred and fifty frate women, and the work of demolition actively commenced. As the water began to pour through the dam the work was rendered more easy, and by sunrise three hundred acres of water had disappeared.

At the recent annual session of the American Medical Association at Philadelphia a resolution was passed recommending that all bottles containing poison should not only be labeled "poison," but be roughed on one side, so as to indicate their poisonous contents to the sense of touch, and also be labeled with the most efficient antidote.

While every one about him was flying from the showers of burning ashes which Vesuvius sent forth, Professor Palmieri, the director of the Neapolitan Observatory, remained steadfast at his post. It must have required not a little courage to watch the lava advancing all around the little crest on the side of the mountain where his observatory is placed, and feel the tumultuous throbs which shook the very foundations of the building. It appears that some time before the eruption commenced Professor Palmieri perceived that mischief was brewing in the interior of the mountain; he saw the danger that was threatened. But he calmly established himself in the midst of the circle of craters, and watched their eccentricities. Doubtless he has collected much valuable information; and his courage surpasses that of many a so-called hero.

It is about eighteen years since opera matinees were first introduced into New York. The custom had long prevailed abroad, and became at once popular here.

The Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences is one of the grandest buildings in London. The idea of erecting it first arose in 1862, when the subscription to found a national memorial to the Prince Consort was begun. The first stone of the hall was laid by Queen Victoria on May 20, 1867, and it was opened on March 29, 1871. This building is capable of comfortably seating between six and seven thousand persons. The plan of the interior is after the fashion of the old Roman amphitheatres. The following inscription is around the friezes of the hall:

"This hall was erected for the advancement of the arts and sciences, and for the works of industry of all nations, in fulfillment of the intentions of Albert, Prince Consort. The site was purchased by the proceeds of the great exhibition of the year 1861. The first stone of the hall was laid by her Majesty Queen Victoria on the 20th day of May, 1867, and it was opened by her Majesty the Queen on the 29th day of March, in the year 1871."

Above the frieze, in terra cotta, is the sacred text:

"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is Thine. The wise and their works are in the hand of God. Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace."

All the entrances and corridors are fire-proof, and in case of an alarm at any time Albert Hall could be cleared in two or three minutes. There are nearly seven thousand gas jets in the building, which are all lighted by electricity. It is warmed by hot-water chambers in the basement, and the ventilation is excellent.

There has recently been on exhibition in London the greatest serial work of England's greatest landscape painter. This consists of the etchings, engraver's proofs, and choice examples of the engravings of Turner's "Liber Studiorum," including both the seventy published and twenty unpublished plates, with an interesting selection from the drawings made for the work, and the very remarkable set of mezzotints of grand landscape effects, engraved but never published, by Turner. The famous series called "Liber Studiorum" was commenced by Turner in 1807, and issued, in a desultory way, until seventy prints had been published. In 1819 the issue stopped, and the remaining thirty plates, twenty of which had been prepared, were never published. The method employed in publication was peculiar: technically it consisted in the combination of the processes of etching and mezzotint upon the same plate, and in the use of a warm brown-colored ink in printing, to effect as complete a likeness as possible to the original sepia drawing.

Accidents sometimes occur through the very means used to prevent them. A short time ago a woman in Worcester, Massachusetts, tipped her chair back against some slats nailed across a window to prevent the children from falling out. These gave way, and she was precipitated from a third-story window to the pavement below, and died in three hours.

It is comfortable to be assured by Professor Chandler that his recent analysis of Croton water shows it to be tolerably pure, and that the impurities that exist are not dangerous to health. The water is now free from dissolved impurities than it was in 1869—a fact which is referred to peculiarities of the season. The suspended impurities are found to be largely vegetable, entirely harmless, and easily removed by filters.

A fine cluster of spots may now be seen on the surface of the sun—through a telescope, of course. They vary in number from day to day—sometimes being collected in a group on one limb of the sun, and again being scattered over the entire surface of the orb.

A demented gentleman of this city labors under the singular hallucination that he shall some time find, when opening oysters, a more valuable pearl than any as yet discovered. In pursuit of this hobby he has opened during the past winter more than 30,000 oysters, disguising himself as a professional opener and working at the barges; nor does he mean to retire from the business until he finds that pearl.

Ladies' Straw Hats, Figs. 1-7.

Figs. 1 and 2.—WHITE NEAPOLITAN HAT. This hat is trimmed with wide and narrow black lace, a black tulle scarf edged with lace, a long black feather, and a spray of roses. The outer edge of the hat is bound with black velvet; the revers are covered with the latter also. Black gros grain strings. Fig. 2 shows the hat without trimming.

Fig. 3.—ENGLISH STRAW HAT WITH REVERS. This hat is of white English straw. The rim is lined with black gros grain. The trimming for



Fig. 3.—ENGLISH STRAW HAT WITH REVERS.



Fig. 1.—WHITE NEAPOLITAN HAT.
[See Fig. 2.]



Fig. 4.—ENGLISH STRAW HAT WITH VELVET REVERS.

Fig. 5.—FLORENTINE STRAW HAT WITH REVERS. The latter is covered with black velvet. The hat is trimmed with plain black tulle, black lace two inches wide, corn-colored gros grain ribbon two inches and a half wide, and wild flowers. Corn-colored strings, tying under the chin.

Fig. 6.—BRUSSELS STRAW HAT WITH REVERS.

The revers is covered with black velvet. The remainder of the trimming consists of bias strips and bows of black velvet, a scarf of black tulle and lace, and a tuft of moss-roses and lime blossoms. Strings of black gros grain ribbon.

Fig. 7.—BLACK NEAPOLITAN HAT WITH RE-



Fig. 5.—FLORENTINE STRAW HAT WITH REVERS.



Fig. 7.—BLACK NEAPOLITAN HAT WITH REVERS.



Fig. 6.—BRUSSELS STRAW HAT WITH BLACK VELVET REVERS.

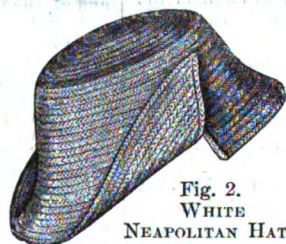


Fig. 2.—WHITE NEAPOLITAN HAT WITHOUT TRIMMING.—[See Fig. 1.]



Fig. 1.—ÉCRU PONGEE WALKING SUIT.—BACK.

the hat consists of black gros grain ribbon two inches and seven-eighths wide, a black tulle scarf edged with black lace an inch and a quarter wide, and a spray of wild roses with dark berries. Black silk elastic braid holds the hat in place.

Fig. 4.—ENGLISH STRAW HAT WITH VELVET REVERS. This hat is of white English straw; the revers is covered with black velvet. Two pieces of black gros grain ribbon twenty-eight inches long and two inches and seven-eighths wide are set on at both sides, three inches and a quarter from the middle of the back, on the under side of the revers at the upper edge; these ribbons are looped about each other seven inches and a quarter from the seam made by sewing them on, and are joined with a few stitches. On the right side one of these ribbons at the same time covers the seam made by sewing on several ribbon loops turned upward, which are partly set on the upper edge and partly on the middle of the revers. A scarf of black silk tulle and black lace an inch and three-quarters wide and a tuft of rooster's feathers form the remaining trimming. Black elastic braid holds the hat in place.



Fig. 2.—ÉCRU PONGEE WALKING SUIT.—FRONT.

VERS. The revers of this hat is bound with black gros grain, and trimmed with a bias strip of black velvet an inch and a quarter wide. On the under edge of the strip is a roll of black gros grain. A strip of gros grain an inch and a quarter wide, on which a bias strip of velvet seven-eighths of an inch wide is set through the middle, trims the upper edge of the hat. The remainder of the trimming consists of loops and ends of black gros grain, which are hem-stitched on the right side half an inch wide, an aigrette of peacock feathers, a long black ostrich feather, and a dagger of burnished jet.

Écru Pongee Walking Suit, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 416.

THIS écru pongee suit consists of a skirt and polonaise. The skirt is trimmed with a kilt-pleated and a gathered ruffle of the material. The trimming for the polonaise consists of kilt-pleated écru pongee ruffles and bias strips of black velvet. Straw round hat, trimmed with velvet, feathers, and flowers.

LADY'S WALKING SUIT.

THIS pretty walking suit is made of écru foulard, trimmed with gathered flounces of white foulard brocaded with clusters of lilacs with green leaves. The flounces are edged on each side with a quilling of ribbon of a darker tint than the dress, and a sash of wide ribbon of the same shade is knotted at the side around the skirt to form the pouf. The waist and sleeves are trimmed with white brocaded foulard edged with quillings of the dark ribbon. The under-skirt is trimmed on the bottom with a gathered flounce of the material, above which is set the brocaded flounce. The brocaded flounce is set on the edge of the over-skirt. Écru crape bonnet, bound with darker ribbon, with white strings, trimmed with clusters of lilacs and green leaves. Lilac parasol lined with white. Écru gloves. Boots of the same shade as the sash.



LADY'S WALKING SUIT.

THE FIRST LADY DOCTOR OF DENTAL SURGERY.

WE give herewith, by permission, the portrait of the Countess Hélène Vongl de Swiderska, who recently graduated with honor from the New York College of Dental Surgery, and who enjoys the distinction of being the first of her sex entitled to affix the professional D.D.S. to her name.

Madame De Swiderska's career has been singularly adventurous and interesting. She is a native of Lithuania, in Russia. She lost her mother at an early age, when her father, an eminent physician of St. Petersburg, who also holds the rank of general in the Russian army, devoted himself to her education, and trained her to habits of scientific study far more serious than is common with young girls in Russia. At the age of sixteen she married the Count de Swiderska, a member of the high nobility, who held an office under government, but who had little fortune wherewith to support his title. She became the mother of a son, in whom all her hopes centred, and for whom she resolved to create a fortune to supplement the rank bestowed on him by his father. Moreover, she had long felt the need of an earnest occupation. For several years she had studied the natural sciences, music (for which she had a special talent), and art. Impelled, doubtless, by inherited proclivities—her uncle, brothers, and father were all physicians—she now determined to devote herself to some specialty of medicine, and on looking about her found none so available as dentistry, which is almost unknown in Russia, and, indeed, throughout Europe, though the field for it is so great. It is well known that most of the few good dentists in Europe are Americans, who, by reason of their rarity, are eagerly sought after, and sit at kings' tables. She therefore made the preliminary studies in medicine under her father's direction, and, after obtaining all the dental knowledge that could be gained in St. Petersburg, set out for Berlin, furnished with letters of recommendation from General and President Wenceslas Palikao, General and Privy Councilor Tropp, and other distinguished personages. What was her disappointment on learning that dentistry was even at a lower ebb at Berlin than at St. Petersburg, that nowhere in Europe could she hope to extend her knowledge, and that to perfect herself in the science she must go to America to finish her studies in a college, and obtain the necessary diploma! But here another difficulty arose: the American colleges did not admit women. Nevertheless, she determined to go thither, believing that to a resolute will nothing is impossible. She arranged her affairs in two days, and, armed with letters of introduction from Dr. Langenbeck and others, she sailed in a Hamburg steamer, and arrived at New York last October. Having heard that the Grand Duke Alexis



COUNTESS HÉLÈNE VONGL DE SWIDERSKA, D.D.S., THE FIRST LADY DOCTOR OF DENTAL SURGERY.

was in New York, she resolved to pay her respects to him and obtain from him a letter of recommendation to the consulate. Unfortunately on the day of her arrival he set out with his suite for Boston, where he was to stay only two days. On learning this she instantly followed him thither, repaired to the Tremont House, where she received a cordial welcome and the desired letters, and returned without delay to New York. When we think that she had not a friend nor even an acquaintance in America, and that she had to rely solely on herself in every emergency, we can imagine the force of character that was needed thus to overcome all obstacles in a strange land.

Armed with her credentials, Madame De Swiderska at last presented herself for admission at the College of Dental Surgery, and though at first refused, was finally suffered to enter, as a special favor, with a pledge that she would claim no immunity from duty on account of her sex. It was found that her preparatory studies were equivalent to two years of the collegiate course. She applied herself assiduously, rising at seven and studying till midnight daily, though she was greatly hampered by her imperfect knowledge of English, the first lectures being, as she says, Greek to her.

With the proverbial linguistic quickness of the Slaves, she mastered the language in three weeks, so as to understand it readily. Thenceforth she made rapid progress, passed a creditable examination, and received the first diploma of Doctor of Dental Surgery that was ever granted to a woman.

Having attained her goal, Madame De Swiderska determined to see something of America and the Americans before her return. She visited Washington, where she was introduced to the Presi-

dent and many of the distinguished personages there, made a journey to Niagara, and mingled somewhat in the social circles of New York, where she was cordially received. She was warmly urged to remain and practice her profession in America, but irresistible attractions drew her homeward, and a few weeks since she sailed for Europe, expecting to meet her father and husband in Berlin, and to proceed with them to St. Petersburg, there to enter upon her professional career.

Madame De Swiderska is about twenty-five years old, and is singularly graceful and polished in manners. She has the tall, lithe figure so common to the Russians, with a brilliant complexion, sensitive mouth, deep violet eyes, and magnificent brown hair, whose luxuriance might well entitle her to the appellation of *la dame Russe aux longues tresses*, by which she was known on the ship on her way hither. We wish her all success in her career, and hope that she may realize her desire of being a useful worker without ceasing to be a wife and mother worthy of the name, and of sharing in the burdens of life, and teaching her fellow-countrymen that the true emancipation of women is not the emancipation from the duties and tasks of life, but rather the participation in its burdens and responsibilities.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

"Verify Quotation."—The Missing Russian.—How to become the Belle of the Season.—The Royal Academy.—The Cat Show.—Lord Look-on.

YOU doubtless remember what Sydney Smith called Lord Macaulay's memory, "a tremendous engine of colloquial oppression;" but it was not only colloquially that he oppressed us. He had a diabolical habit of reading up a particular subject, and then writing of it in a familiar and off-hand manner, as though every body knew, or ought to know, all about it. "Every school-boy knows that the cuneiform inscriptions are the ancient writings of the Gaures or Gebres," etc. Well, the evil that men do lives after them, and this custom of making light of the possession of abstruse information has long been imitated by a portion of our newspaper press. The *Saturday Review* used habitually to adopt this affected style, and at one time had really acquired some authority by means of it; but one or two instances of excessive ignorance having been brought home to its own columns, it subsided into fallibility. The *Pall Mall*, which took the wind out of its sails in other respects also, then borrowed this agreeable habit, but improved upon it by publishing about three times a week an article specially devoted to the mistakes of its contemporaries. And now the *Times* itself has shown a disposition to be contemptuously correct. It makes a very modest beginning, to be sure, since it only concerns itself with a British classic. The *Saturday* was never scornful about an error unless it occurred in Greek, or Latin at the very least; but at present it is only pruning its wings. Our parliamentary jester, Mr. Bernal Osborne, spoke in the House of somebody having "d-d good-natured friends," when voices instantly called him to order. "Nay, if the 'School for Scandal' is an improper

book to quote from," said he, "I apologize to you." Upon this the *Times*, in its solemn summary of debate, remarks how strange it is that an assembly like the House of Commons should be unacquainted with a quotation from so well known a play; whereas the quotation in question is not from the "School for Scandal" at all, but is a remark of Sir Fretful Plagiary's in "The Critic." It was not necessary, of course, that the *Times* should be possessed of this piece of knowledge, though it is not a very abstruse one; but it was still less necessary that it should have lectured the House of Commons for an ignorance which it shared; and it is to be hoped that this disaster of the leading journal in its first attempt to know every thing and to despise others will be a lesson to it. To boast of one's information is scarcely less unreasonable than to plume one's self on one's good birth: it is generally the result of mere opportunity, and evidences no mental powers beyond those of acquisition and retention. It is true that one of the cleverest men in England once exclaimed within my hearing (but then it was after dinner), "I am not conceited; but hang me if I don't know every thing except botany." But, on the other hand, the very dullest man I had ever the misfortune to know compiled an encyclopaedia. Above all, let us remember the last words of the expiring scholar, "Verify quotation," before setting every body else to rights.

The Bauer mystery is still unraveled. "Up to the present moment," write the partners of the company of which the missing man was manager, "we have not heard of Mr. L. R. Bauer since the 27th of January last." It now appears, however, that on that same date he addressed a letter to his father at Pskov, in Russia, and also one to his betrothed at Riga, "both couched in the most affectionate terms, expressing his deep sorrow that he should be so suddenly cut off from all he held dear in this world, and bidding them a last farewell." Moreover, an intimate friend of his in Brazil communicates some facts that tend to show that the poor man's own account of his fate, inscrutably terrible as it at first appeared, may be the true one. Of his connection with the secret association he had informed this gentleman freely, and described how his contemplated marriage must needs bring its hostility upon him. "Bauer doubtless arrived at Euston for the 12-o'clock train, was there accosted by an agent [of the society], and in his exceeding great courtesy suffered himself to be detained.....Of course the agent would have a plausible story with which to detain him, and in this, the first minute of the attack, life or death to Bauer was in the scale. Failure was irretrievable. Steady progress toward his seat was salvation. But I have several times found him in Moscow staying in the street to listen to the applications of strangers."

The letter of the 17th of January this correspondent considers to be undoubtedly Bauer's. "Phrases in it are indisputably his. Russians, speaking to Russians, say 'My bride.' Bauer, to my wife and me (who are English), invariably said 'My girl.' And there are other instances. As to possible defalcations being the occasion of his disappearance, my knowledge of the position sets that quite aside. If the second letter (February 2) is the production of another, then my first hope that he had been attacked with the fear of those devils being near him, and had lost his reason, vanishes. He would not under any such attack of insanity have perpetrated the second letter, though the first he would. I feel that I have lost forever the dearest friend late years have brought me." And so this strange story stands just where it did when I first narrated it to you, except that the lapse of time makes its hues more darkly significant.

Our Academy has just opened its usual exhibition here, which assists us in performing our duty to our neighbor at the dinner-table—not always an easy task. The chief attraction is, as usual, Mr. Millais's pictures. His portraits have not only the advantage of being very like, but of conferring a temporary popularity upon the original. In the case of a young lady, indeed, I am not sure but that a thousand guineas might be profitably invested by any match-making mamma in having her daughter painted by this favorite artist. "Who is this Miss Jones whom Millais has done this year?" "Are they the Suffolk Joneses?" "Most undeniably good-looking—don't you think so?" "Should like to know somebody that knows them," etc., etc. The subject of these remarks, thanks to the halo cast by Millais's genius, has in fact the same sort of reputation that used to be enjoyed by the belle at Almack's. He won't paint a young lady, neither for love nor money, unless she is likely to make a hit in this way. The story current about his present work, "Hearts are Trumps," representing three young ladies playing at dummy whist, the dummy of course next to the spectator, is as follows: Their mamma called upon the painter without an introduction, a proceeding which this bashful of the brush is inclined to resent as a liberty. (Fancy a bar-rister objecting to an unknown attorney coming with a brief marked one thousand guineas!) "I wish you to paint my three daughters, Mr. Millais."

"Madam, you pay me a great compliment, but my time is very much engaged. I should require a very considerable sum in any case, and—"

"What sum?"

"Well, I couldn't oblige you under two thousand guineas, even if—"

"You shall have two thousand guineas."

"Very good; but I was about to add that, even under that arrangement, unless your three daughters are—um— Every thing in a case of this sort, you see, depends upon the artistic eye being—um—"

"Oh, I think they are quite pretty enough; but why not come to lunch to-morrow and see for yourself?"

Which accordingly he did.

So runs the imaginary conversation; and, at all events, the upshot was that Millais painted them. Three pretty, lady-like girls that need no artist's brush to recommend them, and certainly do not deserve the cynical observation that I chanced to hear at the Academy this very morning. "Hearts are Trumps," drawled an exquisite; "why, being dummy, and young gals, you see, it ought to be called, 'Wanted, a Partner.'"

It is not generally a good exhibition. Millais's landscapes, "Flowing to the River" and "Flowing to the Sea," are very inferior to his "Chill October" of last year; nor are his portraits so good as usual, or the best in the collection. They are inferior, for instance, in my opinion, to Mr. Rudolph Lehmann's, whose execution improves every year, and whose power of catching a likeness is something marvelous. Perhaps the most touching works—though by no means favorable specimens of the artist—are those of Sir Edwin Landseer; because they are the last that we shall ever see.

Are you aware that once a year we have now at the Crystal Palace a national Cat Show? It attracts a considerable number of visitors, chiefly maiden-ladies, who stand opposite to the cages with clasped hands, murmuring, "What a love!" In vain the policeman beseeches them to "move on," that others may also admire. "It is not in human nature to do it," replied one old lady in my hearing; and there she stood, clinging to the rail, and rapt in admiration of the tortoise-shell Tom—an animal which, like the aloe, is not to be seen in its flower save once in a thousand years. There are kittens of the sort brought forth at less intervals, but their life is but a span. A grown-up one is a feline phenomenon. The elder Mathews (Charles's father) used to sing an excellent song about Tom:

"Oh, what a story the papers have been telling us
About a little animal of mighty price!
Who would have thought, but an auctioneer, of
Selling us,
For near three hundred yellow boys, a trap for
mice?"

"Of its beauties and its qualities, no doubt, he told
you fine tales;
But as for me, I'd just as soon have bought a cat-
o'-nine-tails.
For all the cats in Christendom I wouldn't give so
vast a fee,
To save them from the Catacombs or Cataline's
catastrophe."

The sum asked for Tom at the Palace is but fifty pounds, but even that, perhaps, may strike you as a fancy price for a mouser. The ungallant dictum of the Latin grammar, that "the masculine is more worthy than the feminine," receives a terrible confirmation in the feline race; for in the next cage to Tom a lovely female cat, weighing nineteen pounds, was to be sold for a five-pound note, and each of her kittens for five shillings, "the receipts to be handed over to All-Saints Church Restoration Fund."

Mademoiselle Dix Blanc, who murdered Madame Riel, is not to be tried just yet; which gives society time to talk about that little matter in detail. The catastrophe has made a great sensation, not only because Mademoiselle Riel was a beautiful and popular actress, but because of her delicate relations with Lord Lucan, an ancient veteran better known (from his inactivity when in command of the heavy cavalry in the Crimea) as Lord "Look-on." He is a brother-in-law of that "gallant gay Lothario" the late Lord Cardigan, who commanded the Light Brigade; and it is said that they were on such bad terms throughout the campaign that they never spoke to one another. They seem, however, to have had some tastes in common.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

PRUE'S LOVE STORY.

THE old house where we women lived, with its numerous gables and quaint windows, was staunch enough to last a century. It had a roomy garden about it, well shaded, and stocked with fruit trees and many sorts of old-fashioned herbs and flowers.

Aunt Barrett's placid presence—I grew into the habit of calling her aunt, though we were not akin—and ample skirts seemed to offer shelter to lone women, who need some wing to nestle under; and I, an old maid, cousin to the Barretts, her deceased husband's family, had come to fill a warm corner in the old house. Just how little Prue and her sister Linda found their way there I never knew, though I believe their mother was the dearest friend Aunt Barrett had had in her far-away school-days; and when she died and left two nearly penniless orphan girls, Aunt Barrett, being childless herself, must have at once offered them a home.

Prue's small head, with a look of affectionate pleading, like some dumb thing's, was weighted by luxuriant brown curls, soft and silky to the touch. She knew no more of real work than a fortnight-old humming-bird; and though her wish to make herself useful was very sincere, she failed so comically we got to calling her poor little Prue, and smiling over her mistakes.

I was really the housekeeper, and the dear child tried to help me with my weekly accounts, but her figures looked so much like pollywogs with queer little tails, quite incapable of adding or carrying, that I gently checked this ambition, and protested I was as fond of her as if she had squared the circle. For Prue was the pleasantest fact in my life, pleasanter even than the swallows that nested under the old gables, or the blossoms of the pearmain-tree that pushed their fresh faces against my chamber window in May.

Let it not be understood that Prue was stupid or uncultured. She had a natural gift for languages, and there was much delicate appreciation hidden away in her odd brain. The glow into which she and Mr. Millbank wrought themselves over German poetry was incomprehensible

to me; but though my ears were uninstructed, my eyes read, as I believed, furtive signs of love-making, and were secretly pleased. Mr. Millbank had been translating a work of some importance, and he came over every day or two to read the finished parts to Prue, either while sitting on the vine-shaded piazza, or strolling slowly up and down the long garden paths.

He was a tall, slender man, with a peculiar air of juvenility, as if he had grown much too fast before the age of sixteen, and then stopped. One was always expecting that he would take a fresh start and get beyond his clothes at the extremities, and was rather disappointed that he remained perpetually immature. He was quite commonplace until he smiled, and then his face seemed luminous with kindness.

Mr. Millbank had been educated for a clergyman, but falling heir to a moderate fortune just as he finished his theological studies, his love of books, and a shrinking self-distrust, induced him to abandon the idea of settling over a parish. His ministrations were of the most unobtrusive sort, and could be traced all through the by-ways of a busy town near which he lived, with a swarming, dirty, poor quarter, and much drunkenness and rowdiness.

Mr. Millbank's house was half a mile nearer this town than Aunt Barrett's, with a tangle of cross-roads and shady old stone walls and grassy fields in between. It was a story and a half cottage, with a neat garden, where he indulged his gentle taste for flowers and bees and birds and domestic animals. No wife had as yet been installed there, and it was whispered that the Reverend Arthur stood in awe of Sarah Huggins, his housekeeper. She had been an old servant of the Millbanks; and remembered distinctly the days when she habitually dozed her master with boneset and catnip, for he was a weakly child. The fact that she was now confined to the care of Arthur's tea and toast, buttons and socks, and excluded from the oversight of his nerves and digestive organs, added a shade of gloom to Sarah's view of life; but she made up for it, in part, by overnursing her own pet ailments.

Mr. Millbank had asked us on various occasions to eat strawberries from his garden, or take tea in the arbor, and we fancied that Mrs. Huggins always went into a preliminary tiff, and that the Reverend Arthur was forced to dust his own rooms, and pin the tidies on his rather uncomfortable hair-cloth chairs. Mrs. Huggins waited upon table in a very peculiar cap of the helmet form and a gown that rattled like armor. Linda was the sort of young woman to excite special antagonism in the breast of Sarah, although she regarded all marriageable girls as her natural foes, and she never failed to deal Linda a forbidding glance of double potency while passing the soda biscuits and quince sauce. Nobody paid any heed to Sarah's snappishness, and although Linda took up a good deal of room and absorbed a large share of male attention wherever she went, I had always felt easy about Mr. Millbank so far as she was concerned.

One morning I had been down in the kitchen, for twenty years Abby Strong's sacred domain, and had made jumbles under protest. Long and faithful services gave Abby the privilege of "letting out," as she called it, when she felt cross, especially toward me, whose orbit sometimes interfered with her own.

Tired and heated, with the consciousness that I had come off second best, I went into the cool dining-room, and happened to glance out of the window at a picture which startled me unpleasantly and photographed itself upon my memory. Linda stood backed by a large, branchy oleander, which seemed to suit the Southern opulence of her charms. She was never beautiful to my eyes, but she was always effective, and her marvelous dark hair, sheeny, wavy, and abundant, coiled itself around her head quite by a law of its own. She held in her hand the garden scissors, and two or three long stalks of red flowers that contrasted well with the solid color of her blue skirt. Mr. Millbank was standing just behind her, his hat in his hand, gazing down into it with an agitated face. Linda's expression was not easy to read. She held herself erect in a distant and unsympathetic attitude.

As I was watching the tableau some one stole softly behind me with a merry laugh. It was Prue, and she had in her brown holland apron three white and Maltese kittens she was bringing up by hand. When she peeped over my shoulder out into the garden, through the honeysuckle vines, I could feel that she gave a little start, and the kittens slid out of her apron down to her feet.

"Why, Betsy," said she, with a gasp, "it looks as if Mr. Millbank was making love to Linda. How stupid we have been not to see that he was fond of her! He is such a dear, kind, gentlemanly creature," she added, faintly, "and so cultivated! Linda can't help giving people the heart-ache; and Mr. Foster and Jack Hoadley would take their eyes out for her any day; but just such girls always marry quiet men. Oh, she is a magnificent creature, Betsy, and so affectionate!"

Tears flowed into the soft eyes just for joy, and the absurd, illogical little being put her face down against my shoulder to smother a sob. I touched the silky head tenderly as I knew how.

"Perhaps Linda is affectionate," said I; "but I have noticed that of all her father's family she loves herself the best. If Mr. Millbank has asked her to be his wife, I shall almost despise him."

"Oh, you are hard on poor Linda," she responded. "You never quite do her justice. There's no merit in our being good and considerate, Betsy—plain folks like you and me. We are expected to have all the cardinal virtues. But Linda is such a superb creature, and she has been dreadfully spoiled. Her nature is so

sensitive she can't bear to be crossed. When poor mamma was alive Linda would go off into such turns if she couldn't get her own way, we all felt it our duty to give in to her."

There were moments when even I lost patience with little Prue, and this was one of them; so I left her rather abruptly, and went in where Aunt Barrett sat calmly sewing away, like a middle-aged seraph in gray puffs, on a pair of trousers for Jack Snapper, the worst boy among her poor people, and fatuously putting in pockets for that dreadful child to fill with apples and apricots filched from her own trees.

"I am right down cross and out of sorts," I began, as I shut the door behind me. "People will persist in getting into scrapes and making themselves miserable; and it looks now as if Mr. Millbank had made a fool of himself with Linda. He might as well jump off High Rock, for all the good it will do him. Linda isn't going to waste herself in a tucked-up cottage, when she can have her pick of two or three mansions. She will break Mr. Millbank's heart as coolly as she would snap a dried twig, and end by taking that hideous Wilson, with the claret-colored face, that dreadful fast old man, who they say is just made of money. Mr. Millbank is such a disappointment; for though I'm no match-maker, Aunt Tabby, I did hope he would fall in love with little Prue. She has been growing very fond of him of late—not but what she would get fond of almost any body who happened to be kind to her, for she hasn't the least perception of character. But I did hope to see her settled at the cottage. Little Prue couldn't manage much of any thing herself, but Mr. Millbank has had experience; he knows enough of housekeeping for both. And they would have been so absurdly happy and unconsciously comical together, and we could have laughed at them as much as we pleased. And Prue's babies, you know, auntie, would have belonged to us in part. We should have had them over here before they were out of pinafores, pottering about the garden, throwing stones up in the cherry-trees, pelting the chickens, learning to tie tin kettles to Fluffy's tail, and hanging over the side of the pen to tickle the pig's back. Oh, it would have been delicious. And now Mr. Millbank must go and cry after the moon, and leave little Prue to break her heart."

Aunt Barrett suspended her work, and looked over her glasses. "Don't you know, Betsy, at your time of life, if people are determined to jump into the swamp, nothing will hold them back? All we can do, when they have got in up to their necks and find it isn't nice, is to try and pull them out again." And she went on sewing blandly upon Jack Snapper's unmentionables, but added, with a sly laugh, "You must have your sputter about once in so often, Betsy. I expect if every thing was cut and dried after your pattern, and Providence took your advice occasionally, you wouldn't enjoy yourself a bit better. Don't you know some folks must be made perfect through the selfishness and unreasonableness of others?"

"That's a hard saying, Aunt Tabby," and I shook my head. "Linda nags at Prue, and makes her life a burden, and the next minute the little thing is ready to throw her arms round her sister's neck and beg pardon for all sorts of imaginary offenses. I can't tell how the child manages to get along and make a decent appearance, for she would give Linda the very eyes out of her head if she wanted them. You know her mother left her a set of fine old rubies, the only jewels she ever had, and now Linda wears them around as common as pewter, and Prue meekly fastens her collar with a lutestring bow. Linda squanders three-quarters of their small allowance on gewgaws, scents, and embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs, and I am afraid the child will actually suffer for stockings and petticoats. You attempt to remonstrate—why, then Linda is so lovely, born to have every thing lavished upon her; and in this way the little soul fosters selfishness, and goes without the necessities of life."

"Well," said Aunt Tabby, with a little sigh, "here they are, all grown up, and we can't make them over, or even take them in in this place and let them out in that, as I do Jack Snapper's trousers. We must make the best of them as they are. But you, Betsy, shall go to town some day soon and buy Prue the things she needs. I couldn't trust her with the money, for the child hasn't a particle of judgment. She would choose gauze stockings for December and lamb's-wool for June."

We were just going in to our early women's dinner, where free indulgence was granted to morning dresses and crimping-pins. Uncle Barrett's portrait, taken in a high stock, and which looked as if the good man had something particularly hard upon his stomach, presided over the board. With my unfortunate sense of the ludicrous, I should have been tempted to satirize this picture, feeling that as Uncle Barrett was my own blood-relation, I had an undoubted right to do so, but I forbore for the sake of Aunt Tabby, who viewed the effigy with reverence, not to say awe.

Mr. Millbank had gone out of the garden gate in a quick pace, quite unlike his usual meditative step, and Linda strolled into the hall and threw her hat and gloves down on the table among magazines and papers. She hated fondling, and was particularly fidgety about her hair. It was in the hall I saw her give Prue an impatient little push.

"There, don't," said she. "I am hungry, and want my dinner."

"I saw you in the garden with Mr. Millbank, Linda. Oh, tell me, has he asked you to marry him?"

The question, like a childish plaint, fluttered involuntarily out between Prue's lips, and the soft, babyish face turned suddenly pale.

Linda threw her an unquenching glance. "Mr. Millbank knows I would not marry him." She

measured her words to give them full force, then turned and walked into the dining-room.

For three or four days Prue went about drooping like a bird with a broken wing; and her kittens, infected by the low spirits of their little mistress, grew sleepy and dull. I longed to hear her delicious laugh, that seemed to bubble up out of a fountain of pure joy and sweeten every thing it touched. She sat nearly all day now curled up in a corner of the big sofa in the hall, hugging her melancholy kittens, and reading dismal poetry. The hall was a roomy place, filled with easy-chairs and tables and maps and queer old engravings in funeral frames. The outer door always stood wide open in fine weather; and there were many glints of sunshine and dappled bits of leaf shadows from the pleasant yard. Linda came down early in the morning armed and equipped for a visit to town. She had a carriage up from Hart's, the livery-stable. No lady of fortune could have been more daintily or freshly robed. Prue gazed after her wistfully; and when the carriage wheels ground away over the gravel she came to me—I was shelling peas—and put herself into my lap along with the pods, and got her arms around my neck.

"Betsy," whispered she, "do you suppose Mr. Millbank is very unhappy about Linda? I should be sorry to have him suffer."

"If he has made a fool of himself he must take the consequences. Mr. Millbank isn't worth caring for, Prue: he has been a disappointment to his friends."

Prue undid her arms slowly from about my neck and went away, and I made a descent upon the kitchen, where Abby Strong had struck up "Greenville" in the vain hope that her singing was acceptable unto the Lord. When I came back Prue was speaking to a brazen-faced, black-eyed woman of the beggar class, who stood on the door-step.

"Oh, Betsy," said she, running to me, with a concerned pucker in her forehead, "that poor creature out yonder tells me she has got twins only ten days old, and the little things haven't a rag to their names, and lie cuddled in a clothes-basket covered with an old shawl."

"And you swallowed the story down whole. Do you suppose the creature would be traipsing around the country, strong and healthy, if she had twins ten days ago?"

"I didn't think you'd believe her," sighed little Prue. "So I only gave what money there was in my purse, and promised to go this afternoon and hunt her up, and see the twins for myself. 'Dear little things!' she added, softly."

"Who is she, and where does she belong?"

"Her name, she told me, is O'Rooney, and she lives on the Hardscabble road, third red house beyond the mill bridge."

This particularity rather staggered me in my fixed belief that the woman was a tramp, so I kept still, and Prue ate her dinner in haste, and set off in search of the unfortunate O'Rooney twins. Hardscabble road winds up a steep and picturesque hill, past a number of dilapidated houses. There is a woolen factory on the stream below, and the operatives live huddled together in these poor tenements. It was a close afternoon, and the very leaves seemed to bake upon the trees. Aunt Barrett was asleep in her chair, and I could hear Abby Strong in the kitchen setting her flat-iron down on its stand with a kind of dogged determination that seemed to bid the heat do its worst. When I went into the garden to pick raspberries for tea I was forced to seek out every patch of shade as big as a handkerchief, for the sunlight seemed to blister where it fell. Suddenly a cloud became visible above the pear-trees and pigeon-house: thunder muttered in the distance, lightning was darting above me, and big drops pattering down before I ran in, thinking of Prue. What would become of the child, overtaken by such a tempest, with only a sun-shade, no better than a plantain leaf for keeping off a shower? I sat for an hour or two, watching the rain come down, and tried to compose my mind by picturing Prue safely housed with Mrs. O'Rooney and her hypothetical infants. Presently Aunt Barrett waked up, and calmly resumed sewing on Jack Snapper's trousers. She was putting in the fifth pocket, I think.

"Don't worry, Betsy," said she: "the Lord always provides for children and fools and such as little Prue."

At six it cleared off gloriously, and the sun came out as glad and unconscious as if nothing had ever happened to disturb the world, the flowers perked up their pretty heads beside the garden paths, and every puddle in the road reflected rosy clouds. It was then that I beheld Prue walking up the wet road tucked under a big umbrella. Her purple lawn, very damp and streaked, seemed in close proximity to a pair of drab trousers that I thought I recognized as belonging to the Rev. Arthur Millbank. The two stopped and held a little confab, and then Prue ran in, and the umbrella bobbed away from the gate.

Just as I expected, Prue's colors had all run together, and faded in streaks, except the rose-blush on her cheek and the brown of her bonny curls.

"Oh, Prue!" said I, as little streams trickled down from her person in all directions and dripped off the piazza steps, "you are a sight to behold."

"I know it, Betsy; but I wasn't warranted to wash," and the old blithe laugh came back.

"What about the O'Rooney twins?" I asked, as I was helping her off with her wet things.

"Betsy, it was Molly McGuire, the worst woman on Scabble Hill. She drinks whisky, and lives with a man who isn't her husband, and there are no twins in a clothes-basket."

"Blessed glad of that," said I. "It is just as I told you it would be; and next time you will take my word for things."

I had pulled off her stockings, and her pretty

white feet were nestled in the soft crimson rug. The purple lawn lay in a damp bundle on the floor, and her shoulders, round and plump, showed above the ruffled under-waist, and a mass of tangled moist curls hung down over them. She put her arms around me, and hid her face in my neck just as a bashful baby might have done.

"Don't scold, Betsy," said she, softly; and after a little pause, "I have something to tell you if you won't confuse and put me out. It was raining ever so hard, and I had got back as far as Brier Lane. You know what a pretty place it is where the trees overarch, and, right at the turning, who should come along but Mr. Millbank. He ran when he saw me, and held his umbrella over my head. He had been to visit a sick girl up at the mills; and when we came to a deep puddle in the road, what do you think, Betsy—he put his arm around my waist, and lifted me over; and he seemed to forget all about his arm, and let it stay. I didn't know what to do; I thought he left his arm there just to have it handy for the next puddle: there were a good many of them. I should have felt sorry to hurt his feelings; and when I looked up in his face I saw he was pale. I pitied him; and then I said, 'Mr. Millbank, perhaps you would like to speak to me about Linda?' 'No,' answered he, and his voice trembled, 'not about Linda.' Then my heart gave a jump. I don't know what he said, only that he has loved me long; and how he spoke to Linda the other day to find out if he might hope to win my love in return, and she told him about Cousin Frank, and he has been making himself miserable ever since. Poor dear Frank! he died four years ago; and it was only a boy-and-girl affair. I must have said so, for I heard him ask, very eagerly, 'Do you think you could ever love again—love a plain man like me?' I don't quite know what answer I made, Betsy; but his arm drew round me a little closer, and he kissed me. I was just soaked, and that moment there was a little stream of water trickling off the end of my nose. Oh, it was all very funny, and—and very nice too; but I did not mean to encourage him quite so much: I was afraid that Linda loved him."

"My darling! and you would have given him up for Linda's sake? She was vexed because she could not bind another captive to her chariot wheels, and so told that tale about your cousin Frank to keep you two apart—at least for a time."

"Don't say that, Betsy dear; I am sure there was some mistake."

Just then Linda came into the room, dressed in yellow—an uncanny color, to my thinking, but it became her marvelously when her black, glittering hair lay uncoiled upon it.

I said, as quietly as I could, "There is news for you, Linda; Mr. Millbank has asked Prue to become his wife. He has loved her long. You, of course, never suspected the true state of the case."

"So it seems you have already forgotten your poor dear cousin Frank;" and Linda threw her sister an indescribable look of reproach. Then she added, drawing her proud figure up to its full height, "I, too, have a piece of news that may perhaps interest you: next month I am to be married to Mr. Wilson."

It has all happened just as we predicted it would. Prue's house is a veritable music-box, and the Reverend Arthur is actually growing stout, ripening and rounding and filling his outline. At the beginning of the new reign Mrs. Huggins took herself and her complaints away in a green-grocer's wagon. There are now two maids, who, I am afraid, "shirk" more than is lawful; but they are only a shade less rosy than Prue herself, and very pleasant to see about. There are three children—the baby, a contented little rose-bud of a girl, and two roistering boys. Aunt Barrett persists in having an indefinite number of pockets put in the lads' knickerbockers as receptacles for her presents; and the way they run over Abby Strong in the kitchen is delightful to behold. Abby has almost lost her gowl, and our skies are so balmy I sometimes weary for the variety of an old-fashioned "scrimmage." In short, Prue and Prue's children, dogs, kittens, canaries, and flowers seem to have arrested us all on the road to old age.

A week after Linda's marriage Jack Hoadley came down to the country. I almost pitied him, for he actually believed he was engaged to Linda, and in spite of being a jockey, gave evidence of some heart, and was preferable to the gourmand and wine-bibber she took. Mrs. Wilson lives in Paris now; and perhaps amidst the glitter and false shows which surround her she hears a little song from Prue's cottage stealing over the sea:

"Tis love, love, love that makes the world go round."

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

STILL there is a great deal to be said in favor of this Avenue Joséphine, and all that we wish to do is to say it to the right people—to point out the beauties and benefits of the neighborhood to those whose position and requirements make them available. The beauties, indeed, need no explanation unless it be to those at a distance, who are obliged to take things on hearsay, and who come over to Paris with preconceived notions as to where they will live, deciding before they have an opportunity of verifying the accuracy of brilliant accounts on which they have formed their choice. To these, then, we will mention, *en passant*, that the Avenue Joséphine is one of the noblest of the many new boulevards—though strictly speaking it can hard-

ly be so called—that have sprung up under the wand of the enchanter Haussmann round the Arch of Triumph. It is broad, bright, very high, sloping gradually toward the river, and planted on both sides with young trees, whose foliage gives the spacious *trottoirs* an arbor-like appearance in spring and summer time, and altogether one of the most attractive localities to a stranger who comes on it for the first time after driving up from the noise and bustle of the more populous streets. The air is bracing and delightful in warm weather, and you are at a nice walking distance from the Bois de Boulogne—a great consideration for children and young people. For those whose time is given to study, and who want the quiet that so much facilitates it, nothing can be more charming than the Avenue Joséphine. The road is macadamized, and you have no omnibuses rolling their ugly bulk under the windows all day, and few cabs, because of its being so little of a thoroughfare. The carriages of those who reside here and in the surrounding streets are the only vehicles that disturb the calm of its retirement. To many this calm is irksome; it seems dull and stagnant, and all the more provoking to the lovers of a gay look-out because it is so near the brilliant bustle of the Champs Elysées; but we are not addressing this class of visitors at present: those who dislike quiet, and who want their spirits kept up by noise, must not select the Avenue Joséphine. There are many conveniences in the quarter as regards education. There are drawing *cours*, as they are called, to be found in several of the streets off the Champs Elysées, and music *cours*, and higher up, beyond the Arch of Triumph, there is a very first-rate school (there are many, but Heaven help the little ones who are trusted to their care!), where parents can visit their children without any greater inconvenience than what is involved in twenty minutes' walk. In fact, for families whose object is education, either at home with masters or as *externes* at some of the numerous classes that abound in this part of Paris, the Avenue Joséphine unites as many if not more advantages than almost any other locality we could name; but then it must be kept in mind that we are speaking to people who have little or nothing to do in the shopping and sight-seeing line. This is so well understood by those who live here that they speak of going to the central part of the city as "going into town," when they are about to start on an expedition to the milliner or dress-maker.

It has one other advantage, which it will not be out of place to mention here, as it reveals a distinctive characteristic of French manners, and one quite foreign to American ideas. Young ladies can walk out in this quarter by themselves without the attendance of a maid or a matron. In any other part of the city they would subject themselves in so doing to a good deal of unpleasantness, such as being addressed and followed by impertinent idlers, whose sole business in life is to walk about seeing whom they may annoy. No young girl above the rank of a shop-girl is allowed to go out unaccompanied in Paris, and the French push this rule so far as to undergo the most trying personal inconvenience rather than infringe it. They do not allow two sisters, or even three, to cross the street unattended. An instance of this which points to the case in question occurs to our mind as we write. Three sisters were in the habit of attending a drawing class in the vicinity of the Champs Elysées; the eldest was nineteen, the youngest about thirteen. They were studying the art very diligently, with a view to gaining their livelihood, and came three times a week for two hours to their lessons. They lived at a distance of about half an hour's walk from the professor's studio. She was a lady, and one to whose company a band of cherubs might have safely been intrusted. The young ladies had but one servant, a *bonne*, as the maid-of-all-work is called here, and will it be believed by my rational, self-respecting, independent American sisterhood that this household *omnium* was obliged to leave the frying-pan and the wash-tub and the broom to trudge out three mornings a week regularly backward and forward with these three young women? It was not worth her while going home again, after depositing them at the door of the studio, to return two hours later, for this would have given her two hours' walking instead of one; so she used to sit and knit while her *demoiselles* cultivated the fine art that was to gain their bread by-and-by. There were a few English people at the *cours*, and this French arrangement was a subject of continual suppressed merriment to us. If the girls had been heiresses, or if they had even had a maid attached to their special service, who might lose her morning dancing, or, more properly, sitting, attendance on them without interfering with the sweeping and cooking of the family, it would have been all very well; but there was something quite comical to our British mind in the idea of three intelligent human beings, who were destined to fight the battle of life with their hands and their brains, not being able to take care of themselves through the streets and home again without having this unfortunate *bonne* tacked on to them. However, those are French ways, and it is no concern of ours to reform them. Our motive in relating the circumstance is merely to show American girls how little liberty it is considered orthodox for them to enjoy in Paris. In the Champs Elysées quarter a larger measure is extended to them, because it is taken for granted, when two are seen walking out alone, that they are English or American; but they must make up their minds not to do this in the other parts of the city, for the reasons already given. When they do go out alone they should also be careful to dress as quietly as possible, so as to avoid any disagreeable misconstructions.

COMET.

AFTER LONG MONTHS.

Looks all coldness—averted eyes—
Cheeks at my coming that flush and pale;
Hands withdrawn from my eager clasp;
Lips that would flout me, but somehow fall.

Is it so long since we parted friends?—
Nay, lovers, in spite of the would-be wise,
Whose limited vision peers over the heads
Of those to whom Fortune her smiles denies.

But months have passed, do you say long months?
Since last we met in a staring crowd,
With a watch so keen on each furtive glance
That we dared not utter a word aloud.

Met—and were sundered by those who claimed
A right to misjudge me—my fame to brand;
To call me an idler, and say my love
Was small for the heiress, but great for her land.

And they have been at your ear since then—
At first with a doubt and then with a fear—
With slanderous whispers and crafty hints
They dared not have breathed while they thought
me near.

Ah, Lilla! the absent are always wrong—
Did you ever remember these words, my own?
Shall I tell you whither I went? and why
I left you to brave this ordeal alone?

I was poor, but money's worth could be won;
Diamonds glittered in African earth—
Gems that would make me your peer in wealth,
As well as your equal in heart and birth.

And so, no sluggard, with hope in view,
With none to wish me Godspeed, I went
To labor for you, or if failure came,
To pray for your welfare, and die content.

These hands are roughened, this skin imbrowned—
I have known the pangs of a quenchless thirst;
Of wrestling with fever 'neath Southern skies;
Of longing for death when things looked their worst.

I have laid me down on the bare hard earth,
Weary, dejected—yet dreams were sweet,
For they pictured me rich in the starry stones,
As I come to you now, with my task complete.

They are here, mute records of lessons learned
From the arduous toll that secured each prize;
Take them, dear love—that they prove my truth
I know by these tears in thy gentle eyes.

USEFUL RECIPES.

ANTWERP OR ENGLISH RASPBERRIES.—To every pound of fruit allow one pound of white sugar—pounded—and boiled twenty minutes without stirring with a spoon. Put away in small glasses, just as strawberries, and set in the sun from time to time. A delightful preserve to send to table with vanilla or any other delicately flavored ice-cream.

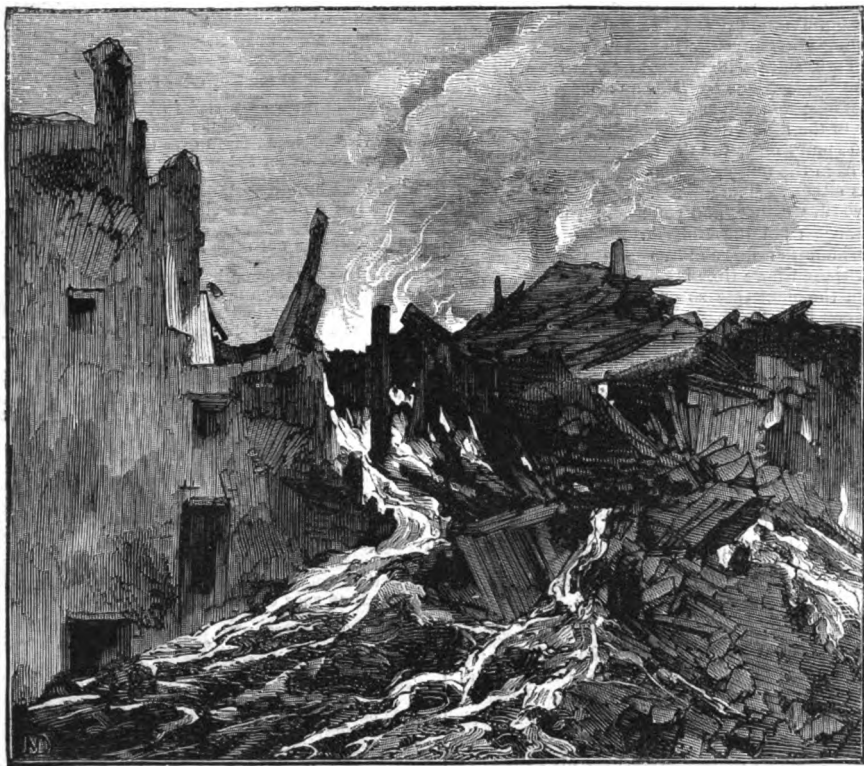
STRAWBERRY ACID.—Dissolve ten ounces of tartaric acid in two quarts of cold water. In a large bowl put twelve quarts of strawberries, washed and capped. The wild ones are to be preferred for this purpose. Pour over them the acidulated water, and let the fruit stand thus undisturbed for forty-eight hours. Then have ready a flannel bag, through which let the juice drip without squeezing. When the bag is well drained, measure the juice. To one pint of the acid allow one pound of white sugar (coffee sugar, however, No. A, will answer as well). Allow the sugar and juice to remain together in a large jar until the former is thoroughly dissolved; then bottle. As a slight fermentation may ensue, do not cork at first, but tie the mouth of the bottles up tightly with Swiss muslin or gauze, to stand for several weeks, until this danger is past. In six weeks you may safely bottle, and will find that it never spoils, although the brilliant color will fade after a time. Strawberry acid furnishes a refreshing beverage during the hot months of summer, and would be found grateful to fever patients in any season. It has the advantage of being ready at a moment's warning, only needing to have your glass or pitcher one-fifth part full of the acid, filling up the remainder with cracked ice and pure water. The recipe came originally from Switzerland, and is susceptible of multiplied application. You may in this way make drinks of all the small fruits, especially raspberries, blackberries, stemmed currants, and seeded Morello cherries. Glass pitchers or carafes of these innocently cooling beverages set off a dinner-table pleasantly in warm weather, especially as by adding lemonade you may have colors varying from pale straw to the rich garnet of blackberry acid—the last named being, perhaps, the best in flavor of all.

STRAWBERRY SIRUP.—Make a sirup in the proportion of three pounds of sugar to half a pint of water. Boil and skim until clear. Have ready the strained juice of field strawberries. It is best to have let it drip through a bag without pressure, so as to be clear. Allow two and a half pints of strawberry juice to the half pint of water. After you add this, let it boil hard for not more than five minutes. Take it from the fire before it loses its fine color, and pour hot into self-sealing glass jars—the kind that only need the top to be screwed on. This sirup preserves even the odor of the fresh strawberry when opened months afterward, and flavors ice-cream delightfully. With the addition of a little bit of pokeberry jelly, the delusion is perfect; you fancy that you are enjoying fresh strawberry cream in mid-winter. No sweetening is needed for the cream but what is supplied by the sirup.

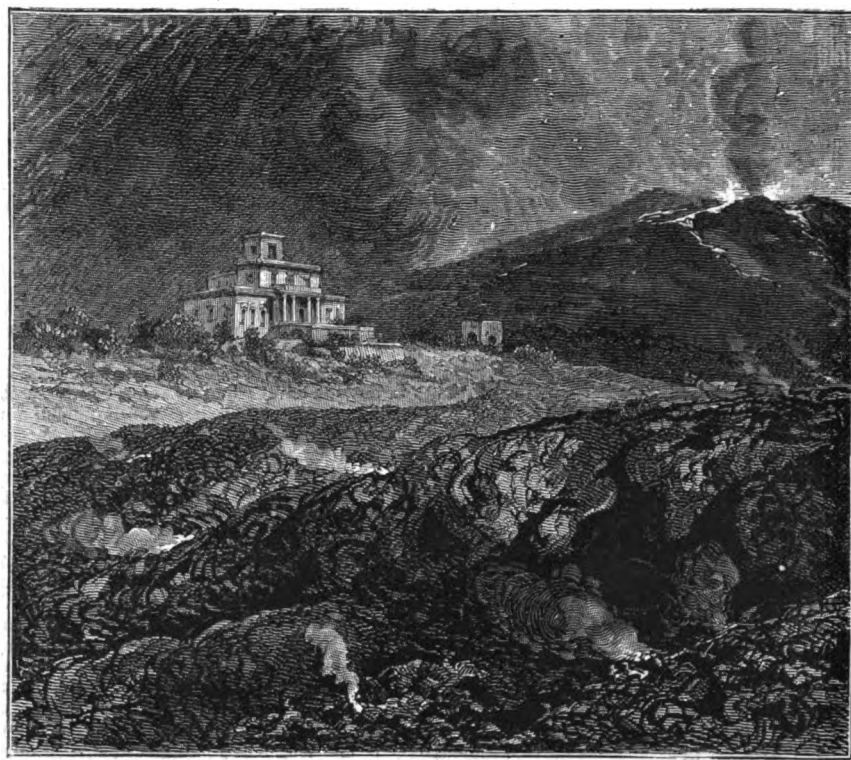
LEMONADE.—Have a regular lemon-squeezer if possible. Strain the juice, and extract a little of the essence from the peel, by rubbing it from the rind with a few lumps of sugar, which imparts richness to the flavor. Allow three lemons to a quart of water and half a pound of sugar, as a general principle; but such is the diversity in the size and quality of the fruit that no invariable rule can be given. The proportions here suggested will be found ordinarily to make lemonade strong enough to allow of ice being added. If you have plenty of ice, use more, with less water. Always taste and see if the proportions are right before serving. Some persons prefer to cut the lemons in rings, the seeds being carefully extracted. Made in this way, it may be very nice, but must be used forthwith, for it will contract a bitter taste if left to stand.

LEMON SIRUP.—To two pounds of loaf or crushed white sugar put two pints of water and the juice of eight good lemons, with the thinly pared rind of three. First boil the sugar and water, skimming till clear. Then add the lemon peel and unstrained juice, boiling ten minutes longer. When the sirup is done, strain while hot; then bottle. This quantity will fill two small claret bottles. By making this sirup in the spring, when lemons are plentiful and cheap, you may have lemonade whenever you wish it, at a comparatively small cost. It will keep indefinitely.

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

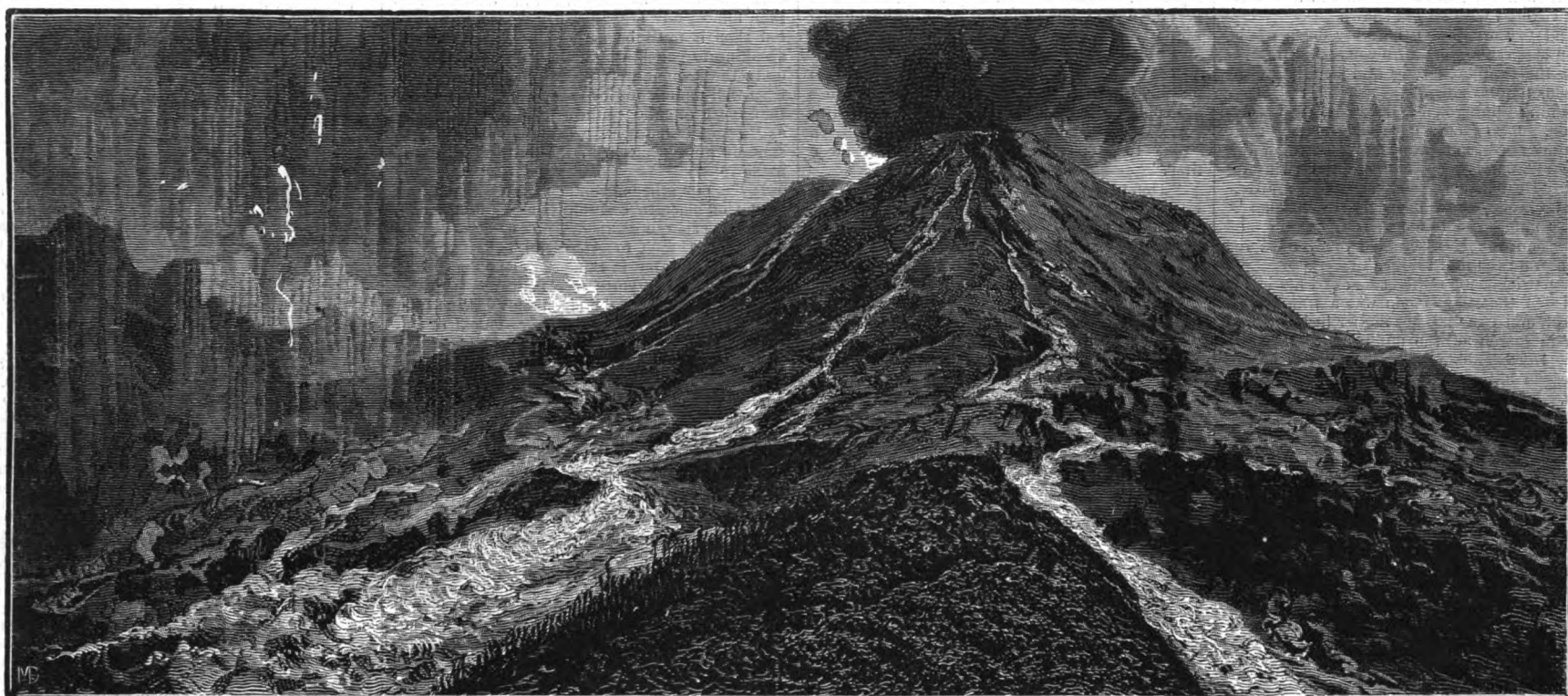


HOUSE AT SAN SEBASTIANO OVERWHELMED AND BURNED BY LAVA.



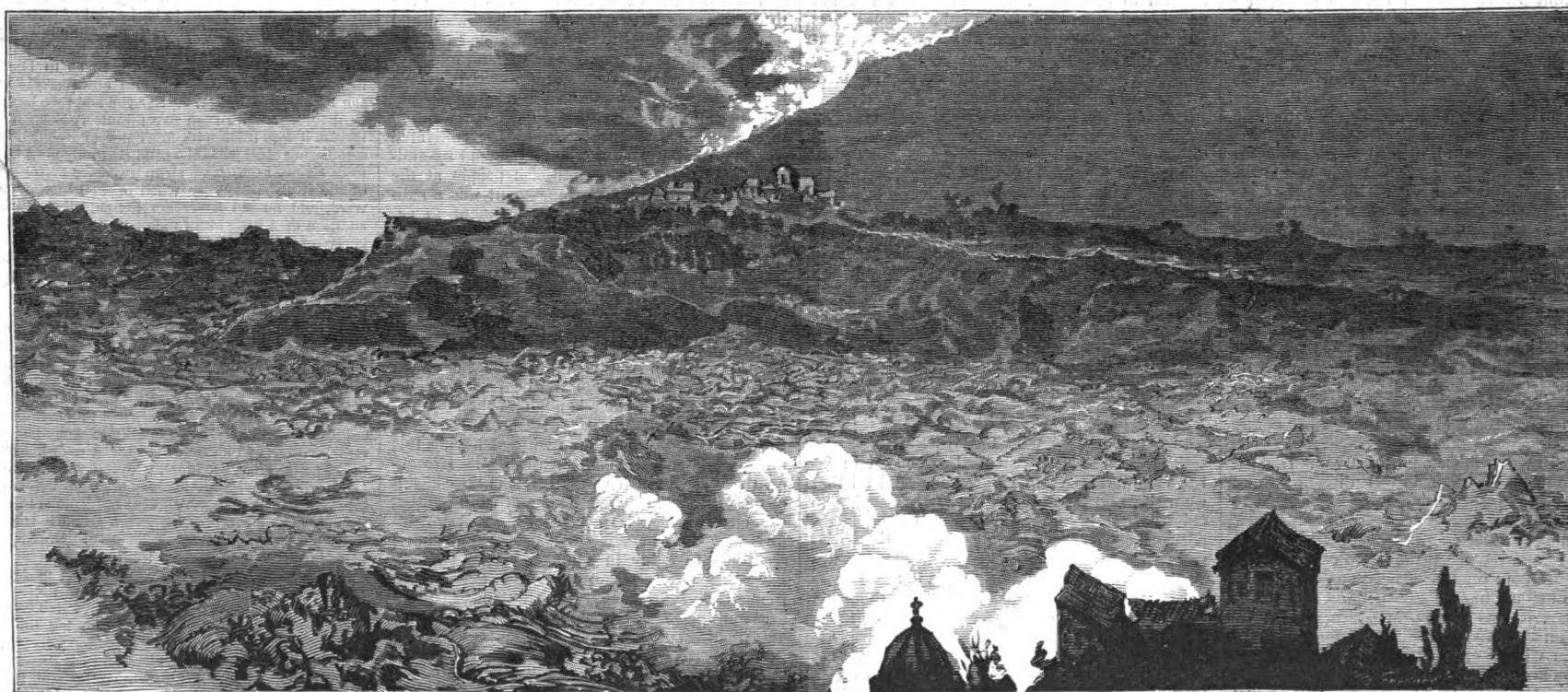
PROFESSOR PALMIERI'S OBSERVATORY.

"I HAVE two tales to tell," says the artist from whose graphic sketches we copy the accompanying interesting illustrations of the recent fearful eruption of Vesuvius—"one of my approachable, so that with a touch of prudential philosophy I studied the effects before I proceeded to the cause. Near the lava I met an old man, idle, and apparently from the neighborhood, but now my object was to see some of the ruin wrought near San Sebastiano. First of all, we passed through a wicket into a vineyard, past a cottage utterly deserted, and over ground covered with a gray snow of ashes, and went to the very end of a lava torrent, where its fire had been cooled and its course stayed, and its last victim, a pine-tree, still protruded, seared and blackened, from the overwhelming mass. Every where near the course of the lava vines and trees drooped as if bowing to its irresistible force, and the gray



SKETCH FROM THE TOP OF THE OBSERVATORY, SHOWING CRATER AND THE TWO COURSES TAKEN BY THE LAVA.

visit to the lava, the other to the crater. In the order of interest the crater should come first; but when I went to the lava the crater was un- and I asked him to show me the way. I had already beheld the torrent which grazed the cottage in the vineyard on its way to Resina, ered with a gray snow of ashes, and went to the very end of a lava torrent, where its fire had been cooled and its course stayed, and its last victim, pall thrown over every thing seemed like, nay, was, the hue of death. We turned to make for the lava glacier which rushed between San Se-



LAVA CURRENT BETWEEN THE VILLAGES OF MASSA DI SOMMA AND SAN SEBASTIANO.

bastiano and Massa di Somma; but at its foot we were beset by a tribe of wretches who flew at the old man, demanded what right he had to guide, and brandished their authorizations, written apparently in their own pot-hooks and hangers, in my face. There were two policemen standing by, and I appealed to them, and they graciously allowed me to be guided by whom I would, so I followed my aged Dante on to the

but the worst was yet to come. We walked along street after street, blackened and deep in ashes, and at length entered one, blocked up at the end by its own ruins and the lava. Here San Sebastiano came suddenly to an end. All the rest was buried beneath the lava, which, following the course of the old current of 1868, had swollen, as it were, the stream, and carried away the houses built with strange confidence

from their crests the yellowest pieces, and pestering you to buy them. Artists were sketching, peasants were crossing in long doleful lines laden with furniture saved from burning homes, gens-d'armes were there busily inquiring. On the further bank I could see the ruins of the twin martyr, Massa di Somma. Suddenly the wind changed, and the jets of smoke veered round and blew in our faces, almost stifling us. A thunder-

and surrounded by a crowd of natives. They were drawing the ruins of a house borne down and burned by the lava's fiery battering-ram, and the poor people forgot for a while the fact of their misery in the interest they took in its representation. But the storm was too fierce even for the umbrellas, and they followed me soon into a little café, where wine and bread were exposed for sale. Here we took some much-

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS—PEASANTS FLYING FROM THE LAVA.



next circle in this Inferno. Inferno indeed it was—hot beneath the feet and sulphurous to the smell. We climbed the steep side of the lava glacier, say thirty feet in height, and picking our way along a track already beaten, but by no means secure, we crossed over the vast heap of monstrous cinders to San Sebastiano. On the way my guide kept exclaiming 'Grande Dio!'

on its banks. We stood upon the smoking waves and yellow foam of this Phlegethon. I sketched, but moved about incessantly, because my boots were burning. Jets of smoke curled up from every eddy, and by them we could trace the stream up into the dark mighty canopy that hung about the crater. Boys were climbing with naked feet among the sharp cinders, knocking

storm burst overhead, and forked lightning darted down in vivid zigzags harmlessly, as if no victim had been left for it. We retreated, and retracing our steps down the side of the avalanche, came upon a quaint group, which made me stop again and pull out my sketch-book. It was composed of two artists sketching under umbrellas held by guides, with chairs for easels,

needed food, while a crowd of homeless and houseless watched us at the door. His guests, however, could not win a smile from the host, whose face wore the gloom of a ruined man. His house stood three or four doors from the lava, and though it had not been burned, all his 'Lacryma Christi' wine had been spoiled by the heat. The storm blew over, and we crossed the

torrent, my guide being, so it struck me, less steady on his legs than before lunch. Still we made the passage safely, though the lava was quite five hundred yards across, and there was no path. We looked down now on Massa di Somma, and the old man, who evidently saw all this desolation for the first time, kept wailing "Grande Dio!" as he pointed me out the places where used to stand, here a villa, and there "a palace," as he called it. We descended the lava into the town, and found it filled with inhabitants who had abandoned it and were returning. Family after family met us, either driving their furniture in carts or on donkeys, or carrying it on their heads. The burned child fears the fire, they say; but these poor people return like moths to the perilous blaze which always threatens them, and periodically destroys them. I have seen much ruin in time of war, but it seemed easily reparable compared with that spread by Vesuvius. Even nature gives no help against that. It is a deadly snow of ashes, which the sun can not melt, nor wind disperse, nor rain dissolve. We walked through miles and miles of vineyards, all utterly laid waste. Vines hung withered, with their bunches just formed, fruit trees with their fruit, grain in the ear. All the foliage of the mulberry-trees had perished, so that we saw the silk-worms, with no chance of food, flung out in heaps on the ground to die, and already attacked by ants—a sickening sight. Birds, too, fluttered feebly in our path, as if courting capture. These blackened fields were as fatal to them as Avernus, and far and wide the dove could find neither green leaf nor rest for the sole of her foot. The only green things were the lizards, and even they looked exceedingly dirty."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELLA S. C.—Small-figured chintz calico, percale, or foulard would make a pretty Dolly Varden suit. The Marseilles sash with cape and the Swiss muslin cap are what you want for your boy.

SARAH.—Flounces are more often hemmed than bound this season.

C. F.—The bows on wash goods are usually of the dress material, though sometimes a set of black velvet bows is used on chintz, linen, and piqué suits. If the dress is silk, the bows are silk also.

BAINEBRIDGE CORRESPONDENT.—We can not send the pattern, as you did not give your name. Your lace samples are Honiton.

Mrs. J. S. T.—Make your gingham with box-pleated blouse and over-skirt. For the brown poplin use the Marguerite Dolly Varden pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. V.

N. K. B.—The plain Marguerite polonaise will suit you better than the Marguerite Dolly Varden. Use it for your alpaca, and trim with bias bands of the same. For your church dress get a summer silk, and make by same pattern. A talma cape with hood is the wrap for you.

VIRGINIA.—Striped all-black grenadine is most stylish. The pattern you have chosen is appropriate. Put autumn leaves on a black net bonnet. Wear lavender gray gloves; a white lace ruffle around the neck, with a handsome jabot.

Mrs. R. A. B.—Make a Dolly Varden polonaise of your flowered organdy dress.

Mrs. H. B.—Make both your silks short, and wear them under polonaises of batiste, grenadine, or cretonne.

MARGARETTA.—Lithography as well as wood-engraving is taught gratuitously at the Cooper Institute to all who choose to learn it. Apprentices of any kind, especially ladies, are rarely taken at lithographic establishments, and when they are, they usually pay for tuition, the price being a matter of private arrangement; and their work, when worth any thing, is purchased by their employer. There is no reason why women, with talent and sufficient practice, should not become good lithographers; but we believe there are few in the field.

ONTARIO.—Eastlake's works on household decorations are worth your attention. They are English books, and can be procured of importers.

TRUE FRIEND.—We can not tell you who is the best druggist in a large city like New York, where there are so many of established reputation that comparison would be invidious. We would say in this connection that we can not undertake to reply to similar requests to recommend special institutions, tradesmen, etc. Such inquiries in future will remain unanswered.

CIGARITA.—"Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East" will give you all the necessary information concerning the best routes of travel to the Mediterranean, hotels to stop at, etc. We have not room for the details in this column.

A BOSTONIAN.—Hang your chromo of the rabbit in your dining-room instead of parlor. As a rule, pictures of fruit, game, and animals are for dining-rooms, flowers and family photographs for sleeping-rooms, and landscapes for parlors.

MOTHER.—It is possible that the rod may sometimes be necessary in the training of children as a last resort; and if your eight-year-old daughter is so hopelessly depraved that no other punishment will bring her to reason, you are doubtless justified in using it. But as this kind of chastisement is apt to breed a rancor not easily extinguished, we advise you to exhaust all other means before running the risk of estranging your child's affection by such harsh measures.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. S. W. CLARK, Washington, D.C., with a Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine, used her first needle, No. 2, nearly 3 years, until it was worn out, doing all kinds of family and fancy sewing. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[Com.]

TIMES ARE HARD, and those about to buy sewing machines should consult economy as well as the merits of the machine. The New Wilson Under-Feed Sewing Machine in point of perfectness has no equal in existence. It does every grade and variety of family sewing in the most perfect manner, is simple, durable, and beautiful, and is sold fifteen dollars below all other first-class machines. Salesroom, 707 Broadway, N. Y.; also for sale in all other Cities in the U. S.—[Com.]

THE American Institute awards the premium to *Electro Silicon* as being the best article for cleaning and polishing Silver, Plated Ware, &c. Sold by Jewelers, Druggists, and Grocers. CORNING, REMINGTON, & Co., Agents, 9 Gold St., N. Y.—[Com.]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE dresses the hair perfectly, without greasing, drying, or stiffening it.—[Com.]

MY BLACK SILK DRESS,

Worn and soiled now, but how much pleasure it has given me! Apollos had received and accepted a call to a new parish in a Western city—a city of whose wealth and delightful social circles we had heard very much—and, since in our new church were to be found the very *crème de la crème*, the survey of my wardrobe wasn't inspiring.

That gray silk had been through nearly as many metamorphoses as those of Ovid, and the waist was quite too far gone for reclamation; my black alpaca would do nicely for traveling and home-wear, and there were several others suitable for the privacy of a domestic circle, but what *should* I do for a party dress! I thought of every material of every grade, but it was just after "the war," and dry goods were frightfully dear, so I came home from my shopping excursion tired, disheartened, and disgusted with the exceeding *flatness* of my *porte-monnaie*.

There came a letter from mother, and opening it there fell out a receipt of an express company, stating that on the day of date a certain package had been forwarded to my address. Now mother's packages were always well worth having, and in her letter she informed me that the aforesaid bundle contained material for a pretty winter dress, besides various and sundry smaller affairs for the wee ones.

Wasn't it delightful! Mother's taste and judgment were so perfect! Now I needn't worry any more; so I stitched away on my machine to finish Apollos' new shirts in most contented fashion, peeping now and then from the window to see if the express wagon wasn't coming.

It came at last. The deliciously mysterious brown package, corded with stout twine, bearing funny little labels of various companies, and the stamp "Paid" in one corner.

The duty of expressmen must be usually a pleasant one. Disagreeable parcels are rarely sent; and if reflected delight be in the least charming, the way in which I beamed on that young man must have made him comfortable for the rest of that day.

"It's come," I called to Apollos, who left the study and came down to my level in the sewing-room, where, heedless of Miss Edgeworth's moral tastes and advice, the strings were speedily cut and the wrappers removed.

There lay revealed the shining folds of a lovely poplin, the richest, warmest brown, velvet and buttons, drilling and cambric, even the whalebones, and a model for the new autumnal costume! It was so kind, so thoughtful; but it would never do for an evening dress, and all my perplexity returned.

"Doesn't it suit you, Nancy?" asked Apollos.

"Yes and no," I answered, half laughing and half crying. "It will make a beautiful dress for street wear, but it isn't what I wanted after all."

Apollos looked puzzled. His masculine brain failed utterly to comprehend why so rich a material wouldn't do for any and every occasion, and he ended his remarks by asking, "Are you sure you know just what you do want?" I did know; but I was also aware how inelastic our salary was, and so I hadn't ventured to name the material before. Now, in my vexation, I replied:

"Yes, a black silk is the only thing at all suitable for every evening company I shall be likely to enter."

"Well, why don't you get one, then?"

"Because there is nothing worth buying unless it costs quite too much for me to look at it," answered I, dolefully.

"Have you looked at Richardson's?"

"Yes, I was there last week; they had nothing less than \$4 00 per yard that was decent."

"Well, dear, I'll go out with you and see what can be done. You can make your own dresses?"

"I always do, you know." And I went away for hat and shawl, thinking how nice Apollos was, and mentally promising him his favorite fritters for supper.

"Richardson's" was one of the first stores on our way up town. By no means an elegant or extensive establishment; but, after all, on its narrow counters there were always the nicest goods, and under the glass of its show-cases the daintiest gloves and finest laces.

In one of the front windows there was a snowy wealth of glistening linens; in the other, broad rivers of a soft black fabric, with only a faint lustre, but making such rich, heavy folds, and the yards of "point appliqué" carelessly draped above it showed their delicate pattern to perfection against the jetty surface.

"See, Nancy, what is that?" demanded Apollos.

"It looks like silk poplin, only the thread is finer."

"Wouldn't that do?"

"Yes, indeed; but poplins are as expensive as silks, and they don't wear nearly as well."

"These are beautiful goods, Mrs. L.—; something quite new; just received last night; warranted all silk, and made in our own country, too. Walk in and look at them," and the polite salesman bustled round behind the counter, bringing a piece of the goods in question.

"Rich, isn't it? strong, too; impossible to start the edge; might run up the breadths with the ravelings; see?" and he pulled out a fibre for me to test; then, deftly gathering the mass in one hand, he held it so that the light nestled lovingly in the glossy plaits.

"Not much lustre. Well, no; but then so durable, exactly alike on both sides, twenty-seven inches wide (unusual width, ma'am), will outwear two imported silks of the same price. I'll show you."

He rapidly pulled from the shelves various parcels with rainbow edges, looked at their tags, and brought two forward.

"There, ma'am, that silk cost us three dollars; now observe the weight of this compared with these new goods. Would like to sell you an imported silk, of course; but really, for service, the American goods are better."

Apollos looked gravely on, asking at last, quietly, "What is the price of this?"

"Two dollars fifty! wonderfully cheap! They take immensely, and they are so wide that a smaller pattern is needed than of other goods. My wife made her walking dress of nine yards."

"How much do you need, Nancy?"

"I want mine long for evening wear; but we go every thing so desperately that I think eleven would do."

"Does it suit you?"

"Yes, it will do nicely."

"Then, Mr. R.—, you may cut off eleven yards."

The linings, trimmings, etc., were quickly chosen; and, with the precious roll under one arm, Apollos tucked me under the other, and we executed a triumphal march homeward.

There I unrolled the treasure, held it in every light, passed my hands caressingly over the soft, silken sheen, draped it over the sofa, over the arm-chair, over my shoulder, and then carefully put it away, gave Apollos a fresh hug, and departed to concoct the "fritters."

Not long after, an elegant, accomplished fact, my dress, lay smoothly folded for transport. Not a bit of trimming on the long, sweeping skirt, a pretty pointed basque edged with heavy fringe, a bertha of the same graceful, tasseled netting—that was all; but it fitted à merveille, and, wearing it, the little wife felt very grand indeed.

That winter was one dream of delight, for our new "people" welcomed us most cordially.

There was a reception for us at Governor —'s, where I wore my dress; then for New Year's calls I varied it by adopting a velvet basque (made from my wedding cloak), a morsel of old point lace edging the open neck, and my one pretty brooch fastening the dress where the lace ended.

Always elegant, always becoming, always suitable, I soliloquized as, after the day's fatigue, I smoothed out my dress.

Without a bit of alteration, I wore it until the next autumn; then I sent for two yards, and, cutting off the train, flounced the skirt for a walking costume. Such service as it did me! Parish calls, church-going, riding—all were done in my "black silk"—yet not a crack, not a threadbare place; so, with the spring, I turned it, dampened and pressed the flouncing, headed it with velvet, and, procuring four and a half yards more (the price had fallen to two dollars), made a more stylish basque and an over-skirt, the said over-skirt doing duty above various colored skirts, otherwise *passé*.

We made a trip to Chicago, and Apollos couldn't scold about baggage, since I only took my inevitable black suit. We attended the General Clerical Association, and again my dress did duty. I wore it in the cars, sleeping in it at night, and with a little shake in the morning dismissing every shadow of a wrinkle; then, through another winter it went triumphant; and all last summer, with fresh trimming, I rejoiced in its invaluable possession.

Down at the beach, in the crowded city streets, at home, on steamers, and in sleeping cars, nothing hurt it, no soil remained on it, and with great regret I saw at last the edges of the sleeves were giving way, fringing themselves out in utter despair of rest or peace.

Wasn't I going to Manchester though, and wasn't it just there, at Cheney's Great Silk Manufactory, that my dress was woven?

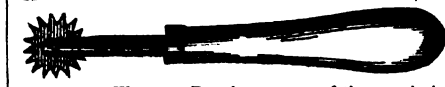
The fringes were judiciously clipped till that quiet valley was reached; then, securing a blessed remnant, new sleeves were added, and my dress, like the Irishman's jack-knife, was irreproachable again; for, marvelous as it may seem, the color was so perfect in the first place that one could not tell new from old.

Rejoicing in this, I serenely traveled westward again, prepared for any thing if my trunks should go wrong, since I wore that Black American Silk. Passing through Chicago in its ruins, surely a gayer costume would have been in bad taste; and then at Lincoln, Nebraska, detained by storm, I received Apollos' greeting in the dear old suit.

Out here on the prairies it has had severe treatment, but it looks nicely yet, except a little unnecessary lustre near the seams of the waist; and to-morrow I shall send eastward for enough to make another basque, turn it once more, and adorn Gilmore's Coliseum with its invulnerable presence in June.

The old original skirt is quite as handsome as ever—a dose of cold coffee sponged over it will stiffen it nicely; and, dear reader, if in the cars next summer you meet a lady from Nebraska who believes in home manufactures, and for instance points to her handsome traveling costume of Cheney silk, you may charge her with writing this sketch.

Reader, if you require a perfect dress as regards brilliancy of color and marvelous durability, ask your dry-goods man for the American Silks manufactured by Cheney Brothers, of South Manchester, Conn. Stewart's and most large stores are now selling large quantities of it, this silk being preferred to any other on account of its superior elegance, cheapness, and durability. Drabs, Blues, Greens, the new peculiar shades of Bronzes, London Smoke, Peacock Blues, and Sage Greens are among the variegated colors produced.—[Com.]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, the well-known, reliable, and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations of the Face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists.

MRS. C. C. THOMSON,

Will purchase any thing required for personal wear or household use, at five per cent. upon cost of article. Information in regard to styles, with circular, upon application. If samples are wanted, inclose eight Postage Stamps. Is permitted to refer to Rev. O. B. Frothingham; E. O. Flagg, D.D.; J. E. Cosart, with Arnold, Constable, & Co.; C. C. Merchant, with A. T. Stewart & Co.; G. Haven Putnam, of G. P. Putnam & Sons. Mrs. C. C. THOMSON, 341 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

JEFFERS, 1179 BROADWAY,

LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES

AT POPULAR PRICES.

DISEASES of the LIVER have a peculiar depressing effect on the mind. If you would have a sound Liver and high spirits, take Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS.

A. SELIG,

Successor to S. M. Payer, 818 Broadway, Importer of Zephyr Worsteds; Silks for Embroidering; Embroideries on Canvas and Leather—Slippers, Cushions, Light Screens, Suspender, Strips for Oriental and Camp Chairs. Also, Guipure and Point Laces, and materials for making the same. Novelties in Fringes, Gimps, Buttons, Ornaments, and Laces. Fringes and other Trimmings made to order. All kinds of stamping done. Monograms and Crests designed and embroidered in gold, silk, or worsted, in artistic style, at the lowest prices.

Daniel D. Youmans,

IMPORTER OF ENGLISH HATS,

719 and 1103 BROADWAY, N. Y.

LADIES' RIDING HATS.

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' HATS

in every variety.

ISLAND LODGE HOUSE, Wells Beach, Maine.—Open June 10. Best house, most delightful location, and finest beach on coast of Maine. House erected 1871, has large, airy rooms, single and en suite, lighted with gas, with wide halls, extensive verandas, with unobstructed sea view on three sides. Billiards, Bowling Alleys, Croquet Lawn; sailing and row boats, with trusty skippers; saddle and carriage horses. Quadrille band in constant attendance. Four hours from Boston, by Boston, Maine, & Eastern R.R. Terms moderate, particularly to families and season boarders. Apply to DAVIS, WORCESTER, & CO., Wells Beach, Me.

MOTHERS,

S NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS FARINA, Y

A THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE. O

Extensively used and recommended U

by the most eminent physicians. Sold by Druggists and Grocers.

H. ASTIE & CO., Sole Agents, R

15 South William Street, New York.

INFANTS.

"VIOLET" Initial stationery, elegant box, with Chromo portrait on cover, contains 24 sheets superb note-paper, 25 envelopes, violet tint. Also 1 fine pencil, 5 pens, penholder, blotter, &c., &c. All for only 50 cents. Tell the initial you want, and order only from HUNTER & CO., Hinesdale, N. H.

TRUSSES, Supporters, Elastic Stockings, Belts, Braces, &c., especially for Ladies' use, at "Geeley's Hard-Rubber Truss" Establs, 737 Broadway, N. Y., & 1347 Chestnut St., Phila. Careful and correct adjustment. Experienced Lady in attendance.



MISSING THE POINT.

LEGAL ADVISER (*speaking technically*). "In short, you want to Meet your Creditors."
INNOCENT CLIENT. "Hang it, no! Why, they're the very People I'm most anxious to Avoid!"

FACETIÆ.

"Come, come," said a distracted father, who had endured the children's noise till patience ceased to be a virtue, "there's no reason why you should scream and holler so."
"Why, father," said one of the little fellows, "don't you know this is a holler-day?"

HOW TO QUIET A BABY.—A farmer, who had passed innumerable sleepless nights, immortalized himself by discovering a method of keeping babies quiet. The mode of operation is as follows: As soon as the squaller awakes, set it up, propped by a pillow, if it can not sit alone; then smear its fingers with thick treacle; then put half a dozen feathers into its hands, and it will sit and pick the feathers from one hand to the other until it drops asleep. As soon as it wakes again, treacle and more feathers, and in place of the nerve-astounding yells, there will be silence and enjoyment unspeakable.

"How many unfortunates have fallen in war!" said a spinster to a veteran general, who was also a veteran bachelor.
"Not half so many, madam, as have fallen in love," was his testy reply.

THE CHARM THAT SWALLOWED UP WIT—Sarcasm.

He is an illiterate man who spells "wife" yf.

THE SHOP.

Whate'er your position—
Lawyer, physician,
Parson, or actor,
Or corn-extractor—
You're expected to shirk
All mention of work;
It's good manners to drop
The shop—the shop!

Though people mayhap
At experience's tap
Might be anxious to drink,
From the subject you'll shrink,
And about your pursuit
Be judiciously mute;
All allusion you stop
To the shop—the shop!

Yet the practice to me
Seems improper to be:
If your heart's in your work,
Pray why should you shirk
What you spend your life in.
As if 'twere a sin?
Why the shutters thus pop
On the shop—the shop?

SWEET THING TO SAY.—A literary gentleman, a believer in spiritualism, said that he was himself the subject of spiritual influence, under which he always wrote his articles, thus being, in the work of authorship, a medium. "That," remarked a pleasant friend, "may account for your mediocrity."

When is bread most wanted?—When it's kneaded.

VERY ODD.—Boots are invariably soled before they are bought.



OVERHEARD AT THE ACADEMY.

Cissy. "Charming View this, is it not, Mr. Littleton?"

Mr. L. (*rather bitterly*). "Oh, lovely."

Cissy. "So full of breadth, too!"

Mr. L. (*with a sigh*). "It is, indeed."

(N.B.—Mr. Littleton can just see two or three magnificent backs.)



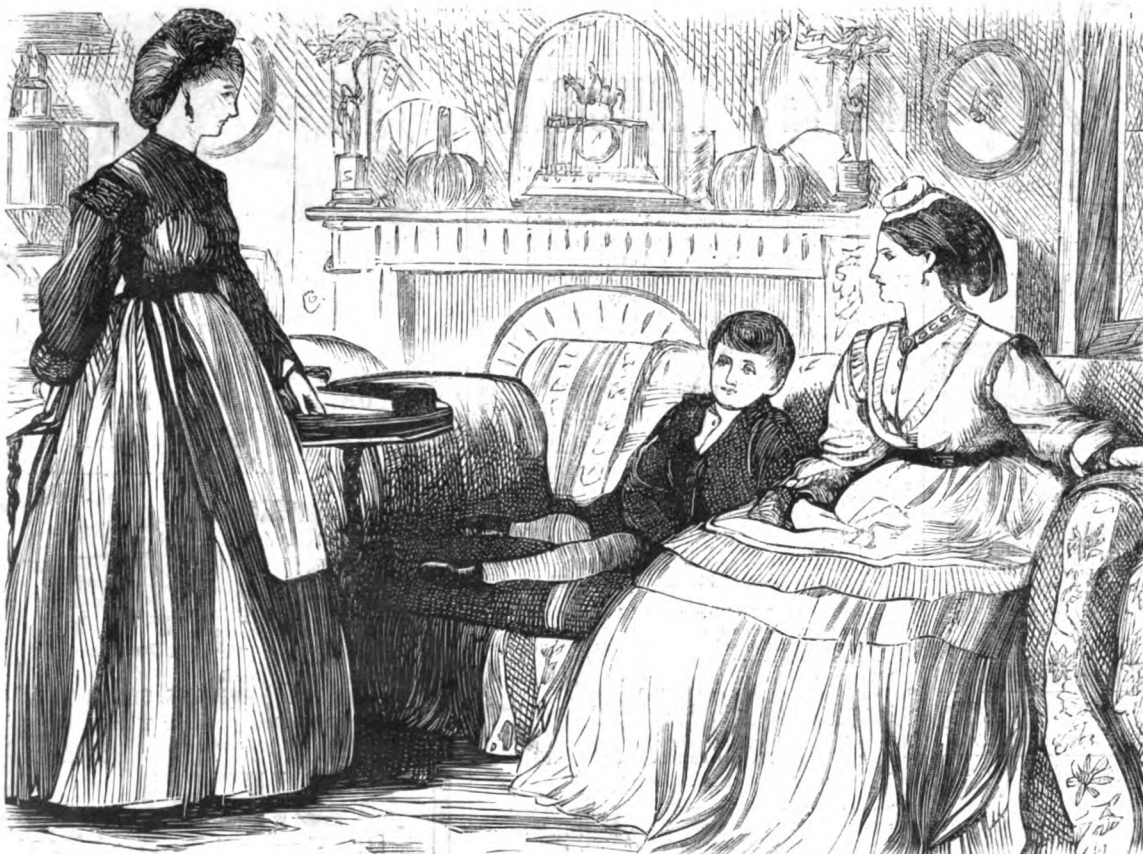
BARE NECESSARIES.

No. 1 (*having her hair done*). "Papa says he won't Hear of my Marrying without a House in Town!"
No. 2 (*at tea*). "And Mamma says I'm not to Think of any one who has not a Villa at Newport and a Cottage at Saratoga."
No. 3 (*not yet "come out"*). "Well, I should not Dream of Marrying any one who can't afford *all Three*!"

THE TURKLE.—At the last school exhibition in a town in Maine, the following essay received the prize: "On the Turkle.—This animal is found most always in the water, but sometimes he leaves the water, and then he comes on the land. The turkle can not fly. If the turkle was the right kind of a bird he could fly; but if he was a goose-bird or an ostrich he could not fly. The turkle has four paws and mouth like the American eagle, which makes the British lion and the unicorn tremble. The turkle has 4 shell, and sometimes folks put fire on his shell, and then the turkle crawls out; but he never crawls back again. When the turkle crawls out of his shell he is very wet and sticky. There are two kinds of turkles—the mud-turkles and the other kind. We don't have any other kind in our pond. French and Irish people eat turkles and frogs, but I should not like to. I caught a turkle once, but it didn't do me any good, for I swopped it off for a jack-knife and cut my fingers. Father said it was a judgment, but I thought it was a knife. I don't know much about turkles, but I blow for old Grant.—Yours respectfully, Lucius Tewksbury Fay."

Are running accounts kept in sloping banks?

HOW TO COLLAR BEER.—Watch your opportunity, and when no one is looking, grab it and bolt.



WILLING TO PLEASE.

MISTRESS (*to lazy house-maid*). "Now, Mary, you know I'm going to give a Ball to-morrow Night, and I shall expect you to Bestir yourself, and make yourself Generally Useful."

MARY. "Yes, M'm. But I'm sorry to say, M'm, I can't Dance!"



"HERE BE TRUTHS"

ART CRITIC (*who, having "liquored up" considerably, fails to observe that as yet he is only in the vestibule of the exhibition, and is standing before a mirror, which, purchased at a late sale, still retains its ticket*). "Ah! Portrait of Gentleman, I suppose—hic! (*writes*)—Drawing Exhcr'ble—great Want Taste in the Choice of Subject!—fit only for a Place in Tap-Room of Public-House!"

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 26.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1872.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

HINTS TO TRAVELERS.

AS the "traveling season," or season when tourists abound in the land, is rapidly approaching, a few practical suggestions from an experienced traveler may save others great vexation and expense. A journey is often spoiled at the outset or in the middle of it by starting badly, overlooking some trifling thing, or by taking the wrong route.

If you have determined upon a journey, project it previously, or, more clearly, lay your plans. Study the best routes to obtain the end you desire. If "on pleasure bent," like John Gilpin, and you have a frugal mind, much can be saved by taking the conveyances—steamers or railways—which carry passengers cheapest. The cheapest is not always the best, however, as you may find to your discomfort when too late. Many annoyances that are trifles to some are mountains to others, so comment is unnecessary on this point.

Consult the guide-books for routes; don't take any friend's "guess at it," or "think so." If others, upon whose opinion you can rely, recommend certain routes and conveyances, obtain specific and distinct information as to the times of departure of boat or train, and verify that information by the official guide-books; otherwise you may find your arrangements miscarry in a most provoking way.

Having decided upon the route, make ready. Take time enough to prepare thoroughly. If it is to be a journey of a few days only, arrangements are readily made without any difficulty; but if you have a summer jaunt before you, procure all the clothing you are likely to need and take it with you. Don't rely upon "finding something up there." Country stores contain but small stocks of the poorest materials, and are not to be relied on for anything out of the ordinary way. Have thick shoes (supposing the reader is a lady) enough and comfortable shawls, for either by the sea-side or in the mountains there are rainy days, when wraps are very desirable. Take time enough to pack your things properly; don't put every thing off till the last minute, and suppose you can do it then; you will find that, with all the forethought you can command, there will be plenty of "last things" which will run away with every available minute.

If you are taking children with you, say nothing about the intended journey until the day previous, else you will have an additional worry, at the time you are not able to endure it, in their questions and their natural desire "to assist" you in getting ready.

Pay all bills to small tradesmen and seamstresses, or others of small means, who can not afford to wait until you return from your pleasure-trips for bread to eat. Have the gas shut off. Have the water shut off. Go through the house from cellar to garret, and see that there are no heaps of saw-dust or other material liable to

spontaneous combustion. Close all the blinds and fasten them tightly. Make sure of the scuttle and coal-hole cover. Inform the police of your intended absence from home. If you hire persons who are strangers to you to remain and take care of your house, go to the police station and leave their names and your address, and request the officers to keep them under surveillance. This is necessary, as many persons of doubtful reputation are only too happy to obtain a respectable shelter during the summer to enable them to carry out their designs. Lock all the doors leading from one room to another, and in addition to the window fastenings, have a screw driven in tightly over the top of the lower one flush with the frame. This is a very good security against the sashes being lifted, as the

provide the exact sum for the fare at the dépôt, or as near to it as possible, and put the rest of your funds in some secure place; certainly not your pocket. Don't rely on your own "cuteness" or smartness to escape pickpockets: they don't operate when you expect them to, and you may be put to severe mortification, to say nothing of loss. Don't carry your ticket in your pocket-book; pin it to your hat. Wherever you put it, keep it always in that place, so that you will not have to commence an agonizing search through every pocket and receptacle, for the fifth time, while the conductor waits. Don't carry all your funds in one place, however secure or concealed; if possible, carry only as much as you may need for your current expenses, and the remainder in a check on some country bank.

Go to the cars in time to get a good seat; sit in the middle, on the shady side, and next the window, but don't insist on having it open, regardless of others' rights. The cars are public conveyances, but too many persons act as though they owned them in fee simple. To incommode others, or arrogate special privileges to yourself, unless you have paid a special price for them, is simply ill-bred. A window open may be very pleasant to you, but persons sitting behind you are covered with dust and cinders. Cars are tolerably well ventilated now, so that a person in average good health can go a long distance without extraordinary discomfort. Provide yourself with a wholesome luncheon, and eat it at the usual hour, but avoid "munching" something every few minutes, under the impression that it

is necessary while traveling: you will find yourself with an indigestion at the close of the day, and attribute your discomfort and annoyance to every thing else but the true cause. It is better to carry a luncheon than rely on the railway dining-saloons; but if you are only traveling a short distance you will not need it. A few crackers are never amiss in an emergency, for the train may be delayed or break down in the wilderness, and in that case you will find them useful. Of course all "pop-corn," "prize candy packages," or other railway horrors are to be specially avoided.

Pay attention to what the brakemen say about stations, changing cars, etc. People get so used to hearing them call out that after a short time they give no heed, and miss the very thing they should have heard.

If you change cars, be sure and get in the right train. Don't ask any passenger, or irresponsible person, but inquire of the conductors, and they will direct you properly. Don't suppose anything, but ascertain positively just what train you are to take. No matter if you get a short answer; insist upon a clear direction. "Take that train over there!" doesn't mean any thing if there are more than one. Find out which one. Don't be flurried or hurried: you have generally plenty of time, or all that is needed. When you go out of one car into another, be careful



FIGS. 1-4.—BOYS' AND GIRLS' GYMNASTIC SUITS.

Fig. 1.—GYMNASTIC SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I, Figs. 1-3.

Figs. 2 and 4.—GYMNASTIC SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.—FRONT AND BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II, Figs. 4-10.

Fig. 3.—GYMNASTIC SUIT FOR BOY FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III, Figs. 11-17.

ordinary fastenings are no protection at all. Supposing all these things to have been accomplished, you are ready to depart. Send your luggage to the dépôt the day previous, if you have any considerable quantity and have no male servants or friends to look after it for you; obtain tickets (on most roads in the country they are good until used) and checks, and one great care is lifted. Nothing is so unpleasant, or puts one in such a fever, as anxiety about luggage; that disposed of, you can go serenely on your street-car or omnibus to the dépôt, with the certainty of finding your property on arrival, if you have marked it to go by such a train on such a day. This is a very necessary precaution. If you have not purchased tickets when your trunks were checked, or have no luggage to look after,

This you can easily buy or obtain in New York, or any city, and if drawn to your order is not lost even if stolen or mislaid. You are not to indorse the check on the back until it is to be paid. If you should lose such a paper, you have only to go to the bank on which it was drawn, when you arrive at your destination, and stop the payment of it. The parties of whom you bought it originally will send you another of a different number. When you buy your ticket, designate the route by which you wish to go. For example, there are two routes to Boston by rail—the Shore Line and via Springfield. If you say *Boston*, merely, to the ticket agent, he will give you a ticket by whichever route he happens to be selling; possibly (and probably) that would be the very one you disliked.

and take all your effects with you from your seat. Make no acquaintances, either of your own sex or the opposite. If any one addresses you, he is entitled to a civil answer by all the laws which govern civilized intercourse, but you need not make any other demonstration or sign desiring further speech. A well-bred person knows how to discourage any attempts on the part of others to obtain his confidence without giving offense. Many regard traveling as one means of extending their circle of acquaintance; but long experience teaches me that experiments in this direction are extra hazardous. With adults it is, perhaps, no such great matter, but with young persons indiscretions of this kind have had terminations that were unforeseen. You can not tell whether the young gentleman who

addresses you so politely is what he appears to be or a thorough rogue and villain; and as he has no possible excuse for so doing, and no reason exists why you should be even civil to him after answering him one question, you are justified in appealing to the conductor for protection against such impertinence if it is attempted.

Don't read much in the cars. We have known persons to injure their sight seriously by so doing. The motion continually changes the focus of the eye, and the effort to regain it overtaxes the optic nerve.

Finally, keep cool. Don't get into "a state of mind" as to whether any thing is going to happen. You will find it out soon enough if an accident does occur. If you are obliged to stop over at a hotel on your route, go to the ladies' entrance, send for the clerk or chamber-maid, and transact all your business through them. In all respectable hotels you will be sure of courteous treatment. If men stare at you, as of course they will, let them. Don't be angry or stare back, wondering who they are. You can't make the world over, or teach good manners to the general public. Go your ways, take care of your funds—your best friend on the road—and remember what you are told here: it will serve you well to do so.

HONEYSUCKLE.

The vagrant honeysuckle that at its own sweet will climbs up by porch and arbor, and in at window-sill, With dainty breath of sweetness and lavish wealth of flowers—

Oh! the bees are glad to welcome it to summer's fairy bowers.

And the tiny humming-birds, like bits of sunny light, That poise upon the sprays, and go flashing out of sight—

Is it fancy, if you listen, that a faint sweet music swells,

To greet the flower-like birdies, from the honeysuckle bells?

The very air is vibrant, as it swings the dewy branch, Where the fragrant incense only waits a touch to launch,

And the cottage is a temple from happy roof to floor, When the honeysuckle wreaths are clambering by the door.

When we have built our house, dear, where all pleasant things shall be—

The singing of the robins and the humming of the bee— We'll plant a honeysuckle, that shall tell us every June, In a rhythm of its own, how to keep our hearts in tune.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1872.

A Cut Paper Pattern of a new and elegant Position-Basque Polonaise, with Apron-front and Adjustable Demi-trained Skirt, will be published with our next Number. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 439.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of a great variety of Bathing Dresses, Caps, Slippers, Belts, Sackets, etc., for Ladies and Children; Ladies' Swiss Muslin, Organdy, and Crêpe de Chine Mantillas, Jackets, and Scarfs; Breakfast and Evening Caps, Garden Hoods, Foulard, Piqué, Organdy, Challie, and Silk Dresses; Boys' and Girls' Summer Suits, Sackets, Pen-Wipers, Embroidery Patterns, etc.; with brilliant literary and artistic attractions.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

WE have listened so long in silence, if not in patience, to the masculine flings at mothers-in-law, that it seems no more than fair if we now take our own turn in saying a few words on the subject—a much-abused subject certainly, if not a much-abused class of people, since it is one upon which wittlings are always apt to fall back when their brains are empty.

Ancient, and therefore, it might be supposed, venerable, as the institution of mothers-in-law is, the abuse of them is quite as ancient. From the pages of the first storyteller down to the columns of the contemporary daily press, our literature is full of slurs, innuendoes, and accusations regarding them; and, indeed, the prayer-book itself joins, by inference, in the outcry, forbidding a man to marry his wife's mother—warned, perhaps, by the example of Lycurgus in omitting parricide from his list of offenses, as deeming it a crime impossible to commit, and determined to make assurance doubly sure—as if there were a case on record in which a man's mother-in-law would marry him!

A stranger from another planet, arriving among us, would certainly find himself obliged to believe that all of our family discords, our social troubles, and frequent divorces, if not our national embarrassments, proceeded from that fruitful tree of all evil, the mother-in-law; and that in the face of the fact that there was no mother-in-law in Eden, and yet ADAM and EVE fell out. For our own part, we are thankful there was no mother-in-law there; for, had there been, we are very confident that the forbidden fruit would have been quietly tucked out of sight and no words wasted, and there would then have been no need of the *Bazar* as a journal of the fashions of this day.

But, in all seriousness, what atrocities are

they that a mother-in-law perpetrates which render her an object of such almost universal male detestation? She brought her daughter into the world—that might make her sacred with the one who loves her daughter: it seems to have the opposite effect. She loves the daughter too—that might occasion a tender sympathy and community of interest: on the contrary, it produces only a bitter rivalry. There is no sacrifice she would not make for her daughter, to the point of health, time, pleasure, comfort, and sometimes life itself: so far from gratitude being yielded for the sacrifice, it is claimed as a duty owed, and instead of its existence being called praiseworthy, its absence is called criminal.

It is, indeed, possible that a mother, conscious of wrongs received in her own days, when her eyes were blinded by affection and constraining circumstances, looks at her daughter's husband with eyes that now are open, and sees how the world might be made to move onward so far as he is concerned. But the mother who, having such knowledge, acts upon it, and opens her daughter's eyes as well, and incites her to rebellion against the powers that be, is as rare as the mother who poisons her child. She desires her child's happiness and peace; she knows that rebellion ruins that peace, and is, in fact, a mental and moral poison that would destroy her. It is hardly likely that, in the nature of things, she will administer such poison, even if she have it to administer.

There is, however, a singular inconsistency in the emotions which men are supposed to cherish toward their mothers-in-law. Let the wife be sick, and who so necessary then as the mother-in-law? Straightway the telegraph summons her. She comes: the house is kept in order, the children are clean and happy, breakfast is punctual, coffee is clear, the wife is cared for.

The wife is cared for: by the husband? Is it he that wakes and watches all night long, and directs the household all day, or, when watching is past, starts from sleep a dozen times to measure the drops, beat the pillows, renew the dying fire, bathe the aching head, cool the parched mouth? Rarely. We are generalizing, and are therefore forced to say that, save in those exceptional cases which we will not be so weak-minded as to particularize, the man is a nuisance in the sick-room; he would do more mischief than good there; he is glad to have his night's rest freshen him for his day's labor. No; it is the mother-in-law. *Vive la belle-mère!*

But the wife recovers. She is up and about; the crisis is long over; she can drive out; she can visit theatres. And then? Why, then—*à bas* the mother-in-law!

No; if you are in medium circumstances, where servants are poor and scarce, the mother-in-law does very well to take care of the baby when you want your wife to go out with you; and to help get up the supper, with her superior skill and experience, when you are going to give your little whist-party; to take care of the house when you carry your wife off on a journey; she is invaluable on moving-days, on occasions of measles and mumps, and, in short, whenever and wherever an upper servant is necessary—an upper servant whose faculty and knowledge are not to be had for money, and which, if they were, you have not the money to command. But at all other times she is to be a mere automaton, without feelings, or desires, or observations, or thoughts. And, considering this, we never see one of these faithful, much-reviled, and much-enduring beings that we do not think of that mother-insect of which the entomologists tell us, that, having laid her eggs, spreads her poor body shield-wise over them, and, as one by one the wretched offspring are hatched into the world, is slowly devoured by them!

But since mothers-in-law are in question, why is it always the man's? Why is it that we never hear any thing of the woman's mother-in-law? The man whose mother-in-law lives with him sees her but occasionally, and feels her influence on but few subjects at most; the woman whose mother-in-law lives with her sees her all the livelong day, and feels her influence from her bed-chamber to her sweetmeat closet. Usually the two women acknowledge their mutual interest; where they disagree, agree to differ; the mother will not weaken the wife's influence with the son; the wife would despise the husband who did not reverence his mother. But should it happen to be otherwise, should the mother-in-law chance to be taunting, tyrannical, prying, and mischief-making, the wife's life is capable of being a burden to her past masculine comprehension. He can escape the vexation when the door closes behind him on his way to business or pleasure; she never escapes it: the closing door shuts her in with it, and it rides her as the Old Man of the Sea rode Sindbad. Yet find us one shaft of the sarcasm and the insolence that is so freely spent on the other mother-in-law directed at this

one! Indeed, there are few wives who do not love and respect their husbands too much to confess such annoyance to their dearest bosom friend.

Nor do we ever hear a word of that other side of the medal—of those cases in which a man receives his father into his family, and he is brought home, not for the old man's own daughters, but for his son's wife to take care of; and we will venture to pronounce the case not one whit less vexatious than its reverse. But then the lion writes the book!

Travelers tell us that in many countries, and with nearly all savage tribes, the wife is not the carefully loved and sheltered being that the Teutonic races are generally inclined to make her; for the people of Germanic origin, whose ancestors regarded all women as inspired and near the gods, have alone risen to any very lofty level in regard to wives; with others they are beasts of burden, abased before their masters, unaccustomed to any thing but ill treatment, save when they receive the no more enviable treatment of toys. It would seem, then, to be the all but universal nature of man to abuse the wife—the way of the strong with the weak—and we can account for the all but universal detestation of the wife's mother only in the light of the fact that she stands between that wife and the husband's abuse, and it follows, as the night the day, that the more a man would neglect and outrage his wife, the more he would abhor his mother-in-law!

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Roses and Thorns.

MY DEAR DAVID, I saw you at the great wedding last week, contemplating the costly gifts which inevitably suggest the mercantile aspect of matrimony. I beg you not to suppose that I am objecting to the tokens of love and friendship which such events naturally occasion; and I should be very sorry if any consideration for my fancied feelings upon the subject should prevent your offering a silver dinner-service, or a Victoria and a pair of bays, if a kind Hymen should ever draw me to the altar. Don't protest that nothing could be farther from your intention, for you know it will never be tested by the necessity of performance. You see how personal all remarks upon this sacred subject immediately become! No sooner do I allude to the marriage of a young and lovely friend than I enter upon absurd speculations concerning my own wedding. And yet I never behold the ceremony without reflecting that if Mrs. Bartrum could only have seen things in a different light, we might, possibly—But the idea is preposterous! If Paris had not given the apple to Helen, there might have been no Trojan war. It is not a profitable vein of thought.

I say, then, that I saw you at the great wedding, and as you handed the bride a perfect rose I heard you say to the groom that, lucky, rogue! he had secured a perennial rose. And I thought, as I gazed at her, how truly you spoke; for, indeed, she was a damask rose-bud incomparable. But old Cynicus, who always smiles and stabs—whose smile, indeed, is a stab—murmured, as he passed, for he also had heard your remark, "Yes, a rose; but a rose set in thorns!" I turned upon that ill-spoken wedding-guest, and asked him what he meant by so unseemly a phrase. He smiled again, and replied that he alluded to beauty and manners. "Behold the bloom of youth, beauty, and health," he said, "and I confess the rose; but I know this lady, and have long known her, and her manners are thorny. It is the simple truth."

He held me with his venomous tongue as the mariner held the wedding-guest with his glittering eye. I, too, was ready to beat my breast with indignation when I heard so gentle a lady so assailed. But Cynicus remained with me, and when we had drunk the bride's health, and each had taken a box of wedding-cake to dream upon—although in my case a smaller morsel always insures dreaming, but not necessarily of a festal kind—we left the happy house together, and walked meditatively homeward. Cynicus reminded me of many little things which had always escaped my observation, or rather my reflections, in my acquaintance with the bride, and the subject grew in my mind as we proceeded. Even the sweetest rose has its thorn, says the old proverb, and I perceived how variously wise the old proverb is.

I know, for instance, one rose—but I will go to the stake before by the least hint I betray its name more particularly—which is one of the sweetest and most rosy of its beautiful kind. There are the soft bloom, the delicate hue, the exquisite suggestion of great beauty. But the sober historian of that rose—if any historian contemplating it can remain sober—knows that there is a certain negligence, carelessness, unneatness

—or what word not too incisive may I use?—a kind of frowziness, slipshodness, al—: no, the tongue must not pronounce nor the pen write the word: but a certain nameless something in the dress and appearance of this splendid rose which inevitably suggests that, if you could penetrate to her chamber, you would find the débris of her toilette scattered about—her shoes here, her boots there; and in the drawers of her bureau—retreats to which the imagination of mere men only hazardingly aspires—that you would find chaos: a mere jumble of laces and ribbons and gloves and silks and those myriad objects of which we know neither the name nor the nature.

Alas! dear David, I remember that a poet once wrote a passionate sonnet to this rose; and emboldened by his devotion, yet appalled by his own temerity, he one day called to offer it to her in person. And as she put out her hand to receive it, with a smile that seemed to him like a June daybreak, he saw that the hand was—was—in fact, that it was not a lily hand, but, as he sighed afterward, a hand far from lily—indeed, an unlily hand. If the Lady of Tripoli had offered to the lips of Rudel the troubadour a hand to kiss that was unlily, would he have gladly died for her? I sometimes think that the thorn of the loveliest rose stings more than its beauty delights. But I can never think of the particular one of which I speak without recalling those cruel thorns, that repulsive untidiness.

Another rose I know, which might be called the Malmaison, it is so queenly full and fair. But when you are most admiring, it suddenly stings with its sharp thorns. This rose has lily purity, no untidiness, no al—: far, far be such a suspicion! But its thorns are its manners; for you know it is a beautiful woman of whom I speak. Her wit is so ready and so sparkling that she can not restrain it. It is full of brilliant gibes and sarcasms and penetrating satires. Now a man recoils, abashed and mortified; now a woman shrinks, hurt and blushing. She dresses her friends with jests; and if only partridges were reconciled to be eaten provided they were served with a pungent sauce, so her friends might be willing to be ridiculed and scathed if only it were done with a prompt and brilliant skill. It is a true misfortune: for if you grasped the very rose of Sharon and it wounded your hand, you would surely wince and drop it. And if the magnificent Malmaison of which I speak still blooms unplucked, the thorns are the reason: the rose is too thorny.

There are other roses with still other thorns—people of generous impulses, of fine qualities of character, but also of a most thorny vanity or conceit. Hortensius, you know, is among our most eminent public men. With his pen and his voice and his inspiring presence, how familiar he has made himself to all of us, and how beloved by many! Yet this fine rose has one prodigious thorn, that "bids the rash gazer wipe his eye." Hortensius is the most conceited of men; and conceit is so belittling a fault that it is hard to believe that a truly great man can have it. It makes him restless, credulous, suspicious, as well as egotistical and almost insolent. You know him, David, for his name is Legion. But when I compare Hortensius with Plato, the serene self-abnegation of that great philosopher, his child-like attitude of respect and interest in companies of which he is chief in character and genius, make him the most manly and satisfactory of men. It is the essential folly of conceit that makes it seem impossible that a reasonable man can be overcome by it. For in every thing that we can do, and are, there is constantly some one else who transcends us. If life should teach any thing, it is humility. Yet that great rose Hortensius is set, as it were, in this formidable thorn of conceit.

But there are angrier thorns than these: thorns of character, thorns that pierce and destroy the rose itself. Cynicus, I think, is himself mortally stung by one of them, for there is none more stubborn or more cruel than suspicion. To live in a world of men and women and of incessant human activity, and to suspect motives, is to live in a garden poisoned and ravaged by an icy east wind. There is no comfort or pleasure in that garden, and the blossoms are only hollow mockeries of delight. There are those who in the most beautiful days can only shake their heads dolorously, because they are sure that a day so fine can only be a weather-breeder. So there are those who can never see interest and devotion to public objects without suspecting some wretched selfishness as the secret spring. Patriotism, heroism, sincere devotion, are as unmeaning to such skeptics as El Dorado or the Happy Islands.

Here is a youth who thinks that the freedom and happiness which his country secures to all her children are well worthy a little labor and sacrifice upon his part. But Cynicus watches him incredulously, and at last asks, "What is that fellow after?" It

is inconceivable to him that a man should be unselfish. I know a Cynicus who began life with warm faith and generous hope, who did not believe that politics must necessarily be knavery nor all men rascals. But he found only the sharp side of life turned toward him. He failed in every enterprise, and he stumbled and starved as he tried to make his way. Then he said that if nobody cared for him, he would care for nobody; if faith and hope and sympathy were not wanted, he could sneer and scoff and trade with the best of them. He could laugh at generous motives and distrust every human endeavor, and be successful—if success meant money-making. He kept his word. He never helped a suffering cause. He never befriended any thing or any body until influence had declared for them. He despised both parties in every great movement, and sneered as much at what he praised as at what he reviled. But that was not strange, for he praised and reviled only for money. And the generous poor boy became a rich cynical man, paying for a fortune all that makes money valuable.

That is the sharpest thorn which stings the soul; and this is a man who has spent his life in cherishing and developing the thorn at the expense of the rose. It was a curious reflection to follow a wedding. But weddings are often texts for very strange sermons.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SUMMER DRESSES.

PARISIAN correspondents say that polonaises and tunics will be discontinued at the close of the present season, and that single skirts trimmed to the waist will be worn. The back breadths are to be covered with flounces from top to bottom, while the front widths have flat horizontal bands or stripes, with a bow in the middle of each stripe. We have already given our readers some idea of this latest caprice, both by illustration and description; and such is the love of novelty that many such dresses are now being made here. At present the fashion is confined to rich silks for carriage and evening dresses, and it is not probable that it will ever be adopted for plain materials, as the flounces are too elaborate for ordinary wear. Instead of plain bands across the front breadths, the preference here is for narrow flounces on the lower part of the skirt, with a short round *tublier*, or apron, drawn back until it almost fits the figure, and fastened behind under the postilion-basque. Readers who have not seen this new design can carry it out by using the apron front of the Dolly Varden overskirt pattern (illustrated in *Bazar* No. 20, Vol. V.), omitting the back breadths entirely, and covering all the visible parts of the lower skirt with flounces. These flounces are gathered and overlapping; sometimes only four wide flounces are used (as was shown by an illustration in *Bazar* No. 45, Vol. IV.); but seven is the number most in favor for the back breadths, with the three lower flounces continued around the front of the skirt. Ball dresses of white Chambéry, tulle, or tarlatan have from fifteen to twenty narrow flounces on their demi-trains. Dancing dresses of Swiss muslin for hops at the watering-places are made in this way, and the small apron is covered with embroidery.

A carriage dress of peacock blue silk, just completed by a tasteful modiste, is an illustration of the new ruffled skirt. Two shades of silk are used, the foundation of the costume being of the darker hue. The flounces are in clusters; first is a narrow gathered ruffle of darkest blue, then a wide flounce of lighter silk, with the edge cut in leaf points, and these are headed by side pleating and standing ruffles. This group extends around the skirt, and five similar clusters are repeated on the back breadths, covering them to the belt. The over-skirt is merely an apron, made after Worth's latest fancy, of four breadths of silk with a seam down the front, and the sides rounded off to a point beneath the basque. Shell bows of dark blue, showing an inner lining of paler tint, conceal the seam in front. The edge of the apron is cut in leaf points, and a thickly netted fringe falls from beneath these points. The basque has a seam down the middle of the back, and two side bodies, one of which is lengthened to form lapels. The vest of pale blue is outlined by ruffles of both shades, and a standing frill of Valenciennes lace. An elegant black faille dress has the skirt and apron trimmed in the same way. The basque has Marie Antoinette drapery on the bosom, with a black lace frill laid over Valenciennes. It is buttoned to the throat, and shell bows ornament the postilion and elbows. A sage green faille costume of two shades has black thread lace edging the flounces and over-skirt.

There is a renewed fancy for apron-front polonaises. We shall give a pattern of this garment, with the favorite postilion-basque, in the next *Bazar*. A black grenadine polonaise, with basque and apron front, has the apron ornamented with Chantilly insertion set in stripes. Swiss muslin polonaises are made in the same way, with Valenciennes in the apron. The popular batiste polonaises have a wide flounce and bands of tamboured work, or else insertions of unbleached guipure lace.

A dress prepared for Newport has wide sash ribbon used in the stylish way described last week, and is otherwise worthy of description. It is embroidered Swiss muslin over lavender silk. The silk skirt just touches the floor. It

is edged with a side pleating of Swiss muslin an eighth wide, finished with narrow Valenciennes; over this falls an embroidered flounce of Swiss muslin a quarter of a yard wide and very scantily gathered; the heading is a puff of Swiss muslin, with a ruffle and Valenciennes on each side. The over-skirt of muslin has an apron front, one side gore, and a long, full, straight back breadth; it is edged with the same elaborate trimming used on the lower skirt, is drawn back in wrinkles, and the side gores are fastened together behind. A lavender sash ribbon a quarter of a yard wide then forms three long loops at the belt, while a fourth loop a yard long falls lower down, catching the skirt up in a puff. The corsage is a low-necked lavender silk waist under a high blouse-waist of Swiss muslin, trimmed with puffs and an embroidered ruffle. Another watering-place costume, of pearl gray armure, has a vest-polonaise, and skirt trimmed with flounces edged with darker gray China crape and an inner facing of shell pink silk.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

Infants' layettes present no novelties except in the way of trimming. There is much less Valenciennes lace and appliqué embroidery used than formerly, while the preference is given to exquisitely fine needle-work done on the garment. Robes, petticoats, shirts, and cloaks are ornamented with vines of thick, close embroidery, done in France. These imported garments are not more expensive than the elaborately tucked, puffed, and ruffled garments made at the furnishing houses; their substantial trimming will wear better than frail laces, and the cost for laundry-work will be less.

French caps for nurses are made of white lawn or of Swiss muslin. Those with full crown, ruffled head piece, and strings to tie behind are most used. They cost from \$2 to \$4 50.

Little girls in short clothes wear yoke slips and Gabrielles of white muslin or piqué. Fine repped piqué, dotted all over with embroidery, is chosen for best dresses, sacques, and walking coats. Thick embroidery is on the imported dresses and wraps, but the open English embroideries in vines formed of eyelet-holes and the pretty compass patterns are much used here. The princess over dress and skirt like the pattern we furnish is the most dressy suit for small girls.

For children who are old enough to wear colored dresses there are ready-made suits of buff or brown linen in simple Gabrielle shape, with a low square-neck over dress that fastens behind, and will serve as an apron with other dresses. They are prettily braided with white, and cost from \$2 50 to \$6. The soft-finished percales now chosen for children's every-day dresses have colored grounds, buff, blue, or gray, with white stripes, instead of the more easily soiled white grounds of last summer. There are also pretty prints in seersucker stripes of white and blue sold as low as 10 cents a yard. Cheviot, the new material for gentlemen's shirts, is made up in pleated blouses and shirt waists for boys and girls. It has a gray or blue ground with white stripes, and has the effect of being twilled like Scotch Cheviot cloth. It is all cotton, washes well, is excellent for school wear, and costs 50 cents a yard. Little Dolly Varden costumes are also made of the chintz-figured percales and calicoes for girls of two years old. The polonaise is simply a long sacque ruffled and worn with a sash.

For larger girls the polonaise and single skirt is rivaled in popularity by the vest-basque with over-skirt and kilt. A polonaise and skirt of embroidered piqué for a girl of eight years costs \$27 at the furnishing houses. White lawn and buff linen suits as low as \$5 are shown. For gingham, calicoes, linens, and all dresses that are frequently washed, yoke waists and box-pleated blouses are the best models.

The Dolly Varden hats are most popular for little girls. Dressy hats of this name are chip and Leghorn flats, with soft brims caught up at the sides. Among the prettiest are those trimmed with white gros grain ribbon; a long white feather is over the crown, the brim is faced with pink or blue silk, and a cluster of loops of narrow ribbon is under the brim on each side. They cost from \$10 to \$15. A low-priced hat, also called Dolly Varden, is of Rough-and-Ready straw, without separate brim, but dented on the sides and back. The hat, untrimmed, is 50 cents. Some loops of black velvet ribbon hanging from the top, with streamers dotted with white daisies, trim it prettily. Swiss muslin hats are also much worn. They are made of puffs or fluted ruffles passed round the frame, and finished by an Alsatian bow on top of the crown. They cost from \$1 25 upward. White piqué and buff linen, doubled and stiffly starched, are made into simply shaped hats with scalloped brims and soft crowns. Curled-brim sailor hats are chosen for school and country wear. Soft light caps of dotted Swiss muslin, with pink or blue silk lining, are made for little girls of one or two years.

Kilt suits are universally worn by boys not yet in trousers. They are made with very full skirt, vest, and jacket. The vest is sometimes dispensed with. White piqué is the material most used at this season. A row of large pearl buttons is placed down each side of the plain front of the skirt. The sailor collar shown in an engraving on the first page is a pretty addition to these suits. Simply trimmed piqué kilts cost \$10 at the furnishing houses.

DOLLY VARDEN VARIETIES.

The Dolly Varden ball which the *Bazar* set in motion in America when it applied the name of Dickens's lovely heroine to the favorite polonaise of the season has rebounded until it has reached every corner of the world of fashion.

We have Dolly Varden furniture, Dolly Varden carpets, Dolly Varden hearth-rugs, and even Dolly Varden cactuses. The latest novelty of the kind is Dolly Varden stationery, or note-paper, envelopes, and visiting-cards, of delicate tints covered with gay flowers and vines, which harmonize well with the prevailing fashion. Pretty tinted visiting-cards of the eau-de-Nil, teinte-de-colombe, rougeâtre, and perfection shades are also in vogue, and are especially suitable for autograph cards.

For information received we are indebted to Mesdemoiselles SWITZER; and GEDNEY; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and BERGEN & BAINBRIDGE.

PERSONAL.

It is said that among other provisions of his will the late Mr. BENNETT bequeathed the *Herald* establishment and building, and the old *Herald* building on Fulton and Nassau streets, to his son. These two properties are worth between five and six hundred thousand dollars per annum. To his widow he leaves certain real estate, including the large double house at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street. To his daughter, Miss JEANNETTE BENNETT, now about eighteen, a charming and accomplished young lady, he leaves the splendid residence and property at Washington Heights. During the last week of his life his thoughts and discourse were given almost exclusively to religious subjects, and he passed away like one going to sleep.

—Lord COURTENAY, eldest son of the Earl of Devon, who recently figured (with a great many ciphers) in the Bankruptcy Court, is about to marry one of the richest widows in England, who is the daughter of a distinguished statesman, a member of the aristocracy. His lordship can say, with Hamlet, "For this relief, much thanks."

—The late T. BUCHANAN READ was once dining with an ex-Senator from Ohio, who, like several other persons residing in the United States, was fond of a glass of wine. A gentleman present who was not given to tittle aluded to the Senator's habit, whereupon his wife replied, "I do hate the sin, but I love the sinner." On this incident READ founded one of his poems.

—Mr. MAX STRAKOSCH and others are said to have bought the old Harlem railway station at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, running through to Madison Avenue, on which they propose to erect an opera-house, which for size and splendor shall far exceed any edifice of the sort in the United States. It is to be completed by the autumn of 1873, and ADELINA PATTI will be the opening star.

—The Duke of Nassau is said to be the richest man in Europe—richer even than ROTHSCHILD.

—Maine people are disposed to plume themselves on the musical fame of ANNIE LOUISE CARY. Whenever she sings among the "Dirigos," the people come out in crowds and rend their gloves in making applause. She has a sister, ADA, residing in Portland, who accompanies her in her concert tour through the State, and for whom is predicted future artistic eminence.

—Mr. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, the historian, writes to a gentleman in this city thus:

"I design delivering ten or twelve courses, of five lectures each, in your principal cities, on the relations of England and Ireland. I should like it understood by the Irish generally that I am neither going to flatter them nor flatter England. The relations which have existed, and exist still, between the two countries are a scandal to both of us. Both have been deeply to blame. I desire, by exposing the faults on each side, so far as I understand them, to elicit an impartial judgment from America on the whole case. I hope, therefore, the Irish will hear me out, and that if they want to break my head they will wait till I have finished the course. So far as I take a side, it will be for the poor Irish peasant against his oppressors of whatever nation."

Mr. FROUDE will arrive in New York about October 1.

—Following the example of most prime donne, Miss LAURA HARRIS, one of the United States prime, now singing in Lisbon, is about to marry a nobleman—a Portuguese nobleman—with a pedigree going well back to the Flood.

—The late Mr. DUKE, father of Sir CHARLES, had the largest and best collection of works in England relating to "Junius." These are about to be presented to the English nation.

—Mr. GORDON GORDON GORDON, of Gordon, who failed to appear in court here a few days ago in answer to a vulgar subpoena, has been since rusticated in Boston. No public dinner has yet been proposed.

—St. Petersburg has a prominent female lawyer in one Madame KRIETZOFF.

—The Emperor of Brazil, on reaching home after his tour abroad, is said to have expressed the opinion that "there are only two countries in Europe—England and Germany: the rest is rubbish."

—THOMAS CARLYLE has come out in favor of a prohibitory liquor law for Great Britain.

—That extraordinary GILMORE offered TITIENS one thousand dollars a song if she would come and help on the Jubilee with twenty-five songs. She could not yield at that figure.

—Mr. GERRIT SMITH has furnished the money to build a handsome monument above the grave of Dr. AZEL BACKUS, the first president of Hamilton College, Clinton, New York. He died sixty-six years ago.

—Eighty thousand dollars was the fortune left to his daughters by the late headman of Paris. He was regarded as an artist in decapitation.

—Mr. WILLIAM J. FLORENCE is said to be receiving at the present time in London a larger salary than was ever before paid to an American actor. Mr. F. is a very intelligent and agreeable gentleman. Moreover, thrifty; and on interest-days may be seen at the Treasury, in this city, receiving a right goodly income from his registered Five-Twenties.

—Earl GRANVILLE, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has been mindful of Chicago, by directing that 148 volumes of hard diplomatic reading, published by the Foreign-office, shall be presented to the new Chicago Library on behalf of her Majesty's government.

—General MOTT, formerly a gallant soldier in our army, and now in the Egyptian, is considered by the Khedive such a *bon-Mot* that he has bestowed one of his highest decorations on him.

—Professor FAWCETT, now thirty-eight, and in the prime of his powers, was at a social gathering on the evening of the day when the tele-

gram announced the death of President LINCOLN, and heard from a girl of eighteen the exclamation, "It would have been less loss to the world if every crowned head in Europe had fallen!" He asked to be introduced to this girl, who has been his wife for five years, and with the exception of her sister, Mrs. ANDERSON, is the most popular woman in England, and the best of any of the lady speakers.

—The Duke of Argyll expresses the opinion that the number of literary and highly educated men in Great Britain connected with the press is not less than five thousand.

—The infant son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. GOWER was recently baptized at Titsey Church, England. The one curious incident connected with the ceremony was that the little thing was clothed in a white satin robe, trimmed with old lace—the same one in which the great-grandfather of the child was christened in the year 1779.

—At the marriage of Miss RIGGS, in Rome, to Mr. GORFROY, the French minister to China, the service was performed in the private chapel of Cardinal BARILI, by that dignity, in presence of a number of persons reckoned as celebrities. Previous to their wedding the pair paid a visit of homage to the Tomb of the Apostles, and had a special audience with the Pope, who gave them his benediction, and immediately after the ceremony they departed for the bridegroom's destination.

—MAZZINI is to be done up as a mummy—positively a mummy. To think that man, so fiery and turbulent in life, shouldn't be allowed a simple, peaceful burial! and that they should roll him tightly up in several hundred yards of mummy cloth to keep him sound, and some thousands of years hence some curious European or Yankee philosopher should unroll him to see the effect of time, and whether the work was first class!

—After a continuous pastorate of thirty-five years President FINNEY has resigned his charge at Oberlin. He has never stipulated for a regular salary, trusting rather to the religious promptings of his people; and the result is he has had all his wants supplied, and has \$20,000 put aside for damp weather.

—Mrs. HORACE GREELEY was born, educated, and resided in Litchfield, Connecticut, until her twentieth year. Her maiden name was CHENEY. She was especially proficient in mathematics. From Litchfield she came to New York, taught school a year, removed to Warrenton, North Carolina, established another school, and remained there until Mr. GREELEY went down and married her. She was possessed of both beauty and brains. Unlike her husband, she has a slight figure, fine brown eyes, a mass of dark hair, and a bright complexion.

—Madame PAULINE LUCCA, who is not only one of the queens of the lyric stage, but a regular countess, offers for sale in London her jewels prior to her perilous tour in this country. TIFFANY & Co. would have kept them in perfect safety at the usual figure. Perhaps she required the money.

—Captain COLVOCORESSES, of the navy, who was shot a few days since at Bridgeport while on his way to this city, was a Greek by birth, but came early in life to this country. He had effected insurance on his life in various companies to the amount of \$173,000, all of which, excepting \$24,000, was procured in January last. No clew whatever has been discovered as to the perpetrators of the murder.

—We do not receive now as we did in the olden time. In 1782 Governor HANCOCK, of Massachusetts, received his guests in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen, turned up over the edge of the velvet one or two inches. He wore a blue damask gown, lined with silk, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black small-clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers.

—Mr. GILMORE has a friend of a mathematical turn of mind, who has calculated that the combined mouths of the twenty-five thousand singers at the jubilee will form a cavity of over seven hundred and thirty-six square feet!

—The following are said to be the weekly salaries paid to the late company at Wallack's Theatre: JOHN BROUGHAM, \$200; CHARLES MATHEWS, \$500; JOHN GILBERT, \$100; J. H. STODARD, \$75; Mr. POLK, \$50; Miss PLESSY MORDAUNT, \$100; Mrs. SEFTON, \$75; Miss HELEN TRACY, \$60. The nightly expenses were about \$700; the receipts averaged \$1000.

—The Marquis de Noailles, the new French minister to the United States, counts among his ancestors an admiral, an ambassador, a cardinal, and three marshals. It appears to be in the traditions of the family that the younger sons are ultra-liberals. The great grandfather of the marquis fought with LAFAYETTE and ROCHAMBEAU. His father having perished on the scaffold, he quitted France. The eldest branch of this family, in the person of the Duke de Mouchy, who married the Princess ANNA MURAT, is a Bonapartist. The marquis has written several historical works, which have been favorably received.

—Describing certain literary notabilities who showed at the recent dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, in London, a correspondent of the *Boston Advertiser* says: "Immediately beneath us is a gentleman in semi-sacerdotal garb. His delicate features are full of refinement, and he laughs heartily at every playful allusion later in the evening. This is Dr. STANLEY, the Dean of Westminster, who looks in high spirits, and as if ready to lead another forlorn hope against the Athanasian Creed, even if every prelate in the Church were showing fight. The little man with the large hook-nose and the red ribbon, who looks like an animated note of interrogation, is Sir JOHN PAKINGTON. Yonder portly personage is Mr. REEVE, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and a gentleman who, unless manner and physiognomy be liars, is fully conscious of the dignity of that position. The handsome, animated face crowned by long hair, which is rapidly changing from iron gray to white, belongs to SHIRLEY BROOKS, the present editor of *Punch*. Opposite him, in spectacles, and with a thick white beard, is his fellow-worker on the same periodical, TOM TAYLOR. Both were at the funeral of another old *Punch* man—poor HORACE MAYHEW—the day before. The small man with the bald head and the fair mustache, next Mr. TOM TAYLOR, is Mr. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT, the husband of JENNY LIND. Beyond him are a phalanx of publishers and paper-makers. Then comes a group of artists, with Mr. E. M. WARD, R.A., looming big and burly in their front."

Infant's Basket.

THIS basket is designed to hold the articles of infants' clothing that are in daily use, and the requisite toilette utensils. It is of light osier basket-work and black and yellow cane bars. The basket is sixteen inches in diameter, and about six inches and a half high without the feet. The bottom and rim of the basket are covered with blue silk, and the outside of the basket is trimmed, as shown by the illustration, with pinked tabs of light gray cloth, which are ornamented in point Russe embroidery with blue silk. The point of each tab is fastened by a button covered with blue silk. Inside of the basket are four pockets of blue silk, which are box-pleated on the upper edge so as to form a ruffle, as shown by the illustration. The lid of the basket is furnished on the inside with a blue silk bag, covered smoothly on the outside with silk, and trimmed with pinked tabs of gray cloth, which are ornamented in point Russe embroidery; the latter are sewed to the lid along the outer edge, and are fastened at each point with a button. The trimming for the basket consists of ruches and bows of blue silk ribbon; a rosette of the same is set on the middle of the lid. Instead of silk, cashmere may be used.

Wall-Tidy with Pillow, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS tidy is furnished with a pillow which serves to rest the head. Both tidy and pillow are covered with dark brown cloth, and ornamented with borders of poppies and leaves in application and satin stitch embroidery. Fig. 2 gives a section of the design for the embroidery on the pillow; the design for the bor-



NANKEEN GARDEN GLOVE.

[See Page 429.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXX., Figs. 84 and 85.

der of the tidy is given on Fig. 46, Supplement. The embroidery is worked on a foundation of light gray cloth. Dark gray cloth is applied for the poppies and leaves; the latter are edged with chain stitching of dark brown saddler's silk, and ornamented with back stitching of the same. The veins of the leaves and the edging of the poppies and berries worked in satin stitch are of gold cord, which is sewed on with fine silk. On both sides of the border, seven-eighths of an inch from the outer edge, which is button-hole stitched in points and furnished with embroidery, apply a strip of dark brown velvet, which is cut out as shown by the illustration, ornamented with gold cord, and edged with brown silk braid. A gray cloth band, furnished with a binding and lining and ornamented in embroidery, brown silk cord and tassels, complete the tidy.

Medallions for Cigar-Cases, Portfolios, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 429.

THESE medallions are suitable for ornamenting various articles, such as card-cases, portfolios, cigar-cases, etc., and may also be worked on the bottom or lid of baskets, etc. They are worked in application, half-polka stitch, and satin stitch embroidery.



Fig. 1.—WALL-TIDY WITH PILLOW.
For design see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 46.



INFANT'S BASKET.

broidery. For the foundation use light-colored cloth, gros grain, or silk reps, and work the application with pieces of cloth, velvet, or silk in colors contrasting with the foundation. The half-polka stitch and satin stitch embroidery is worked with saddler's silk of different colors.

Carved Wood and Embroidered Clothes-Rack, Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 429.

THIS carved wood clothes-rack is especially designed for gentlemen's apartments. The figure is of carved wood; the legs are simulated by two deer-horns, on which articles of wearing apparel are hung. The disk on which the figure is fastened consists of a circular piece of card-board nine inches and a half in diameter, and is covered with light and dark brown carriage leather as shown by the illustration; the darker piece of carriage leather is pasted on the lighter piece, and is fastened on it, besides, by means of close button-hole stitches. The oak leaves which ornament the disk are of double dark brown carriage leather, furnished with veins of brown saddler's silk, and edged with button-hole stitches of brown silk. Fig. 2 shows such a leaf in full size, and Fig. 3 shows another leaf suitable for the trimming; the stem and vine of the latter are formed of covered wire on which silk is wound. The carved figure is furnished on the wrong side with two strong iron eyes, which are slipped through two slits in the disk, and serve to hang up the clothes-rack.

Embroidered Crab Napkin, Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 429.

THIS napkin is made of white linen.



GRAY LINEN GARDEN GLOVE.

[See Page 429.]

For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XXX., Figs. 84-86.

en, and is ornamented in half-polka stitch and point Russe embroidery with red Turkish cotton. Fringe an inch and a half wide is formed on the outer edge of the napkin by raveling out the material. This fringe is finished with point Russe embroidery and knotted strands of red cotton as shown by Fig. 2. To make the napkin transfer the design, of which a section is given by Fig. 45, Supplement, and which is completed as shown by illustration, Fig. 1, to a piece of linen of the requisite size, and work all the outlines of the design in half-polka stitch. After finishing the embroidery, work the point Russe trimming close to it. To do this draw out several threads of the linen at intervals as shown by Fig. 2. Work the fringe as shown by the illustration. Instead of this fringe, that shown by Fig. 3 may be used. Knot several of the linen threads which have been raveled out and several strands of red thread into the corners of the napkin so as to leave no gap.

Alphabets for marking Children's Clothing, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on page 429.

THE letters of both alphabets are especially adapted for marking lingerie and children's clothing. They are worked

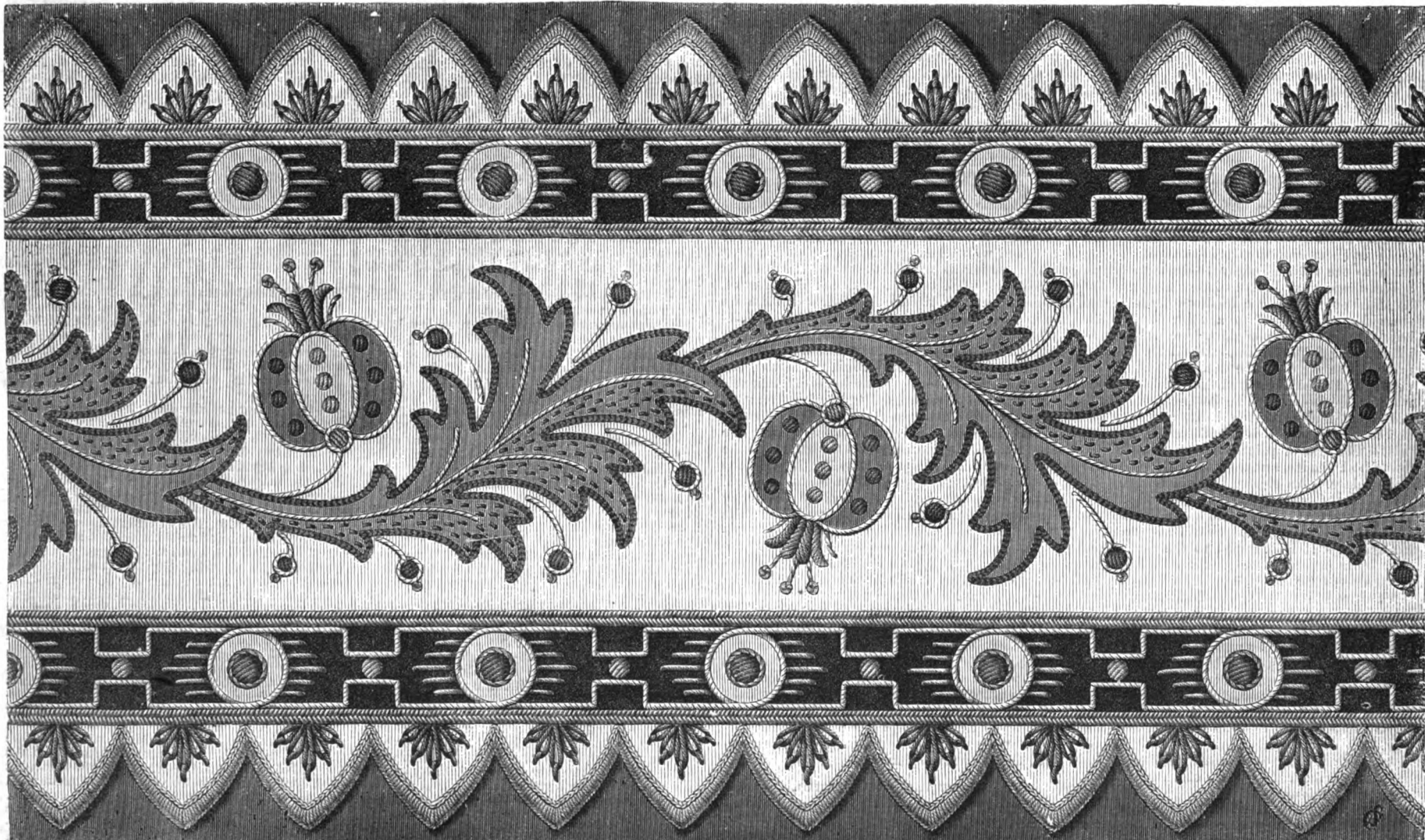


Fig. 2.—BORDER FOR PILLOW OF WALL-TIDY.—POINT RUSSE, APPLICATION, SATIN, HALF-POLKA, CHAIN, BUTTON-HOLE, AND BACK STITCH EMBROIDERY.—FULL SIZE.

with fine white or red embroidery cotton in half-polka and satin stitch. The interwoven letters of the alphabet, Fig. 1, stand out more distinctly when backstitched round with red cotton or black silk.

Infant's Crochet and Knitted Bib.

See illustration on double page.

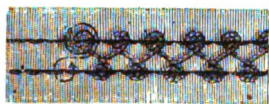
THIS bib is crocheted in slip stitches from left to right with coarse knitting cotton, and is trimmed with a knitted and crocheted kilt-pleated ruffle. In the original the front of the bib measures from corner to corner crosswise four inches and a half wide on the bottom, seven inches and a quarter wide on the top,



Fig. 1.—MEDALLION FOR CIGAR-CASES, PORTFOLIOS, ETC.—VARIEGATED EMBROIDERY.

round widen 2 st. (stitch), working 2 sl. separated by 1 ch. on the middle of the 57 ch. In a similar manner crochet 79 rounds more, going backward and forward, and always working from left to right, widening 2 st. as in the first round only in every second following round, however. Work 1 ch. in turning, before beginning each round. In order to form the bib, as shown by the illustration, narrow, besides, 1 st. each at the beginning and end of every fourth or fifth following round. In the original the last round counts 97 st. After finishing this part work single crochet on the veins of the stitches on the side edges. The upper point is turned down in a revers as shown by the illustration. Now work

the back parts of the bib in one piece with the shoulders. Begin on the under edge of one of the back parts of the bib with a foundation of 36 ch., and on this crochet 48 rounds of sl. In order to form the sloping outer edge of this part (the other outer edge, which forms the middle of the back, is straight) widen 1 st. at the beginning of every eighth round. After the 48th round work on the next 16 st. of the same round 72 rounds of sl. for the shoulder, in doing which narrow 1 st. on the inner edge, which forms the neck, and



MANNER OF STITCHING NANKEN GLOVE. [See Page 428.]

that this round counts only 15 st., and crochet the 6th round with the same number of st. as the preceding, thus only 15 st. wide also. At the end of this round, however, work instead of 1 ch., as usual, 2 ch., the first of which is designed to



Fig. 2.—SECTION OF FRINGE FOR CRAB NAPKIN.—FULL SIZE.

hold the sl. to be widened at the beginning of the following (7th) round. Work the 7th–10th rounds again 16 st. wide each; at the end of the 11th round narrow 1 st., crochet the 12th round with the same number of stitches, again widen 1 st. at the beginning of the 13th round, and continue in this manner so that always alternately 4 rounds count 16 sl. each, and 2 rounds 15 sl. each. With the last 8 of the 72 rounds work the shoulder in a point, narrowing 1 st. each at the beginning and end of every round. Surround the finished crochet parts on the outer edge with sc. (single crochet). The wide ruffle which surrounds the front of the bib, excepting the revers, is worked crosswise with tatting cotton, No. 80, and fine steel knitting-needles.

Fig. 2.—LEATHER-WORK LEAF FOR CLOTHES-RACK.—FULL SIZE.



and five inches and a quarter long. For the front of the bib, beginning on the under edge, make a foundation of 58 ch. (chain stitch), and passing over the last of these, crochet from left to right 1 round of sl. (slip stitch), going back on the remaining foundation stitches; in the middle of this



Fig. 1. CARVED WOOD AND EMBROIDERED CLOTHES-RACK.

through the holes of the ruffles. Having sewed the ruffles on the different parts of the bib, fasten the shoulders on the front of the bib as shown by the illustration, furnish the side edges of the front of the bib with short ribbon loops, the back parts of the bib with ribbons, and in the middle of the back set buttons and button-hole stitch loops for closing.

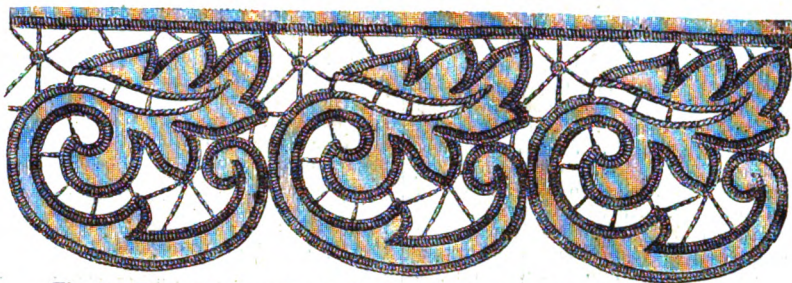


Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERY FOR LINEN GARDEN GLOVE.—[See Page 428.]



Fig. 3.—LEATHER-WORK LEAF FOR CLOTHES-RACK.—FULL SIZE.

5th round.—Alternately 1 p., 1 k. 6th round.—All purled. 7th and 8th rounds.—All knit plain. 9th round.—All purled. 10th and 11th rounds.—All knit plain. 12th round.—All purled.

Work the foundation of the apron in the following piqué design (the first and last 5 st. of every round are always knit plain; these st. will not be mentioned again in the course of the work): 1st round.—Alternately 5 p., 1 k., 2 p. 2d round.—* 1 k., 1 p., 1 k., 1 p., 4 k. 3d

round.—* 3 k., 2 p., 1 k., 2 p. 4th round.—* 1 k., 1 p., 1 k., 1 p., 1 k., 3 p. These 4 rounds form one pattern figure; repeat the latter eight times, then divide the first and last 37 st. on two separate needles for each part of the back, and the middle 72 st. remain for the front. Repeat the pattern figure seven times more with the st. of each part of the back, then knit the pattern figure once more with every 10 st. nearest the edge of the armhole, and cast off these st. Having also knit the front in the requisite height, and having repeated the pattern figure for the shoulders once more with the first and last 10 st. and cast these off, join the shoulder st., then also take the edge st. of the shoulders on the needles, and knit with all st. 1 round all plain, then 1 round of alternately 2 st. p.



Fig. 3.—FRINGE FOR CRAB NAPKIN.—FULL SIZE.

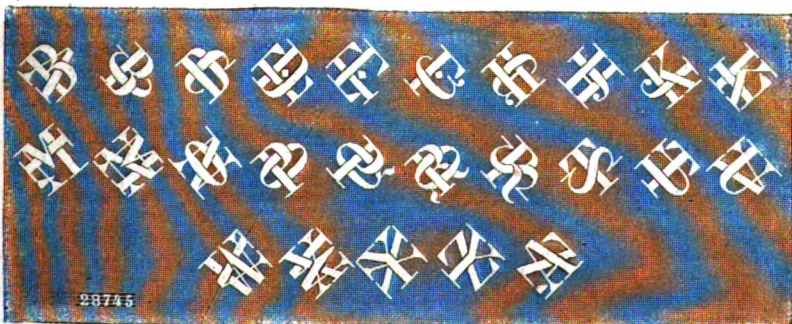


Fig. 1.—ALPHABET FOR MARKING CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, ETC.



Fig. 2.—ALPHABET FOR MARKING CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, ETC.

together, t. t. o.; then 2 rounds all knit plain, 1 round purled, then cast off loosely. Begin the sleeve with a foundation of 40 st. (the under edge), close these in a ring, and work 12 rounds of alternately 1 p., 1 k., then 2 rounds all knit plain, 2 rounds all purled, 1 round of alternately 2 st. k. together, t. t. o.; 1 round knit plain, 2 rounds purled, 2 rounds knit plain (widen 1 st. at the end of the second round knit plain). Work the pattern figure above described thirteen times; in working the first eight pattern figures care should be taken that the design appears as before when working backward and forward. In the first round of every second following pattern figure widen 1 st. at both sides of the widened st. After the eighth pattern figure, instead of always going forward, work backward and forward, and at the end of every round leave 2 st. unnoticed in order to round the upper edge of the sleeve. When the st. are reduced to fourteen cast them off. Sew the sleeve into the arm-hole, and through the open-work rounds run white silk ribbon for closing the apron.

A JUNE MEMORY.

BENEATH the hazel blossoms
Of that deep Devon lane
I saw the sunset splendor
Gilding the wavy grain;
The evening shadows deepened;
I waited, waited yet:
Do you, my love, remember?
Can you, my own, forget?

There, in the mellow gloaming,
When all the world was still,
I watched the great sun sinking
Behind the well-known hill.
Alone, my love—not lonely—
On that sweet eve in June,
I, waiting, watched the crescent
Of the faint and silver moon.

You came: my heart had told me,
My love, that you were near,
Long ere your dear, dear footstep
Fell on my list'ning ear;
Long ere those words were spoken—
Those words I hear them yet:
My love, do you remember?
Can I, my own, forget?

(Continued from No. 24, page 399.)

LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND
"JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XV.

SUGGESTS A DOUBT WHETHER EVERY FRIEND
IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.

"Cox," said Mr. Sheldrake, after various business matters had been discussed, "I want you to assist me in a private little matter of my own, and to ask no questions."

"Fire away, governor," was Con's rejoinder.

"A young man will call upon you in half an hour, with one of my cards, on which I have written, 'Do what you can for the bearer, a friend of mine.' He wants to borrow some money."

"And I am to lend it to him. How much?"

"Stop a bit." He wants to borrow money; he is in difficulties. Backed Christopher Sly, and lost; he's in a mess, and I want to do him a good turn. He must have the money, so you can put the screw upon him."

"What interest shall I charge him?"

"Whatever you like. It will be as well, perhaps, to make it something handsome, as he is very anxious, and will agree to anything so long as he can get the money."

"They generally do agree to anything," observed Con, sagely: "it makes me laugh to see their long faces sometimes. What security can he give?"

"None, I expect. You will have to take his bill."

"Without an indorsement?"

"Yes."

"Is it to be a long-dated bill?"

"No, short; not longer than three months. I don't expect he'll be able to pay it when it's due, but that's my affair."

This was so contrary to Mr. Sheldrake's general mode of procedure that Con gave a low whistle—a whistle of curious inquiry, which expressed, "What's his little game, I wonder?" Mr. Sheldrake did not enlighten him, but proceeded with his instructions:

"He'll tell you, of course, that he can't give any security, and you'll tell him, of course, that it will be impossible for you to lend him money, under the circumstances. But don't let him go away. Angle with him until I come. I shall stroll in upon you quite accidentally, and you can take your cue from me. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"You can speak about me as if I was a soft-hearted, good-natured fellow, always too ready to do a good turn. I've been taken in by a great many persons, and you don't feel inclined to let me be taken in again, or to follow my example. My great fault is that I think too well of people: I believe that every body is as honest and straightforward as I am. I think that I am as sharp and cunning as any man, but you know better. Directly my susceptibilities are appealed to, I am as soft as a pat of butter."

Con laughed heartily, and Mr. Sheldrake continued:

"You and I are not in any way connected in

business, you know, and if you feel inclined to do any thing for him, it is only upon my recommendation."

"Oh, of course," said Con, still laughing.

"I persuaded you to do a good turn to a fellow last year, who turned out to be a scamp. You didn't lose any money by the transaction—oh no; I took the liability upon my own shoulders, and paid you out of my own pocket, although you hadn't the slightest claim upon me. It was only the week before last that I took a poor man out of prison, and paid his debts for him, and set him upon his legs again, because he had a wife and family. But I don't like these things mentioned to my face. I'm the sort of man who goes about doing all sorts of kind things on the quiet."

Con opened his eyes wider, and still wondered what on earth Mr. Sheldrake's little game was; but he seemed to see a hidden joke in it, and seemed to appreciate it.

"Then, of course, you're very short of money yourself," said Mr. Sheldrake, in self-satisfied tones; for if there was one thing in the world he had confidence in more than another, it was in his own cunning and cleverness: he was always shaking hands with himself. "You've had losses lately; all your money's locked up, and you've been disappointed in people not keeping their promises; besides, it's a very risky affair, lending upon personal security, especially to a man you don't know any thing of—and you're generally disinclined to accommodate him until I make my appearance."

Con gave a nod of acquiescence to each of these instructions, and Mr. Sheldrake presently took his departure, and left the spider waiting for the fly.

He had not long to wait. The fly soon made his appearance.

A very anxious-looking fly indeed. His countenance betokened nothing but care and overwhelming trouble; looking very much like a fly who had not had a wink of sleep last night—which, indeed, was the fact.

Con Staveley did not receive him in the room where the letters addressed to Horace St. John and Adolphus Fortescue and Captain Leonard Maginn were lying about. When Mr. Sheldrake took his departure, Con had shifted his quarters to the adjoining room, which was comfortably and handsomely furnished. He received the card which the fly handed to him, and waved his hand to a seat. Alfred sat down, holding his hat between his legs, and looked nervously at Con Staveley; but finding no comfort in that gentleman's face, looked into his hat with a like result. He was terribly distressed. It seemed to him that life and death hung upon the words of the judge in whose presence he was sitting.

Con Staveley read the words on the card aloud:

"Do what you can for the bearer, a friend of mine." Happy to see you. Any friend of Mr. Sheldrake's is a friend of mine. What can I do for you?"

Although his tone infused hope into Alfred's breast, the young man did not know how to commence. Observing his hesitation, Con rattled on, without waiting for him to speak:

"Sheldrake's a fine fellow. A little too easy, a little too confiding, but a fine fellow for all that. Doesn't look sharp enough after Number One, though; and that doesn't do nowadays. You can take care of yourself, I'll be bound; you look after Number One."

With dry lips Alfred muttered assent to the proposition.

"Do you want to back a horse for the Cambridgehire or the Cesarewitch? Now's the time; the early bird catches the worm. I'll give you sixty-six to one against any horse you can name. Spot the winner, and put a few tenners on. There's an old fellow I know spotted Taraban yesterday for the Northumberland Plate. What do you think he did, the old fool? Backed it for a crown. No pluck. He might have won a heap of money, and now the chance has gone. About this time last year a fellow came in—just as you have done now—asked about a horse for the Cambridgehire—wanted to know the odds. A hundred to one I offered. 'I'll take it to fifty sovs,' he said. I gave it to him, five thousand to fifty. Hanged if the horse didn't win, with a stone in hand, and I was nicked. He had pluck, that fellow, and took my check for five thou. with a grin on his face. He's one of the leviathans now—had a fifty thousand book on the Derby. Is that your little game? Have you come to take the odds? Well, I'll give them to you, to any amount."

"No," Alfred managed to say, "that isn't the business I've come upon."

"Well, what is it, then?" inquired free-and-easy Con. "Fire away. Do any thing I can for a friend of Sheldrake's."

"He told me to make a clean breast of it," said Alfred, playing nervously with his hat; and Con Staveley thought, "What a soft young fool he is!" and still wondered what Sheldrake's little game was. "The fact is, I've been out of luck lately. I backed the wrong horse yesterday."

"Christopher Sly?"

"Yes; it looked like a moral certainty for him."

"It was a sell," observed Con, gravely. "Every one of the prophets went for him. I was bit myself—heavily too; so you're not alone in the boat."

Alfred derived no consolation from this statement—the reverse, indeed; for the fact that the man he was about to ask to assist him had lost heavily on the same race rendered his chance of obtaining money a less hopeful one than it had seemed. But he spurred on desperately.

"There wasn't one of the prophets or tipsters that went in for Taraban. They all gave Christopher Sly. And if you can't believe them, whom are you to believe? All the morning papers gave

Christopher Sly as the absolute winner—all the sporting papers too. Nothing else had a chance. I sent five shillings to Horace St. John—"

"Who is he?" asked Con, innocently.

"A gentleman. He advertises in the sporting papers. I sent him five shillings for the tip, and got it—Christopher Sly. He sent me a voucher with the tip, £20 to £2 against Christopher Sly. The horse then was only at three to one, and he gave me ten to one. I sent him the £2, and was afraid he would return it to me, because he had given me too long odds. But he didn't; it was all right, I thought. I should have won a little hatful of money if Christopher Sly had come in first—but you know how it was."

Alfred spoke fretfully, and without the slightest control over his tongue. He felt that he was damaging the probable success of his errand by whining about his misfortunes, but he could not help himself. It was a necessity especially belonging to his nature to pour out his griefs upon any sympathizing breast, and to endeavor to justify himself in his own eyes by attempting to prove what an exceptionally unfortunate person he was. This is one of the idiosyncrasies of weak and selfish natures, which seek to find comfort in the fiction that all the world is in a conspiracy against them, and that their misfortunes are caused, not by their own weakness and selfishness, but by a predetermined effort on the part of every body and every thing to persecute and crush them.

"Well, I told all this to my friend Mr. Sheldrake," continued Alfred, looking moodily at the floor, for Con Staveley's silence boded no good result, "and told him I was in a hole, and wanted to borrow some money. He would have lent it to me in a minute if he had had it—he told me so—but he is short himself."

"And always will be short," retorted Con, grumblingly, "if he doesn't give up being so soft-hearted. What with lending here and lending there, taking this man out of prison and paying his debts, and setting that man on his legs, he'll find himself in a mess one of these fine days. He's too soft-hearted, is Sheldrake; and the joke of it is that he thinks himself the smartest man in London."

"He says to me," continued Alfred, with a fainting heart, "Go to my friend Mr. Staveley, and take my card; he'll do what you want upon my recommendation." So I've come. You do lend money, don't you?"

"Yes, I lend money to responsible people," replied Con; "I've got a good deal of money put into my hand for investment, and to lend out at fair interest—"

"I'll pay any interest," said Alfred, eagerly.

"But then, of course, my hands are tied so far as regards money that doesn't belong to me. How much do you want?"

"Fifty pounds I can manage with."

"What security can you give?"

"Security!" stammered Alfred.

"Yes; this is a matter of business. You don't expect any man to lend you money without security, do you? You must tell me something more about yourself. Have you got prospects—expectations? I've lent money to a good many swells upon their own and their friends' names, but then they have expectations, and are sure to come into property; so that the money is certain to be paid one day."

"I haven't any expectations that I know of," said Alfred, gloomily; "but I'll be sure to pay you. Do you think I'd borrow money without being sure that I can pay it back?"

"I don't know," responded Con, dryly; "some people do. What do you want the money for? To pay betting debts? They're not recoverable in law; and even if they were, isn't it as well for you to owe money to one man as to another?"

"But they're debts of honor," said Alfred, with a not uncommon but very miserable assumption of high-mindedness: "no gentleman can afford not to pay his debts of honor."

"It seems you can't afford to pay them," observed Con, mercilessly, somewhat relishing the sport, "or you wouldn't come to me."

If he had not been in a very miserable plight indeed, Alfred would have replied hotly. But he was frightened and completely cowed. In truth, if Con Staveley failed him, he did not know which way to turn. And he dared not confess the truth; he dared not confess that, taking advantage of his position in the office of his employers, he had committed the common indiscretion of "borrowing" money for a few days. If he did not replace it at once—well, he was terrified to think what might occur. The minutes were very precious to him. Discovery hung above him on a hair; any moment it might fall and overwhelm him. And not him alone, but Lily. Notwithstanding his selfishness and weakness, he had a sincere affection for her, and the consciousness that he was in danger of covering her with disgrace as well as himself was an additional torment to him. These reflections kept him silent, and he suffered a very agony of terror and remorse in the slight pause that followed Con Staveley's taunt.

"The only way in which you can get the money is by giving a bill for it—to be paid in three months, say. Have you got a responsible friend—somebody who is worth something—who will indorse the bill for you?"

"No," faltered Alfred, "I don't know any body, except Mr. Sheldrake."

"I don't want his name—he's good enough for any amount—but he would most likely have to pay the bill when it's due (excuse my saying so), and it wouldn't be friendly on my part to take it from him. The same thing occurred last year. I accommodated a friend of his with three hundred pounds; I did it only because Sheldrake persuaded me. Well, the fellow didn't pay, and Sheldrake insisted on cashing up, though I hadn't the slightest claim upon him. There's not one man in ten thousand would have done

it; but it was like Sheldrake all over. I took the money, of course; it was business, you know, but it wasn't friendly. I don't want the same thing to occur again. Sheldrake thinks too well of people. He has a right to do as he pleases with his money, but hang me if I like to be a party to his throwing it away. Then, what do I know of you? It isn't reasonable of Sheldrake to expect me to do this; upon my soul it isn't! Are you in business? Is your father worth any thing? Would he cash up if you put the screw on?"

"I have no father," said Alfred, his heart growing fainter and fainter, "and I'm not in business. I'm a clerk."

"Oh, you're in a situation, I suppose?"

"Yes, I'm a clerk at Tickle and Flint's."

"Salary?"

"Fifteen shillings a week."

At mention of which amount Con shifted some books from one part of the table to another with very decided action, as if that settled the matter.

"I can put some of it by," exclaimed Alfred, imploringly. "I can put it all by, if you'll let me have fifty pounds for three months."

"Fifteen shillings a week wouldn't pay the interest, my boy," was Con's rejoinder. "Wouldn't cover risk."

Then Alfred suddenly thought of Lily. If he mentioned her, it might improve his standing in Con Staveley's estimation.

"My sister earns money," he said, in a shame-faced manner.

"Indeed," very carelessly from Con. "What does she do?"

"She sings at the Royal White Rose Music-hall. Her name's Lily. Perhaps you've heard her."

Thought Con of Sheldrake, "That's your little game, eh?" and said, aloud, "Oh yes, I've heard her. So she's your sister. A pretty girl—I'd like to know her. But about this fifty pounds you want, I really don't think I can do it for you. We're strangers, you know—by-and-by, perhaps, when we become better acquainted. Very sorry—very sorry indeed, because you're a friend of Sheldrake's; but to speak candidly" (which he did, with a display of white teeth), "I don't think it good enough. Best to be candid, you know."

Alfred's weak hand was played out. The game was lost. He sat looking despairingly at the floor. What should he do? Run away? Try to hide himself? That would draw attention to him, and bring exposure at once. Besides, where would he be safe from the detectives? He almost groaned aloud as he thought. The words of his grandfather came to him: "Once more I pray to God to keep you free from crime. Once more I say that the remorse of a too late repentance is the bitterest of experiences!" He was suffering this bitterest of experiences now, and felt the truth of his grandfather's words. And yet he took credit to himself for the good resolution he had come to of being a better man if Christopher Sly had won the Northumberland Plate. Whose fault was it that the horse had not won, and that this monstrous undeserved misfortune had come upon him? Not his. He had done his best; but he had been deceived, swindled, robbed; those false prophets had ruined him, and all the world was in a conspiracy against him. In this way he threw the blame off his own shoulders, and felt no shadow of self-reproach because he had been weak enough to allow himself to be duped by tricksters. In the midst of his self-tormenting the door opened, and he heard, in a pleasant voice,

"Good-day, Staveley. How are things? Ah, Alf, you here! I thought it likely I might catch you."

Alfred looked up, and Mr. Sheldrake smiled familiarly upon him. "Like Paul Pry, I hope I don't intrude," said Mr. Sheldrake. "Perhaps I'm interrupting business."

"Oh no," replied Con; "our business is over."

"Well, that's all right;" and Mr. Sheldrake clapped Alfred on the shoulder gayly.

Alfred winced. He was laboring under a sense of injury, not so much at the present moment on account of Con Staveley's refusal to accommodate him as on account of Sheldrake's recommending him to a man who had failed him in this desperate crisis. But he could not afford to quarrel with any man now; all his courage and insolence were gone. He said, almost humbly,

"Mr. Staveley won't lend me the money."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Sheldrake. "Not on my recommendation! Come, come, Staveley, this isn't friendly, you know."

"I think it is," replied Con. "There isn't a money-lender in London would let him have what he wants. Why, he can't even give security! Can't even give a good name at the back of a bill!"

"Isn't my name good enough?"

"Quite—for any amount; but we're friends, and I'm not going to see you let in with my eyes open—"

"That's my affair," said Mr. Sheldrake, warmly.

"It happens to be mine as well. I don't want to take money of my friends. Remember the three hundred you had to pay me last year, and the hundred and twenty for that poor widow woman—"

"Shut up!" interrupted Mr. Sheldrake. "Let my affairs alone. You've no business to mention those things. You know I don't like it. How much did you ask Mr. Staveley for, Alfred?"

"Fifty pounds; that's all. For three months only."

"A paltry fifty pounds!" exclaimed Mr. Sheldrake, scornfully. "Why, you might win it on a horse fifty times over in five minutes! There's the Goodwood Cup and the Stakes going to be run for presently—"

"I've got the tip for the Cup," cried Alfred,

eagerly; "I can get thirty to one about it today. I'll pay Mr. Staveley directly the race is over, and any interest he likes to charge, and I'll give him the tip, too, if he likes!" (Whereat something very like a grin appeared on Con's face.) "The horse only carries five stone seven. He can't lose!"

"There, Staveley, do you hear that?" asked Mr. Sheldrake, in a reproachful tone. "Isn't that good enough for you?"

Con Staveley shrugged his shoulders, indicating that it was not good enough for him.

"Curse me if I don't feel inclined to turn nasty!" then exclaimed Mr. Sheldrake. "If I had the money to spare, I'd lend it to him on the spot. But I shall be short for the next month."

"Can't your friend wait till then?"

With quivering lips Alfred said, No; he must have the money at once.

"And you'll let him have it," said Mr. Sheldrake.

"I don't feel at all inclined to," replied Con.

Here Mr. Sheldrake took up his hat in pretended indignation, and declared if this was friendship, curse him, he didn't want any more of it! and otherwise expressed himself to the same effect in terms so exceedingly warm that Con Staveley began to lose patience.

"Look here, Sheldrake," he retorted; "be reasonable. You know I would do any thing for you, and you know that I think your name good enough for any thing. But I'm doing this for your protection, and you're infernally ungrateful. Your friend wants the money to pay racing debts with. Well, I told him before you came in that racing debts are not recoverable by law, so that whoever he owes the money to must wait until he can pay. Let your friend pay his debts after the Goodwood Cup is run for; he'll be all right then. As for friendship, you're a little bit hard on me. You know fifty pounds is no object to me, and if, after what I've said, you insist upon becoming responsible for the sum, I'll let him have it. I can't say fairer than that. But mind; I warned you."

Mr. Sheldrake seemed impressed by what Con Staveley had said. He considered a little, and asked if Con could let him have five minutes' private conversation with Alfred.

"You can have this room," said Con, rising. "I've got some writing to do in the next. Call me when you've done."

When they were alone Mr. Sheldrake said:

"After all, Alf, there's something in what Staveley says. Racing debts are not recoverable. I can understand his feelings very well; he doesn't know you nor any thing about you. He is only anxious to protect me. I have been let in a good many times by one and another, and I've paid him money which he has been obliged to take in the way of business, and which he has lent, on my recommendation, to people I've wanted to do a good turn for."

"I won't let you in," said Alfred.

"I don't think you will, Alf. If I were in funds, you shouldn't have had to come to Staveley for the money. But I can't shut my eyes to what he has said. You must deal a little openly with me: you know I'm your friend. You've lost this money on Christopher Sly?"

"Yes."

"Well, why not let the people you've lost it to wait?"

"Because I have paid them already. I had to stake the money in advance."

"You dealt with commission agents, then?"

"Yes."

Mr. Sheldrake hesitated before he asked the next question.

"It wasn't your own money that you staked?"

Alfred did not reply.

"I don't want to press you unfairly, Alf," said Mr. Sheldrake, after a few moments' study of Alfred's downcast face, "and I don't want you to say any thing you would rather not say. Young fellows often get into scrapes. I suppose you're in one now."

"Yes, I'm regularly cornered," replied Alfred. "I wouldn't care so much for my own sake—but there's Lily. She's fond of me, and it would break her heart to see me in a mess."

"Lily's heart shan't be broken, and you shall get out of your mess, Alf. I'll stand your friend, as I said I would, and Con Staveley shall let you have the money before you go."

Alfred looked up, and grasped Mr. Sheldrake's hand. The revulsion of feeling almost blinded him.

"Mind," continued Mr. Sheldrake, "I do this for Lily's sake; so you may thank your stars you've got such a sister."

"She is the dearest girl in the world," cried Alfred, his good spirits returning.

"So she is, and I should like her to think well of me."

"She'll do that, depend upon it. I'll let her know what a friend you've been to me. You are a trump!" I'll pay Mr. Staveley after the Goodwood Meeting."

That astute person being called in, and Mr. Sheldrake's decision being communicated to him, the next quarter of an hour was spent in the drawing up and signing of documents. Alfred signed every thing unhesitatingly, without reading the papers; he was too overjoyed to attend to such small formalities. He signed a bill at three months for seventy-five pounds, and would have signed it for a hundred and seventy-five, without murmuring at the interest charged. The two hundred per cent. per annum seemed to him fair enough, and when Con Staveley gave him the check, and the business was concluded, he gayly asked his friends to come and have a "bottle of fiz," an invitation which they willingly and gladly accepted. Over the bottle of "fiz" they indulged in a great deal of merry conversation, and Alfred forgot his despair and remorse, and once more indulged in visions of shadowy

fortunes, and boasted of the grand things he was going to do.

"I'll show them a trick or two," he said, confidently.

Poor fool! Not by such credulous selfish natures as his can tricksters be tricked and dupers duped. They laugh in his face, and in the face of stronger than he. Have they not reason? They are stronger than the law, which is powerless to touch them. Yet it is a strange reflection that a cunning rogue is allowed to swindle, and a starving woman is not allowed to beg. But such is the law.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

A Commissioner's Confession.—Editor versus Editor.—An Uninterrupted Flat.

IF a man is not a prophet in his own country, he may be in another, and I think I may claim for myself that title of you for my account of the position of the English commissioners in the Alabama case, forwarded some two months ago. I told you that an aristocratic embassy might have been "out-maneuvred" by their cleverer antagonists, but that really they had no more idea that the indirect damages were to be asked for by the government of the United States than that it was about to demand the heads of our royal family. Sir Stafford Northcote is but a mediocre Conservative politician, a man that would never have been intrusted with such a task as the reconciliation of two nations, had not Gladstone, whose private secretary he once was, thrown him in as a sop to the Tories, who thus were made parties to whatever was done. But he is a perfectly straightforward and truthful country gentleman, and this is what he has been saying down at Exeter, opening his lips upon the treaty for the first time: "We [the commissioners] were distinctly responsible for having represented to the government that we understood a promise to be given that these claims were not to be put forward, and even not to be submitted to arbitration."

It was a case of amateur statesmanship and after-dinner "gush." "My dear Sir Stafford," somebody must have whispered behind a glass of claret, "you may make yourself quite easy about these indirect damages;" and he and the rest of them were only too ready to make themselves easy. It is a pity he did not say who whispered it, but it is certain that somebody did. Of course we are to blame for naming commissioners who came back with "understandings" instead of positive statements; and, as the *Times* very honestly puts it, "the fault of a misunderstanding—a word that presents in a vague way the image of something slovenly and unbusiness-like—belongs to those who suffer for it." But pray do not suppose that Sir Stafford Northcote has stated an untruth. Had a more efficient individual filled the place of this Devonshire baronet, the whole disagreement might perhaps have been averted. But his presence on the commission as a Conservative has shut the mouths of his party upon the subject, and, for the time at least, has kept Gladstone in power. Our Liberals are not so patient with their leaders when they fail as our Tories are, who suffer Mr. Benjamin Disraeli to do as he likes with them, and the Premier is now almost as much abused by his friends as by his foes. Never, indeed, was such an edifice of popularity kicked to pieces by the man on the top of it as has happened in his case. But should he be put in opposition, he would, in my opinion, regain all he has lost, and come back to office stronger than ever, probably to commence a new course of self-iconoclasm. At present no man, except the writers in the *Bellowsgraph* (as the *Daily Telegraph* is called), has a good word for him, and even our young ladies delight in repeating, "I should be my first, if I could throw my second at my whole," which is a not very difficult enigma upon the name of Gladstone.

The action for libel which Mr. Hepworth Dixon has instituted against the *Pall Mall* is looked forward to with the most pleasurable expectation by literary circles, among whom the plaintiff is about as popular as Mr. Vernon Harcourt among politicians. It is of the latter gentleman that the story is told of the ten men who agreed each to ask to dinner at Greenwich the most unpleasant individual of his personal acquaintance, whereupon, instead of a dinner-party of twenty, there appeared but eleven persons—each of the ten having invited Mr. Vernon Harcourt. Mr. Hepworth Dixon's chance of being asked to make one of a party of pleasure would depend, I should think, upon some similar exceptional arrangement—that is, since he lost the editorship of the *Athenæum*. Authors were glad enough to make much of him when he wielded the sceptre and could poke them severely in the ribs with the sharp end of it; but now they exult over the fallen tyrant, or pass him by with a careless nod. Whether his rule deservedly made him so obnoxious, I know not; but certainly never did any man fail so completely to make himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.

"I would give a five-pound note to be present at his cross-examination," is the ejaculation of many a man with whom bank paper is not so familiar as proof-sheets; and indeed I dare say it will be very good fun. The review in the *Pall Mall* was, if I remember right, upon his "Tower of London;" but the expressions complained of occurred in certain retrospective remarks in it upon the freedom of his "New America," the nature of which you may easily conjecture. The ex-editor is said to feel acutely the lash which he once wielded, and to be determined on getting redress if the law can give it him. Altogether so majestic an occurrence as that of this lion in the toils has probably not occupied the attention of the gentlemen of the long robe since the trial of Charles the First.

In spite of the "Conversations of Northcote"

(not Sir Stafford) and a few other evidences of a *per contra* nature, artists, as a rule, are not humorous; wit may be at the point of their brush, but seldom at the tip of their tongue: it is the more advisable, therefore, to recall any pearl of speech that is dropped in the studios. Here is a little one I picked up yesterday. A certain critic called, uninvited, upon a painter somewhat uncertain, and who this year has, one must confess, done nothing to enhance his fame. The visitor trotted round the room for hours, picking holes in every thing, and at last took his stand opposite some moorland scene, which he denounced as an "uninterrupted flat," without interest in subject, and unredeemed by any merit of execution.

"You may call my picture what you like," said the artist, significantly, who had in vain attempted to pursue his work under these offensive commentaries; "and perhaps I may be the fool you think me; but you can't call me 'an uninterrupted flat' this morning"—a hint that had the desired effect: the critic vanished.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

NOTHING is more charming than to see happy, healthy children, and to see them also neatly and tastefully dressed. But simplicity is the charm of youth; a fresh young face needs little adornment. Rich garments, jewelry, an extra number of ribbons, flounces, ruffles, and puffs add nothing to the beauty of childhood. Mothers nowadays incline to dress their children like miniature men and women. In so doing they not only make a great mistake, but they wrong their children, particularly their little girls, who at ten are often seen decked out in as much finery as a fashionable woman of fifty. In the first place, this style of dressing makes the young girl look old, and robs her of all that fresh simplicity which is so natural and pleasing. She appears artificial, constrained, and disagreeably self-conscious. Her thoughts are necessarily much upon her adornments, and she has not yet learned to conceal the fact. What mother has the right thus to impair the beauty of her child? Then, again, the health and comfort of the little girl are seriously interfered with by the care she is expected to give to her fine garments. She can not run and jump and romp about as she longs to do, lest she tear them; she must seat herself circumspectly, lest she crush the trimmings; she must be constantly on her guard lest she soil the delicate fabrics. At many fashionable summer resorts it is positively painful to notice how absurdly this system of ornamenting children is practiced. It is to be hoped that sensible mothers during the coming season will not interfere with their children's rights in this respect. Give them simple clothing, for this does not prevent the garments being pretty and tasteful. But let the young folks have a chance to be young. In America we all grow old too fast—not in years, but in thought, in feeling, and in habits.

The Vienna Exhibition of 1873 is to have a department for "The Child." The president, Baron von Schwarzenborn, desires to receive from America all information concerning children's affairs, particularly in reference to means for promoting children's health, and regarding toys and methods of instruction suited to develop the child's ideas up to the age of going to school. The collection made is intended to be as ample and instructive as possible.

The oldest lady in San Francisco has endured the vicissitudes of life for one hundred and nineteen years. She still enjoys good health, and her mental faculties are unimpaired. Her maiden surname was Madrugal; she has survived her husband, whose name was Juarez, many years, and the youngest of her children is fifty-six years old. She is descended from the Castilian emigrants to Mexico, and appears likely to live many years longer.

Among the peculiar institutions of Philadelphia is a fuel savings society. The object of this society is to encourage poor people to save their money to secure the means of comfort in winter. Small sums are received from time to time, and coal and wood are procured for the depositors at less than the retail price. Last year there were over \$100 depositors.

Will trout-fishers gracefully yield the palm to a woman? An exchange informs us that the largest speckled trout ever caught in America was recently captured in Chazy Lake, near Plattsburg, New York, by Mrs. William C. Rhodes, an expert angler. It weighed twenty-two pounds and one ounce. If any body has caught a bigger specimen, let it be made known. Mrs. Rhodes was out trout-fishing two miles from the hotel, had caught nine trout, averaging about two pounds in weight, when her bait was struck with such force as to nearly pull her out of the boat. Feeling that she had him securely fastened, she began playing him. She had no gaff-hook, and was compelled to tow him two miles. After two hours' struggle with the trout, she got near enough the hotel to call for help. When in shallow water it was feared he would break his hold on the line and escape. Finally two men jumped into the water, and seizing the fish by the gills, landed him on the bank. It was packed in ice and sent to Governor Hoffman.

La Ferte Vidame—a splendid property, consisting of 2164 acres of meadows, ponds, full-grown forest trees, under-wood, and a fine mansion, which was formerly the residence of Louis Philippe—is about to be sold at auction. This estate belonged in 1784 to the Duc de Penthièvre, who built a magnificent château there, which was pillaged in 1793 during the first revolution. When the Citizen King went to reside at La Ferte Vidame he laid out £40,000 in repairs.

The great fire which occurred a few weeks ago at Yedo, Japan, was one of the most desolating calamities which have ever happened to that city since its foundation. Within less than three hours a district of six square miles was laid waste, 5000 edifices were destroyed, and

20,000 people were made homeless. During the progress of the fire, and afterward, the populace behaved with perfect order, patient fortitude, and vigorous energy. The authorities of Yedo stated that not a single case of loss by theft during the fire was brought to their notice, and the condition of the city for several days following the calamity was more than ordinarily quiet and free from disorder. The entire pecuniary loss by this fire is estimated at nearly two millions of dollars.

It is said that nearly all the fragments of the Vendôme column have been recovered. Notwithstanding the surveillance of the Commune, foreigners were able to secure some pieces at high prices.

Picnics are likely to be popular this season at Prospect Park. The Dairy Cottage will be the central point for such gatherings. Suitable ground will be reserved for parties if timely application is made at the keeper's station, and tables and seats are provided without charge. Table furniture may be obtained at a small charge placed on deposit. Refreshments of various kinds will be supplied by the purveyor, when ordered in advance. Hoops, balls, and croquet mallets may be procured at the cottage; and an arrangement is to be made whereby parties can hire a set of croquet materials at twenty-eight cents an hour. Any person can have his own materials kept at the cottage for one dollar the season. Public carriages have just been placed in the Park, which will take visitors over the circuit drives for twenty-five cents each.

Here is a poetical rule which, if carried out faithfully, will prevent all those discontented criticisms upon the weather which so abound:

"When the weather is wet,
We must not fret;
When the weather is cold,
We must not scold;
When the weather is warm,
We must not storm;
But
Be thankful together,
Whatever the weather."

There is now being manufactured in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, the largest refracting telescope in the world. It is designed for the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, and will cost \$46,000. The tube is to be thirty-two and a half feet in length, and the object glass is twenty-six inches in diameter. The largest instrument of this kind which has been previously used is owned by Mr. Newhall, at Gateshead, England, the object glass of which is twenty-five inches in diameter. The largest in this country belongs to the Dearborn Observatory of the Chicago University, of which the object glass is eighteen and one-half inches in diameter.

The New Orleans *Picayune* mentions that not long since a physician tried an experiment to satisfy himself of the extent of the danger incurred by ignorance on the part of persons compounding medical prescriptions. Calling at a certain drug store, he presented the following prescription: "Hydragr. chlor. mitis, grs. x.; soda bicarb., grs. x.; ammoniac murias, grs. x." Saying that he would call for the mixture in a few minutes, he turned as if to go, when the druggist, in an excited tone, called him back.

"Doctor," said the latter, "I can't make up these ingredients for any body to take: you must have made a mistake."

"How so?" said the doctor.

"Why, don't you see that there are here all the equivalents to constitute corrosive sublimate?"

"Of course I do," was the answer; "but I have submitted the same prescription at a dozen different places, and you are the first one who has objected to putting it up, or indicated any suspicion of its deadly nature."

Since peace has been restored in France work has been recommenced on the Grand Opera-house in Paris. The exterior is finished, but probably a couple of years will be needed to complete the interior. It will be a splendid structure—perhaps the most elaborate that has ever been erected to the service of music.

At Montmorency, one of the most picturesque sites in the environs of Paris, stands the residence formerly occupied by Jean Jacques Rousseau. It is situated on a hill which overlooks the town, and commands a delightful view, having in the foreground the Lake of Enghien, further on a thickly wooded valley dotted with white villas, and at the back the terrace of St. Germain. The mansion itself has been enlarged since Rousseau's time, but the part occupied by him has been preserved untouched. The study still remains as he used it; the terrace with its avenue of limes, which Rousseau used to say served him as a drawing-room; and the arbor planted by himself above the stone table, where he wrote so many pages. Rousseau lived here from December, 1757, until April, 1762, when his friends, the Marquis de Luxembourg and the Prince de Condé, came and carried him off at night to place him beyond the reach of the order of arrest issued against him after the publication of "Emile." This residence is now offered for sale, and many visitors embrace the opportunity to indulge their curiosity respecting the spot.

It is suggested by an unhappy sufferer that gas-meters should be regulated according to the number of lights in use, as when the full pressure is on, the meter registers about the same for ten as for twenty burners. The suggestion is worth experimenting upon. But generally gas-meters are hidden in dark, damp cellars, to make experiments convenient, they should be placed in some more accessible part of the house.

Ballooning will again become the fashion, since a celebrated Boston aeronaut has constructed the largest balloon ever used in this country, and proposes to make an ascension from Boston Common on the Fourth of July. This balloon, when filled with common illuminating gas, will carry fifteen or twenty passengers, with sufficient ballast for a long trip. The maker, Mr. King, has made some observations in his numerous aerial voyages which have been valuable to meteorological science.



INFANT'S CROCHET AND KNITTED BIB

For description see page 429.



Fig. 2.—MUSLIN AND OILED SILK BIB.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI, Fig. 40.



INFANT'S KNITTED APRON.
For description see page 429.



INFANT'S CAP.—POINT LACE
EMBROIDERY ON TULLE.

For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XXXIV., Figs. 95 and 96.



INFANT'S SHIRT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 57.

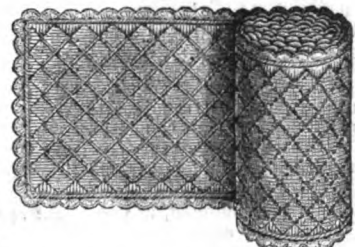


Fig. 2.—INFANT'S BAND.—JAVA
CANVAS WITH POINT RUSSE
EMBROIDERY AND CROCHET.

1 st. n., 2 p., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 p., 1 k., t. t. o., 2 p., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 p.; finally, k. 2 together, t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 2 st. n., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 1 st. n., 2 k. 26th round.—SL, * 13 p., 2 k., 2 p., 2 k., 1 p., t. t. o., 1 p., 2 k., 2 p., 2 k.; finally, 14 p. 27th round.—SL, * 1 k., t. t. o., 2 st. n., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 2 st. n., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 2 p., 1 k., t. t. o., 2 k., 2 p., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 2 p.; finally, 1 k., t. t. o., 2 st. n., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 2 st. n., t. t. o., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 k. Repeat the front from the fourth round until the front counts 84 rounds altogether, then knit five rounds, which appear purled on the right side. On the st. of the last round work 5 rounds. In the 25th round, which is all knit plain going forward, take up the



INFANT'S WAIST.—[See Page 437.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXXII., Figs. 91-93.



INFANT'S CANTON FLANNEL
APRON.

For pattern and description
see Supplement, No.
XXXI., Figs. 87-90



INFANT'S SWISS MUSLIN ROBE WITH BLUE SILK UNDER DRESS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVII., Figs. 79-81.



INFANT'S CAMBRIC APRON.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVI., Figs. 74 and 75.



Fig. 7.—CAMBRIC
ANTIPRON FOR GIRL
FROM 2 TO 4
YEARS OLD.

pattern and description see Suppl.,
VI, Figs. 24-26.

Fig. 8.—GRAY LINEN
APRON FOR GIRL
FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS
OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement,
No. XX., Fig. 55.

Fig. 9.
NURSE'S
DRESS.
For de-

scription
see Sup-
plement.

Fig. 10.—INFANT'S PIQUÉ SLIP.
For pattern and

description see
supplement, No.
X., Figs. 37-39.

Fig. 11.—SAILOR
SUIT FOR BOY
FROM 3 TO 5
YEARS OLD.—[For

pattern and description see Suppl., No. XXIV., Figs. 66-68.]

crossed, 1 p., k. 1 crossed; repeat five times from *, then 3 p., k. 1 crossed, 5 k. 3d round.—Sl., 4 k., p. 1 crossed, 3 k., p. 1 crossed, * 1 p., p. 1 crossed, 3 k., p. 1 crossed; repeat five times from *; finally, 5 k. 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th rounds like the 2d round; 5th, 7th, 9th, and 11th rounds like the 3d round; but in order to form the holes in the 6th round, as shown by the illustration, knit off the second and third, and fourth and fifth st. together, and between these throw the thread over twice. Form a similar hole at the end of the round. On every two threads thrown over work 1 k. and 1 p. in the sixth round. One pattern figure is formed with the 2d to 11th rounds; this figure is repeated until the band has gained the length required (about seventy inches), the design figures should be regularly transposed, however. For the

pointed end of the band narrow 1 st. at the beginning of every round. When the number of st. is reduced to 11, cast off. Finally, crochet on every hole at the outer edges of the band one scallop of 6 double crochet, after each scallop 1 single crochet, with which surround 3 st. in vertical direction. Sew two linen tapes each twenty-six inches long on the point of the band.

Fig. 2.—**JAVA CANVAS AND CROCHET BAND WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.** Cut first a piece of Java canvas of the requisite size, and button-hole stitch it all around, 6 (double) threads from the outer edge, with white knitting cotton (Estremadura No. 5), so that points are formed as shown by the illustration. The first stitch in the hollow of each point is worked on two threads in height, and the second over three threads after an interval of one thread; the following stitches increase one thread each in height. The next four stitches are shortened one thread each, and the next point is again begun with the first stitch. All around this button-hole stitch edge work a second, straight button-hole stitch edge on two threads in height, in doing this insert the needle in each button-hole stitch loop of the row first worked and in the material at the same time. Ornament the foundation with diamond lines in diagonal half-polka stitch, and on the outer edge crochet the following round. On the next button-hole stitch work one scallop of 7 double crochet, pass over two button-hole stitches, 1 single crochet on the following button-hole stitch, 1 double crochet scallop as before on the third following button-hole stitch, and so forth. Finally, cut away the edge of the material all around underneath the double crochet scallops, and on the point of the band sew two linen tapes each twenty-six inches long.

[WRITTEN FOR HARPER'S BAZAR.]

DOLLY VARDEN.

By BRET HARTE.

See illustration on page 436.

DEAR Dolly! who does not recall
The thrilling page that pictured all
Those charms that held our sense in thrall
Just as the artist caught her—
As down that English lane she tripped,
In flowered chintz, hat sideways tipped,
Trim-bodied, bright-eyed, roguish-lipped—
The locksmith's pretty daughter?

Sweet fragment of the Master's art!
O simple faith! O rustic heart!
O maid that hath no counterpart
In life's dry, dog-eared pages!
Where shall we find thy like? Ah, stay!
Methinks I saw her yesterday
In chintz that flowered, as one might say,
Perennial for ages.

Her father's modest cot was stone,
Five stories high. In style and tone
Composite, and, I frankly own,
Within its walls revealing
Some certain novel, strange ideas:
A Gothic door with Roman piers,
And floors removed some thousand years
From their Pompeian ceiling.

The small *salon* where she received
Was Louis Quatorze, and relieved
By Chinese cabinets, conceived
Grotesquely by the heathen;
The sofas were a classic sight—
The Roman bench (*sedilia* high);
The chairs were French, in gold and white,
And one Elizabethan.

And she, the goddess of that shrine,
Two ringed fingers placed in mine—
The stones were many carats fine,
And of the purest water—
Then dropped a courtesy, far enough
To fairly fill her *cretonne* puff
And show the petticoat's rich stuff
That her fond parent bought her.

Her speech was simple as her dress—
Not French the more, but English less,
She loved; yet sometimes, I confess,
I scarce could comprehend her.
Her manners were quite far from shy:
There was a quiet in her eye
Appalling to the Hugh who'd try
With rudeness to offend her.

"But whence," I cried, "this masquerade?
Some figure for to-night's charade—
A Watteau shepherdess or maid?"

She smiled, and begged my pardon:
"Why, surely you must know the name—
That woman who was Shakespeare's flame,
Or Byron's—well, it's all the same:
Why, Lord! I'm Dolly Varden!"

MY FIRST DUEL.

IT is the fashion nowadays in this country to reprobate dueling as foolish and immoral. However much it may still linger among other civilized nations, we, at any rate (so we tell ourselves), have drifted far away from the absurd habit of considering a cartel as the necessary consequence of the slightest provocation—the most effectual settlement of every trivial dispute.

It may perhaps be doubted whether the entire abandonment of the practice of dueling has, in its results, been productive of unmitigated good; whether cases have not arisen, and do not frequently arise, of which a duel would be by far the most satisfactory solution; cases in which the most severe moralist could scarcely condemn the course; where a man might take his own life in his hand for the sake of inflicting well-merited punishment upon another, and yet hope to meet with no harsh, inexorable doom if summoned to the presence of the all-merciful Judge; where the mere knowledge that a certain line of

action must inevitably be pursued at the risk of his own life would suffice to deter a man from an infamous, and in this age too little punished, crime. Such cases, however, if they exist at all, are, it must be admitted, rare; and, at any rate, dueling is now extinct in England. Nevertheless, it is not so very many years ago since the practice fell into disrepute, and I have still a vivid recollection of all the incidents connected with my own first duel.

Malta in 18—, not Malta as it is now; no mighty casemated fort towering in colossal strength below the Baracca; no huge cavernous tank or naval prison on Corradino, no dry dock at the Marsa—no, not Malta as it is now, certainly, but still the same Malta, still the same paradise for nine months of the year, the same purgatory for the remaining three. The fierce heat of summer is giving place to the more tempered warmth of autumn, and men, worn out and enervated by the unusually hot season, are rejoicing in the prospect of a change, and looking anxiously, longingly, for the first shower of rain that shall impart some slight degree of coolness to the air, and render life somewhat more endurable. The eye, wearied with the continual glare reflected eternally from the white houses, the dusty roads, and the bare glowing rock, in vain seeks relief from the brown hardened fields. The grass is parched and withered, save in some few favored sheltered spots; and the only green thing upon which the throbbing blinded eye can rest is an occasional carob or fig tree. The very ground is athirst for rain, and the shrunken earth opens in great yawning fissures, as if riven by some dire convulsion of nature. Every one, pallid and enfeebled with the heat, is looking forward to the approaching winter, and many are projecting picnics and excursions to some one of those few spots where vegetation is still to be found, and where, under the luxurious shade of some welcome tree, with the slumberous murmur of a tiny streamlet, or the ceaseless ripple of the ever-heaving ocean, falling soothingly on their ears, and the sweet odor of the orange blooms hanging heavy in the motionless air, they may alternately watch the shimmering heat rising from the glowing ground, and refresh their eyes, wearied with the dazzling glare of the Valetta streets, with the sight of a green tree or a small patch of verdure-clad ground.

Just at this time the ship to which I belonged, his Majesty's frigate *Spartiate*, came into Malta Harbor to get a new bowsprit fitted in place of the one she had "sprung" in a squall off the Greek coast a few days before. We had been at sea nearly the whole of the long hot summer, and officers and crew were now equally delighted at the prospect of a run on shore. Most of us, however, were very soon tired of the parallel dusty terraces and steep flights of stone steps that constitute the streets of Valetta, and longed for something more nearly allied to the green fields and shady lanes of home. So, starting off one forenoon, and taking my servant with us with a hamper of provisions by way of luncheon, four of us chartered a *calèche*, and bade the driver to take us to *Em Tahleh*—a precipitous valley hidden among the rocky hills somewhat to the southward of the centre of the island, calm, secluded, beautiful, and green; and, even then, famed for its strawberry gardens, and a favorite resort for a day's excursion. We strolled about, and lounged under the trees and dreamily smoked our cigars, and had luncheon, and lazily smoked again; and then I, who had never visited the place before, quitted the others and started off on a short tour of exploration in the neighborhood. I had not proceeded far, and was sauntering meditatively beside a thick hedge of the prickly-pear cactus that separated me from the narrow path running through the grounds, when I heard a sound that caused me to stop short in my walk and look eagerly around. It was a slight cry—evidently born of fear, and issuing from feminine lips—and appeared to come from the other side of the hedge, to climb over or break through which seemed equally an impossibility.

Fortunately, however, a few yards in front of me, where some herdsman had torn down the succulent plants to eke out the scanty sustenance which the withered herbage afforded to his milch goats, was a large gap. Thither I quickly bent my steps, and, emerging upon the pathway, became at once aware of the cause of the cry that I had heard. Standing hesitatingly, evidently unwilling to turn back, and yet afraid to advance, was a tall and beautiful girl, while coiled up in the centre of the path directly in front of her, fierce and menacing in his lissom strength, with head erect and his bright red eyes gleaming with malice, lay a large black-snake.

I have often since thought that, much as the girl was terrified at the reptile, those two formed by nature no ill-assorted pair. But I did not think so then. I suppose no man ever cares to expatiate in detail upon the charms and beauty of the woman who has aroused in his heart all the passion of which his nature is capable. It sounds too much like profaning the sacredness of love, and putting the woman upon whom one's dearest affections are concentrated on a par with a horse one is anxious to dispose of. At any rate, I am not going to give a detailed description of Rose Cornwell. It is sufficient that, as I saw her then for the first time, timid and shrinking, with her cheek pale and her large lustrous eyes dilated with aversion and fear, I thought I had never gazed upon a sight so beautiful. As I ran toward her the snake took fright, and gliding away, succeeded, much to my annoyance, in making good his escape among the strawberry plants that fringed one side of the path; and then the least I could do was to offer my arm to the trembling, terrified girl, and crave permission to escort her to her party. We had not far to go; and then I gave my name and was duly introduced to her aunt, a Mrs. Luton,

and warmly thanked for my opportune interposition. Aunt and niece, I found, had not long come out from England, and were going to spend the winter in Malta. So, after expressing a hope that I should meet them at some of the balls during the approaching season, and obtaining leave to call upon them in the mean while, I rejoined my companions and recounted my adventure.

The season began early that year in Malta. The summer cruise of the Mediterranean fleet was an unusually short one, and when the ships had returned to their winter moorings, balls and parties soon commenced in earnest. The intervening period had been a busy time for me. When once the *Spartiate* got into the hands of the dock-yard it was discovered that she stood in need of all sorts of repairs; that she wanted caulking; that her lower rigging was worn out, and required to be replaced; so, altogether, my time was pretty well occupied. Nevertheless, I had found leisure to call twice at Mrs. Luton's, and each time I had had the good fortune to find her and her niece at home; so that I was already engaged for several dances before I entered the room at the first ball of the season, and found that Rose Cornwell had arrived there before me.

There is no need to chronicle the events of the next few weeks. They were very much a repetition of the old, old story. Absurd as it may seem to say so, I was really hopelessly in love with a girl whom I had not seen half a dozen times; and before Christmas came, standing with her in the shelter of one of the bastions of Saint Ilmo, watching the huge white waves as they came towering in, driven onward before the fury of a fierce *gale*, and sending great showers of spray high into the air over the highest battlements of the fort, I received from her lips the solemn promise to be my wife.

Only a few days after my engagement to Rose had received the formal sanction of her aunt, Harry Gordon, my old messmate in the *Argus*, came out to join the *Spartiate*. He was one of the best fellows that ever drew breath—high-minded, honorable, and true as steel; and proud of my beautiful fiancée, I took him one day to be introduced to her. Rose's back was turned as we entered the room; she was standing by the window, and had not heard the servant announce us; but, hearing my voice, she looked round and came toward us. As she did so her gaze rested for a moment upon Harry. She started, as I fancied, perceptibly, and every particle of color left her face, returning in an instant with a rapidity that flushed even her neck with the deepest crimson. In astonishment I turned to Harry, and as I did so fancied I intercepted a quick glance of puzzled recognition; but as he did not claim acquaintance a moment afterward when I introduced him, and as Rose ascribed her momentary indisposition to the shock of suddenly meeting a stranger when she had imagined I was unaccompanied, I had no option but to conclude that I must have been mistaken. Nevertheless, I had an uneasy, indefinable sensation, almost amounting to a dread of I knew not what. The conversation flagged, and Harry and I presently left together.

My companion was unusually silent as we walked along; so, partly by way of starting a conversation, partly to quiet the uneasy feeling in my own mind, I asked him whether he and Miss Cornwell had met before. He hesitated a moment ere he replied, and then said, "No. To tell you the truth, Charlie, she is the very image of a Miss Douglas that I used to know in London a couple of years ago, after we were paid off in the old *Argus*. That was what made me look so queer when I first saw her. But, of course, they can't be the same."

"No, of course not, as your friend's name was Douglas, and Rose's is Cornwell," I answered, pettishly.

"Yes, of course they are different," he assented. "Well, I shall go on board again. I suppose you won't come just yet? Good-by."

I went for a short walk that day before I returned to Mrs. Luton's. I was thoroughly vexed and uncomfortable. That Harry was not quite sure that the resemblance between Miss Cornwell and Miss Douglas was only a resemblance, I was perfectly certain of, from the tone in which he spoke, and I could not but confess that Rose's sudden pallor was, at any rate, an unfortunate coincidence; but then, to admit the possibility of this opened up the way to a whole train of suspicions that I would not put into words even to my own heart—that, indeed, when I had returned to Miss Cornwell's, I felt ashamed so far to yield to ask her, as I had intended to do, whether she had ever before met Harry Gordon. From that day forward, however, an estrangement gradually sprang up between Harry and myself. I felt instinctively that he did not like Rose, and would not be sorry to see my engagement to her broken off; and this gave rise to a feeling of irritation and pride on my part that frequently prompted me to say things to him that nothing but his uniform courtesy and good nature could have prevented from causing an open rupture. And so a coolness gradually grew up between us that threatened to increase as time went on, and to sap even the very foundations of our old friendship.

All this time, too, the uneasy feeling that originated in my mind on the day that I introduced Harry to Miss Cornwell had been gaining strength. I could not account for it nor analyze it; it seemed like a vague dread of some impending evil, that, much as I struggled against it, I could not shake off. Even in her presence it did not always entirely disappear; but there, at any rate, it was repressed by my passionate love for her, which forbade me even to hint at anything that might imply any want of confidence on my part. And so things went on, until the day was fixed that was to make Rose and me one. I had made up my mind

that I would invite Harry to the ceremony, and the following morning I took an opportunity of doing so—moved thereto more perhaps by bravado than by any wish that he should actually be present on the occasion. He congratulated me, as I thought, very coldly upon the approaching event, and courteously declined my invitation; then turning suddenly toward me with a burst of his old cordial manner, and speaking very rapidly and earnestly, he said:

"Nolan, I can't let this go on without an effort to stop it. I must tell you—I ought to have told you long ago. For Heaven's sake don't marry Miss Cornwell. I have the best of reasons for knowing that she is the same girl I used to know in London as Hester Douglas, and you know I was not living a very steady life then. Yes, strike me if you like, Charlie," he continued, as I made a stride toward him; "only listen. You and I are old friends, and I can't stand quietly by and see you innocently marry a girl that I know ought not to be your wife. Don't believe me: ask her—ask her whether she ever knew a Miss Douglas in London, or ever lived at Surbiton, and draw your own conclusions from her answers. You might have seen from her face, when you introduced me to her, that we had met before," he went on, with a half sneer.

I had been silent with astonishment during Harry's speech; but the last few words, the cutting reference to that event, the origin of all those uneasy doubts and half-formed suspicions that had ever since so cruelly haunted me, gave words to my anger, and caused me to form a sudden determination.

"I will ask her; and if, as I suspect, your statement is false—" I paused, almost choking with passion.

"I will abide the issue," he said, calmly, and left the cabin.

Two hours afterward I was in Miss Cornwell's presence. I had been at first all impatience to hear her denial of any acquaintance with Miss Douglas; but during the long row to the shore, and the toilsome walk up the steep hill that leads from the Custom-house to the gates, I had full leisure to grow cool, and to reflect that Harry had spoken of no suspicions, but had made a positive statement, which he, with his habitual caution, would be, of all men, the least likely to do unless he had good reason for believing in its truth. And if it were true—But by the time my reflections had reached this stage I had arrived at Mrs. Luton's door, and after a moment's pause I rang the bell.

Rose was seated at the table, writing a letter, as I entered. She got up and came toward me; and taking her hand in mine, I led her to the couch at the end of the room, and seated myself beside her.

"Rose, when you were in London, did you ever hear of a Miss Douglas?"

Her eyes flashed under their long black silky lashes.

"Mr. Gordon has been talking to you," she said, vehemently.

I looked at her in amazement. If Harry's statement were untrue, what possible association could there be in her mind between him and Miss Douglas? She saw that she had betrayed herself, and continued, gently:

"I thought you knew that he called here the other day. Did he not tell you of it? I forgot to do so. I don't think he likes me, Charlie. Oh, my darling, don't let him come between us!" she murmured, softly, as she nestled closer to my side.

I am neither able nor desirous to follow out the interview. A loving woman's (and with all her faults Rose did love me) endearments and caresses are too sacred to be lightly spoken of; and, excepting in so far as the narration of them may serve to the gratification of a morbid curiosity, it can be a matter of but little interest to any excepting the two most intimately concerned. I suppose I was a fool; perhaps my love blinded me. No doubt I ought to have seen through it all; but somehow I didn't. I only saw a beautiful girl whom I passionately loved—an angel who had been maliciously slandered. Carried away by the witchery of the moment, I forgot my long-cherished doubts; I forgot the probabilities, the suspicious circumstances of the case. It seemed impossible to associate any thing evil with one so fair, so gentle, so loving; and returning once more to the unswerving allegiance, to the unwavering confidence of old, I wondered with shame how I could ever have allowed myself to doubt. My heart wanted to be convinced, and it was convinced; but my reason was stubborn, however much I might decline to listen to its voice; and this did not tend to abate the irritation which, by an utterly irrational but perfectly natural reaction, I felt against Harry, and which induced me to regard him rather as one who had willfully insulted my future wife than as one who, wishing to save me from what he justly regarded as an irreparable disgrace, had been led to make a false statement under the belief in its truth—a mistake for which an apology might be a sufficient atonement.

No doubt, had I had time for reflection, I should have viewed it in this light; but unfortunately before I had left Mrs. Luton's house many minutes, while the glamour was still strong upon me, I met a party of men, foremost among whom was Harry Gordon. They were most of them acquaintances of my own, and little as a conversation with them accorded with my mood of the moment, I knew it was impossible to pass them without speaking.

"We are going up to Marti's to play a pool, Nolan," said Bertie Chestle, when the first greeting was over. "Will you come?"

"Thanks, I'm going on board."

"Oh, nonsense: you'll do better on the board of green cloth. Come along."

"It's no good, Chestle; Nolan has given up

all that sort of thing," broke in Harry, with a laugh.

The speech was innocent enough; but in my then state of feeling toward Gordon I was chafed that he should make any remarks about my actions; and in as hard, cold a tone as I could assume I replied, "Mr. Gordon is requested to confine his attention to his own affairs, and, when he does meddle with other people's, not to make statements which are deliberately untrue."

Every one looked at me in astonishment. Harry turned very white, and from between his compressed lips came one word: "Charlie!"

"I said, Sir, that your statement was deliberately untrue. Need I say more?"

One glance of pained surprise, and, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, he took the arm of one of his companions, and walked away. As soon as he was gone, I turned to a man whom I knew, a captain in the 205th.

"Lane, you must see me through this," I said, impetuously.

"With all my heart. Let us go to my quarters. Gentlemen, *au revoir*. If Gordon or De Lacy wants any information, tell him that Nolan is with me, will you? Nolan, what is all this about?" he continued, as soon as we were out of hearing. "I don't want to be inquisitive, but no one will believe but that there was some concealed motive for what you said—you and Gordon such old friends too; and if I am to act for you, don't you think, for your own sake, I ought to know it, so as to set you right in case of accidents?"

"I am afraid I can't tell you," I replied. "There is a motive, of course; but you must forgive me for using my own discretion about communicating it to any one."

Lane looked at me a moment in silence, and nothing more was said on the subject till we reached his quarters. There, about an hour afterward, De Lacy joined us. He and I had never been introduced to one another; but after a hurried glance round the room, to assure himself that there were no casual intruders, he walked toward me.

"Lieutenant Nolan, I believe?" I bowed affirmatively as I took his card. "I need hardly say, I presume, that I am here on the part of Mr. Gordon. This seems a sad business. Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing," I replied, briefly.

"Gordon has not been very explicit; but he hinted that there were reasons. Surely you will explain?" He broke off abruptly.

"I will explain nothing. Captain Lane acts for me."

"Then things must take their course;" and he returned to Lane.

Their conference was long and earnest. I heard afterward that De Lacy tried again to bring about an understanding, and even admitted that he had been instructed to use every effort to induce me to apologize; but that Lane told him he was satisfied that it would be perfectly useless to endeavor to obtain any retraction or apology from me. At last De Lacy left, bowing ceremoniously to me as he quitted the room, and then Lane turned to me:

"It is settled for to-morrow morning at five o'clock, behind the Phœnician ruins on Corradino: pistols, of course. We had better have some dinner now, and that will give you an hour or two before you turn in to see after any business you want to attend to. I suppose you'll like a long night for the sake of steadying the hand, and you'll have to be up early."

I have "been out" several times since, but I don't think that I ever experienced the same feelings on the eve of a meeting that I did on this occasion. It was not only that it was my first duel, that all the sensations connected with it were novel, but I seemed to be impelled by perfectly savage ferocity—by a sheer animal lust for blood. I knew that Harry was a dead-shot; but the possibility of his hitting me did not greatly affect my mind. The sole feeling of which I was conscious was one of intense delight that I was about to have an opportunity of avenging what I had induced myself to consider as his maliciously false imputations upon Miss Cornewall.

I had but little to do in the way of preparation, and that little was soon done—a letter to my mother, another to Rose, a few lines to one or two old friends on the chance of the worst—and then Lane and I drew our chairs up to the window, and smoked and talked until our watches warned us that, with the prospect of an early journey before us, we could no longer defer going to bed.

Lane awoke me in good time the next morning.

"I have given you till the last minute, Nolan. Edwards will be here directly with the calèche. I sent him for it some time ago. You'll find a cup of coffee in the next room; or would you prefer a nip of brandy—just a something to steady the nerves?"

Out through the Porta Reale, across Floriana parade-ground, round the Marsa, with scarcely a word spoken between us; and then, where the road turns off on the left toward Burmola, we left our calèche. A scramble over a low stone wall, a five minutes' walk through the young barley sprouting beneath our feet, and we reached the ground—a small field encompassed with low walls of shapeless blocks of jagged unhewn stone piled one on another. In one corner of it was a circle of upright single stones, commonly known as the Phœnician ruins—a sort of Stonehenge in miniature—and toward this we bent our way. There was no one behind them, and we were evidently first on the ground; so we sat down and awaited the arrival of our adversaries. It was one of those clear, glorious mornings that are so common in the Mediterranean in early spring. Behind us the slope of the ground, while it concealed us from observation from the

ships in the harbor, also shut in the view in that direction; but in front of us the country stretched out for miles in a highly cultivated plain, till in the distance the rampart and towers of Città Vecchia bounded the scene, and stood out, white with the early rays of the morning sun, above purple-blue haze that toned down without obscuring the varying tints of the intervening valley. Every now and again the rumble of some country cart, or the monstrous drone of some peasant laborer hastening to his daily toil, broke upon the silence; but beyond that all was still. Suddenly we heard the sound of falling stones, and looking round, saw Gordon, De Lacy, and some third person whom I did not know vaulting the low wall that encompassed the field. On seeing us they stopped, and Lane, rising and advancing a step or two toward them, he and De Lacy drew a little apart, and I was left standing alone. Presently I saw the seconds measuring the ground, and then Lane came up to me and led me to my post, saying, as he put the cold butt of the pistol into my hand,

"Gordon has brought a doctor with him. Mind and aim low." Then he added in a louder voice, "Gentlemen, are you both ready? Mr. De Lacy gives the words, one—two—three: at the last word you fire."

There we stood—Harry and I—in the brightening light, half facing one another, sombre and stern, each of us with his pistol in his hand, waiting for the word. How long this state of expectation lasted I can not say—not more than a few seconds, I suppose; but it sufficed to carry me back in thought many years, and to bring before me a vision of the old parsonage house and ivy-mantled church, the green fields and shady lanes, among which my childhood had been passed. At length De Lacy's voice recalled me to myself, as in clear, incisive tones he slowly uttered the words,

"One—two—three."

The two reports rang out simultaneously, and, with a slight cry, Harry fell on his face on the ground. Then, forgetting all about Rose—remembering only the old friendship between Gordon and myself—I rushed forward in a paroxysm of remorse at my handiwork. But the seconds had anticipated me; and before I could cover the intervening ground, De Lacy was supporting Harry's head upon his knee. The doctor, too, was kneeling by him, examining the wound. The bullet had entered on the right side, where Harry had exposed it by raising his arm to fire, but the flow of blood was very slight. The surgeon, however, evidently thought it serious; for after a short examination he rose and shook his head sadly. Slight as the motion was, Harry's eye detected it, and he made a sign to the others to draw back. The seconds looked at one another for a moment, and then, in spite of the irregularity of the proceeding, they complied; and taking De Lacy's place, I bent down to catch the words as they fell from Harry's lips.

"Charlie, I'm afraid I'm done for this time. Don't reproach yourself, old fellow: it couldn't be helped. Of course we know what it was about, however little others may. I didn't want to do any one any harm," he went on, almost plaintively, "or to violate any one's confidence; but I was in hopes that what I said to you yesterday would have led to your engagement being broken off; but as you have chosen to fight for her, I suppose it is on still. Charlie, you mustn't marry her—indeed you mustn't. Put your hand into my pocket, and you'll find a bundle of letters—that's it—that will tell you all about it."

Harry's voice had been growing weaker and weaker as he spoke, until the last few words were almost a whisper; so I made a sign to the others, and carefully, tenderly, we carried him to his calèche and placed him in it. He was taken to De Lacy's rooms, where for weeks he hovered between life and death, and where I saw him frequently. A good constitution pulled him through at last, however, in spite of the doctors; and the *Spartiate* being then up the Adriatic, he did not rejoin her, but invalided to England.

And the packet? When I had gone on board, and could open it quietly in the seclusion of my own cabin, I found that it consisted of four letters. The first was from Harry to myself, and was merely to the effect that, having in view the possibility that the duel might be fatal to him, and thinking that I ought to be made aware of the truth, he had prepared this packet, to furnish me with the evidences of it, in case of his decease. Then came two other letters, addressed to him, and dated about two years back. I had little need to read them—the handwriting told me who the author was; but I read them through. They were both signed "Hester Douglas;" and their contents were such as to leave no reasonable doubt of the relation which the writer bore to Gordon at the time they were written. The blow had fallen. All Harry's imputations—all those suspicions that his words had suggested, but that I had never allowed myself to entertain—were true. There was no need of farther evidence; but, as if to render it complete, there was the fourth letter still unread, and I resolutely forced myself to read it. Even at that moment I found time to notice that it looked newer, less soiled, than the others. It was dated "Strada Stretta, Malta, February 2, 18—" (the day that I had introduced Harry to Miss Cornewall), and ran as follows:

"I knew it must come at last—that we should meet again. But you will keep my secret, won't you? Oh, Harry, for the sake of the love you once bore me, spare me. He knows nothing—need never know any thing. And I love him, Harry, and have put away the past with the old name. Why should you visit the sins of Hester Douglas upon Rose Cornewall?"

When I had finished reading the letters, I could not at once decide upon the next step.

My brain was in a whirl, and for the time I seemed incapable of volition. At length, however, I determined to adopt a suggestion contained in Harry's note to myself, namely, that I should forward the letters to Miss Cornewall. I inclosed them, therefore, in an envelope, together with a few lines from myself, telling her the circumstances under which they came into my possession, and intimating that, all things considered, it would, in my opinion, be better that we should not meet again. From that day to this I have never seen Rose Cornewall; but some twelve months afterward I heard that she had become a Roman Catholic, and had entered a convent at Naples.

As for myself, I did not long remain on the station. The duel was a great deal talked about, and all sorts of reasons were assigned for it by popular rumor, and I was sick at heart, and not ambitious of notoriety. I wanted some place where I could see new faces and find new occupation. So within a month of the duel—as soon, in fact, as Gordon was out of danger—I applied to be superseded, and came home to England.

When I came to think coolly about it afterward, it did appear somewhat extraordinary that, considering Harry's renown as a shot, I should have come scatheless out of the affair. I had not been home long, however, when I made a discovery that perhaps accounted for his bad shooting. He was then, and had been for some time previously, secretly engaged to my sister. The whole thing came out when he invalided to England, and they were married shortly after. I do not know whether Harry ever made a clean breast to his wife of what happened in Malta; but I am inclined to think that their second daughter, Rose (she is the mother of two children herself now), is not unlikely to benefit by the will of her crusty old bachelor uncle.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

IT would never be suspected that Paris had so lately been besieged and bombarded, or that it had suffered from cold, hunger, and pestilence, and, still worse, the Commune and the petroleum incendiaries. The hotels are obliged to turn away guests from their doors, the furnished apartments are crowded to overflowing, and the streets are blocked up with carriages. After having been first forcibly banished from Paris by war, and then voluntarily by resentment and distrust, the most obstinate at last find that it is tiresome to live far from the great city, and have left their castles under the elastic pretext of business. Their principal business is to be again in Paris, to behold once more that much-abused but always beloved city, with which it is impossible to have more than a lovers' quarrel, and to see her theatres, her museums, her exhibitions, her books, and her journals appearing every hour.

This resurrection of the great city is viewed from two opposite points of view by the pessimists and the optimists. "See how incapable this nation is of regeneration!" say the first. "It can neither learn or forget any thing, and has returned to its diversions, its luxury, and its frivolous and extravagant habits! See the sumptuous equipages drawn by thorough-bred steeds, the magnificent dresses, the Champs Elysées thronged with a joyous crowd, the theatres filled to overflowing, and the exhibition of paintings, visited by fourteen thousand people in two days! What is to become of such a giddy people!" "Is it not admirable?" cry the optimists, in turn. "What vitality and elasticity there is in this nation that nothing can cast down, whose good humor naught can cloud, and whose trust in the future naught can shake! In spite of its burned villages, plundered cities, and hundreds of thousands of inhabitants slain and expatriated, not a trace of these calamities appears on the surface. Commerce is prospering, manufactures are flourishing, all are earning their daily bread, every man has returned to his work full of eagerness and confidence; the necessity of raising money in abundance to rebuild the ruins and to pay the heavy taxes stimulates the energies and imaginations of all, and in the end plundered France will find herself far richer than her spoilers."

The first are not wholly wrong, but the latter are quite right. It is certain that a community, especially a cosmopolitan community like the fashionable world of Paris, which, without being solely French, is made up from every quarter of both continents—it is certain, I say, that this community can not change its tastes and habits in a few hours, or consent to wear sackcloth and ashes in patriotic mourning. The essential thing is that French society should be reorganized on a sound basis, that it should set an example of comparative simplicity, that it should set up anew the barriers, so much disregarded of late, between the world of respectability and the *demi-monde*, and that the former should no longer copy the latter so closely as often to be mistaken for it. This is the consummation which we desire and expect.

The trial of Marshal Bazaine is about to begin. It is reported that he said, coldly, a few days since, "I shall be shot." Whether this is true or not, it is certain that he is loudly condemned by public opinion as having been the destroyer of France. But what could have been expected from the Mexican intriguer—from him who sold the French munitions to the very men against whom they were designed to be used?

It is evident that Paris is full of attractions: first, the exhibition of paintings; then, in two months, the exhibition of useful articles, to which America will contribute a large share; the trial of Bazaine; the investigation into the

bargains of the empire and the government of the 4th of September; the sessions of the Assembly, which are daily becoming more interesting, now that it is about to take action on the important laws concerning military service and education—all these things furnish a surfeit of food for the curious spectators who are flocking hither from every quarter of the globe.

The Paris modistes are well satisfied with this state of affairs. A feverish activity pervades the shops, and the work-women are kept busy day and night to prepare the exquisite costumes that are wanted for the summer—though these dresses will all be worn in France, since the fashionable world has universally decided not to go abroad, unless it be to Switzerland, to which country France owes a debt of gratitude. It is the same with the artists. A pianist, Camille Saint-Sciéus, who had intended to go to Germany to fill an engagement, was hissed off the stage the other evening at a popular concert, in spite of her talent, and told to go back to Germany.

Embroidery is the rage of the season. Silk, foulard, and crêpe de Chine dresses are all embroidered, sometimes with soutache laid on flat, but generally the embroidery is worked on the stuff itself, which is often entirely covered with it. Those who prefer a simple and rich style, choose color on color, or at most have the embroidery a shade darker or lighter than the material; but persons with fantastic tastes, and foreigners, do not confine themselves within these limits. To give an idea of this style of dress, I will describe a costume devised for a great Russian lady. The skirt was of rose de Chine faye, with a wide scalloped flounce of écu silk. The flounce was interrupted in front, and the skirt embroidered all over *en tablier* with écu silk. Polonaise opening over this embroidery made of écu silk, edged with large scalloped points of rose de Chine silk. From each point a bouquet of embroidered rose de Chine silk extended upward almost to the belt. Écu corsage, embroidered with rose de Chine, worn over a rose de Chine vest embroidered with écu. Under the points of the polonaise was set écu fringed guipure. Écu paracol, lined and embroidered with rose de Chine. Écu rice straw bonnet, trimmed with a spray of roses. I forgot to say that the large loops of the belt, set under the left side of the basque, were of écu ribbon fringed with rose. This is the type of a rich and a little—what shall I say?—a little too remarkable costume for pure Parisian taste. A true Parisian would have made the suit of two shades of gray or écu.

The following black suit is more in conformity with general taste. Skirt of plain black taffetas, without trimming. Polonaise redingote of the same material, very long, loose in front, and falling straight. This redingote is edged with narrow gold-colored woolen guipure, not more than an inch and a quarter wide, and set on flat. The back of the redingote is draped in a pouf by means of large loops of black ribbon, and the fronts are turned back from the top to the bottom to form large revers. The half-fitting sleeves have a deep cuff, edged with gold-colored guipure, and trimmed with large bows of ribbon arranged in clusters of loops. Black straw bonnet with strings lined with gold-colored silk, and trimmed with a cluster of buttercups.

Many suits are seen made of printed percale, composed in the following manner: Skirt of plain écu percale. Polonaise of écu percale, sprinkled with large black, white, or pale écu dots, the size of half a dollar. Other suits are made entirely, both skirt and polonaise, of blue percale, with large white dots. This style has an elegance in its simplicity which is truly Parisian, though not appreciated by every one.

Dresses are also made of striped percale, over which is worn an over-skirt and bretelles. This costume, which is especially suited to young girls, consists of a skirt with high-waist and almost tight-fitting sleeves of striped écu and russet percale, and over-skirt of russet mousseline de laine, edged with a bias fold and notched flounce of the material. This over-skirt is draped in a pouf behind. Over the high-necked waist of the percale dress are worn wide bretelles of russet mousseline de laine, composed of a bias fold, trimmed on each side with a notched ruffle. In the back is set a large bow of the same material as the bretelles, and also edged with a ruffle.

It is still affirmed that velvet skirts will be worn all summer. I have seen one in preparation for a summer dress (for a foreign lady) which I will describe: Skirt of light vert-de-gris velvet. Polonaise of grenadine of the same shade as the skirt, embroidered with large bouquets of a darker tint, and trimmed with very wide woolen fringed guipure of the same shade as the bouquets. To vary this costume, polonaises are made of white muslin trimmed with white guipure insertion and edging, with a sash and bows of vert-de-gris ribbon. This polonaise will also be worn over velvet skirts. It is said that this fashion of wearing velvet skirts in summer is in compliment to the Duchess de Montpensier, who is a Spaniard, velvet being worn in Spain in all seasons of the year. On the other hand, it is predicted that we shall be obliged to have fires all summer, and that consequently velvet will naturally be in season even in July.

Bonnets are saucapans of straw or lace, and saucapans are never lovely. I know, indeed, that by an art of which none but Parisian milliners are capable, these bonnets become almost graceful in their hands. But what would they not make if less grotesque shapes were adopted? We see many of colored tulle, trimmed with blonde of the same color, in gray, rose, ancien blue, vert-de-gris, etc.; for all colors have a sickly or convalescent aspect; they are shadows of colors, ghosts of shades, attenuations of tints, which remain intangible.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.



"DOWN THAT ENGLISH LANE SHE TRIPPED—
THE LOCKSMITH'S PRETTY DAUGHTER."—[SEE POEM, PAGE 434.]

Garden Hat and Hoods, Figs. 1-3.

Fig. 1.—WHITE FIGURED JACONET GARDEN HAT. To make this hat cut of double stiff lace for the crown an oval piece ten inches long and eight inches and seven-eighths wide. Lay this piece in small pleats on the outer edge, at regular intervals, until it is wide enough to fit the head (twenty inches and a half in the original). Cover the crown with figured jaconet, which is arranged in several cross pleats for the middle of the crown. For the rim of the hat cut a straight strip of figured jaconet fifty-two inches long and five inches and three-quarters wide, and gather this strip, sewing in a piece of covered wire forty-four inches long on one side, a piece of similar wire thirty-one inches and a quarter long through the middle, and a piece of wire twenty inches and seven-eighths long on the other side. The ends of each piece of wire are overlapped half an inch and fastened, and the ends of the strip gathered in this manner are sewed up. Finally, set short pieces of wire covered with jaconet on the under side of the rim at regular intervals; each piece of



BLOUSE FOR BOY FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXV.,
Figs. 69-73.



BLOUSE FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4
YEARS OLD.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

flowers and cool green leaves, to say nothing of hot-house pine-apples and blooming grape clusters, than to employ the same senses with reference to steaming sirloins of beef and smoking saddles of mutton. Why should it ever have been thought necessary that a monstrous fish should lie wallowing on his flat dish at one end of the table, seeming to gasp with his widely gaping mouth, while his round white eyes stared at the company in mute reproach? Why was it indispensable to balance this finny captive by a caldron of hot soup, euphemistically styled a *tureen*, and large enough to have contained a fatted calf in the form of mock-turtle? And then the carving—the horrid sharpening of the knife with which some enthusiastic operators insisted on precluding the ceremony, the cutting and slicing and dismembering of blameless fowls, the dissection of a quarter of lamb, or the sacrificial observance of carving a haunch of venison—are we not well rid of these, and of the hideous anatomical talk to which they gave rise among



SHIRT FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.
pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII,
Figs. 52 and 53.



DRESS FOR BOY FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVII, Figs. 76-78.



INFANT'S WAIST.—[See Double Page.]
For pattern and description see Supplement,
No. XXXII, Figs. 91-93.

wire extends from one outer wire of the rim to the other, and the crown and rim are overseamed together. The joining seam is covered by a Swiss muslin binding. The hat is bordered with two ruches of figured jaconet an inch and a half wide, which are arranged in box-pleats half an inch wide; the ruche on the outside is hemmed on both sides a quarter of an inch wide, and the ruche on the inside is pinked very fine. The crown of the hat is surrounded with a pleated band of figured jaconet, which is edged with lace, and the ends of which fall loose in the back. A bow of jaconet is set on in front. An elastic braid keeps the hat in place. Bend the hat thus finished in the shape shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—WHITE LINEN GARDEN HOOD. This hood is made of fine white linen, trimmed with guipure insertion seven-eighths of an inch wide, white lace an inch and a quarter wide, and with blue silk ribbon. Fig. 54, Supplement, gives the pattern for the hood.

Fig. 3.—ÉCRU ORGANDY GARDEN HOOD. The trimming for this hood consists of écreu lace and brown reps ribbon edged with similar lace. Brown gros grain ribbon strings, trimmed with lace, tie under the chin. Figs. 31-33, Supplement, give the pattern for the hood.

MODERN DINNER-TABLES.

ALL things considered, it may be owned that the modern dinner-table, the table of to-day, approaches as nearly to the old Greek type as is compatible with the widely divergent character of the two civilizations. It certainly approaches the classic pattern in two valuable particulars—beauty and repose. There is much to please the eye. Instead of the heavy silver dish-covers, behind which Theodore Hook and Sydney Smith began that file-firing of puns and paradoxes which was to last till tea-time, we now see bright blossoms and graceful green fronds of drooping fern, and rich ripe fruit, obviously piled up rather to be looked at than for any grosser purpose, and pretty vases, and here and there a flash of

some of the seniors of the party, the heroes of a hundred banquets? That there should ever have been a time when society tolerated conversation about side-bones and alderman's walks, and when a carver could be complimented on the neatness with which he made the transverse cut in performing on a saddle of mutton, or the unerring dexterity with which he articulated the joints of a wild-duck, seems odd to neophytes born under a milder system. Then the drinking wine with this person and that, the nodding of heads and jerking of glasses that went on throughout the formidable length of the old-fashioned table; the delay between the courses, when every body sat helpless around a desert of white damask; the exuberant philanthropy with which host and hostess conjured their friends to eat and drink more than was good for them! Who ever presses a guest to eat now? That *peine forte et dure* is over, let us hope in perpetuity, and the new mode of dining saves Mr. and Mrs. Amphitryon what must have been a most laborious task.

There are admirers of old ways still, who regret, or who say that they regret, the antique observances of a more demonstratively hospitable age. The obsolete has never been without a faithful few to sing its praises. The adoption of forks was a national blessing; but we may be sure that they were not introduced without a protest on the part of the Master Slenders and Justice Shallows of the day in favor of the good old English custom of eating with no sharp instrument to assist the fingers in their natural task. When horns gave place to drinking-glasses, when porcelain plates replaced the platter of hard wood and the trencher of greasy pewter, when dining-room floors were covered with Turkey carpets instead of with rushes, the groans of some elderly Britons must have saluted the change. To please every one is proverbially difficult, and we need not grudge the veterans of the mahogany the harmless luxury of grumbling at French "kickshaws," flower-decked tables, and *dîners à la Russe*. But as regards the greatest happiness of the greatest number, there is little doubt but that our modern meal approaches as nearly as possible to the ideal of what a dinner should be, whatever grumblers may say about old times.



Fig. 1.—WHITE FIGURED JACONET GARDEN HAT.

crystal or a gleam of burnished metal visible through the flowers. Our personal preparations for the repast are not, it is true, quite up to the Athenian standard. We neither wreath our heads with blush-roses nor carry doves nestling among the folds of our robes. We content ourselves with chairs, and do not loll on ivory couches among silken pillows. Nobody fans us with rustling palm leaves out of Syria, or with peacock feathers from the far Ind. No slaves swing censers simmering with the perfumes of Arabia. Music itself is not a very frequent addition to our joys, unless an organ-grinder catches sight of the illuminated windows and refuses to "move on." We no more think of summoning our own flutists and lute-players to play soft airs behind a screen than we should dream of engaging the services of the Ethiopian serechaders, banjo, bones, and all, from the public-house where our coachmen drink their beer. The introduction of operadancers to perform in even the most elegant of ballets would now be voted an unpardonable anachronism. After all, we understand the art of quiet even better than did the ancients. Classic repose, especially in Rome, was quite compatible with making other people work very hard indeed for one's amusement.

But what an improvement is the modern dinner over the coarser hospitality of our grandfathers! Surely it is better to see and sniff bright sweet



Fig. 2.—WHITE LINEN GARDEN HOOD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Fig. 54.



Fig. 3.—ÉCRU ORGANDY GARDEN HOOD.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII, Figs. 31-33.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VILLAGE BRIDE.—Tea, coffee, chocolate, or lemonade may be offered to your callers instead of wine. It is only necessary to offer plates with cake.

G. W. B.—The magnificent poem, "Dies Irae," is easily accessible, both in Latin and English. We do not consider it worth while to reprint it in the *Bazar* with its numerous translations, as you suggest.

S. E. D.—Rub your hands with violet powder or starch before putting on your gloves. A godfather usually makes some gift to the child for which he is sponsor, the value of which depends naturally on his inclination and means. A silver cup is peculiarly appropriate. It is given before the ceremony.

Miss E. R.—You know much better than we possibly can do whether you are likely to persist in your resolve to lead a single life, or whether your lover will persuade you in the end to regard him in a warmer light than as a sister. There can certainly be no harm in letting him make the trial; and if you do not pass the ordeal, why, it may be all the better for your happiness.

E. B. AND OTHERS.—Letters to Mr. George William Curtis may be addressed to the care of Harper & Brothers.

QUIN.—The poet laureate is literally a poet officially crowned with laurel. The custom of thus crowning poets is very ancient, and originated apparently with the Greeks, who honored the poets successful in musical contests with a laurel crown. The Romans copied the custom during the empire. It was revived in the twelfth century by the Emperor of Germany, Henry IV., who first bestowed the title. The first poet laureate of much distinction was Petrarch, in the fourteenth century. Tasso died just as the honor was about to be conferred on him. Chaucer is reputed to have been the first poet laureate of England, the title having been conferred on him in 1367 by Edward III. Spenser was known as the laureate of Queen Elizabeth; though this laureateship seems to have been rather a vague affair until James I., in 1630, conferred the title on Ben Jonson by patent, with a salary of £100 a year and a tierce of Canary wine, from which time to the present there has been a regular succession of laureates, as follows: Ben Jonson, William Davenant, John Dryden, Thomas Shadwell, Nahum Tate, Nicholas Rowe, Lawrence Eusden, Colley Cibber, William Whitehead, Thomas Warton, Henry James Pye, Robert Southey, William Wordsworth, and Alfred Tennyson. It was originally the custom for the poet laureate to write annual odes in return for the honor, but this was suspended at the derangement of George III., since when the incumbents have written only when and what they chose.

CAMBRIDGE.—We usually decline to answer questions concerning cut paper patterns in this column; but we will take occasion to say here to you in particular, and to our readers in general, that we only exchange patterns where the mistake is our own, which was not the case in this instance. As your order specified no measure, we sent you the average size, which was mailed before your second letter arrived—too late to rectify your neglect. Cut the pattern a little larger and it will answer your purpose.

E. C. G. B.—The back numbers are out of print at present. We will send them as soon as they are ready. The great influx of orders has been the cause of the delay, which we trust that you and others of our readers will excuse.

MARY.—The prefix Miss or Mrs. is indispensable to business cards, in order to leave no doubt as to your address in the minds of strangers.

S. S. M.—Gold ornaments are worn at weddings.

R. S. V. B.—The patterns are suitable for traveling suits. Get gray mohair at 50 cents a yard.

Mrs. H. S. W.—Sashes are but seldom worn. White braid is used on white piqué.

J. W. M.—Iron kilt pleats flatly, then raise them with a knife blade. We have no collar patterns.

H. E. W.—Make your scallops about an inch and a half deep and three inches broad. Bind with a bias strip of the material.

Mrs. M. E. B.—The first Dolly Varden flats were caught up only in the sides, but the brims are now turned up in various ways, according to the fancy of the wearer.

MOLLY.—Make a Swiss muslin dress, with five hemmed ruffles six inches deep on the skirt, and a Marguerite Dolly Varden polonaise. Do not line the waist. Get piqué, or else grenadine, for your little girl's suit. Have the glass in your door lights painted, or else put up a shade of Swiss muslin, gathered top and bottom and laid in as fluting. If this is not dark enough, line the muslin with rose-colored cambric, or else use thick white holland shades.

S. M. A.—Many lapping ruffles on the lower skirt, with merely a facing on the upper skirt and basque, will be stylish trimming for your spring suit.

E. A. B.—A suit of white organdy would be suitable for the house for one in deep mourning.

ANNA J. C.—Deep kilt pleating on the lower skirt, with bias bands on the upper garments, will make suitable trimming for deep mourning.

CLARA.—Seven yards of cretonne will make a polonaise.

M. A. B.—Make your black silk dress with postillion waist and Dolly Varden over-skirt by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 20, Vol. V.

Mrs. L. R. M.—Stout ladies are wearing the Marguerite Dolly Varden, and they do not find it unbecoming, as the great fullness behind is necessary now for a stylish tournure.

C. M. J.—Blue plush is not worn for house sacques. Get cashmere instead.

A. R. C.—Use the Marguerite polonaise pattern for a piqué dress for a stout figure. Trim with open-work edging and insertion. Ruffles of the same, or else guipure lace and insertion, trim black grenadine most stylishly. The pattern of suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 20, Vol. V., would be stylish for your grenadine.

Mrs. J. S. T.—The pattern sent you is just what you want for the bombazine dress. The Marguerite Dolly Varden takes very little, if any, more cloth than the Marguerite, and is bouffant enough to dispense with a large bustle, though it requires a support for the plain part of the polonaise just below the waist.

BELLE VIEW.—A white Swiss muslin made with many gathered flounces on the skirt, an apron-front over-skirt and basque, also ruffled, is suitable for a graduate's dress. The pink silk should be similarly made.

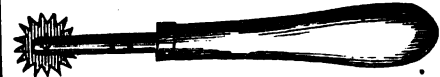
N. FANNIE.—Read answer above to "Belle View." Make your black grenadine by suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 20, Vol. V. The plain but stylish over-skirt of suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V., is appropriate for bombazine. Make a Watteau sacque of black cashmere, and trim with jet galloon. If you prefer braiding, you should use black braid on a black sacque.

IDA AND LAURA.—Read answer to "Belle View" above.

A HINT TO THE WORKING MAN.—A man with a family, however poor he may be, owes it to his wife to save her health and strength in every way possible. He has no right to allow the mother of his children to wear her life out toiling with her needle to clothe her family. His duty is to buy the New-Wilson Under-Feed Sewing Machine, the best machine for family sewing ever invented, and he can buy one for fifty dollars. More than this, he can buy the Wilson Machine upon terms which enable him to pay for it in small monthly installments that he can spare out of his wages without feeling the drain. He will get thereby a machine capable of doing every variety of family work in the most beautiful manner, a machine that even a child can operate, and which will prove a permanent family blessing. Salesroom, 707 Broadway, N.Y.; also for sale in all other cities in the U.S.—[Com.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. H. B. TAYLOR, Putnam, Ohio, has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine 14 years without repairs. In two weeks she earned with it \$40, besides doing her own housework; has stitched 80 yards in less than 2 hours. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[Com.]

"BURNETT'S TOILET PREPARATIONS will speak for themselves."—[*Charleston Mercury*.]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, the well-known, reliable, and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations of the Face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists.

MRS. C. G. PARKER

Makes PURCHASES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION for ladies, at a moderate charge. Samples sent on receipt of 25 cents. Refers, by permission, to Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., 713 Broadway; Mr. James McCall, 543 Broadway; Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., New York City. For Circular (free), address Mrs. C. G. PARKER, 713 Broadway, New York City.

JEFFERS, 1179 BROADWAY, LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES AT POPULAR PRICES.

MRS. C. C. THOMSON,

Will purchase any thing required for personal wear or household use, at five per cent. upon cost of article. Information in regard to styles, with circular, upon application. If samples are wanted, inclose eight Postage Stamps. Is permitted to refer to Rev. O. B. Frothingham; E. O. Flagg, D.D.; J. E. Cossart, with A. T. Stewart & Co.; C. C. Merchant, with A. T. Stewart & Co.; G. Haven Putnam, of G. P. Putnam & Sons. Mrs. C. C. THOMSON, 841 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

HEARTBURN, Flatulence, gnawing in the stomach, pain and rumbling in the bowels, craving for stimulants, disappear when Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are taken.

A. SELIG,

Successor to S. M. Peyer, 815 Broadway, Importer of Zephyr Worsted; Silks for Embroidering; Embroideries on Canvas and Leather—Slippers, Cushions, Light Screens, Suspenders, Straps for Oriental and Camp Chairs. Also, *Guipure and Point Lace*, and materials for making the same. Novelties in Fringes, Gimpes, Buttons, Ornaments, and Laces. Fringes and other Trimmings made to order. All kinds of stamping done. Monograms and Crests designed and embroidered in gold, silk, or worsted, in artistic style, at the lowest prices.

Daniel D. Youmans, IMPORTER OF ENGLISH HATS, 719 and 1103 BROADWAY, N. Y.

LADIES' RIDING HATS.

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' HATS in every variety.

ISLAND LODGE HOUSE, Wells Beach, Maine.—Open June 10. Best house, most delightful location, and finest beach on coast of Maine. House erected 1871, has large, airy rooms, single and en suite, lighted with gas, with wide halls, extensive verandas, with unobstructed sea view on three sides. Billiards, Bowling Alleys, Croquet Lawn; sailing and row boats, with trusty skippers; saddle and carriage horses. Quadrille band in constant attendance. Four hours from Boston, by Boston, Maine, & Eastern R.R. Terms moderate, particularly to families and season boarders. Apply to DAVIS, WORCESTER, & CO., Wells Beach, Me.

MOTHERS,

NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS FARINA, THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE.

Extensively used and recommended by the most eminent physicians. Sold by Druggists and Grocers.

H. ASTIE & CO., Sole Agents, 15 South William Street, New York.

INFANTS.

STRAUSS'S WALTZES.—"1001 Nights," 60c.; "New Vienna," 60c.; "Green Mountains," Faust, 75c.; "Oriental March," Berge, 50c.; "Roses Underneath the Snow" (New Song), Danks, 85c.; "You Kissed Me" (very beautiful), Inslee, 85c.; "Poetry Loveless," Gus Phillips, 85c.; "Good-Bye, Charlie," 80c. Mailed. LOUIS BERGE, 30 East 14th St., N. Y.

COLGATE & CO'S CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP has a novel but very delightful perfume, and is in every respect superior for TOILET USE. Sold by dealers in perfumery and Toilet Articles.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO., Broadway, cor. Nineteenth Street, N. Y.

OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT

for LADIES, MISSES, AND INFANTS.

Embroidered French Organdie Overdresses. Embroidered Lawn Robes. Lawn Suits. Cambric and Pique Wrappers. Children's Embroidered Pique Walking Coats. Misses' Pique and Lawn Suits. Embroidered and Lace-Trimmed French Underwear. Bridal Trousseau and Infants' Wardrobes Made to Order. French and German Corsets, Panniers, Hoop-Skirts, &c., &c.

In view of the extensive alterations and large additions now making to the present premises, and to make room for the largely increased

FALL IMPORTATIONS,

will continue to offer THE ENTIRE BALANCE OF THEIR ELEGANT and well-assorted stock of

Fancy Summer Silks, Japanese Silks and Poplins, Gaze de Soies, Gaze Chambrails, Pongees, Armures, Crepe de Chines, Chintz Foulards, Paris-Printed Grenadines, Paris Organdies and Jaconets, Traveling-Dress Materials, Printed Cambrics, Calicoes, Summer Shawls, &c., &c., AT AN IMMENSE REDUCTION.

N. B.—Purchasers are respectfully requested to inspect these goods, as the REDUCTION will be found on EXAMINATION TO BE ACTUAL.

EMBROIDERIES AT GREAT BARGAINS.

The stocks of

Paris-Embroidered Breakfast Sets, Hamburg Edgings and Insertings, Embroidered Muslin Bands, Embroidered Double-Linen Chemise Bands, Tuckings, Platings, Ruffings, &c.,

Have been largely replenished,

AT VERY ATTRACTIVE PRICES.

Also, a Large Lot of

PATENT DUPLEX PLAITINGS,

Less than Half Price.

SUMMER UNDERGARMENTS

of Every Description.

LADIES', MISSES', YOUTHS', AND MEN'S

HOSIERY.

An unsurpassed assortment of all makes.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Linen, Muslin, and Traveling Shirts; all styles Collars, Cuffs, Cravats, Ties, Scarfs, &c., &c.

N. B.—Goods to order at short notice.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY

SACRIFICE

Of Iron Grenadines.

THE BEST MAKES IMPORTED.

Warranted Pure Silk and Wool.

1 Line, 50 cents; former price, 80 cents.

1 Line, 60 cents; former price, \$1.

1 Line, 70 cents; former price, \$1 10.

Pure Silk and Wool, 2 Yards Wide.

1 Line, \$1 25; former price, \$2 25.

1 Line, \$1 50; former price, \$3.

1 Line, \$1 75; former price, \$3 50.

The above prices show the actual reductions made by us within one month.

JACKSON'S MOURNING STORE,

Corner Broadway and Waverley Place, N. Y.

HAIR.—HUMAN HAIR SWITCHES.

SOLID HAIR—NOT DYED.

RETAILED AT IMPORTERS' PRICES.

28 inches long, weight 2 1/4 oz., only \$6 00.

30 inches long, weight 2 1/2 oz., only \$7 50.

32 inches long, weight 3 oz., only \$9 00.

32 inches long, weight 4 oz., only \$12 00.

Coronet Braids, 2 oz., 22 inches, only \$4 50.

BACK CURLS,

Now the fashion for evening wear. Full sets. Natural curly.

Size. My Price. Retail in N. Y. for

Medium..... \$7 00..... \$10 00

Large..... 8 00..... 12 00

Extra Large..... 10 00..... 15 00

LONG SINGLE CURLS.

No. 1.—18-inch Hair, only..... \$1 50

" 2.—20 " " "..... 2 00

" 3.—22 " " "..... 3 00

" 4.—24 " " "..... 3 50

" 5.—26 " " "..... 4 50

Every lady should embrace this opportunity, and purchase hair goods from the only hair importer who retails at wholesale prices.

Established 1843. CHAS. V. PECKHAM, 687 Broadway, near Amity St., New York City.

Will send goods, C. O. D., by express; or by mail or express, prepaid, on receipt of color and money in registered letter or P. O. money order.

Correspondence answered by inclosing two 3-cent stamps.



H. W. COLLENDER, Successor to PHILAN & COLLENDER.

738 Broadway, New York.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE-LIST SENT BY MAIL.

TRUSSES, Supporters, Elastic Stockings, Belts, Braces, &c., especially for Ladies' use, at "Seeley's Hard-Rubber Truss" Katab's, 737 Broadway, N. Y., & 1347 Chestnut St., Phila. Careful and correct adjustment. Experienced Lady in attendance.

BEAUTIFULS the complexion by removing Pimples and all other disagreeable disorders of the skin. Twenty-five cents per box. JOHN F. HENRY, Sole Proprietor, No. 8 College Place, New York.

CARBOLIC COMPOUND SALVE

BEAUTIFULS the complexion by removing Pimples and all other disagreeable disorders of the skin. Twenty-five cents per box. JOHN F. HENRY, Sole Proprietor, No. 8 College Place, New York.

FASHIONS FOR SUMMER.



975

La Perichole Polonaise is a rare selection from our last budget of Paris styles. It causes us to forget all others as we look upon it. It is one of those standard combinations of ART that NEVER fails of victory in holding its own ground when all its companions have passed away. We predict a glorious reign for it. No lady need hesitate to decide upon it for the costume which she wishes to wear the coming Fall and Winter, for we assure her that it will be largely imported in ready-made suits by our costume importers, in about SEVEN WEEKS, when (the Summer trade over) they will not expose it to view until their FALL OPENING. We point to this PARTICULARLY to show those unacquainted with us that we are furnishing the pattern of it FULLY THREE MONTHS IN ADVANCE of the BEST and most expensive source of getting Paris styles. It requires eight yards of 24-inch goods. All sizes. Price of Pattern, including a CLOTH MODEL, which shows exactly how to make and put it together, and how it will look when finished, ONE DOLLAR. SPECIAL OFFER.—To any person who will cut this advertisement out and inclose it with ONE DOLLAR to us, we will mail to them this pattern, with the Cloth Model and the HERMOSA FICHU No. 1046. And we will send them SMITH'S ILLUSTRATED PATTERN BAZAAR FOR ONE YEAR FREE! Now is the time to subscribe for the best FASHION MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD! AND THE ONLY FASHION publication that imports styles and furnishes patterns of them. We give a CLOTH MODEL with every pattern.



943

Dolly Varden Polonaise is the charming novelty of the season, and becomes the decided favorite of all who see it, when Dolly Varden goods—much in vogue—or any kind of wash material is used. By unbuttoning the lapels at the side and back, and loosening the belt, it becomes a plain Pelisse, without pleat or gather; by readjusting again it is transformed into an elegant, tight-fitting Polonaise. As this change can be made in less than THREE MINUTES, and as it requires only six yards of yard-wide goods, it is easy to see why it is so highly honored. All sizes. Price of pattern, including a CLOTH MODEL, which shows exactly how to make and put it together, and how it will look when finished, ONE DOLLAR.

SPECIAL OFFER.—To any person who will cut this advertisement out and inclose it with ONE DOLLAR to us, we will mail to them this pattern, with the Cloth Model and the HERMOSA FICHU No. 1046. And we will send them SMITH'S ILLUSTRATED PATTERN BAZAAR FOR ONE YEAR FREE! NOW is the time to subscribe for the best FASHION MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD! AND THE ONLY FASHION publication that imports styles and furnishes patterns of them. We give a CLOTH MODEL with every pattern. A. BURDETTE SMITH, 914 Broadway, New York.

1046

HERMOSA FICHU. A convenience and a novelty for an outside garment—made in Grenadine, Swiss, Silk, Cambric, Poplin, &c. Very frequently in White or Black Lace, and worn with various costumes for house or street. It is in very great favor at present. Requires about one and a half yards of 24-inch goods. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

SMITH'S

Illustrated Pattern Bazaar,

Published at 914 Broadway, New York.

Is just the kind of a Work upon Fashions and practical help in Dressmaking that every lady NEEDS.

It imports styles SIX WEEKS IN ADVANCE of COSTUMERS.

"I consider your Bazaar of infinitely more value to me than ALL THE OTHER fashion publications combined."

"Your styles bear ample evidence of being GENUINE importations."

"Your INVENTION of giving a cloth model with each pattern to show how to make and put it together is the GRANDEST improvement ever made to render patterns useful to ALL."

The above is the substance of the testimony of thousands that pour into us through the mails.

WE WILL BEGIN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION with the PRESENT NUMBER!

Single copy mailed for 25 cents.

NOTICE.—Cut the part of the Special Offer out and send it to us. Address

A. BURDETTE SMITH, 914 Broadway, New York.



The **PEAKE BRAND** of Irish Linens and Linen Handkerchiefs now command universal approbation. The distinctive qualities which have gained for these goods such great favor and unprecedented demand are,
I. They are all pure Linen, even to the lowest grade.
II. They are made of the best material.

III. Their fine texture & uniform quality.
IV. Their great strength and durability, which make them superior to all others.
 These goods are sold by most of the Dry-Goods Merchants in all the cities and towns throughout the United States.

Purchasers will know them, as a **Mountain Peak**, precisely like the above, is stamped on each dozen and piece.

PEAKE, OPDYCKE, & CO.,
 427 & 429 Broadway, New York,
 Sole Importers of this Brand for the United States.

Cut Paper Patterns

OF
 LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are Graded to Fit ANY FIGURE, and are fitted with the greatest accuracy, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.	
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER.....	No. 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK.....	" 11
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 17
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old).....	" 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old).....	" 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old).....	" 27
BOY'S KNEE-BRECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 29
BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, AND KNICKERBOCKERS (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old).....	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt).....	" 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 37
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER.....	" 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP.....	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable-Corset Train and Round Skirt.....	" 49
WATTEAU MAN'TLE, with 3-Plat Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 50
MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 52
WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt.....	" 52

Vol. V.	
DOUBLE-BREADED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER.....	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers).....	" 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 8
DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT.....	" 11
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postillon, and Walking Skirt.....	" 13
MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT, with Cape.....	" 15
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Dolly Varden Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER.....	" 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Plat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old).....	" 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt.....	" 27

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for \$2.00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters', at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, during this month, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

RASCALS Don't like the "Star-Spangled Banner," because it shows up all quacks, humbugs, swindlers, &c., &c. Its "Rogues' Corner" will save you MONEY. Only 75 cents a year, and an elegant Prang Chromo free. Specimens, 6 cents. Address "Banner," Hinesdale, N. H.



WEBSTER'S PATENT BUTTON-HOLE WORKER,



The most perfect Button-Hole Worker invented. So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can without it. It does away with pricking the fingers, straining the eyes, and with imperfect and irregular - worked button-holes. They give universal satisfaction. Ladies who use them say they are worth their weight in gold. Sample worker, with full directions for use, sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents. Local and traveling agents wanted for this and other useful articles. Address **GEO. DAVIS, 91 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.**

LUNDBORG'S NEW PERFUME, ARCADIAN PINK,

The most beautiful and natural Perfume of the age! Entirely original, and made by no other perfumer.
 SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, &c.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!! WITH A NOVELTY PRESS!



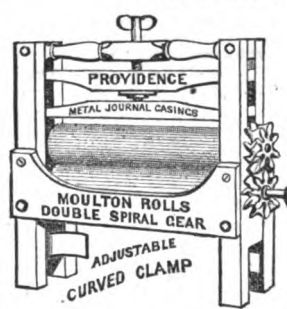
The best ever made for the purpose. The most valuable addition to the **Business Office**; the most efficient instructor in **Schools**; the most fascinating and instructive amusement in the **Family**; and is unsurpassed for the use of **AMATEUR AND REGULAR PRINTERS**. Send for descriptive & illustrated Pamphlet to **BENJ. O. WOODS, MANUFACTURER, 249-351 Federal St. 122 Kneeland St., Boston; WM. Y. EDWARDS, 548 Broadway, N. Y.; KELLY, HOWELL & LUDWIG, 917 Market St., Philadelphia; J. F. EDWARDS, 130 N. Sixth St., St. Louis; A. C. KYLE, 63-65 S. Jefferson St., Chicago—Manufacturers' Agents.**

WARREN WARD & CO.,

ESTABLISHED 1850,
 Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers, are prepared to furnish Country Cottages, City Residences, and Hotels with first-class

FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY,
 at as low prices as the same quality of goods can be furnished in the city. All goods warranted.
 SPRING, cor. CROSBY ST., NEW YORK.

Providence Wringer, NEW 1872.



Moulton Rolls,
 Most Durable;
 Double
 Spiral Cogs,
 Easiest Working;
 Curved Clamp,
 Holds Firmest;
 Metal Journal Casings.
NO WEAR OUT.

PROVIDENCE TOOL COMPANY,

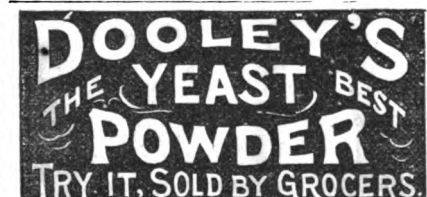
11 Warren St., N. Y., and PROV., R. I.



You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 Octave Pianos for \$290? We answer—It costs less than \$300 to make any \$600 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per cent. profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant Five Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to 300 Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories. **U. S. Piano Co., 365 Broadway, New York.**

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

For particulars, address **AVERY BILL, Care Harper & Brothers, 331 Pearl St., New York.**



500 PHOTOGRAPHS of Distinguished persons sent postpaid for 50 cents. Address **WM. L. DOWNS, Box 137, Troy, N. Y.**

AGENTS WANTED.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. **G. SIMON & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.**

LADIES wanted to sell Silver-Plated Button-Hole Cutters. Sample 25c. **A. DAY, Detroit, Mich.**

REACHING the NORTH POLE.

It is claimed that the North Pole will certainly be reached by one of the expeditions now in search of it. Suppose it should be, and the American flag should be hoisted there, to revolve with the axis of the earth once in twenty-four hours (1), what then? Would the discovery be one-tenth as valuable to the world in general as

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT is to the sick and suffering? Is not an agreeable preparation, that will cure indigestion, constipation, nervousness, bilious complaints, and all manner of internal disturbances arising from debility, of more importance to mankind than the location of the Pole? Rather! The true article is procurable at all good drug stores.

BAZAR

Cut Paper Patterns,

For Ladies, Misses, Girls, and
 Children of Both Sexes.

The great design of the proprietors of the Bazar Patterns is to furnish cut paper patterns of every description, and for every size, at a moderate price. These patterns are intended to be the most perfect, the most practical, and the most economical ever produced in this country, and so arranged as to be easily understood by those not accustomed to making their own garments. We avoid as far as possible every form of extravagance in cutting up material, at the same time combining all that is desirable with fashion and good taste. Our business will be conducted in a spirit of progress. Every pattern we issue will be the product of the ablest and most experienced gentlemen dressmakers in the country, all under the supervision of Mr. Moschcowitz, a gentleman who stands at the head of his profession, and who is unquestionably the ablest dressmaker in the United States. What Worth is to Paris, Moschcowitz is to New York—the highest authority on all matters pertaining to fashion. We have carefully prepared a catalogue of 28 pages, containing over two hundred figures, showing the leading fashions of the day. From this catalogue may be selected patterns of every description and of every size, ranging from 30 to 46 inches bust measure; also for misses from 10 to 16 years of age, and for children of both sexes under 10. On receipt of postage stamp, the above catalogue will be sent to any address free of charge. In this catalogue will be found a list of two valuable premiums, both of which are offered to subscribers for *Harper's Bazar*. One subscriber will get at least one of these premiums, and we confidently assert that, for liberality and magnitude, the premiums offered to each and every new subscriber for the *Bazar* have no parallel, an offer in which thousands of families will be benefited, and will, we trust, be the means of adding much to the comfort and economy of every household. We are confident that this premium will be hailed with delight by every lady in the land. For terms to Agents, or for catalogues, address **JAMES M'CALL & CO., 543 Broadway, New York.**

Important to Ladies.—Read the following extraordinary offer: The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co. manufacture and warrant two different Sewing Machines, one called the **ELLIPTIC**, the other called the **WHEELER & WILSON**. The Elliptic Machine excels in many important points. It is so light that a child can run it with ease; or an invalid, whose strength is sufficient to walk about the house or to do the work of a child ten years old, can sew all day without being over-fatigued. It is impossible to convey by language a title of the merits belonging to this deservedly popular Machine. To see it perform the different operations, such as hemming, felling, gathering, embroidering, tucking, cording, frilling, quilting, fringing, etc., it seems more like a thing of life than a machine moved by the will of the operator. It has adjustable gauges for every description of work, and can be changed in a moment to suit any material, coarse or fine. The economy of the Elliptic Machine in a family is almost incredible—with one, a good operator can do the work of twelve hands. A breadth of a skirt can be sewed in less than a minute; a gentleman's fine shirt can be made in three hours; or a child's dress, with many tiny pleats, in less time than the hands can fold them—in fact, every description of sewing is reduced from a question of hours to one of minutes. We make the following offer: Any person in the United States desiring one of these celebrated Machines can buy one and pay for it in work (not sewing) furnished at their own home. The work is pleasant and profitable, and can be accomplished by any lady, old or young. We send circulars on receipt of stamp. Address **ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE CO., 543 Broadway, New York.**

J. B. SMALL, Manufacturer of Cut Paper Patterns for Ladies, Misses, Boys, and Children's Garments, of all ages and sizes. We furnish Harper & Brothers with all the suits of Cut Paper Patterns issued with this paper. Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Address **J. B. SMALL, 643 Broadway, New York.**



No. 822, Front and Back View

Lady's Polonaise Over-Dress, with Cape. Nine even sizes, 30 to 46 inches bust measure. Sent on receipt of 25 cents and measure.

J. B. Small's Cut Paper Patterns have a printed label, showing their size, the amount of cloth, trimming, &c., required, with instruction for cutting and making, and a Picture of the garment when finished.

COLORED FASHION PLATE,

For Spring Styles, will be ready March 1st. Sent on receipt of 25 cents; or, with Four Cut Paper Patterns on plate, for 60 cents.

LADIES!
Dr. Kennedy's Hair Tea will prevent the hair from falling out, and preserve its health and beauty. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

Harper & Brothers' Latest Publications.

1. **HARPER'S GUIDE TO EUROPE.** Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East: being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. By **W. FEMERBROOK FRANKLIN**, Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book," "History of the Paris Commune," &c. With more than Eighty Maps and Plans of Cities. Eleventh Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Tucks, \$5 00. (Just Ready.)

2. **LORD KILGOBBIN.** A Novel. By **CHARLES LEVY**, Author of "Charles O'Malley," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

3. **THE DESERT OF THE EXODUS.** Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings: undertaken in connection with the Ordnance Survey of Sinai and the Palestine Exploration Fund. By **E. H. PALMER, M.A.**, Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. With Maps and numerous Illustrations from Photographs and Drawings taken on the spot by the Sinai Survey Expedition and C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake. Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$3 00.

4. **A GOOD INVESTMENT.** A Story of the Upper Ohio. By **WM. FLAUG**, Author of "Three Seasons in European Vineyards," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. (Just Ready.)

5. **THE STUDENT'S GREEK GRAMMAR.** A Grammar of the Greek Language. By **DR. GEORGE CURTIUS**, Professor in the University of Leipzig. Translated under the Revision of the Author. Edited by **WM. SMITH, LL.D.**, Classical Examiner in the University of London, and Editor of the Classical and Latin Dictionaries. For the Use of Colleges and High-Schools. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00. (Just Ready.)

6. **IS IT TRUE?** Tales, Curious and Wonderful, collected by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Being Vol. IV. of *Books for Girls*. 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents. (Just Ready.)

7. **A SMALLER ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST,** from the Earliest Times to the Conquest by Alexander the Great. Including Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phœnicia. By **PHILIP SMITH, B.A.** With Woodcuts. 16mo, 316 pages, Cloth, \$1 00.

8. **ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1871.** Edited by **SPENCER F. BAIRD**, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00.

9. **ALBERT LUNEL.** A Novel. By the late **LORD BROUGHAM**. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

10. **ROLFE'S SHAKESPEARE.** Shakespeare, edited, with Notes, by **WM. J. ROLFE, M.A.**, formerly Head Master of Cambridge High-School. (The Merchant of Venice.—The Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Julius Cæsar.) Illustrated. 4 vols., 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents each; or bound in one volume, handsomely ornamented, \$3 00.

11. **TALMAGE'S SERMONS.** Sermons by the **Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE**, delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00.

12. **HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD DICKENS.**

OLIVER TWIST. With 28 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1 00.

MARTIN CHuzzlewit. With 59 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

13. **TYERMAN'S WESLEY.** The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the **Rev. LUKE TYERMAN**, Author of "The Life of Rev. Samuel Wesley." Portraits. Complete in 3 vols., in a Box, Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$2 50 per vol.

14. **LIBRARY EDITION OF MISS MULOCK'S WORKS.** 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50 per vol.

Hannah.—Olive.—Ogilvies.—The Head of the Family.—John Halifax.—Agatha's Husband.—A Life for a Life.—Two Marriages.—Christian's Mistake.—A Noble Life.—A Hero.—Studies from Life.—The Fairy Book.—Unkind Word.—Mistress and Maid.—The Woman's Kingdom.—A Brave Lady.

15. **LORD BROUGHAM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.** Life and Times of **HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM**. Written by Himself. Complete in 3 vols., in a Box, 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00 per vol.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of their works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.

5 MYSTERIOUS PICTURES FREE.

Wonderful, Unique, Puzzling, Odd, Strange. Send stamp for postage to **ADAMS & CO., Boston.**

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key-Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples, and full particulars FREE. **S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.**

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year.....\$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year..... 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year..... 4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, \$10 00; or any two for \$7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the *MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR* will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers at \$4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for \$20 00, without extra copy.

The Postage within the United States is for the *MAGAZINE* 24 cents a year, for the *WEEKLY or BAZAR* 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the *MAGAZINE*, or 20 cents for the *WEEKLY or BAZAR*, to prepay the U. S. postage.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of **HARPER & BROTHERS** is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS for ADVERTISING in HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, \$500; Half Page, \$250; Quarter Page, \$150—each insertion.
Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, \$2 00 per Line; Outside Page, \$4 00 per Line—each insertion.
Harper's Bazar.—\$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, \$1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address **HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**



AN EARLY QUIBBLE.

GEORGE. "There, Aunt Mary! what do you think of that? I drew the Horse, and Ethel drew the Jockey!"
 AUNT MARY. "H'm! But what would Mamma say to your drawing Jockeys on a Sunday?"
 GEORGE. "Ah! but look here! We've Drawn him Riding to Church, you know!"



"HOW SHOULD I MY TRUE LOVE KNOW FROM ANY OTHER WOMAN?"

"Er—what Color did you say your Carriage Wheels were?"
 "Green, picked out with Red!"
 "Er—Thanks! I shall Look out for 'em in the Park!"

FACETIÆ.

A young lady has brought a libel suit against her mother, as the only means to get a mother-in-law.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—A notorious young thief, when asked by a clergyman to reform, remarked that he had heard people say, "Age before honesty," and quite believed in the sentiment.

THE PLAINT OF AN ANGRY LOVER.

He culleth comfort from the use of Elizabethan expletives.

Zounds! must I think how oft, of yore,
 We pledged our faithless plights;
 What time we roamed by the silvery shore,
 And the moon shone soft o' nights?
 By my halldame! how you'd gaze on high,
 And vow to be ever true!
 For the stars might fade, or the sea run dry,
 But you'd never change—not you!

And now you have wedded, perfidious jade!
 A coach and a baron fat;
 But, marry come up! do you think, false maid,
 I shall sleep the worse for that?
 Full many a fish in the take there bin,
 As good as in net delay'th;
 And I wot of a wench with fairer skin,
 And far sunnier locks, I faith!

But never again will I trust brown eyes:
 Woe worth the ill-omened day
 That ever I longed for the glittering prize!
 Alack! and a well-a-day!
 Go to! I abhor your treacherous art,
 And your soft deceptive looks;
 Your image I tear from my bursting heart—
 Odsbodkins! and Gad zooks!

DIRECTIONS FOR FAINTING.—Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity. The more persons there are about you, the more successful will be your fit. Never faint more than once in the same evening, as there may be a falling off in the sympathy on the second experiment. A woman should not only faint well, but be above suspicion. Be very careful, therefore, never to risk a faint unless you have some object in view.

A HAMMEROUS MAN—A coffin-maker.

After a recent examination of female teachers of Ohio some of the unsuccessful candidates complained that injustice had been done them, whereupon the examiners were so cruel as to publish extracts from the papers written by the rejected applicants. The following are a few specimens: "The food is first masticated and then passes through the phalanx;" "Respiration is the sweating of the body;" "The chest is formed of two bones, the sternum and spinal cord;" "Emphasis is placing more distress on some words." One candidate says that "Virginia obtained its name from the Virgin Mary;" another that "it was so named from Victoria calling it a Virgin State."

THE LAST INVENTION.—A paper says the late Mr. Dickens is to be "monumented."

In the county of Argyll there is a small country inn bearing the laconic name of Drulmighidillechattan.

An Irish lecturer of note solemnly said, one evening, "Parents, you may have children, or, if you have not, your daughters may have."

What a picture of anxious love defending its object against a siege of importunities is brought before the mind by the following advertisement, taken from a Western paper!

"ENGAGED.—Miss Anna Gould to John Candal, City Marshal, both of Leavenworth, Kansas. From this time henceforth and forever—until Miss Anna Gould becomes a widow—all young men are requested to withdraw their particular attentions."

What flower should be the emblem of Truth?—The Li(e)lac.

HORN-AMENTAL.—Old Hornblower was talking very big about being entirely a self-educated man. Sneerwell, who overheard him, said, "Ah, I understand—you were at the school where every man was his own toot-er."

Women think that ribbons are made to be looked at; men believe they ought to be handled.

At Cheyenne the belle of the evening was Miss W—. She was dressed faultlessly in a linsey-woolsey of the palest shade of café au lait, cut en train, and trimmed with Chicago relics.

THE PRINCESS OF THE ASTURIAS (not Donna Isabel's daughter).—We recommend the perusal of the Infanta's baptismal string, from the *Almanach de Gotha*, to the ladies who, like Mrs. Deborah Primrose, might be in a christening fix: Blanche-de-Castile, Marie-de-la-Conception, Thérèse-Françoise-d'Assises, Marguerite-Jeanne, Béatrice, Charlotte, Louise, Fernande, Adégonde, Elvire, Idelfonse, Regina, Joseph-Michelle, Gabrielle, Raphaella, etc., *mille e quattro*, as Mozart's and Lord Byron's hero would say. The Princess was born on the 27th of June, 1870.

Many hands are employed in printing, but we have seen a foot-print.

A country paper says: "The credit system has been carried to a pretty fine point in some of the rural districts, if we may judge from the following dialogue, said to have recently occurred between a customer and the proprietor: 'Haow's trade, square?' 'Wa'al, cash trade's kinder dull naow, major. Betsy Nipper has bort an egg's worth of tea, and got trusted for' it till her speckled pullet lays.'"

THE BACK TRACK.

YOUTH. "I say, cabby, will this road take me to 'Harlem?'"

CABBY (considering). "Harlem? Eh? Oh yes, that'll take ye to Harlem."

YOUTH (preparing to depart). "Thanks—much obliged—thanks!"

CABBY (suddenly). "But you'll hev to turn round and go the other way."

(Youth stands still for fifteen minutes, and then doesn't see it.)

TO MAKE A THIN MAN APPEAR FAT—Call after him, and he will then look round.

"Bulwer," a contemporary remarks, "says that poverty is only an idea." It's a very bad idea, and one we should not care to entertain. We prefer the real, especially in property.

TOO OLD.—A school-mistress, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils and the names of their parents, at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow what his father's name was. "Oh, you needn't take down his name; he is too old to go to school to a woman," was the reply.

JUDGE. "Well, you are fond of stealing: if I should let you steal now, what would you steal?"
 PRISONER. "I would steal away, your honor."

Never write secrets with a quill pen—it might split.

REASONABLE.—The doctors' coachmen in Edinburgh are organizing an opposition to Sunday labor. Suppose the invalids begin first, and strike against Sunday illness. The doctors would then be able to concede the point to their coachmen. If the invalids won't strike, the coachmen had better get an act for punishing people for being ill on Sundays introduced into Parliament.

THE JURY-LAW VICTIM.

SUMMONED to serve on a jury!

Oh, I shall go to the bad!
 Driven, with distraction and fury,
 Ruin in prospect, stark mad.
 Dragged from the work that's my living,
 Other men's business to mind,
 I shall no thought have for giving,
 Save to my own, left behind.

Truly to try they may swear me,
 Off mine employment when torn;
 While my anxieties tear me,
 What can I be but forsworn?
 Counsel will vainly harangue me,
 Witness depose all in vain,
 Judge's charge—though he could hang me—
 Naught of my mind will obtain.

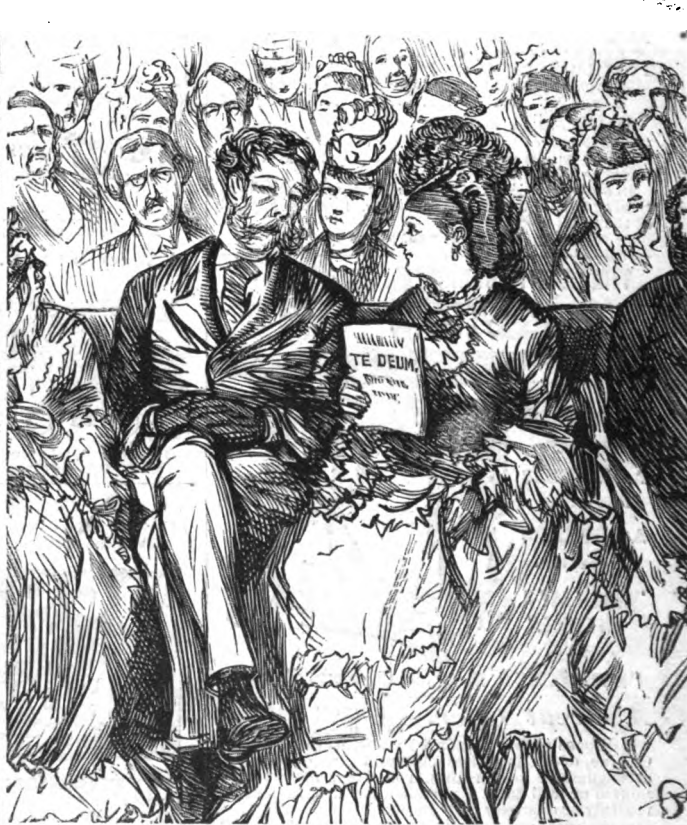
As for all criminal cases,
 I shall the prisoner acquit,
 Like a deaf man's while my place is;
 Give him the doubt's benefit.
 And in all civil, as hearing
 Not either side what they say,
 I shall toss up, that appearing
 Nearest for me the right way.

If you'd have juries attention
 Pay your confounded affairs,
 Press men by fortune, or pension,
 Freed from life's personal cares.
 Idle is all adjuration
 When the adjured are not free.
 So much for the administration
 Of justice you'll get out of me!



KEEN.

(Commencement of the Croquet Season. South Wind, and Shower every half hour.)
 THE MAJOR WONDERS WHEN MISS MYRTLE WILL GIVE IT UP!



THE MORNING CONCERT.

SWELL (doesn't care for music himself). "My dear, is this—ah [yawns]—Te-dium over?"

BEDELL'S Stationery and Book Store, TREMONT.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 27.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1872.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Ladies' and Children's Sea-side Suits, Figs. 1-4.

Fig. 1.—Black silk skirt, trimmed with a wide box-pleated flounce and folds of the material. Polonaise of écaré poplin with Pompadour figures, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and ball fringe. White cashmere mantlelet, trimmed with black velvet ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Buff poncee skirt with three flounces. Polonaise of striped buff silk gauze.

Fig. 3.—SKIRT OF BLACK SILK. The skirt is trimmed with a wide flounce, which is bordered on the upper edge with two ruffles turned toward each other; the seam of these ruffles is covered by a wide strip of black velvet. The over-skirt and basque-waist are trimmed in a similar manner. Straw hat, trimmed with a tulle scarf, ribbon, and flowers.

Fig. 4.—Girl's dress of blue and white figured muslin. Sash of blue silk ribbon. White cashmere jacket and hood, trimmed with velvet ribbon and sou-tache.

Indelible Drawings.

PEN-and-ink drawing is too well understood to require any minute description here; but perhaps I may be able to suggest some new uses for the same that will interest those of our housekeepers who like to make whatever is pretty and at the same time useful.

Indelible ink, if bought in the usual little bottles, is too expensive to be used freely; but by manufacturing it one's self, by the following recipe, it will cost but a trifle to make a pint of it, and will be found always convenient for marking linen.

Recipe for

making indelible ink with preparation water: Take fifty grains of lunar caustic and half a dram of gum-arabic, and put them into half an ounce of soft water; also indigo the size of a pea. Let it stand a few days before using it. For the preparation water, take one ounce of saleratus,

two ounces of soft water, and a little gum-arabic. Wet the linen with this, and iron when half dry.

Toilette covers, tidies, and counterpanes can be ornamented with a variety of geometrical or floral designs for centre-pieces, corners, and borders all around, and these will remain perma-

nent as long as the material itself lasts. Not only these, but many articles of clothing, such as sacques and aprons, may be decorated in the same manner. For toilette covers use fine jean, piqué, or marseilles; but for a counterpane the only material wide enough will be sheeting muslin,

which should be of the finest and thickest kind. First wet the portions upon which the designs are to be drawn with the preparation water, and iron them until entirely dry and smooth; the gum in the water will give it sufficient stiffness, and render it as firm as paper to write upon. Use a fine quill pen or else a glass one, as the ink will act upon a metallic one and spoil the color.

In beginning these drawings you should endeavor to acquire boldness and a firm touch, for to have confidence in yourself is of great importance in all impromptu drawing. You may produce very pleasing effects, although they may vary slightly from your original plan. Perhaps you intend this flower to be a rose, but a mistake, a wrong stroke of the pen, may alter its shape, so that the rose becomes impossible. A little ingenuity will convert it into a pink or a dahlia, or perhaps a leaf or bud. Nothing is easier than to originate new varieties of all sorts of flowers having graceful tendrils and delicate tracery about them, and although none but yourself know their exact species, they will nevertheless please all who come to examine the work.

A pretty variety may sometimes be introduced by means of a few fern impressions, the process for which was described in a former number of the Bazar; for our present purpose, however,



LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SEA-SIDE SUITS.

the same kind of indelible ink should be used to spatter around the ferns, and that will render them as permanent as any other part of the design. Nothing could be more beautiful as a centre piece for a counterpane than one of these groups of ferns, with the groundwork of splattered ink becoming fainter and paler on the outer edges until it is lost in the fine white of the original material. Sometimes corner pieces to correspond may be connected by a border of broken bars, around which the pen-and-ink drawings of vines and flowers may entwine as a trellis. Before attempting any piece of work it would be well for the operator to practice well upon paper until considerable expertness is attained.

When the drawing and work are completed they should be pressed with a warm iron, and exposed to the sun and air for several days before being washed.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1872.

WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be published the Fourth Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is sent out gratuitously in Monthly Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Cut Paper Patterns of the elegant *Postilion-basque Polonoise*, with *Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-trained Skirt*, illustrated on page 449 of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 455.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of a great variety of *Bathing Dresses, Caps, Slippers, Belts, Bags, etc., for Ladies and Children; Ladies' Swiss Muslin, Organdy, and Crêpe de Chine Mantillas, Jackets, and Scarfs; Breakfast and Evening Caps, Garden Hoods, Foulard, Piqué, Organdy, Challis, and Silk Dresses; Boys' and Girls' Summer Suits, Sachels, Pen-Wipers, Embroidery Patterns, etc.; with brilliant literary and artistic attractions.*

HOME LIFE.

ONE of the first observations made by the European when visiting this country is concerning the absence of home life in all the cities and larger towns.

This statement seems rather surprising to us on the face of it, and we prepare our minds instantly to refute it, declaring that in order to do so it is only necessary to point out the fact that it has not yet been found possible to acclimate among us the system of living on separate floors instead of in separate houses. If there is any thing the Anglo-Saxon prides himself upon, we say, it is his home—his castle and his stronghold—and one of his most stinging reproaches against his hereditary opposite, the Frenchman, is that in all the language of the latter there is no single word equivalent to the word Home.

Nevertheless, if the Frenchman has not the word, he has the thing. He marries, he rears his children, he has total seclusion on his flat—for we are speaking of the men of cities—and the people above and the people below have no more knowledge of his loves and dissensions, his joys and sorrows, than they would have if he lived in Nova Zembla, unless he chooses to allow it. If he has not a whole building to himself, he has his family to himself, and in that one fact lies the essence and quintessence of home.

The Anglo-Saxon in England can boast a similar enjoyment of domestic privileges; but the same individual in America seems to have undergone a sea-change, and to be very well able to relinquish that for which his ancestors fought, bled, and died.

When our young men and maidens are making up their minds to marry, the first question with them, as we shall find if we take pains to note, is not of the price of the house they are to live in, but of the price of board; after that, wedding outfit, wedding journey, wedding presents have attention. Of course it is meant at some time in the indefinite future to own a house, but not while the purse is unable to meet exactly the house desired, with all the appurtenances, conveniences, and luxuries that might content a millionaire. Till that can be had, no thought of a modest mansion, simple now as the simple needs, and to be enlarged by-and-by with occasion; and hardly an idea of life in the suburbs, away from the whirl of the city, the theatre, the park, the street, the ball. But one room in a boarding-house, and at most two rooms, are supposed to answer all pur-

poses; and there is hardly a maiden of the number who does not think the indolence of boarding far preferable to the occupation of housekeeping, and boarding in a hotel to be an actual realization of the wildest dreams of bliss.

It is true that in such life the plague of servants, which has been pronounced bad as any that plagued the Egyptians, is partially avoided; but only partially, for if people were willing in their own houses to put up with the neglect and inattention that they are obliged to overlook in boarding, and that they do overlook, whether obliged or not, in a sense that another is responsible, there would be no question of servants, and no need to agitate the axiom that a good mistress makes a good maid. But we can think of no other advantage that is gained by the refusal to take on the care and management of a house. Idleness has its allurements, and the ability to rent one-twentieth of a brown stone front, when weighed with the ability to rent the whole of a less pretentious abode, is too sure to predominate by the additional make-weights of pride and vanity in being seen to come out of a palatial building in a palatial neighborhood, making the acquaintances proper to the place, and feeling one's self as good as any body. But it speaks poorly for human nature if there are not greater attractions yet in the sweet home industries, in the hope of pleasing another animating every action, in the exercise of the necessary administrative skill, and of the ingenuity which fit economies require in every household. The decoration of a room, with slight outlay of any thing but handiwork, which shall give a new grace and character to the place; the preparation of a dish that shall be a delicious surprise at dinner; the freedom to exercise hospitality and invite a guest, and never feel it in the quarterly bills; the ability to have food for the poor who knock at the door; the privacy of home, if one partner or the other prove eventually not all the fancy painted in matters of ill temper, of jealousy, of selfishness, of flirting, or of dissipation; the wife's delight in showing to mother or sisters the charms of the home to which her husband has brought her; the husband's delight in displaying to his friends the ease and nicety with which his wife carries on his house; and by-and-by, when children come, the seclusion which lets the little things develop as nature intended, without the hindering and hampering of strange eyes and foreign feelings, without the flatteries of indifferent people who care not how much they hurt the child so long as they please the parent; without the consequent and speedy insubordination, pertness, and unloveliness: if the enjoyment of all these things is not enough to make the poor luxuries of idleness and vanity disappear like a mist before the sun, then there is no use in life, civilization is the merest mockery, rags are better than raiment, and folly is worth more than wisdom.

Of course there are occasions when boarding is a necessity; and there are boarding-houses, too, which are homes—boarding-houses where the hostess is like a mother with her children about her, or a sister with other brothers and sisters clustering round her table; the welfare of each one is important to her; she consults tastes and comforts and desires; she blends difference into harmony; she avoids divisions; she secures liberty for the individuals of her family. We have known such a home and its delights. But we have no right, in general remarks, to cite exceptional instances; for though it is patent that if the business were conducted with the view to perfection in which every business should be conducted, this state of things would be constant and unvarying, yet it is equally patent that such course requires an especial adaptation for any business, a talent if not a genius for it, and not the mere taking up of an obnoxious word because house and furniture are ready and a livelihood must be had.

God set men in families, as the swiftest and shallowest glance at facts shows us—in natural families of father, mother, and offspring. Growth is possible only in freedom, and the family is the sole social freedom that has yet been achieved. It is—with the exception of the particular instances which, in the great mass of contrary ones, have no relative bearing on the case at all—only in the state which we call housekeeping that this family life is found; and observation teaches that any other mode of life has a constant tendency to mar and injure the family relation, and is in as much opposition to it as the centrifugal force is to the centripetal. The influence of the parent on the child, when living outside of the retirement of home, is weakened by the presence, the words, the looks of others; and the mutual influence of the husband and wife is diminished by every foreign member over whom the family tie is stretched. It is well known that the silent presence of a third party, be that party one

however dear, when a slight dispute takes place, widens the breach, and sometimes widens it to a dark and sad extent, since neither likes to be seen to yield, and the point is pursued to the bitter end: how much more must it widen it when that party is an indifferent person, without any of the regard or emotion that teaches the wise course to follow! A wife will forgive offenses when she is not seen to forgive, and presumably thought destitute of proper spirit; a husband will overlook shortcomings when there is no one to report that he is not the master at his own hearth. But add the ingredients of half a dozen meddling eyes and tongues, and what was only a scratch becomes a wound, and sometimes a fatal wound.

In truth, in looking over a list of the *causes célèbres* during the last decade, it seems to us a remarkable circumstance that the larger portion of those which apparently might have been avoided—those, we mean, that exhibit no inherent depravity of nature, and where forbearance, patience, and duty done might have kept the love that existed, and created the love that was wanting—has occurred between parties who had no homes, as we understand the sacred and sheltering word, who were the vagrants of boarding-houses, and were open to the approaches, the intervention, the injuries of the agreeable acquaintance, male or female, while living in that intimacy of family relation to which there is no natural right. And our advice to all young city wives must be to choose the healthy life of the humblest home in the suburbs, other things being equal, rather than the dangerous attractions of the forced and hot-house life of one room in a brown stone front in the city.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of the Fork of the Road.

MY DEAR CLAUDIO,—How often, in the little summer drives that we take as a relaxation of the great and perpetual journey, we come to a fork of the road, and pull up for a moment to decide which road we shall choose! It is a pleasant perplexity, an embarrassment of riches. I think of it the more to-day because only last week I was making a little visit at Mrs. Margery's, and on one of the most perfect of afternoons she drove me out in her light wagon with the fleet and docile pair of ponies. We rolled along, chatting of a hundred things, and constantly conscious of the delightful air and the lovely scene, when suddenly she reined up and said, turning her beautiful face to me, full of life and youth and happiness, "Now, which way?"

Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle is certainly a very beautiful woman, as I think I have already said more than once; and as she asked me the question, overwhelmed, as it were, by the sunburst of her beauty, I instinctively answered, "Any way, with you."

Of course that incomparable woman smiled kindly, for she has the most infinite patience and forbearance with my conduct, and she said:

"You will go with me either way; but shall we turn to the left or to the right? If we go to the left, we shall rise gradually through fine woods and emerge at last upon the brow of a hill, whence, over a wooded foreground, we shall see the ocean sparkling in this pure sun, specked with the ships that are coming and going—"

"Ships, ships, I do decry ye!" interrupted I, quoting the old song of which Irving was so fond; and Mrs. Margery, pausing for a moment, resumed:

"But if we turn to the right, we shall come out upon a broad road in a level landscape—a quiet, rural road, bordered with modest little farms, the land falling away from us on both sides to broad, unfenced salt-meadows, through which, upon the placid stream, white sloops doze and dream, and all is peaceful and full of thoughts of tranquil domestic joy. Which do you choose?"

Again the beautiful face was turned to mine with an inquiring look, and as I gazed upon it I could only murmur in reply the last words that I had heard—"Tranquil domestic joy."

"Then we go to the right?" she asked. And once more the feeble old courtier within me replied,

"It could not be to the wrong, with you!"

Mrs. Margery laughed, and so did I. It was such harmless gallantry! So we turned to the right, and sped along the road which she had described. It was very beautiful, for it led through the broad-open landscape with an immense horizon, the nearer cultivated fields sloping very gradually down to the wide, solitary meadows. In the hay fields the grass and the clover were in full bloom, and the rich, heavy foliage of June drooped over them, making the loveliest scene of the year. The bobolinks merrily trilled, and the cool liquid song of the

thrush—that note of tranquil happiness made me recite Shenstone's verses:

"From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear
As—she may not be fond to resign."

"I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she avers'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue."

Mrs. Margery always sets my mind to the music of that pastoral ballad, and as for Mrs. Margery and such a scene combined—

"O you that have been of my train,
Come and join in my amorous lays:
I could lay down my life for the swain
That will sing but a song in her praise."

So choosing, by mere chance, that fork of the road, my eyes were full of beautiful scenes, and my mind of happy thoughts, and my memory of peaceful poetry. Indeed, my condition was a reflection of the scene and the sounds around me. If we had turned to the left, how would it have been? A strong, cool wind would have blown upon us from the sea, and we should have been stimulated and refreshed. As we rolled along and looked out upon the horizon, our minds would have dwelt upon the depthless, endless mystery of the ocean, tossing and gleaming, traversed by a thousand ships from what ports unknown! whither? whence? And we, Margery, are we too ships? the purest sail ever yours! flashing but a moment upon the immeasurable main, then darkened, lost! Whither? whence? And only the cool, fresh wind steadily blowing for answer. I doubt if I should have murmured Shenstone's pastorals as we gazed, or been conscious of that sweet placidity of soul which the rural road produced. I might have returned perplexed, even saddened. What if a storm to-night should overtake that farthest ship, which was to our eyes but a momentary bright point upon the horizon! There is some husband on board, returning, after long years of exile, to his wife and family, whose only life is their fervent anticipation of seeing him again. There is a lover hastening, after sad misunderstanding, to smooth away every doubt, and to come like an angel with lilies, making a feast of annunciation. There is a mother with her darlings upon the ship when the storm strikes her. How fancy might have tortured the peaceful night with images of woe, instead of lulling me to Arcadian dreams with the ghostly "amorous lays" of shadowy "swains!" And all because of turning to the left instead of the right. Which way? quoth Mrs. Margery. And I answered so lightly, not dreaming of a difference, "Any way, with you!"

I do not know if you are acquainted with my friend Mrs. Honeysuckle, and yet she has asked you the same question, for she asks every body. Not my identical friend Mrs. Margery, indeed, but the good genius of our lives, with whom we are gently rolling forward, suddenly turns upon us and asks that question, "Now, which way?" Indeed, we are often asked; for we travelers are constantly coming to the parting of the ways. The choice is not always so sweet and peaceful as that upon my drive with Mrs. Margery. It is not always a good road to the left overlooking a summer sea, or a good road to the right stretching through tranquil farms. But in a hundred ways, and unexpectedly, the choice is offered.

Do you know Alonzo? When he set out upon his travels the day was as beautiful and the road as promising as when I drove with Mrs. Margery. Alonzo rolled smoothly along through a happy youth—for 'tis all a journey, you know—and he came at last to the fork of the road, to the parting of the ways. In the old days highwaymen were hung at the meeting of two roads, equally to warn travelers and robbers. "Tis a dangerous neighborhood," those creaking gibbets said; "but you see there is justice here also." But at the fork of the road which Alonzo reached there was no gibbet; there was no more warning or suggestion of any kind than at that where Mrs. Margery and I turned. Perhaps he did not observe the fork. Perhaps he pushed carelessly forward, as the stranger walks on in Washington, fondly supposing that, not having consciously diverged, he is in the same street upon which he began to walk, but presently discovers that he has left the line of his journey and is arriving precisely where he did not mean to arrive. With every mile Alonzo found the road more difficult to retrace, because the disposition to go back was wanting. Perhaps at that fork, too, the old sign-post had fallen, or was overgrown with moss, or was time-stained and illegible. But there was once a sign-post there, and it said that one road was that of Pleasure, and the other,

which Alonzo did not take, was that of Duty.

Had he happened to choose the other, he would have been an active, useful, energetic citizen, and all his talent and generosity and sympathy would have been a positive element in shaping the destiny of his country. I do not magnify the individual, my boy; and I know that any one of us could disappear, and the world would go on much as before. But if every body should say that he was unimportant, and that the world would wag well enough without him, the world would not wag at all. The little thread of tow is as fragile as gossamer, but the little threads of tow twisted together make the cables that hold navies at anchor. The individual Alonzo is insignificant enough, and whether his life is given to duty or to self-indulgence seems to be a very inconsiderable matter. But the world is made up of many Alonzos, and it is not an insignificant question whether they shall all be devoted to duty or to selfish pleasure.

He came to the fork of the road, and he went to a life of luxury and indolence and dilettante dabbling with pretty accomplishments. It was as if Achilles had chosen to dress finely, and oil his hair, and dance and loiter idly among idle women, instead of drinking delight of battle with his peers, as the poet describes him. He has enjoyed himself in a languid way, but his life has been a waste, a failure, a tragedy. Sometimes in an insane asylum you may see a patient who tells you that he is Alfred the Great. Poor fellow! he is only little Dapper, the tailor's apprentice. But think of Alfred the Great deliberately preferring to be Dapper, the tailor's boy! That was the fork of the road that Alonzo came to. The beautiful genius, the Mrs. Margery of his destiny, said, "Which way?" And Alonzo chose what he is instead of what he might have been.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE WITH APRON FRONT.

THE suit illustrated on page 449 has an over dress that is now very popular—viz., a polonaise with a postilion-basque and smooth apron front. The back of the garment has a very graceful postilion-basque cut in one piece with the corsage, and the full skirt widths are gathered beneath this basque; the front of the corsage fastens in the ordinary way, and a small pelerin, or false basque, is added at the seams under the arms, and forms two soft points. The skirt front is fastened in a seam on the left side to preserve the apron intact. The trimming is a single deep flounce—a fashion now much in favor.

This over dress is becoming to stout ladies, on account of its smooth, flat apron, and because the basque back dispenses with the necessity for elaborate drapery on the tournure. Slender ladies make the back breadths very long, and loop them abundantly to give a bouffant appearance. Carriage suits of rich silks, made with this polonaise and a demi-train skirt, are usually trimmed with an embroidered flounce like that shown in the illustration. Light summer silks, striped with white and a color, and the stylish striped or damask grenadines, have the flounce cut in bold points, or else edged with lace. Batiste flounces are wrought in tamboured embroidery, or trimmed with insertion and edging of woolen guipure. White mull and piqué suits have muslin flounces ornate with the open English embroidery now in vogue.

SUMMER SHOPPING.

Reduction of prices is the order of the day at the large dry-goods stores, and comes much earlier than usual. Careful shoppers discover that seasonable goods are already ten per cent. lower than they were in the spring. Pretty prints in new designs are sold for 10 cents a yard; piqués in the new satin stripes, though not of heavy quality, are from 15 to 30 cents; and Dolly Varden alpacas, with buff and gray grounds stamped with brilliant flowers, are 12½ cents a yard. American cambrics and percales, in the even stripes that make up so effectively, are 25 cents; and for a trifle more can be bought those soft-finished percales with stylish dove-color and buff grounds with bold stripes of white. These wash goods are now so simply made that they no longer require a French laundress to do them up, and consequently can be worn with more comfort.

INEXPENSIVE SUMMER DRESSES.

Skirts of cambric, percale, or the striped linens have a gored front and side breadth, with straight back widths. This makes the skirt so nearly straight around the edge that it may be hemmed, or at least have a wide facing of self material. The over-skirt has an apron front caught back by tapes underneath, and edged with a two-inch hem. The waist is a box-pleated blouse, with turn-over collar and shirt sleeves. Such a dress, innocent of ruffle or flounce, if made at home will cost but three or four dollars, and will be fresh, cool-looking, and more satisfactory every way than the overtrimmed suits sold in the shops for twice the money.

A stylish and comparatively inexpensive dress of black grenadine made by a lady of taste may afford some hints to those who study economy. The foundation of the skirt is an old silk dyed black and made up on a cambric lining. (If the

silk has to be bought, black foulard will answer for this purpose quite as well as more expensive gros grain.) The flounces of black grenadine with half-inch stripes of satin (at 75 cents a yard) are sewed on the silk, are overlapping, and cover the skirt from the belt down, except on the upper part of the front breadth; they are cut bias, seven inches wide, with half an inch turned up for a hem; are gathered at the top, and are quite scant on the upper part of the back breadths where the fullness comes into the belt. The over-skirt is merely an apron caught back on the tournure, like the apron front of the Dolly Varden over-skirt, and is edged with a ruffle. The waist is a French blouse lined with silk, and worn with a ribbon belt and jet buckle. Sleeves are the duchesse coat shape, with a ruffle rounded up to the elbow. To complete the dress Valenciennes lace is worn around the neck and sleeves, and a white muslin tie, edged with Valenciennes, is passed around the neck and tied in a bow in front. By way of variety the skirt and apron of this dress are sometimes worn with a box-pleated blouse of flax gray batiste; the box-pleats are small, scarcely an inch wide, and an edge of guipure of the same shade trims the collar and cuffs. The neck-tie is plum-colored silk, tied in a sailor's knot.

CAMISOLES.

Cool camisoles, or loose sacques of muslin, rival the box-pleated blouses as parts of morning toilettes. Made of Irish linen, or of soft white mull, they are prettily worn with black silk skirts for breakfast dress; they are also comfortable to wear in the house later in the day, with the double skirts of a suit, when the basque becomes oppressively warm. When made of linen they have rows of insertion down the front, or they may be simply edged with English needle-work, or else that which copies the patterns of guipure lace. French camisoles of mull have ten or fifteen small tucks down each side of the front, and are bordered with a side pleating edged with Valenciennes and stitched on near each edge of the pleating, making an opening in which blue or pink ribbon is placed.

BELTED DRESSES, ETC.

There is a decided revival of the various belted garments that are so pleasant to wear in warm weather. Full polonaises without lining, French blouses, and the box-pleated shirt-waists are conspicuous among these. There is also a fancy for dresses lapped on the bosom and fastening under the belt. Yoke dresses, with the back fullness hanging in a Watteau fold, are also among the importations.

This caprice has suddenly brought belts into favor, and they are now seen with all sorts of garments; not merely the loose blouses and polonaises to which they belong, but with Marguerite and other close-fitting polonaises. Morocco belts are especially popular, and are not confined to cambrics and linens, but are worn with black silks and grenadines. Dull black morocco belts, not glazed patent-leather, are used. They cost \$1, and have substantial buckles of steel or imitation jet. Red Russia leather belts are also worn with dresses of certain colors. Thick repped belt ribbon, with a large jet buckle, makes the most appropriate belt for grenadine and silk dresses. These are sometimes thickly studded with jet beads.

Chatelaines, or pendant chains and hook, are fashionably worn with belts. They are found in the stores of various materials, plated gilt or silver, or jet, costing from \$1.50 upward; at the jeweler's they are of real silver, richly chased, and of Etruscan gold, studded with jewels. In the street the fan, porte-monnaie, or parasol is attached to the chatelaine; scissors, needle-case, or vinaigrette, or perhaps all three, are worn in the house.

JEWELRY.

The lustreless blue turquoise is probably the most fashionable stone at present, though limited to ladies of fair complexion. It is much associated with pearls. Necklaces and bracelets are of large turquoises, with very light setting, arranged with hinges to form a ribbon of jewels. The coral now chosen both by blondes and brunettes is neither the palest Neapolitan nor the deep rose coral, but of a shade between the two. Coral brooches represent artistically cut cameos, and angel heads with outstretched wings. Barbaric styles still prevail in gold jewelry; these are long slender ear-rings and great hoops that look heavy enough to tear the ear; ropes of gold form necklaces, and bracelets are broad enough for manacles. The pale yellow Etruscan gold is used as the base of most sets, and the ornaments are of red and green-tinted gold. Sleeve-buttons are large and flat, of dead yellow gold, with leaves, lizards, and bees of green gold. Jet bracelets are massive blocks of jet from an inch to two inches wide, cut in many facets, and strung on India rubber. Jet chains, necklaces, and jet jewelry generally, are again very fashionable.

UNDER-SLEEVES, TIES, ETC.

Muslin and lace under-sleeves are very much worn. For flowing sleeves they are a single deep ruffle, edged with Valenciennes, and attached to a band of insertion. Ruffles of doubled Malines tulle are used on very dressy occasions. For duchesse sleeves the under-sleeve is coat-shaped, and covered to the elbow with narrow pleated ruffles that are prettily visible through the opening of the dress sleeve.

Ladies with fresh complexion and cherry lips and cheeks are appropriating to themselves the folded white lawn neck-ties gentlemen wear on full-dress occasions. A standing frill of Valenciennes is added around the neck and on the pointed ends of the cravat. This is stylish and becoming to fair young faces, but should be

avoided by those with sallow and faded complexions. The latter should select the Watteau ties of pale blue, rose, or buff grounds, with bias stripes of bright tints, like the Roman ribbons, though of softer shade. They are of twilled silk, and cost 75 cents.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and A. T. STEWART & Co.

PERSONAL.

SEE what it is to be a PATRIOT! On the evening of her farewell benefit at Vienna, at which the imperial family assisted, more than three hundred bouquets, crowns, and baskets of flowers were thrown upon the stage. Several of the bouquets were tied with the finest thread lace of Brussels and Chantilly. In addition she received a great number of costly presents. Among them were, a beautiful diamond bracelet; a laurel crown in solid gold; a porte-bouquet, gold, set with diamonds, sapphires, and rubies; a silver cup, such as is used as a prize at races, filled with flowers, etc. She was called out over fifty times, and never did an artist have such a triumph in Vienna.

Mlle. TIETJENS has finally settled upon her trip to this country. She leaves England early in the autumn, and will remain until about the 1st of April, 1873.

Sixty thousand dollars is the sum which Mr. GILMORE and friends pay to the band of the Garde Republicaine, of Paris, for coming to Boston.

Mr. DISRAELI is said to enjoy very much the society of the bright and cultivated American ladies he meets in London society, and puts them quite at ease by the charm and grace of his manner. He knew what he was doing when he made his most beautiful and ideal woman in "Lothair" an American.

A warning to doctors has just transpired in Bennington, Wyoming County. STEPHEN CHAPMAN passed from life there last week, aged eighty, and during his whole life was never sick enough to send for a physician. The profession pooh-pooh him, and say he was no man at all.

A Boston man, after an exhausting investigation of the subject, arrives at the conclusion that MORTON M. MICHAEL, JOSEPH R. HAWLEY, and GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS are the three best speakers connected with the American press.

HENRY WILSON is regarded as one of the most common-sensible men in Washington, and the one quickest sent for to arrange any difficulty that may have arisen among friends. He is inexpensive in his habits, and lives among his books and his friends; visits a great deal; reads much; never wines nor smokes; is warm-hearted, generous, and forgiving, and altogether a good style of man.

FATHER CLEVELAND, who died recently in Boston, last year, when ninety-nine, betted that he would live to be a hundred, and lost by 18. It is said by those who have read up the subject that remarkable cases of longevity are traceable to three causes: first, hereditary tendency—the fact of having long-lived ancestors; second, a life largely passed in the open air; third, regular habits and a quiet, cheerful, contented mind.

That much-lost and often-discovered discoverer, Dr. LIVINGSTONE, has again been heard from, at a place called Unyamwebe. He is on his way somewhere else. He always is.

Mr. MORTIMER THOMPSON, formerly well known as "Doesticks," later a devotee of medical science, and still later an officer of the Internal Revenue Department in this city, has finally landed in Minnesota, and become associate editor of the Minneapolis Tribune.

The delegates of the Reformed Synod were in session in Brooklyn last week, and accepted an invitation from the Astoria congregation to visit the great mining operations in progress at Hell Gate. It was a queer place—the Gate—to invite a body of the clergy; but they went, and "marched into the bowels of the land without impediment" several hundred feet.

Mr. THIERS's dinners as President are cooked and served by contract—\$8 a head, which, for government prog, is cheap. That does not include the tipple. The entire cost of the usual "spread" averages \$250.

Mr. BARNEY WILLIAMS, who is not only brilliant on the stage, but clever with the pen, writes to a New York contemporary that the San Carlo Theatre, at Naples, where he has been stopping, is the largest, with one exception, in Europe, and that Wallack's Theatre entire could be put on the stage for a set scene. It has six tiers of boxes, a pit and parquette, and an orchestra of over one hundred musicians.

Of all the Americans who have been presented at court in England no one, perhaps, enjoyed so much of easy personal intercourse with the Queen as the late JOHN VAN BUREN. During his father's term he was in England, and being in his early prime, and having all the wit and readiness for which he subsequently became distinguished, he was a great favorite with her Majesty. Now, thirty-two years later, the Queen has been entertaining the daughter of another President, who is just the age at which the royal lady was when she ascended the throne.

The one man in Boston whose name will be especially commended, probably, by the newspaper men of the country is Mr. S. R. NILES, to whom has been intrusted the entire charge of the arrangements for receiving and entertaining the members of the press who may attend the Jubilee. A room 115 feet long by 50 feet wide is to be placed at their disposal at the great Jubilandrum, also seats for 800. The sources as well as the resources of the NILES will be one of the objects of their solicitude.

Given an opportunity, woman will always handle the reins. There was DWIGHT ROOT, for instance, who died the other day in Genesee County, after having driven for some years the stage from Pavilion to Warsaw. His widow, poor Mrs. ROOT, not being able to find a purchaser for his contract, has herself mounted the box, and handles the ribbons there as deftly as she does when arranging them on a bonnet. That's going to the Root of the matter.

A granddaughter of the late Bishop HOPKINS, who for three years has been studying the piano with the best masters in Berlin, writes to the *Evening Post* that young Mr. OSGOOD, of Boston (now on a brief home visit), has the best tenor voice she ever heard, that he is a matchless ballad-singer, with tones perfectly delicious, and

that he is all soul! He returns to Germany in the autumn to fulfill an engagement. Mr. O. is the son of a successful business man in Boston, and his whole family are musicians, one playing on one instrument and one on another, so that they have the most charming home-concerts together.

The Rev. Mr. CARTER writes from Buenos Ayres that they have no carts there, and consequently he is the only Carter. Every thing is done by the Buenos Ayreans on horseback. Even the beggars ride through the streets, knock at doors without dismounting, and wait, mounted, to receive the desiderated charity.

The widow who is to wed Lord COURTENAY, the spendthrift son of the Earl of Devon, is Mrs. MEYNELL INGRAM. She is the daughter of Lord HALIFAX, and is the richest widow in all England; and if Lord COURTENAY outlives the old gentleman, she will be a countess, which probably accounts for the arrangement.

The late Chief Justice WESTON, of Maine, occupied a seat on the bench for thirty years, during which period he was never absent from duty a single day.

Mr. VAN DER WEYDE, of this city, is now exhibiting in London a process of stippling photographic portraits, which occupies little time and labor, and is better in all respects than the old method.

MEISSONNIER, several of whose best paintings are in private galleries in this city, has lately received for a single painting \$40,000.

Dr. SATRE, of this city, has the felicity of being the first M.D. in the United States who has been ennobled. The King of Sweden has created him a "knight of the Royal Order of Wasa," in "recognition of meritorious attainments, and as a mark of royal grace and esteem." Dr. S. was over there last year, and staid a while with the king in the palace. During that period he cut the king's nephew in a style so scientific and successful that his Majesty has "come down" with an order of nobility.

The Empress of Germany has founded a seminary for the education of the orphan daughters of officers who fell in the Franco-Prussian war.

The Pope has just turned his eightieth year, and is "sound as a nut."

The TICHBORNE claimant is traveling through England, holding meetings, and charging for admission. Crowds go to see him, and hear him make little speeches. The odd part of it is that gentlemen of position and character side with the man—some of them M.P.'s—and countenance him in his preposterous claims.

M. CHEVALIER, an eminent French publicist, has an elaborate article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, expressing the opinion that there is not much hope derivable from the negotiations between England and America in regard to the Alabama of a successful establishment of international arbitration. He thinks that the American government manifests constant hauteur in its relations with England, as it did in the Maine boundary line and in the Oregon affair.

Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the eminent comedian, is said to be suffering from an affection of the eyes which threatens a loss of sight. It is supposed that the glare of gas and calcium lights has caused it. He is now under the care of skillful oculists.

A singular marriage recently took place in the Church of the Israelites, Paris, between General SUMPT, the governor, and Mlle. PELLETAN, granddaughter of an eminent M.D. The peculiarity was that the bridegroom had no hands, having lost both in battle. Two mechanical hands had been fitted to the stumps, and he can use them to a certain extent, even to signing his name, and writing a little without fatigue.

Countess BEAUCHAMP has decided talent as a sculptress. At the Royal Academy her ladyship is an exhibitor of the figure of her youngest child. It is said to be excellent both as a likeness and work of art.

SMILES's "Self-Help," republished in this country by HARPER & BROTHERS, is one of the few books in the English language that have been translated into Japanese. A scholar of that country has made a clever rendering of it into that language, and several thousand volumes have been sold. The same translator is now preparing for his countrymen a translation of JOHN STUART MILL's "On Liberty."

Among the "rejected addresses" that have been made to the New York Herald may be mentioned one that was proposed within the last two years by that most enterprising of newspaper men, GEORGE W. CHILDS. He offered Mr. BENNETT one million of dollars cash for the Herald establishment, and was prepared to pay more if Mr. B. would name a figure.

GUSTAVE DORÉ has sold for \$30,000 his great picture of "Our Saviour leaving the Praetorium." He regards this picture as "le plus grand effort de ma vie d'artiste."

Among other notable actors whom Mr. FECHTER proposes to bring next autumn to his new theatre in West Fourteenth Street is Mr. PHELPS, who is concededly now the most eminent tragedian of Great Britain.

At the recent wedding of Lady MARY FITZWILLIAM with the Hon. HUGH BOSCAWEN an ancient and curious custom peculiar to Yorkshire was observed. As the bride and bridegroom were quitting Wentworth House, a kettle of boiling water was poured on the steps. The theory is that before the hot water dries up another marriage is sure to be agreed upon.

ROSA BONHEUR is said to have expressed recently a desire to visit the United States, and, if possible, to do so within the next twelve months.

LORD HOUGHTON, better known in this country by his poetical writings as Mr. MONCKTON MILNES, recently made the prediction at a public dinner that the Duke of Argyll would some day be Prime Minister of England. The duke is now forty-nine. Before he succeeded to the title, which was when he was twenty-four, he had won some position as a speaker and writer. At the age of nineteen he published a pamphlet, which exhibited considerable literary ability, under the title of "A Letter to the Peers, from a Peer's Son," and in the same year he published other "letters" on public questions. At twenty-nine he accepted office in the cabinet of the Earl of Aberdeen as Lord Privy Seal.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT proposes to give \$12,500 to the town of Cummington, Massachusetts, where he was born on the 3d of November, 1797, to be expended in establishing a library, which is to be built of stone, and to be located as near the centre of the town as possible.

Borders, Insertions, and Edgings for Lingerie and Children's Garments, Figs. 1-24.

Fig. 1.—GUIPURE EMBROIDERY BORDER. This border is worked on Swiss muslin, cambric, or fine linen. Having transferred the design to the material, run the outlines on the latter, and stretch the bars between the design figures with fine guipure cord or with a thread of coarse tating cotton. Then work the button-hole stitch scallops on the outer edge of the border, button-hole stitch all the outlines, work the knots and wheels

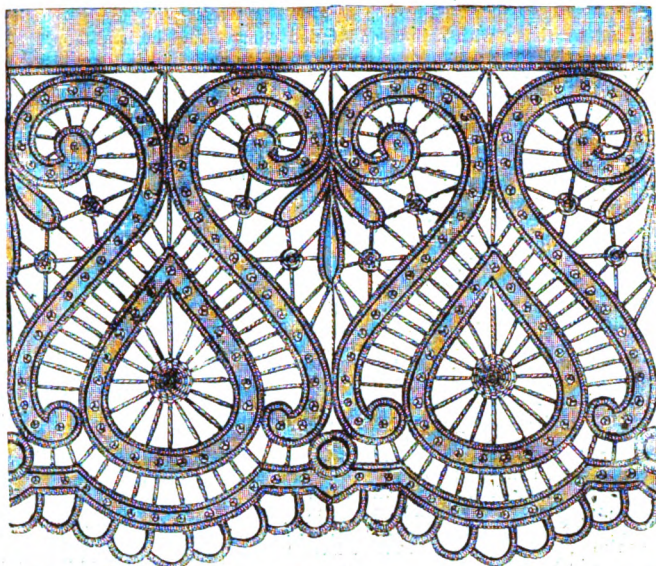


Fig. 1.—GUIPURE EMBROIDERY BORDER FOR INFANTS' ROBES, PINCUSHIONS, COVERS, ETC.

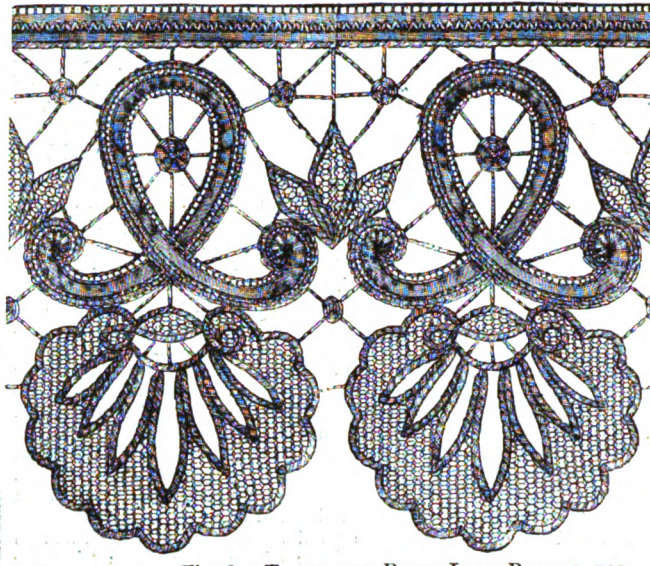


Fig. 2.—TULLE AND POINT LACE BORDER FOR INFANTS' ROBES, PINCUSHIONS, COVERS, ETC.

of working the picots is shown by Figs. 3 and 4, page 172, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 10, Vol. V. Cut away the material underneath the thread bars and on the outer edge of the border.

Fig. 6.—BUTTON-HOLE STITCH AND POINT RUSSE BORDER. This border consists of three rows of button-hole stitch scallops of equal size, which are fastened on a double strip of material ornamented in herring-bone stitches.

Fig. 7.—POINT LACE, NEEDLE-WORK, AND RIBBON INSERTION FOR CHILDREN'S CAPS, ETC. This pretty insertion, which is that used on the infant's cap illustrated in the last number of the *Bazar*, double page, is made of point lace braid and needle-work underlaid with colored silk ribbon.

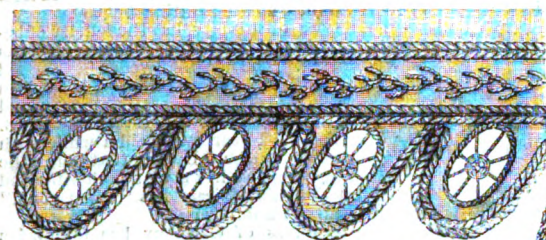


Fig. 3.—JACONET BRAID AND NEEDLE-WORK BORDER FOR CHILDREN'S APRONS, PINCUSHIONS, ETC.

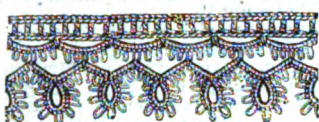


Fig. 13.—TATTED AND CROCHET EDGING FOR CHILDREN'S LINGERIE.

as shown by the illustration, and cut away the material between the figures.

Fig. 2.—TULLE AND POINT LACE BORDER. To work this border transfer the design to linen, and for the lower shell-shaped figures and for the small leaves which are turned upward baste on a piece of double tulle each, and for each arabesque figure baste on a piece of point lace braid; the latter is slightly gathered at the curves and joined at the points where it comes together. Sew guipure cord on the figures, as shown by the illustration, with long button-hole stitches of fine thread, and work the bars and wheels. Wider point lace braid forms the upper edge of the border.

Fig. 3.—JACONET, BRAID, AND NEEDLE-WORK BORDER. For this border first sew the braid on the foundation as shown by the illustration, and between both upper rows of braid work the point Russe embroidery, and work the holes and wheels in the scallops.

Fig. 4.—JACONET, POINT LACE, GUIPURE CORD, AND NEEDLE-WORK BORDER. For the points of this border sew point lace braid on the foundation; edge the points with guipure cord, which is laid in loops as shown by the illustration, and fastened on the outer edge of the point lace braid with button-hole stitches. The figures inside of the points are worked in point Russe and satin stitch, and above these is a row of herring-bone stitches.

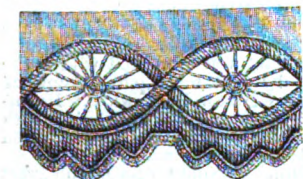


Fig. 8.—JACONET AND GUIPURE EMBROIDERY BORDER FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES, ETC.

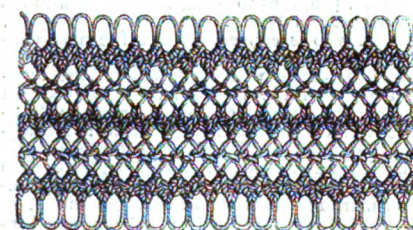


Fig. 20.—CROCHET GIMP INSERTION FOR CHILDREN'S LINGERIE.—[See Fig. 21.]

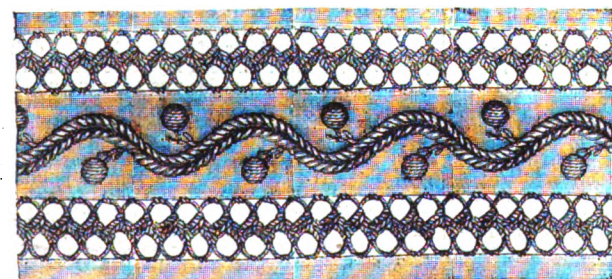


Fig. 10.—CROCHET GIMP, NEEDLE-WORK, AND BRAID BORDER FOR CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

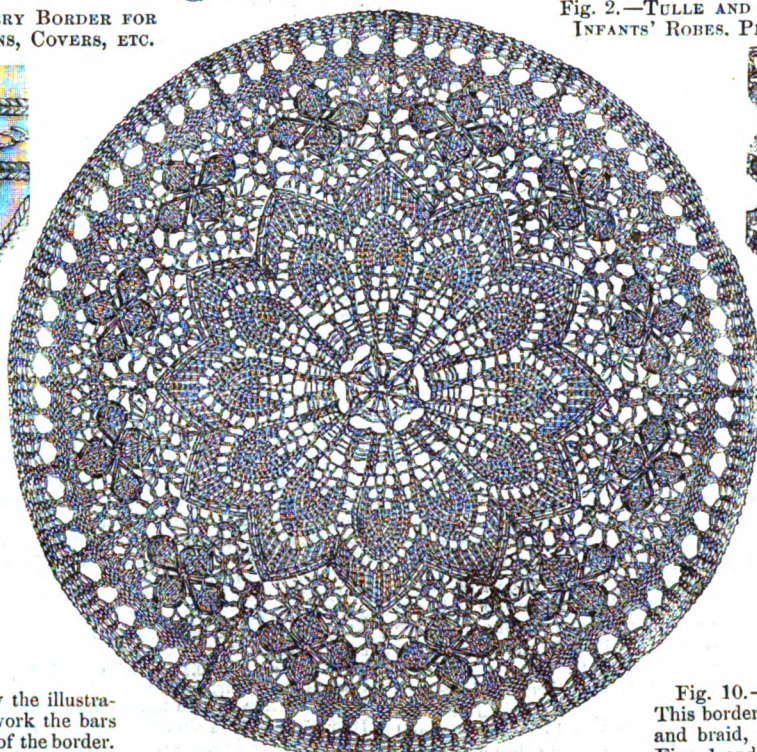


Fig. 22.—CROWN OF INFANT'S CAP.—FULL SIZE.

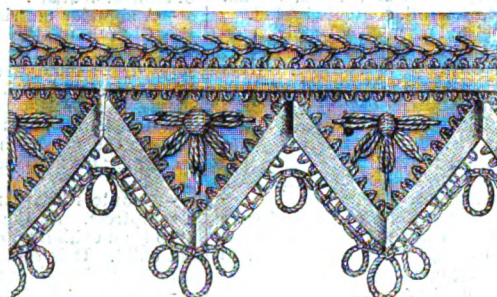


Fig. 4.—JACONET, POINT LACE, GUIPURE CORD, AND NEEDLE-WORK BORDER FOR CHILDREN'S APRONS, DRESSES, ETC.

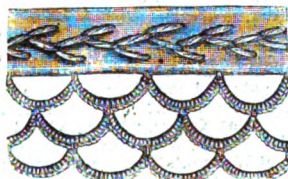


Fig. 6.—BUTTON-HOLE STITCH AND POINT RUSSE BORDER FOR CHILDREN'S LINGERIE.



Fig. 17.—CROCHET EDGING FOR CHILDREN'S LINGERIE.

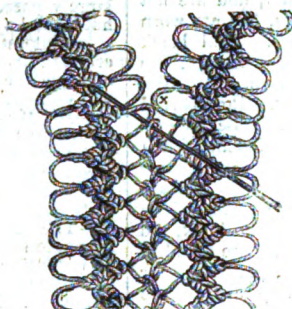


Fig. 21.—MANNER OF JOINING INSERTION, FIG. 20.

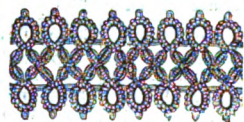


Fig. 15.—TATTED INSERTION FOR CHILDREN'S LINGERIE.

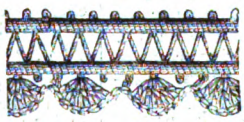


Fig. 18.—MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET EDGING FOR CHILDREN'S LINGERIE.



Fig. 19.—KNITTED AND CROCHET EDGING FOR CHILDREN'S LINGERIE.

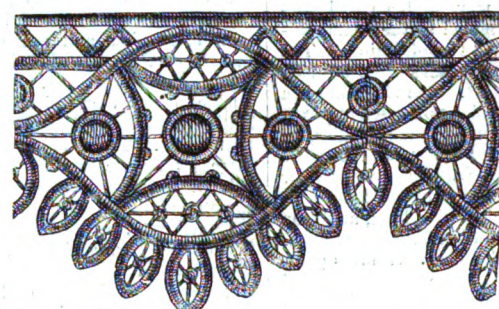


Fig. 5.—GUIPURE EMBROIDERY BORDER FOR CHILDREN'S APRONS, DRESSES, ETC.

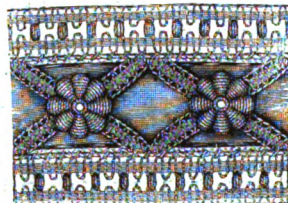


Fig. 7.—POINT LACE, NEEDLE-WORK, AND RIBBON INSERTION FOR CHILDREN'S CAPS, ETC.



work three more rounds like the second, the last round without picots, however. Crochet for the upper edge of the lace one round of always alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) on the foundation thread between the sixth and seventh of each 12 ds. separated by one picot in the first round, then 5 ch. (chain stitch). On this

for a working thread. 1st round.—One row of ds. (double stitch), which should be one-half longer than the requisite length of the edging; after every 12 ds. work one short p. (picot). 2d round.—Always alternately fasten to the next p., then 6 ds., 1 p., 6 ds. Now

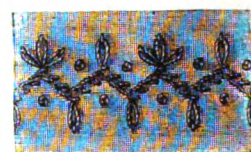


Fig. 9.—CAMBRIC AND POINT RUSSE BORDER FOR CHILDREN'S APRONS, ETC.

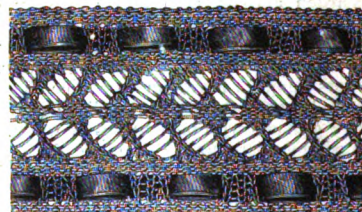


Fig. 23.—INSERTION FOR INFANT'S CAP.—FULL SIZE.



Fig. 24.—BORDER FOR INFANT'S CAP.—FULL SIZE.

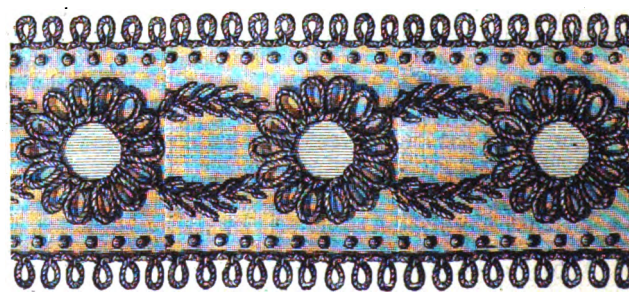


Fig. 11.—GUIPURE CORD AND POINT RUSSE BORDER FOR CHILDREN'S CLOTHING, ETC.

round work 1 dc. (double crochet) on every second following st. (stitch) of the preceding round, after each dc. 1 ch.

Fig. 13.—TATTED AND CROCHET EDGING. Work this edging with two threads also, as follows: 1st round.—Work on the foundation thread always alternately 4 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds. 2d round.—Fasten the foundation and working threads to the third p., * on the foundation thread work 2 ds., twice alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; with the foundation thread alone work one ring of 2 ds., 7 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., then again on the foundation thread 2 ds., twice alternately 1 p., 2 ds., fasten to the fifth following p.; repeat from *. For the upper edge of the edging crochet on the 1st round one round of always alternately 1 sc. on the foundation thread in the midst of every 4 ds., 8 ch. 2d round.—1 dc. on every second following st.; after each dc. work 1 ch.

Fig. 14.—TATTED AND CROCHET EDGING. Work the first round of this edging with one thread as follows: * Work 3 ds., 9 p. each a quarter of an inch long and separated each by 2 ds., 3 ds., draw this row of stitches together, leaving a thread interval of a quarter of an inch, and after a thread interval of half an inch repeat from *. 2d round.—Tie the foundation and working threads together, and fasten them to the first and second p. of the next scallop, * on the foundation thread work five times alternately 5 ds., fasten to the next p., then 5 ds.; fasten together the last 2 p. of this and the first 2 p. of the next scallop; repeat from *. For the upper edge of the edging crochet one round of sc. and one round of open-work dc. as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 15.—TATTED INSERTION. This insertion consists of two rounds, and is worked with one thread. 1st round.—Work one ring of 2 ds., 1 p., 6 ds., 1 p., 6 ds., 1 p., 2 ds., * t. (turn), close to this work one Josephine knot of six stitches right, close to this work a similar Josephine knot, close to the last knot work one ring of 2 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, 6 ds., 1 p., 6 ds., 1 p., 2 ds.; repeat from *. The second round is worked like the first, fastening to the first round, how-

free needle in the right hand, and purl off both foundation st. together; * turn the work, throw the working thread once over the free needle in the right hand, and purl off together the st. and thread thrown over on the needle. Repeat from * in the length required, and then cast off. Now crochet on the loops at the under side of the knitted strip as follows: 1st round.—* 1 sl. on the next two loops, winding them once about each other, then 7 ch.; repeat from *. 2d round.—On each ch. scallop work one bar scallop of 2 scs. (short double crochet), 5 dc., 2 scs., then 1 sl. on the next sl. of the preceding round. Finally, work on the other side of the knitted strip one more round of always alternately 1 sc. on the next loop, 4 ch.

Figs. 20 and 21.—CROCHET GIMP INSERTION. This insertion consists of three rows of gimp, which are worked separately, and are crocheted together without working thread by means of the loops only, as shown by Fig. 21. Lay two pieces of gimp flat side by side, pass the needle from the upper to the under side through the first loop of one piece of gimp, and draw through the next loop of the other

piece of gimp; then again draw the next loop of the first piece of gimp through this loop, always passing the needle from the upper to the under side, and continue in this manner. The next loop in which the needle is to be inserted is indicated by x on Fig. 21.

Figs. 22-24.—These illustrations give the border, insertion, and crown of the infant's knitted cap illustrated in the last number of the *Bazar*, double page. A full description of the manner of knitting accompanies the illustration.

Embroidered Clothes-Rack, Figs. 1 and 2.

This carved wood clothes-rack is partly stained brown and partly polished black. A bronze hoop borders the inner edge of the clothes-rack; the brackets are also ornamented with bronze rings.—The foundation for the embroidery is of a light colored silk, and the dark edge of the medallion is of velvet in a darker shade of the same color as the foundation. Work the embroidery



Fig. 1.—MEDALLION FOR CIGAR-CASES, ETC.—APPLICATION AND SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

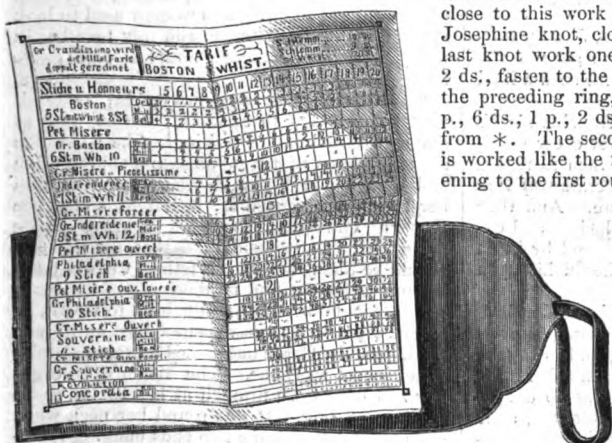


Fig. 1.—CASE WITH BOSTON TABLET.—OPEN.

ever, between every two Josephine knots, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 16.—TATTED AND CROCHET EDGING. The rings and scallops of this edging are worked in one round with two threads. Tie the foundation and working threads together, and with the foundation thread only work one ring of 4 ds., 1 short p., 4 ds., 1 p., 8 ds., turn the ring, * work on the foundation thread 7 ds., 1 p., 7 ds., fasten to the second p. of the ring, turn the work, work with the foundation thread only one ring as before, again fasten to the second p. of the preceding ring, and repeat from *. Crochet for the upper edge of the edging always alternately 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the free p. of the next ring, 4 ch.

Fig. 17.—CROCHET EDGING. For this edging work, first, the middle round, consisting all of sc., on a foundation thread. * Work on the foundation thread 29 sc., and close the last 22 sc. in a ring, working 1 sl. on the first sc.; in doing which the foundation thread should lie underneath the relative st. and be surrounded in working the sl.; repeat from *. 2d round.—* 1 sc. on the sixth sc. of the next ring, five times alternately 5 ch., 1 sc. on the second following sc. of the same ring, 2 ch.; repeat from *. 3d round.—Open-work double crochet.

Fig. 18.—MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET EDGING. For this edging crochet on woven mignardise braid, as shown by the illustration, always alternately 1 sc. on the next loop, 1 dc. scallop on the following loop; each dc. scallop consists of 7 dc.

Fig. 19.—KNITTED AND CROCHET EDGING. For this edging knit, first, with tatted cotton and two steel knitting-needles as follows: Make a foundation of 2 st., throw the working thread once over the

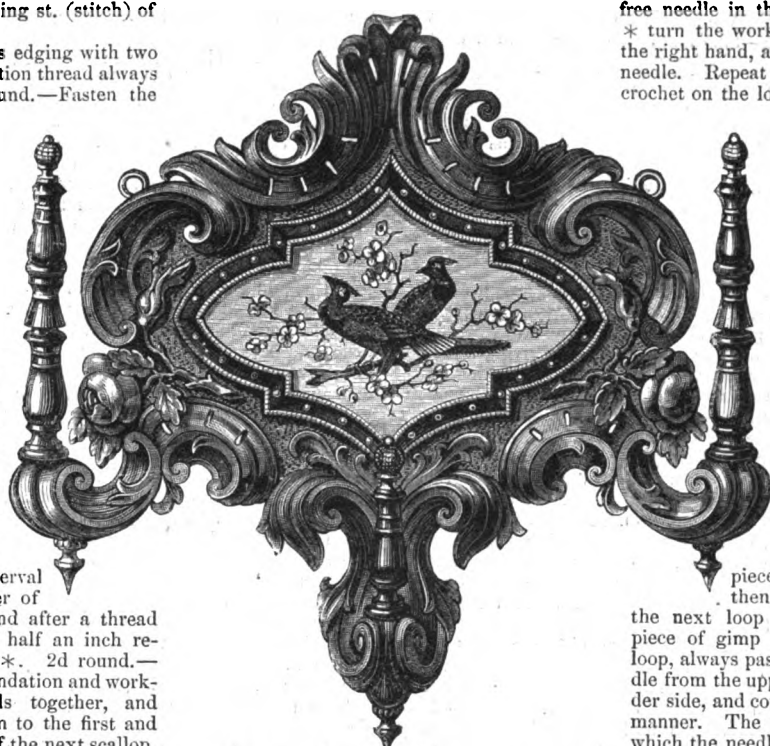
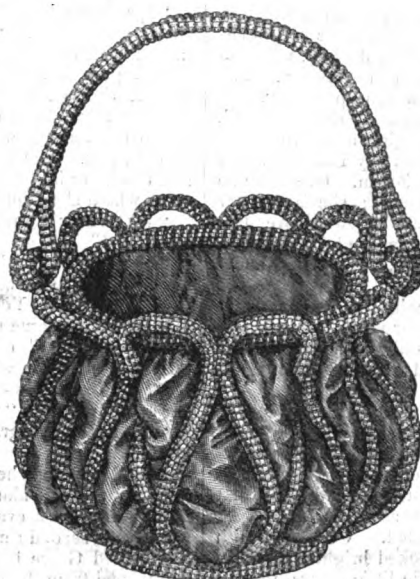


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED CLOTHES-RACK.



WIRE AND BEAD BASKET FOR WORSTED.



Fig. 2.—DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERED CLOTHES-RACK.



Fig. 2.—MEDALLION FOR CIGAR-CASES, ETC.—APPLICATION AND SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

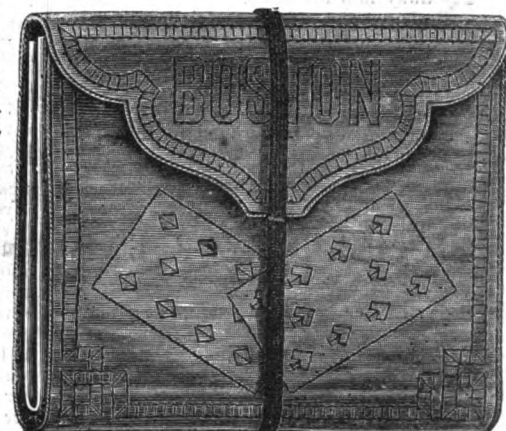


Fig. 2.—CASE WITH BOSTON TABLET.—CLOSED.

with saddler's silk in different shades of one color, or in different bright colors, in diagonal, straight, and dovetailed satin stitch, in half-polka stitch, knotted stitch, and point Russe. The velvet edge, which is applied to the foundation, is bordered on the inner and outer edge with silk soutache of the color of the foundation, and besides on the inner edge with fine twisted silk cord of the color of the velvet. For the trimming on the velvet edge apply small satin strips of the color of the foundation to the velvet, as shown by the illustration, and on these strips work in point Russe.

Medallions for Cigar-Cases, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE medallions are worked on a foundation of cloth, velvet, silk, or leather in satin and half-polka stitch, with small pieces of silk or satin applied. Work the body of the raven, as well as that of the fox, in dovetailed satin stitch. On the outer edge of the medallions sew soutache and fine silk cord.

Wire and Bead Basket for Worsted.

To make this basket double a piece of covered wire eighteen inches and a half long so as to form a ring nine inches and a quarter in circumference. In a similar manner form a ring ten inches in circumference of a piece of wire twenty inches long, and cover both rings closely with blue floss silk. Then take two pieces of wire each seventy-six inches long, lay them on each other in such a manner that one end of each piece of wire projects from the end of the other piece half an inch, wind blue silk on both pieces at the same time, and bend the double wire thus formed into ten loops, each three inches and three-quarters long, which meet as shown by the illustration. Fasten the projecting ends of the wire together. Wind crystal beads that have been strung on blue silk

closely on every piece of wire, fasten the wire loops together with blue silk, and overhand them on both rings with blue silk. The smaller ring forms the bottom and the larger ring the upper edge of the basket. For the bottom cut, besides, a circular piece of card-board two inches and three-quarters in diameter, and cover it on both sides with blue silk; on that side which afterward comes on the inside of the basket cover the card-board with a piece of wire covered with silk and beads, which is sewed on in coils. For the lining of the basket cut a straight strip of blue silk twenty inches long and four inches and three-quarters wide, hem the sides and join the ends; then gather the silk on one side, and overhand it together with the outer edge of the bottom. Fasten the bottom and lining inside of the basket, sewing the former to the lower bead ring with double blue silk. Sew the upper edge of the lining, which is also gathered, to the upper bead ring. The handle, which is formed of double wire fourteen inches long and covered with beads, is set on as shown by the illustration.

Case with Boston Tablet, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 445.

This tablet is designed for marking the interesting game of Boston. It is made of gray silk, and ornamented in point Russe embroidery with fine black silk as shown by the illustration. Cut of a double layer of silk and enameled cloth a strip eight inches long and three inches and a half wide, and scallop one end for the flap, as shown by Fig. 2. Ornament the piece of silk for the outside of the case with embroidery, as shown by Fig. 2, which is reduced in size, and then overhand both pieces of silk together over an interlining of enameled cloth. The seam made by doing this is covered with fine silk cord. On the point of the flap sew a loop of elastic braid, and set the Boston tablet into the case, as shown by Fig. 2. The printed tablets can be procured at stationery stores.

SONG.

FLY, little song, to my love,
Over the rolling sea;
Tell him how bright are the stars above;
Tell him to weep not for me.

Kiss off the falling tears—
My kiss of the days gone by;
Tell him how fleet is the foot of the years,
Whisper—my love can not die.

Fly away into his heart,
Borne on the soft Summer's breath;
Sing to him, "Love and lover must part—
True love is stronger than death."

Fly with the dying day,
Over the star-lit sea;
Lull him to sleep in the land far away;
Bring him in dreams to me.

(Continued from No. 25, page 415.)

TO THE BITTER END.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

"DOST THOU LOOK BACK ON WHAT HATH BEEN?"

AFTER Hubert Walgrave's departure, the entire story of Grace Redmayne's life could be told in three words: "He was gone." She abandoned herself utterly to the bitterness of regret. She went to and fro by day, and lay down to rest at night, with one great sorrow in her heart—a childish grief perhaps at the worst, but none the less bitter to this childish soul. Nor had she any friendly ear into which to pour her woes. On the contrary, she had to keep perpetual watch and ward over herself, lest she should betray her foolish secret. It was the old story of the worm in the bud, and the damask cheek soon began to grow wan and pale. So changed and haggard, indeed—so faded from her nymph-like beauty—did the girl become that even Mrs. James Redmayne's unsentimental eyes perceived the difference; and that worthy matron told her husband, with some anxiety of tone, that their niece must be ill.

"She's going the way of her poor mother, I'm afraid, Jim," she said. "She's fainted dead off more than once since that evening in Clevedon Chase. I let her do a hand's turn in the dairy the day before yesterday, for she gets restless and fretful sometimes, for want of work, lolloping about all day, reading novels or playing the piano. It was light work enough—making up a bit of butter into swans—for it isn't likely I'd give her any thing heavy to do; but when she'd been standing in the dairy half an hour or so, she went off all of a sudden as white as a sheet of paper, and would have gone flat down on the bricks, if I hadn't caught her in my arms; and a regular bother I had to bring her round too. Depend upon it, Mr. Humphreys was right, and there's something wrong with her heart."

"Poor little lass!" murmured the farmer, tenderly. He remembered his niece when she had been indeed a little lass, and had sat upon his knee peering into the mysteries of a turnip-shaped silver watch—a fragile flower-like child, whom he used to touch tenderly with his big clumsy hands, as if she had been an exotic. "Poor little lass! that seems hard, though, Hannah, if there's any thing amiss. She's so young and so bright and so pretty—as personable a young woman as you can see between this and Tunbridge. And there's her father working for her over yonder. I think it would clean break Rick's

heart if he were to come back and find Gracey missing. We'd best do something, hadn't we, Hannah—take her up to some London doctor, eh?"

"We might do that," Mrs. Redmayne answered, thoughtfully, "when the hops are gathered. I couldn't spare a day between this and then, if it was a matter of life and death, as you may say; and thank God it isn't that! The girl ain't strong, and she's subject to fainting-fits; but there mayn't be any thing serious in it, after all."

"You must take her up to London, Hannah, to see some top-sawyer of a doctor, as soon as ever the hopping's over."

"I don't mind doing that. It's no use fidgeting ourselves with Mr. Humphreys's fancies. If you've got a sick headache, he looks at you as solemn as if he was thinking of giving a hint to the undertaker."

"I say, mother," Mr. James Redmayne remarked to his spouse, after a pause, "you don't think the girl's got any thing on her mind, do you? She ain't fretting about any thing, is she?"

"Fretting about any thing! Mercy's sakes, what's she got to fret about? All her victuals found for her, and no need to soil the tips of her fingers, unless she likes. She's never known a trouble in her life, except her father leaving her; and she's got the better of that ever so long. What can put such rubbish into your head, father?"

"Well, I don't know: girls are apt to have fancies, you see. There was that chap, Mr. Walgry, for instance, hanging about her, and talking to her a good deal, off and on. He may have put some foolish notions into her head—may have flattered her a bit, perhaps, and made her think he was in love with her."

Mr. Redmayne made these observations in a dubious tone, and with a somewhat guilty feeling about his own conduct during that one week of his wife's absence. He had left those two so entirely free to follow their own devices, while he made the most of his brief span of liberty. The partner of his fortunes took him up sharply.

"Hanging about her, indeed!" she exclaimed. "I never allowed any hanging about to go on under my nose; and I must say I always found Mr. Walgry quite the gentleman. Of course he did take some notice of Grace; she is a pretty girl, and it isn't likely she'd be passed over like a plain one. But I don't believe he ever said a foolish word to her, or behaved any way unbecoming a gentleman."

"If you say so, Hannah, I make no doubt you're quite correct in your views," the farmer replied, submissively; "only I don't like to see Gracey hanging her head—it don't seem natural."

"It's weakness, that's what it is, James. If she'd only drink the hop tea I make her, she'd pick up her strength fast enough. There's nothing finer than a tumbler of hop tea every morning, but girls are so obstinate, and think that physic ought to be as sweet as sugar-plums."

So the discussion ended. Grace's health seemed variable. She looked brighter on some days than on others; made little efforts, in fact, to stifle her sorrow; put on an appearance of life and gaiety, and then relapsed and gave way altogether. When questioned by her aunt or uncle, she said she had a headache—they could never extort more from her than that. Once good-natured James Redmayne took her aside, and asked her, with simple earnestness that touched her keenly, if there were any trouble on her mind; but she answered him very much as her aunt had done on her behalf: What could there be to trouble her?

"You are all so kind to me, dear Uncle James," she said; "and if my father were only at home I ought to be as happy as any girl in Kent."

It was rather a vague answer, but to James Redmayne it seemed a sufficient one. He went in to his wife with an air of mingled wisdom and triumph.

"I've got to the bottom of it all, mother," he said. "Gracey's still fretting for her father; she owned as much to me just now."

"More fool she, then!" exclaimed Mrs. James, who did not approve of confidence being reposed in her husband which had not first been offered to her. "Fretting won't bring Richard home a day the sooner, or earn him an ounce of gold-dust to bring back with him. She'd better drink my hop tea, and keep up her health and good looks, so as to do him credit when he does come."

Mr. Walgrave had been gone three weeks—ah, what an age of sadness and regret!—when the parcel containing the locket came to Grace. A parcel directed in his hand—it was only too familiar to her from pencil notes in some of the books he had lent her, and from the papers she had seen scattered about his table. Fortune favored her in the receipt of the packet. She had gone out to take the letters from the postman that morning, expecting nothing, hoping for nothing. From him or of him she never thought to receive sign or token. Had he not told her many times, in the plainest words, that the story of their love must come to an end, like a book that is shut, on the day he left Brierwood? She was too simple-minded to imagine him capable of wavering. He had said that his honor compelled him to forsake her, and he would be faithful to that necessity.

Her heart gave a great leap when she saw the address on the little packet. She fled round the house like a lapwing, and did not stop to breathe till she was safe under the shadow of the cedar, in the spot where she had known such perilous happiness with him. Then she sank down on the rustic bench, and with tremulous fingers tore open the little parcel.

A dainty case of dark blue velvet, in itself a treasure to a girl so unsophisticated as Grace; a casket that opened with a spring, revealing a large yellow gold locket set with pearls, reposing

on a bed of white satin—a gem so beautiful that the sight of it took her breath away, and she sat gazing upon it, transfixed with womanly rapture.

She opened the locket, and looked at the little enameled picture of forget-me-nots. Sweet, very sweet; but oh, how much she would have preferred his portrait, or even one little ring of his dark wavy hair! She laid the treasure on the bench beside her, and opened his letter, devouring it with wide-open luminous eyes.

The scrap of paper attracted her attention first: "There is a secret spring; touch it, and you will find my photograph." She gave a little cry of joy, and began to search for the spring, found it, and gave a louder cry of utter delight when she beheld the face of her lover. The skillful colorist had flattered Mr. Walgrave not a little: the pale dark complexion was Italianized; the gray eyes were painted in ultramarine; the face in the miniature looked from five to ten years younger than the original. But to Grace the picture was simply perfect. She perceived no flattery: the face which was to her the noblest upon earth was only idealized as she had idealized it in her own mind from the hour in which she began to love its owner. And yet when Hubert Walgrave first came to Brierwood she had seen nothing wonderful in his appearance, and had considered him decidedly middle-aged.

At last, after gazing at the miniature till her eyes grew dim, clouded with innocent tears—after kissing the glass that covered it with fond foolish kisses—she touched the spring and shut the case, and then read her letter.

This disappointed her a little. It was evidently written to be read by her uncle and aunt. Not one word of that brief bright past: only a letter such as any grateful lodger might have written to his landlady's daughter. She shed a few tears.

"It was good of him to send me his picture," she said to herself. "But he is quite gone from me; I shall never, never see him again!"

The picture had kindled new hope in her breast; the letter destroyed it. There was some comfort, however, in being able to show this letter to her aunt, and to wear her locket in the light of day. She carried the little velvet case and the letter in-doors, and went in quest of her aunt, whom she found in the dairy.

"Oh, Aunt Hannah, I have had a letter and a present!"

"What, a pincushion or a book-marker from one of your old school-fellows, I'll lay, or some such trumpery? You girls are always fiddle-faddling about some such rubbish!"

"Look, aunt!" cried Grace, displaying the locket imbedded in white satin.

"Sure to goodness!" cried Mrs. James, staring at the trinket: "where did you get that?"

"From Mr. Walgrave, aunt, with such a kind letter!"

Mrs. James snatched the letter from her niece's hand, and read it aloud, going over every word, and harking back every now and then to read a sentence a second time, in a deliberate way that aggravated Grace beyond measure. And then she turned from the letter to the locket, and examined it minutely, while Grace stood by in an agony, lest her clumsy fingers should hit upon the secret spring.

"It's a pretty thing enough," she said at last, "and must have cost a sight of money—pearls and all, for I suppose they're real; and I can't see as he had any call to send you such a thing. He paid for what he had, and there was no obligation on either side. Forget-me-nots, too, as if it was for a young woman he was keeping company with. I don't half like such nonsense, and I doubt your uncle will be for sending it back."

"Oh, aunt!" said Grace; and then began to cry.

"Lord bless me, child, don't be such a cry-baby. If you can get round your uncle to let you keep the locket, you may. A present's a present, and I don't suppose Mr. Walgry meant any harm; he's too much a gentleman for that, leastways as far as I could see. All I hope is, he never went talking any nonsense to you behind my back."

"No, aunt, he never talked nonsense; he was always sensible, and he told me—something about himself. He's engaged to be married—has been engaged for ever so long."

"Well, it was fair and honorable of him to tell you that, anyhow. You can show the letter to your uncle at dinner-time, and if he likes you to keep the locket, I'm agreeable."

When dinner-time came, Mr. James, whose opinion on most subjects was a mere reflection of his wife's, studied that worthy woman's countenance, and seeing her favorably disposed toward the gift and the giver, opined that his niece might accept Mr. Walgrave's present without any derogation to the family dignity. She must write him a pretty little letter of thanks, of course, showing off her boarding-school education, which Mr. Wort would no doubt forward to him, as he had happened to omit any address in his letter.

So Grace wore her locket in the face of mankind on the first Sunday after the arrival of the packet; wore it on her muslin dress at church, with a shy consciousness that all the parish must be dazzled by its splendor—that the old rector himself, if his eyes were good enough, might break down in the midst of his sermon, overcome by a sudden glimpse of its gorgeousness. She wore it on a black ribbon under her dress secretly upon those days which her aunt called "workdays," and at night she put it under her pillow. Hers was the early, passionate, girlish love, which is so near akin to foolishness—the Juliet love, which would have her Romeo cut out in little stars.

"And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun."

The girl's spirits revived a little with the possession of this locket. She looked brighter and

better, and her aunt forgot her fears. September came to an end, and the hop-picking began: herds of tramps from the wilds of Hibernia, from the heart of the Seven Dials, from the wretchedest alleys in Whitechapel and Bermondsey, came pouring in upon the fair Kentish country. Mrs. Redmayne was too busy to think much of Grace's health; and when the girl began to flag a little again, finding that life was dreary even with that portrait in her bosom, no one observed the change. She went off into rather a severe fainting-fit one afternoon, but there was no one at hand but Sally, the maid-of-all-work, who brought her round as best she might, and thought nothing of the business. She had fainted herself on a midsummer Sunday, when Kingsbury church was hotter than usual, and never went to that place of worship without a big blue bottle of smelling-salts.

Now in the dusky October evenings fitful patches of light glowed here and there on the landscape; and riding along narrow lanes, the traveler came ever and anon to a rustic encampment—a ragged family huddled round a fire, sun-burned faces turned toward him inquiringly as he passed, a bevy of tatterdemalion children darting out at him to ask for alms, and sharp cries of "Pitch us a copper, Sir!" in the purest Cockney. The group, so picturesque at a distance, was sordid enough on inspection, and the traveler could but wish these nomads had better shelter. A ragged blanket, perhaps, hung upon a couple of poles, made a rough tent here and there, but those who possessed so much luxury were the aristocrats of the community; the vulgar herd slept in the open, save on some lucky occasion when a liberal farmer gave them the use of an empty barn.

James Redmayne was tender-hearted, and at Brierwood the wandering race fared luxuriously. He lent them old rick-covers for tents, and whatever barn he had empty was placed at their disposal. Grace took an interest in the little children, spent all her money in cakes, and robbed the baskets in the apple-loft for their benefit; carried the women great jugs of cold tea in the evenings, and helped and comforted them in many small ways, at the hazard of catching a fever, as her aunt frequently reminded her. In this particular season she was more than usually active in these small charities: that great sorrow in her heart was numbed a little by the sight of commoner sorrows. This year she was more tender than ever, the women thought—the old hands, who had known her in former years. She would sit for hours in a shady corner of a field, with a sick child in her arms, singing it to sleep with sweet sad songs. The women used to look at her from a little distance, and talk together in whispers of her gentleness and her pale grave face.

"I'm afraid there's summat wrong," one stalwart matron said to another. "She were as gay as a bird last hop-picking. She looks like my sister Mary that went off into a consumption and died in the hospital—that white like, and her hands that wasted as you might a most see through 'em. And she such a sweet young thing, too! It do seem hard that such as she should be took, and my old father, wot's a trouble to every body, and no more use of his limbs than a new-born infant, left behind to worry."

One night, after a day spent almost entirely in the hop fields, Grace discovered a great calamity—her locket was gone. The ribbon worn every day had been worn through at last by the sharp edge of the ring. It was round her neck when she undressed, with the two ends hanging loosely. Late as it was, she would have gone out and hunted for her treasure by moonlight—would have roused the hop-pickers and bribed them to hunt for her; but the house was locked, and the keys under Mrs. James's pillow, and it was more than she dared to wake that vigilant housewife. So she went to bed quietly, and cried all night, and came down stairs next morning ashy pale, and with red swollen circles round her eyes, to tell of her loss.

Mrs. James flew into a passion on hearing the news.

"Lost it? you ought to be ashamed of yourself. What call had you to wear it on a workaday?" she cried.

Grace blushed crimson.

"I know it was very foolish of me, Aunt Hannah; but—but—I was so fond of it!"

"Was there ever such a baby? Fond of it, indeed! You're fond of the piano your father gave you: I'm sure I wonder you don't wear that hanging round your neck—you're silly enough. And of course some of your blessed hop-pickers have stolen it; and serve you right. That comes of consorting with such low rabble."

"They couldn't have stolen it, aunt; I wore it under my dress; they couldn't have known any thing about it."

"Stuff and nonsense! they're cunning enough to know any thing. If you'd swallowed a sovereign, they'd know it was inside you. Besides, I dare say you took and pulled it out of your bosom to show to some of their rubbishy brats. You'll nurse yourself into the typhus fever or the small-pox one of these days, with nursing those ragamuffins; and a deal of use you'll be in the world without your good looks, considering as you can't so much as set the sponge for a batch of bread."

Grace was silent with the silence of guilt. Sitting under a hedge yesterday with one of those waifs of humanity in her lap, while its mother and a brood of bantlings from three years old and upward clustered round a hop-bin a few yards off, she had drawn the locket from her bosom and dangled it before the eyes of the little one, half to amuse the child, half for the pleasure of looking at the thing which was the sole token left of her brief love story.

Aunt Hannah, though unsympathetic in man-

ner, was by no means minded that the locket should be lost.

"It's a thankless task spending money upon you," she said; "and so I shall tell Mr. Walgrave, if ever I set eyes on him again. Real gold, set with real pearls, and go and fool it away among a pack of hoppers."

After having given relief to her mind in this manner, she dispatched Jack and Charley and a farm-laborer to scour the country under Grace's guidance. The girl was to point out to them every path she had taken, and every spot where she had rested throughout the previous day.

"But it's about as likely you'll find the moon lying in the grass as that locket," Aunt Hannah remarked, despairingly, as they set out.

She proved only too true a prophet. The young men searched diligently, under Grace's direction—searched till dinner, and after dinner began again, and went on unflinchingly till tea-time; but without result. After tea the early twilight shrouded the farm, and it was too dark to look any longer. Uncle James had the hoppers collected at nightfall, and told them what had been lost, offering a couple of sovereigns to the man, woman, or child who would restore it; but they all made the same declaration, with every form of asseveration common to their class. No such thing had they seen.

"That's a lie!" said James Redmayne, sturdily. "Some of you has seen it, and some of you has got it, or made away with it since last night. The locket's almost as large as the palm of my hand. You couldn't fail to see it lying anywhere; and my sons have been over every inch of ground my niece walked upon yesterday. It's hard you should take any thing as belongs to her, for she's been a good friend to you all."

"That she *have*, Sir!" the women cried, with tremendous energy, and a desperate emphasis on the last word. And then came a confusion of shrill voices, all protesting that the owners thereof would not wrong Miss Redmayne to the extent of a sixpence.

Grace went to her room quite worn out by that weary day—the pacing to and fro, with lessening hope as the hours wore on. It was gone—the one solace that had cheered her life.

"I shall never see his face any more," she said to herself. "There is a fate against me."

CHAPTER XVI.

"BUT IF THOU MEAN'ST NOT WELL."

AFTER the loss of the locket Grace Redmayne drooped visibly. Good-hearted Uncle James did all in his power to recover the lost trinket: put the matter into the hands of the police; had inquiries made among London pawnbrokers, and so on; but without avail. Poor Grace wandered about the bare fields where the hop-vines had lately flourished, with her eyes fixed on the ground, like some melancholy spirit haunting the scene of an unhappy life. Aunt Hannah reprimanded her sharply from day to day for such foolishness.

"If the locket's lost, it's lost," she said, philosophically; "and there's no use in grizzling about it. There's more lockets in the world than that; and if the balance is on the right side next quarter-day, I dare say your uncle will buy you a new one, perhaps with both our portergifts, one on each side; and that'll be worth taking care of as a family keepsake—something to show your children by-and-by."

Grace gave a little involuntary shudder. A portrait of Aunt Hannah, whom photography made unutterably grim, instead of that splendid face, those godlike eyes!

"It's very kind of you to think of that," the girl said, half crying; "but I should never care to have another locket, please."

"Oh, very well! I suppose you think we couldn't give you any thing as handsome as that; but, for my part, I should have thought you'd have set more store by a keepsake from one of your own family than a stranger's present."

"It isn't that, aunt. I've got your photograph and uncle's in my album, and I'm sure I value them. But I'll never wear another locket. There's something unlucky about them."

The year waned. October came to an end; and for various reasons that visit to the London physician which James Redmayne and his wife had talked about had not yet been made. To those who saw Grace every day the gradual change in her was not so obvious as to cause immediate alarm. Nor were hard-working people like the Redmaynes on the watch for such slight symptoms as awaken terror in those who have sufficient leisure to be anxious. The girl rose at her usual time, took her place among her kindred at meals, went patiently through the routine of the long dull day, and never uttered a complaint.

She was completely unhappy, nevertheless. She had no companions of her own age, who might have taught her to shake off this foolish sorrow—no innocent gayeties to distract her mind. The slow level life of a farm-house was about the best possible existence in which to foster a sorrow such as hers.

She had written that epistle which her uncle James had spoken of as "a pretty little letter"—a very formal composition, supervised by the whole family. James Redmayne would fain have had her begin, "This comes hoping," a formula which he had used all his life, and firmly believed in as the essence of polite letter-writing. She had written to thank Mr. Walgrave for his very kind present, which was indeed very, very beautiful, and which she should value very much all her life. There were a great many "verys" in the letter; and it was written in her best boarding-school hand—with long loops to the g's and y's, after a *spécialité* of Miss Toulmin's—on the thickest and creamiest note-paper to be procured at Tunbridge Wells. Uncle James

would have had a view of that polite resort at the top of the first page; but this his niece condemned as vulgar.

"Mr. Walgrave knows Tunbridge Wells, uncle," she said. "He can't want a picture of it on a penny sheet of paper—such bad paper, too, as they always print the views on."

No answer had come to this letter, which, indeed, needed none; but for a month after she sent it the girl had hoped, faintly, for some acknowledgment. With the dying out of this hope, and the loss of her locket, all was over: there was nothing left her except the blank future, in which that one beloved figure could have no part.

And her father—her father, whose letters had been more hopeful of late, telling of increasing good fortune, hinting even at the possibility of his return before another year was ended, with all the objects of his expedition fully realized; the father whose exile she had lamented so bitterly only a year ago—was he forgotten? No, not forgotten; only deposited to the second place in her heart. She thought of him very often, with a guilty sense of having wronged him by her love for another. But that first love of girlhood is an all-absorbing passion. She had hardly room in her mind for her father's image beside that other. If he could have returned at this moment to cheer and comfort her, she might perhaps have struggled bravely with her grief, and conquered it. He had been all the world to her in years gone by—father, mother, companion, friend; the pride and delight of her life; and in the rapture of reunion with him that other image might have grown pale and shadowy, until it became only the memory of a girl's sorrow. But he did not come, and she went on thinking of Hubert Walgrave.

She had no hope—positively none—of ever seeing his face again. Day after day, in the misty November mornings, she awoke with the same void in her heart. The pain was almost worse than the pain of her awakening in the days that followed her father's departure. That grief had at the worst been brightened by hope: this was quite hopeless.

Her aunt sent her to Kingsbury one fine afternoon in November on some small errand to the single shop of the village—an errand which was designed rather to rouse the girl from her listlessness, and give her the benefit of a brisk walk, than to supply any positive need of the household.

"Any thing's better for her than lolling over a book," remarked Mrs. Redmayne, who regarded reading in every shape and form, except the ponderous Henry's Bible on a Sunday afternoon, as more or less a vice.

The walk was through those lanes and by those fields which she had walked so often with him; the way by which they had come together on that first Sunday afternoon, when he joined her in her return from church. How well she remembered it all! The landscape had changed since then, but was hardly less beautiful to the eye of a painter. The shifting shadows on the broad fallow, the tawny gold and crimson, brown and dun-color of the still lingering foliage; the very weeds in the hedge, and the dock leaves in the ditch, fringed by dew-drops left from the morning mists, which a November sun had not been strong enough to disperse—all were beautiful.

A robin was singing with all its might on one of the bars of a gate Grace had to pass. She lingered for a few minutes to listen to him, watching the joyous bird with sad, dreamy eyes.

"I wonder if birds have any sorrows," she thought; and then opened the gate gently, and went into the lane.

It was a narrow gully between two tall neglected hedges, where the blackberry bushes grew high and rank, mixed with hazel and hawthorn, upon steep grassy banks which were bright with primroses in April. At the very entrance of the lane Grace stopped suddenly, with a little cry—stopped and clasped her hands upon her heart, which had a trick of beating furiously when she was agitated.

There was a figure advancing toward her—the tall figure of a man—the image that haunted all her thoughts: Hubert Walgrave. He saw her, evidently, and came on with swifter footsteps to meet her.

She would have behaved with the utmost propriety, no doubt, had he come to the gate at Brierwood, and she been prepared for his appearance ever so little; but at his coming upon her suddenly like this, all her fortitude left her; she fell upon his breast, sobbing hysterically.

"My darling! my darling!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Evening Post*, writing from St. Johns, Newfoundland, gives an interesting account of the enormous fields of ice which from January until June were passing those shores in almost a continuous stream. This ice is formed on the surface of the sea in Davis and Baffin bays. Even in deep water the sea there becomes frozen at the surface. When the sun breaks up the ice in these polar seas it is driven southward on the arctic current, and on this same current also are borne enormous icebergs from the coasts of Greenland. A river of ice, varying from fifty to two hundred miles in breadth, and about two thousand miles long, has been for months incessantly pouring its contents into the tepid waters of the Gulf Stream, where it is dissolved. The past winter has been very severe, and the thickness and quantity of ice have been unprecedented. Some idea may be formed of the enormous quantity of ice which is thus carried from the polar regions by the case of the exploring ship *Resolute*, which, having become entangled in a vast field of ice in Melville Straits, was abandoned, but was afterward found in Baffin Bay, having

been carried one thousand miles from its former position. The ice has this year been almost ruinous to the seal fisheries, and doubtless the great amount may in some measure account for the unusually cool weather and late season which we have experienced in this latitude.

The rock on which the Cunard steamer *Tripoli* was stranded is near Wexford, on the south-east coast of Ireland, at the entrance of St. George's Channel, and is a point that is usually very closely approached by vessels sailing from the port of Liverpool bound west. The Cunard line has hitherto been one of the most fortunate in the world. Only one steamer has been lost during the thirty-three years' service of this company, and that was the *Columbia*, one of their old boats, which was wrecked on the Nova Scotia coast while running for Halifax. It is said they have never lost a passenger nor a mail-bag by any disaster. On one occasion a passenger while standing on deck was killed by a heavy sea which broke aboard and threw him against the side of the vessel, but we believe no other loss of life was ever caused by accidents to these steamers.

A French journal states that a gentleman having purchased a fine-looking rose-bush, full of buds, was greatly disappointed when they blossomed to find the flowers of a dull, faded color. He filled in the pot at the top with finely powdered coal. In a few days the roses assumed a beautiful red hue, as brilliant as could be desired.

The time for canning fruit is at hand. Tin cans have been largely used for both fruits and vegetables; but glass is certainly preferable. All fruits contain more or less acid, which, in some cases, acts upon metallic vessels. Tin cans are made with solder, an alloy into which lead largely enters. This metal is easily corroded, and poisonous salts are formed. It is believed by many chemists that persons have been seriously injured by eating tomatoes, peaches, etc., which have been put up in tin cans.

When we remember how many Junes have been made uncomfortable and even disgusting to our citizens by the pestiferous measuring or "inch" worm, we can but feel grateful to the little sparrows, who have done a good work among us. Moreover, their cheerful notes and pleasing familiarity enliven our city.

In the southern parts of Africa there is a curious plant known by the name of hook-thorn, or grapple-plant, which is said to bear some resemblance to the cuttle-fish. The large flowers of this truly horrible plant are a lovely purple hue. They spread themselves over the ground, or hang in masses from the trees and shrubs. The long branches have sharp, barbed thorns, set in pairs throughout their length. When the petals fall and the seed-vessels are developed and fully ripe, the two sides separate widely from each other, and form an array of sharp curved hooks. Woe be to the traveler who ventures near at such a time! The English soldiers in the last Kaffir wars suffered terribly from this plant. While the Kaffir, unclothed and oily, escaped harmless, the European was certain to be made and held prisoner. Imagine one hooked thorn catching a coat sleeve. The first movement at escape bends the long slender branches, and hook after hook fixes its point into the clothing. Struggling on trebles the number of thorned enemies, and there is no way of escape except to stand still, cut off the clinging seed-vessels, and remove them one by one.

Some curious things are unconsciously said and written by those who are careless in constructing their sentences. A music committee recently advertised for a "candidate for organist and music teacher, either a lady or a gentleman." Among the replies received was the following: "Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for organist and music teacher, either lady or gentlemen. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

The latest reports from the potato-bugs: They have pitched their tents on the plains of Kansas, waiting, on short rations, for the sprouting of the esculent root; in Wisconsin they are sitting on the fences, offering high prices for potatoes and men to plant them; in Indiana they will poll a full vote; at Council Bluffs these interesting creatures are holding a joint convention, and repudiate the one-term principle; while in Dubuque the bugs are loafing about the streets, awaiting the tardy growth of their favorite vegetable.

Among the scientific curiosities noted by the members of the Agassiz expedition was an immense quantity of kelp—the *Macrocystis pyrifera*—off Sandy Point, Patagonia. This is the largest known alga, or sea-weed, and grows on these coasts, in from six to twenty fathoms of water, in vast beds, warning the mariner to beware of a near approach unless he wishes to be entangled in an inextricable net-work. It throws up from the oceanic depths stems of immense lengths, some of them from seven hundred to one thousand feet, the greatest development reached by any member of the vegetable race now in existence. Patches of this sea-weed were passed in open sea with large sea-lions lying on its surface, who were apparently navigating in this novel manner with much satisfaction to themselves, and afforded much amusement to their scientific observers.

A new method of washing has been extensively adopted in Germany to obviate the ill effect of soda on linen. The operation consists in dissolving two pounds of soap in about three gallons of water as hot as the hand can bear, and adding to this one table-spoonful of turpentine and three of liquid ammonia; the mixture must then be well stirred, and the linen steeped in it for two or three hours, taking care to cover the vessel which contains them as nearly hermetically as possible. The clothes are afterward washed out and rinsed in the usual way. The soap and water may be reheated and used a second time, but in that case half a table-spoonful of turpentine and a table-spoonful of ammonia must be added. The process is said to cause a great economy of time, labor, and fuel. The linen scarcely suffers at all, as there is little ne-

cessity for rubbing, and its cleanliness and color are perfect. The ammonia and turpentine, although their detergent action is great, have no injurious effect upon the linen, and while the former evaporates immediately, the smell of the latter is said to disappear entirely during the drying of the clothes.

Egypt is making great preparations for the approaching International Exhibition at Vienna. It is probable that the Egyptian and Turkish departments will together give a very complete idea of the East in its industrial, commercial, artistic, and social aspects. There will be an Egyptian house with its harem, an Egyptian tomb, agricultural implements, and various antiquities. Also an Arab fountain, school, peasant hut, and a residence of a sheik; a Cairo bath, a Turkish fountain, and numerous curious things of a similar nature.

Seldom has there been a more bountiful supply of strawberries than we have enjoyed this season. Fresh fruit and berries are wholesome, and it is a general blessing when they are so plenty and so cheap that all can have a good supply upon their tables. The acid of fresh fruit acts upon the liver, promoting that secretion naturally which is so often induced by medicines. The general health of the system is thus maintained, and diseases averted which are usually referred to biliousness.

In some parts of Africa a curious method of conveying intelligence has been practiced from time immemorial. An immense drain is kept in some of the towns on the Niger for public service in conveying news. By loud talking sonorous vibrations are carried a great distance; and wherever there is another drain to intercept the sound, sentences may be distinctly heard. This system is also practiced in other places. A tribe known as Camaroons have carried this kind of acoustic telegraph to great perfection.

THE BABY-JUMPER.

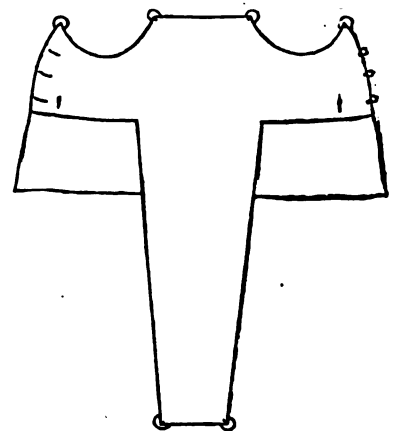
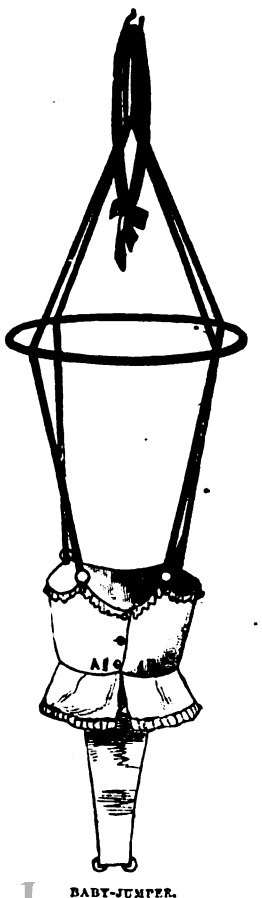


DIAGRAM OF JACKET FOR BABY-JUMPER.

FOR an infant of three months this contrivance is one of the most acceptable amusements, giving a healthy exercise to the child and many moments of needed relief to the tired arms of the mother. For half an hour the little one will jump and spring, crowing and laughing with delight at its unwonted freedom. Too long a session is, of course, unadvised; but baby will quickly tell when play-time is over. The jumper should be suspended over a bed, and the jacket arranged upon the child before buttoning it to the jumper. The hook must be firmly screwed to one of the timbers in the ceiling. The India rubber band (or door strap) can be purchased for a trifling sum at any hardware store. The safety-cord should always be used, as a flaw in the rubber may cause the band to give way, in which event the cord, or guard (which may be of ribbon), will prevent a tumble. The hoop of a flour barrel will serve as a spreader, when covered with cloth or wound with strips of different-colored flannel. The material used for the suspenders should be strong. The little jacket can be made of any material desired. The most serviceable jacket is a strong lining covered with blue, red, or white flannel, embroidered or trimmed according to fancy. The buttons used should be large and strong.

The seat-band is buttoned at A and B, giving a complete support to the child, so that no strain may come upon the arms or shoulders. The height of the jumper is to depend upon that of the room in which it may be desired to locate it.

Care should be taken that the baby does not bear too much weight upon its feet. A jumper may be made plain and inexpensive, or highly ornamental, according to fancy.



BABY-JUMPER.

LINKED NAMES.

It has ever been a favorite pastime with lovers to carve their united initials on the bark of some wide-spreading tree, which may serve as a monument of their constancy, and stand in future years as a memento of the happy days when their love was new. The handsome Highlander in the picture is no exception to the rule; he is

the impulse which has prompted this original device of memorializing their joint affection. For lovers' tricks never grow old; each simple manifestation, however hackneyed in the eyes of frigid spectators, has the freshness of Eden to pure young hearts, which vitalize every thing with the warmth of their new life. Years roll on, and hearts become crusted over with the scoria of worldliness; but we fancy that there will never

THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

THE discovery of these fields has come at an opportune moment. The jeweled portion of the community had really been getting very anxious on the subject of diamonds. They were first found in India and in Borneo; but it is a curious fact that, though people talk of the dia-

monds. The mines of Hindostan were exhausted, and the period could easily be calculated when the Brazilian districts would be exhausted. From time to time there had been rumors of fresh discoveries in diamonds. It was thought at one time that they would be found on Count Demidoff's estates in Siberia, and, in fact, a number of small ones have been found in the Ural districts. Under these circumstances the



LINKED NAMES.

basily engaged in cutting his own and Maggie's linked initials, encircled by the symbolical heart which generally does duty on these occasions, on the smooth bark of the huge beech, which has served before as a tablet for lovers' vows, if we may judge from the numerous inscriptions that are legible thereon. Maggie meanwhile stands with bated breath admiring the skill with which Duncan guides his sharp knife, and pleased at

be a time when our lovers will witness these rude carvings without emotion, whatever fate the future may bring them; and we can fancy Duncan some day apostrophizing his tree as did Tenyson the Talking Oak—

"Say thou, whereon I carved her name,
If ever maid or spouse
As fair as my Olivia came
To rest beneath thy boughs."

monds of Golconda, none were ever found at Golconda. Stilton cheese is not found at Stilton, nor Damascus sabres at Damascus. Many people depreciate the Cape diamonds; but it must be remembered that when Indian diamonds were the rage there were considerable attempts to discredit and depreciate the Brazilian diamonds. Scientific writers declared that the world was coming to an end of its store of dia-

value of diamonds increased very greatly. While the amount of gold indefinitely increased, and the amount of diamonds was stationary, diamonds must needs go up. It transpired in a court of law some years ago that the value of diamonds had increased to the extent of from forty to fifty per cent. The result of the recent discoveries must be that, at least for the present, diamonds must deteriorate in value.



POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, WITH APRON FRONT AND ADJUSTABLE DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

[Our Paper Patterns of Postilion-basque Polonaise, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-trained Skirt, in even Numbers Sizes, from 30 to 40 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

Evening Dress.

DRESS OF TURQUOISE BLUE SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with three bands of white silk embroidered in arabesques with black. A tablier formed of broad tabs slightly puffed lengthwise, and trimmed with scalloped strips of white silk embroidered with lace, covers the front of the skirt, extending far toward the back. Low-necked polonaise, short in front and very long in the back, bordered with a broad band of white silk embroidered with black, and deep white silk fringe. Bertha of the material of the dress, cut in Gothic points. Pearl necklace and bracelets. Pearls and white feathers tipped with blue in the hair.

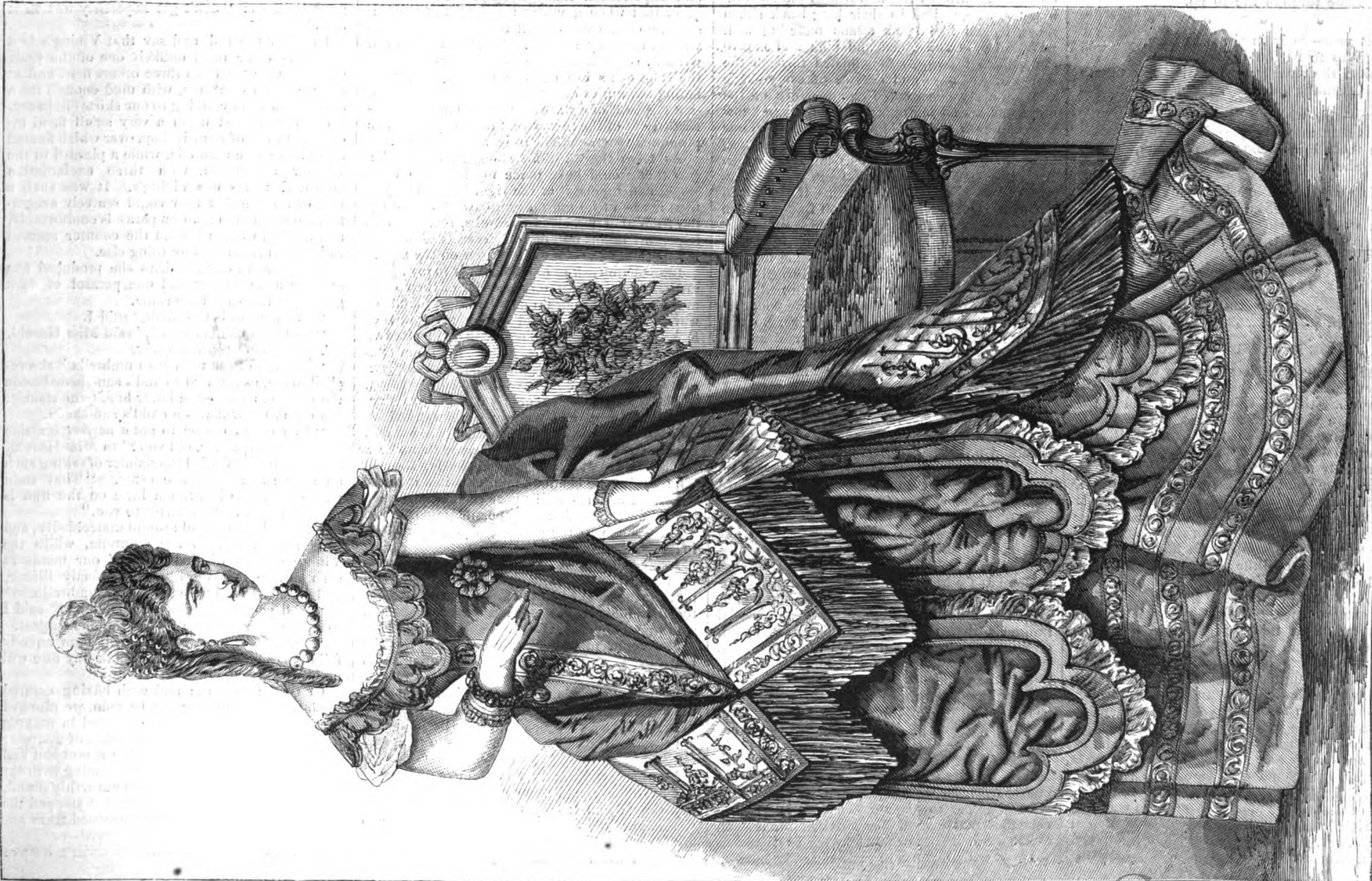
Postilion-basque Polonaise, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-trained Skirt.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

This pretty polonaise is furnished with a postilion-basque in the back. The front is trimmed to simulate a basque, and the skirt of the polonaise closes at the left side, the front being without a seam in the middle, and trimmed on the sides to simulate a tablier. The style is well suited to any fabric. The original has a skirt of deep mauve silk, trimmed with a kilt pleating of the material, surmounted by a pointed strip of white silk, embroidered with mauve flowers, and edged on each side with a narrow ruffle of the material. The polonaise is of a lighter shade of mauve, trimmed on the bottom with a richly embroidered flounce of the same material, which is surmounted by an embroidered strip of white silk like that of the skirt. The sleeves and basque are richly embroidered. Lace under-sleeves and collar, with ribbon bow of the color of the under-skirt. Silk hat of the deeper shade of mauve, trimmed with white lace and roses.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE.—This pattern is in eight pieces—front, side back, back, side gore for the front, side gore for the back, back breadth, sleeve, and basque-front or peplum. Cut the front and back breadths with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods. Cut all the other parts lengthwise of the goods. The left side of the waist is cut off at the waist line, and corded across the under edge. The top of the left side of the apron front is sewed to a belt, and fastens at the side under the body. The right side of the waist and skirt are cut together. The front is fitted by a dart on each side. Join the front side gore to the middle of the front on each side of the skirt part. The body is fitted in the back with side backs, and a middle back seam which extends below the waist line, where an extra width is cut on the middle and side back seams, which is laid in three box-pleats, one on the middle and one on each side of the middle back seam, and tacked on the under side, forming two box-pleats on the outside. The front edge of the side back is rounded up to the waist line. The skirt part of the back contains a straight breadth in the middle and a gore on each side; these are joined to a belt under the postilion by side pleats according to the notches, the first notch being placed even with the second notch and turned toward the middle of the back. The first pleat on each side is laid very deep at the bottom of the skirt and tacked



EVENING DRESS.

firmly. The pleat is formed by folding in the middle of the line of holes, from the top to the bottom edge, on one side, and the middle of the side seam on the other.

The fronts are rounded to give more fullness to the bust, and are cut rather low in the neck. They are closed to the waist line with buttons and button-holes. A short peplum, pointed in front and rounded up on the back edge, is corded across the top, and fastened at the waist line on each side of the front by hooks and loops. The coat sleeves are sewed plain into the arm-holes. The line of holes seven inches from the bottom edge shows where to sew on the trimming. Three tapes nine inches long are tacked at the single holes in the back of the skirt and at the waist line for draping. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and also on the bottom edge of the left side of the waist, and on the right at the bottom edge that is joined to the front side gore, and a quarter of an inch for all other seams. The lines of holes show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, where to take up the darts, the size and shape of the under part of the sleeve, where to lay the deep pleat in the side of the skirt, and where to tack the tape in the back.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 7½ yards.

ADJUSTABLE DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT.—This skirt is arranged so as to be looped for a walking skirt when required. The pattern consists of a front gore, one side gore on each side of the front, and three straight breadths for the back, and section of kilt pleating. Only half the pattern is given. Cut the front gore and back breadth with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the goods to avoid a seam. Tack seven tapes, each ten inches long, at the holes in the skirt and at the belt. The skirt is sewed to the belt plain in front, and is side pleated in the back. In forming the pleats, begin at the end that has the single hole, according to the notches, and bring the first notch up to the second one. Put the pattern together by the notches.

Quantity of material, 11 yards.

Extra for ruffle, 2 inches wide, ¾ of a yard.

Extra for pleating, 13½ inches deep, 5¾ yards.

Pointed trimming, 1 yard.

"THIS YEAR—NEXT YEAR."

This year—next year—some time—never,
Gayly did she tell;
Rose leaf after rose leaf ever
Eddied round and fell.

This year—and she blushed demurely;
That would be too soon:
He could wait a little, surely;
'Tis already June.

Next year—that's almost too hurried,
Laughingly, said she;
For when once a girl is married
She no more is free.

Some time—that is vague; long waiting
Many a trouble brings;
'Twixt delaying and debating,
Love might use his wings.

Never—word of evil omen;
And she sighed, heigh-ho!
'Tis the hardest lot for women,
Lone through life to go.

* * * * *
Next year—early in the May-time,
Was to be the day;
Looked she sweetly toward that gay time,
Gleaming far away.

Never—fair with bridal flowers
Came that merry spring;
Ere those bright and radiant hours,
She had taken wing.

This year—hearts are bound by sorrow,
Next year—some forget;
Some time—comes that golden morrow
Never—earth saw yet.

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

I DARE say you will be very angry with me, and say I am forever dining at the same time; and that you are tired of being scolded, and that I might leave you alone now that I have vented my anger and given you my mind; and that, after all, you did not ask for my advice, and that I have consequently not the ghost of a right to come and castigate you for not following it; and that, if it comes to that, you are the best judges of your own affairs; and that, at any rate, so long as your fathers and husbands don't join sides with me in finding fault and scolding, you do not care an old song what I or all the comets that ever struck the blue sky with their fiery tails, from the Deluge to this year of grace, 1872, may say against your extravagance. Well, I suppose there is something in all this; but that will not make me hold my tongue. And now a bright idea comes to me. Why should I not attack the said husbands and fathers, and try what impression my common-sense arguments would make on them? Ten to one they are more amenable to reason in the matter than you are; and, in fact, I believe in my sacred soul nine-tenths of them are on my side already, if they were only encouraged to stand up like men and own it. Take heed, therefore: I give you timely warning. If I do not see some improvement—or I will even be satisfied with a promise, a sign or symptom ever so faint, provided it be visible to the naked eye on this side of the Atlantic—I will com-

mence a crusade against you in that quarter. Yesterday I had occasion to go to that arch demoralizer of womankind in the nineteenth century—Worth's; and really what I saw and heard during the twenty minutes I spent discussing the great feminine business of life with one of the upper nymphs of that pagan Olympia so roused my ire against you one and all that I feel I must, at any cost, rush once again into the arena and break a lance with you about your wickedness. Not that it concerns me or my countrywomen one atom how much you put on your unfortunate consciences, or what day of reckoning you are preparing for yourselves with husbands and other unhappy victims of your reckless ways, but because we are your victims too; we pay our quantum to your bills, and we do not like it. We are less patient than the other paymasters. First, I remarked that there was not one word of French to be heard among the ladies who were grouped in the various rooms holding conclave together about the great affair on hand; they were all American. I do not mean to say that this is always the case; but that it was so once, when, without any particular attraction to draw them more than any other day, I turned in by chance and found they were the exclusive visitors, in itself a pretty significant fact. I made the remark to Mademoiselle —, and she replied that their clients were, indeed, chiefly American; they had some few English, a good many Russians, but the great majority were from the United States.

"And the French!—you do not count any among your customers?" I inquired.

She shrugged her shoulders. "We have hardly any French ladies, madame: they would like to come here; they pine to be dressed by M. Worth, but they can not afford it; they are not rich enough to venture to our ateliers."

And this is the truth. The nymph went on to explain how magnificently American ladies squandered their money; how satisfactory it was to work for them. In fact, they were the only people worth working for. I meekly asked if it came within the bounds of her master's condescension to make a silk costume for the contemptible sum of 650 francs. My friend in London had limited me to this price, and, against my better judgment, I boldly resolved to try what the great potentate of fashion would do for me for so modest a price. Mademoiselle — made the most expressive little pantomime with her eyes and her shoulders, and ended by sweetly, benignly, and most compassionately shaking her head. The thing was impossible. Would I not expand the figure just a hundred francs? No? Then all she could do for me was to propose a costume in some inexpensive stuff, foulard, poplin, etc., which would not, of course, be quite so good value for my money, as far as the material went, but which would nevertheless have what really made the beauty of the costume—the magic touch of the *Maison Worth*. Earnestness is the most contagious thing in the world, and I admit that, for the time being, I fully entered into the solemn spirit with which the nymph spoke of the various combinations of stuffs and shades, as if such were the one object for which human beings were created and endowed with reason and souls. Let it not be supposed that I am considering dress from the high moral altitude of an ascetic or a philosopher. I own frankly to having felt a pang of envy shoot through my vanity as I surveyed the lovely fabrics stuck up on sticks all around me, and beheld the flock of nymphs, who, attired in their long black silken robes, looked like black swans buffeting with waves of blue and green and pink and mauve and golden brown, as they floated through the mazes of costumes and dresses of every shade and for every conceivable circumstance of the night, noon, and morning; and I want to know why and how it has come to pass that no one but Americans can afford to buy these things? Why do they pay such prices for them, when they should, could, would, and will get them on reasonable—comparatively—terms if they hold out for it? A few years ago 650 francs was an unheard-of price for the very richest dress that could be ordered, and now, if you go to a good house and ask for a handsome costume for that sum, the nose of the dressmaker is turned up at you! Nobody likes to have a nose turned up at her; and really it seems hard that we poor Europeans should be continually subject to this ignominy because, forsooth, our American sisters choose to knock under to the preposterous exactions of the milliner and dress-making tribe in Paris.

Now I do hope you will listen to this last appeal—for it is the last I will make to you. If, as I said before, I do not see some signs of repentance and practical amendment, I will see what is to be done with the paymasters. Woe be unto you if my logic and eloquence, to which you have turned a deaf ear, succeed in shutting up the purse-strings! I shall take much higher ground with *ces messieurs*. I shall tackle their patriotism, and ask them if it is seemly that the women of a republican country—a country that prides itself on its freshness of thought and ideas, its vigorous juvenile independence, its scorn of Old-World corruption and prejudice and social trammels that make class toady class, eating away the sturdy characteristics of the national type of manhood and womanhood—if it is seemly that the women of such a country should be pointed at as the ruin of society and social intercourse in Europe by their insane extravagance, their unparalleled prodigality, in every thing that contributes to the adornment of their bodies! I shall strike all these chords, and when I have set them well vibrating I shall propose the following amendment: that the husbands and fathers shall band together to cry anathema maranatha on costumes that exceed five hundred francs, and that they shall strenuously set their faces against the wild extravagance of their countrywomen at

home and abroad. But as all rules, however wise and good in principle, must have an exception in their application, let it be agreed that those young ladies, married or single, but notably the single ones, who are unkindly dealt with by nature, and who clearly need the adventitious helps of finery to condone their ugliness and disguise their ungraceful figures, should be allowed to exceed the sum deemed sufficient for their more favored sisters. Let the ugly young women be allowed a margin to help them to lure unwily birds into their toils—those whose complexion is bad and whose hair is scant and whose feet and figures leave much to be desired, let these be mercifully permitted to lavish somewhat more of the family substance on the process of beautification, with a view to their establishment in life; but let no pretty girl who has that lovely soft skin, with its transparent coloring, that makes American girls so bewitchingly flower-like in their young freshness—let none of these demean themselves to adopt the trappings that may be pardoned to their ugly sisters, because of their ugliness; let them show their well-formed, round, and gracefully poised heads in their natural shape and size; let them curl and frizzle their hair to their heart's content; but let them leave to the ugly ones the privilege of building lunatic birds' nests on the top of their heads. Let simplicity be a distinctive mark of grace and beauty, and let voluminous millinery and tomfoolery of all sorts, in bonnets and petticoats alike, be the attribute of bad figures and sallow complexions and narrow or otherwise malformed skulls. If the gentlemen of the United States try this for a short time, I am willing to stake my head on it they will gain their point. And not only America, but all the four quarters of the globe, will bless them. COMET.

MY PARASOL.

I NEVER have had quite enough of any thing. I do not mean by this that I have suffered for want of food or clothes, in the ordinary acceptance of the latter term. My remark applies more particularly to bits of lace and ribbon, and ornamentation generally. For always, when I have had any thing made of good materials, and worn it to the last verge of wearability, I have, as a painful duty, and not at all as a matter of choice, conscientiously stripped it of whatever could be made available in any other form before consigning it to the rag-bag. A huge bandbox receives these fragments, and said bandbox reposed on the top of my wardrobe.

That bandbox will be the death of me yet. Not to mention the swearing frame of mind into which it frequently puts me (mind, however, that I do not swear; I am only in what may be called a swearing frame of mind) by holding out false promises in the way of fringe, ribbon, or lace—until I come to try the things, and find that they just fail of going across or around whatever has most pressing need of them—I fairly tugged the wardrobe over on myself one day climbing on the drawers after that treacherous receptacle, that had stowed itself out of reach on purpose to entrap me.

And here I wish to say that the best article ever written is called "The Total Depravity of Inanimate Things." I don't know where it is, nor who did it; but I do know that after I had read it I said, "Why couldn't I have written it myself? It is exactly what I have thought and experienced many a time." And we all know that when a writer accomplishes this result, he or she has caught that gorgeous swift-winged butterfly, success. I almost think I did write it, or got some one to write it for me, for the sentiments are my very own; and remembering the antics of that wretched bandbox and that elephant of a wardrobe, I am not to be persuaded out of the theory that total depravity is a prominent characteristic of inanimate things.

As I felt the wardrobe coming I executed a *pas* that would have made my fortune on the stage, had I done it at the right time; but just then it was of no mortal use, except to save my life from that ferocious wardrobe, that tried to knock my brains out, but only succeeded in grazing my temple and tumbling itself on the floor.

Immediate rush of excited family to my apartment, who stood not on the order of their coming, but came at once, and when they found the wardrobe on its face and me on my feet, they looked disappointed, and hoped that the piece of furniture was not seriously injured. I am convinced that had our positions been reversed, general satisfaction would have prevailed.

The wardrobe was tenderly assisted to its accustomed place, and warmly congratulated on its wonderful escape from annihilation; but as I knew that it only waited its chance to make a fresh attack and crush me completely, I seized the troublesome bandbox and deposited it in the closet. I had it on an upper shelf, from which it precipitated itself on every possible opportunity.

"Do come to the parasol, if you ever mean to!" says Rebecca, impatiently.

I stand in awe of Rebecca, because I always read to her what I write, and although she could not, for the life of her, put any thing like a story together herself, yet she always criticises and snubs me mercilessly.

So I reply, meekly, "I am coming. But the bandbox, you know, really has something to do with it."

"The bandbox is well enough," snaps Rebecca, quite as though it were a personal friend of hers; "but some people are very heedless and clumsy. But it is quite time to get to the parasol."

I smile sweetly, and try to arrange my ideas.

I have said that I never have quite enough of any thing; and it seems to me that this assertion applies more particularly to money than to any thing else—my money always gives out. And just when this catastrophe has occurred I

find myself in total destitution of boots, or gloves, or some other indispensable thing that makes not the least show, but must be had, nevertheless.

This spring the thunder-clap came in the shape of a parasol. I had one laid away from last season—a most respectable-looking affair, that I packed reverentially in a gingham case the first of November, saying to myself occasionally during the winter, when thinking of my spring outfit, I have a parasol at least.

I don't know how the story may sound to the public; I don't even know that the public will believe it, or that any one ever had such an experience before; but I solemnly affirm that when I took my parasol out of its chrysalis (the very parasol that I had put away in excellent condition), and hoisted it in triumph, I found it, not a sun-shade, but a sun-siere—in other words, the silk was in mathematical slits between each stick of whalebone!

I was overwhelmed by this discovery of the total depravity inherent in parasols. But how could the thing have gotten itself in slits?

"Something has eaten it," said Rebecca, decidedly.

"Do you happen to know," I asked, plaintively, "of any animal or insect that subsists on parasols?"

Rebecca jerked out a withering "Pshaw!" but I sat and gazed on the wreck in my hand—meditating deeply on this and other unfathomable mysteries.

In the course of the morning a friend dropped in, and, pining for sympathy, I related the inexplicable conduct of my parasol to her. For answer, she produced a fragment of the morning paper, which read:

"Vining, No. 5090 Passementerie Avenue, is actually giving away parasols and umbrellas. Stock must be sold to close the business. Only a few left of those superior silk-lined parasols at \$1.50. Hasten to Vining's!"

I did hasten to Vining's, and repented at my leisure. But first I asked Lizzie Harold where Passementerie Avenue was—I had never heard of it.

"Two or three miles north of this," she replied; "quite a *terra incognita* to the fashionable world, but a grand place for cheap shopping. The cars take us very near it; so get on your hat and outward adornments, for I am on my way to Vining's now. I want a sea-side umbrella, which I am told they sell for seventy-five cents. I hope every thing won't be gone; but we have the advantage of being early in the season."

Not altogether an advantage this, as I afterward discovered.

It was the beginning of March, wretchedly cold, yet fearfully muddy; and when the car dropped us at the junction of two or three unpaved streets, we stood hopelessly gazing upon the prospect, and wishing for a sounding-line, that we might know just how high to expect the mud to come.

I shall never forget Passementerie Avenue; one of my overshoes took a fancy to it, and staid there altogether, and my stockings were as effectually dyed as though they had been dipped in a solution of butternuts. Talk of Washington crossing the Delaware, or Caesar making a fuss over the Rubicon! If it were of the slightest use, I would respectfully request them to try Passementerie Avenue, with the mud at forty fathoms—or thereabout.

"You did get out of the mud, though," suggests Rebecca: "don't get hopelessly lost in it now."

I meekly proceed, and say that Vining's is a corner, and the most unlikely one of the four. Of course we tried the three others first, and at last we found ourselves, with mud enough for a small-sized farm clinging to our skirts (Rebecca, I will say that—I mean a very small farm indeed), in front of a small shop, over which floated a red and white umbrella, while a placard in the window announced, with three exclamation points, that this was Vining's. It was such a box of a place that they could scarcely accommodate more than a dozen parasols comfortably, and a stout woman behind the counter seemed to leave no room for any thing else.

In answer to our inquiries she produced one sea-side arrangement and one parasol of dark green silk lined with the same.

"The parasol is too small," said I.

"The umbrella is stained," said Miss Harold.

The woman smiled serenely.

"You didn't ask me for an umbrella," she replied to me, as she laid a child's sun-shade beside the parasol, making the latter look quite sizable.

I didn't know it was a child's sun-shade.

"You didn't expect to get a perfect sea-side umbrella for a dollar, did you?" to Miss Harold. She indignantly denied the slander of selling such an article at seventy-five cents. "That stain where the green has run a little on the buff is worth a dollar and a quarter to you."

I whirled my parasol around undecidedly, and Miss Harold whirled her umbrella, while the Vining woman whirled both of our heads at such a rate that we became perfectly idiotic, and departed with the parasol and umbrella.

"And you don't think it's too small?" said I to Lizzie, with my head full of the one subject.

"Not at all," she replied, with hers equally full of another. "You don't think any one will notice that stain, do you?"

Of course I didn't; and each having assured the other that she had got a bargain, we plunged bravely into the mud, and succeeded in making a return car comprehend our signals of distress: or, rather, a man, after standing a moment and watching the antics we were performing with our muffs and parcels, sent forth an unearthly sound, between a whistle and a shriek, that stopped the vehicle at once, and we were rescued from our sinking condition and taken on board.

I think that if there is a time when a woman

feels more helpless than at another, it is when she is vainly shaking her muff or parasol at an unheeding car conductor.

"Come," says Rebecca, "you got in, you know: now get on."

All the way home we talked of our bargains, until we quite persuaded ourselves that they were bargains.

"They would have cost just twice that on C— Street," said Lizzie Harold, confidently; "it's a great thing to know of these out-of-the-way places."

When we left the car we each went our separate way.

"So," said Rebecca, as I unfolded my prize, "small parasols are coming in again, are they?"

"You don't call this a *small* parasol, do you?" I asked, somewhat beseechingly.

"Did you buy it for a large one?" rejoined Rebecca, with a steady eye.

"But it only cost a dollar and a half," I continued.

"Then it isn't small for the price," was the somewhat mystifying reply.

After looking at it for a while, and examining it from various points of view, I put my parasol away for warmer weather. But first I stealthily compared it with the old one, and found that it lacked a full inch in depth. I sighed, but said nothing.

It was parasol time in the city, and trailing arbutus and anemone time in the country. Sweet sounds and airs were abroad where fresh grass and budding trees congregated, while spring bonnets and house-cleaning had broken out in town; but my eyes suffered considerably from the sun before I fairly produced my bargain. I had made the unpleasant discovery that parasols were larger than ever, and mine looked like a piece cut out of the middle of some one else's.

"Do get out your parasol," said Rebecca one morning; "you are winking and blinking all the time, with your face screwed up in such a pucker that no human being could possibly recognize you! And there's Mr. Antlewaite! Do iron your face out."

I tried to obey my commanding officer; but those magnificent bays, and the flashing of silver in the harness, and the sort of glamour that all the accompaniments of wealth cast over a weak-minded person who has an intense appreciation of them, bewildered me completely in my half-blind state. If I had had a parasol, I might have comforted myself with suitable dignity; but as it was, I made a hurried inclination of my head to no one in particular in return for Mr. Antlewaite's magnificent bow, and got a scolding from Rebecca in consequence. I think that Rebecca always had a hankering after Mr. Antlewaite with a view to my benefit.

"Now," said she, severely, "what is the matter with that parasol?"

I told her that it had collapsed fearfully since it left Vining's, and I didn't believe it would ever be of any use to me.

Rebecca grunted. She never had any opinion of my shopping, and I knew she thought it a piece of presumption in me to buy that parasol on my own responsibility. She said she hoped it would do me good.

But I was thinking of Mr. Antlewaite, and wondering why it seemed to be ordered that I must always appear at such a disadvantage before him.

I had scarcely seen him since his return from Europe—indeed, I might justly say that I had scarcely seen him at any time. When he went abroad, I was in the last of my teens, with more than the usual amount of romantic folly that pertains to that undeveloped age; and down in the inmost depths of my heart I had shrined as a hero this same Mr. Antlewaite.

He was the nominal admirer of a gay aunt of ours, who had borne the loss of husband and children with exemplary fortitude, and grew fat and cheerful in the congenial atmosphere of a fashionable hotel. There she found Mr. Antlewaite; and as he was rich, handsome, lame, and somewhat of a misanthrope, Aunt Melicent laid siege to him, and he seemed rather to like it.

Once I encountered him as I was passing through the hall, after a visit to Aunt Milly; and he asked so many questions about me afterward, that auntie coolly informed him I was a mere child, only fifteen! She glowered in this fib, and told us of it in the most unblushing manner; but I felt quite savage, and could have boxed her ears with right good will.

Then Mr. Antlewaite had inquired about me—had even expressed a wish to see me again; and I—Well, I thought he had the most beautiful dark eyes I had ever seen, and that his lameness, which Aunt Milly laughed at, only made him appear interesting. He scarcely showed it, except to lean heavily on his cane; and he was so elegant-looking, and had such an air of wealth and grandeur about him, that I thought he ought to be called Lord Something, and not plain Mr.

Truly, I was most inordinately silly at nineteen.

I only saw my hero occasionally, for Aunt Milly was very watchful; but once we had a good long talk about books, and, quite carried away by the exhilaration of having such a listener, I glowed and sparkled, and said, I believe, some very bright things. Auntie told me rather maliciously the next day that Mr. Antlewaite had said "I was an uncommonly clever child, and would develop into a splendid woman!" I was so angry that I could have torn my hair, only that I was too careful of it.

Time passed without bringing the desired climax to Aunt Melicent, and very suddenly indeed, one bright spring morning, Mr. Antlewaite sailed off to Europe, and she was left lamenting, not for the man who had disappointed her, but for the carriage and establishment and bank stock to which he was the necessary ap-

pendage. But to finish with Aunt Melicent now and forever: a rich Californian soon made his appearance, and carried her off to the land of earthquakes.

I was very glad indeed that, when this Theseus departed, no one knew of the silly little Ariadne who, in a certain locked and bolted room, cried her eyes and nose red, and almost made a solemn vow that she would crimp her hair no more. She was just saved from this verge of desperation, and a year afterward she laughed merrily at the thought of it.

Three years of young-ladyhood passed very much as such years usually do, with much sunshine and some disappointments, and a constant struggle on my part with the inconvenient fate of being well-born and having very little money.

And this brings me to the parasol, for it was just about this time that Mr. Antlewaite appeared again upon the scene. I feel provoked whenever I think of it. He called in the most unexpected manner, and asked for Miss Luton, and Rebecca, who is called Miss Luton, went down upon him quite fiercely, and scolded him in the dimly lighted parlor in mistake for a man who persisted in coming with a bill that had already been paid.

Finally she understood that I was wanted, and called me without letting me know who or what it was; and down I went, looking like a fright, for I had been exploring the bandbox, and sitting all day in the midst of a litter.

I could scarcely find a word to say for myself, but Mr. Antlewaite inquired politely for my aunt, and when I told him of her change of name he smiled, and said that I had grown.

Now I had not grown a hair's breadth for the last five years, according to the mark behind the parlor door; but if he chose to think so, I did not care. I had grown in one way: I was no longer a romantic little goose; and although he was as handsome as ever, and his belongings just as dazzling, I would not now have shed a tear had he chosen to start for Lake Ngami to-morrow.

When we were alone I scolded Rebecca for bringing me down in such a plight to such a grandee of a visitor, and, strange to say, she took the scolding meekly. She even fell to speculating as to when Mr. Antlewaite would come again, and decided that we must appear on the occasion in our new silk dresses.

"I haven't the slightest doubt," said I, viciously, "that we shall both be caught in our very worst attire, and looking like any thing but the granddaughters of General Luton. I wish the old gentleman had left us a comfortable fortune, instead of this family grandeur."

"The first may possibly be acquired, but the other never," said Rebecca, loftily.

It seemed to me that our chance of acquiring it was a very small one; but I supposed that even stranger things had come to pass.

"That tiresome man!" I exclaimed a few days later. "Just look at my hair, Rebecca! He must be under the influence of some malicious spirit to come here at such very malapropos times. I do not think I will see him."

"Your hair is charming," replied Rebecca, who does not deal in compliments. "That half-tumbled-down appearance is particularly becoming, and your pink chintz and little white apron are very fresh and simple-looking."

"Simple enough," I muttered. "I do not think I am fit to be seen."

Rebecca wouldn't go down at all. She was too busy, she said; and I had to undertake our formidable visitor all by myself.

How very delightful he was! He talked of the places he had seen, and of which I had only read, until I quite forgot my hair and all the rest of it—forgot it until I was reminded of it by being told that I was perfectly refreshing!

I was not at all sure that this was a compliment, and if it was, I thought that Mr. Antlewaite had no right to pay it. How glad I felt that he didn't know I had cried when he went away!

"Two hours, by the clock!" exclaimed Rebecca, when I reached the upper regions. "What an unconscionable call! Laurette, you never looked so pretty in your life."

"Rebecca, do tell me what to do with my parasol," was my irrelevant reply. "It looks so dreadfully small of its age."

And I unfurled the absurd little affair to its fullest extent.

"I think," said my oracle, reflectively, "that I would put a flounce on it. You might do that quite easily."

"Would you, though? A flounce of what?"

"Well, scarlet silk, I think, as the present material is green."

By this I knew that Rebecca expected me to match the wretched thing, which involved a tour of all the shops in town. I did it, however, meeting with all sorts of adventures; and finally wrested the half yard of silk that I wanted from an unwilling Jew, who tried hard to persuade me that it wouldn't do at all.

But I came off victorious, and sat down in the evening, with Lizzie Harold at my elbow, to transform my parasol into something that looked like other people's. Rebecca was out on a tea visit, and I wished to astonish her on her return. The bandbox had actually furnished some fringe that was a very good match; but, of course, it was a scant pattern, and I had to stretch it to make it go round.

Lizzie Harold sat admiring.

"You are so handy," said she; "your parasol will be a beauty, after all; but nothing can be done with my wretched affair, except to throw it away and get a decent one. What a humbug that Vining is!"

I chimed in with this last remark, and then held my work up triumphantly. The last stitch had been taken, and I felt repaid for my trouble. It really had a very rich appearance, with that

flounce edged with fringe, and we both admired it extravagantly.

I then proceeded to close it preparatory to putting it away, when I made an unpleasant discovery: my parasol respectfully but firmly declined to shut up!

I sat down on the floor and laughed; but it was a sort of maniacal laughter. Whatever was I to do with a parasol that persisted in spreading itself open within-doors? I should want a separate room to keep it in. Why, it was horrible! it was like drawing an elephant.

"It is really too bad," said sympathizing Lizzie. "I suppose it is because you had to hold the flounce so tightly on account of the fringe. I am so sorry! What will you do?"

"I have not the slightest idea," I replied, indifferently. "I wondered all the time I was sewing that something didn't occur to blast my success; but you see with what refined malice this parasol held its coup in reserve till the very end. I am a firmer believer than ever in the total depravity of inanimate things."

Lizzie stared at me in surprise; but her brother had come for her, and I was left alone to contemplate the pleasing result of my evening's work.

"What now?" asked Rebecca, as she found me thus occupied. "It looks as though you had made an idol of that remarkable parasol, and were paying poojah to it. It has really become quite a respectable affair."

"Rebecca," said I, solemnly, "my parasol won't shut up."

Rebecca pounced on it forthwith. "What is the reason it won't?" she asked, contemptuously, as, at her first touch, the obedient whalebones drew themselves together.

I stood speechless; there was necromancy somewhere, but I could not fathom it.

Rebecca laughed at my amazed face, and produced a broad envelope directed to myself.

"I found it down stairs," said she; "I suppose it came this evening. And I don't believe it would have been of the slightest consequence whether the parasol shut up or not."

She had seen the handsome monogram; and when my eye fell upon it I shrank from opening the letter. But it had to be done; and when I had finished reading it I felt like "Mr. F.'s aunt," for I deliberately took up my parasol and flung it out of the window.

What was in the letter is nothing to nobody.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

The Decadence of Red-letter Days.—American Painters in our Academy.—A sentimental Twin.—Alfred Crowquill.

TODAY is the great festival of England—the Derby-day, an anniversary this nation will probably continue to keep when its care for other times and seasons, even the most sacred, shall have passed away. I have told you already not to listen to any person who endeavors to persuade you that the Roman Catholic faith is gaining ground here: it is losing ground, and so is every other formalistic creed. A quarter of a century ago the High-Church movement, which awoke men from their spiritual slumber, abolished sporting parsons, and did much good in its time, bade fair to lead us in the red-letter-day direction; but its effect upon the mass of the people is now small, and a bank holiday is regarded with far more general interest than any festival of the Church. The Queen has assisted this revolution. Either from evangelical or Broad-Church convictions (I believe the latter), she has set her face against fasts and festivals. The Prince of Wales was married in Lent: this was really a tremendous experiment. Nobody who is any body marries in Lent in England, as you may perceive by comparing the marriage columns of the *Times* in and out of that season. A servants' ball was given at Balmoral last Good-Friday. And again the Thanksgiving-day was appointed during the forty days of humiliation, to the extreme indignation of "good Churchmen." Our Parliament supports the Queen in this behavior. On the 8th of this month (May) the usual two hours' adjournment, by reason of its being Ascension-day, was for the first time opposed and disallowed. The decision was significant, not of the decay of religious feeling, but of the ecclesiastical expression of it. A great scholar has recently shown that all our sacred dates are lamentably misplaced, and that we have been playing cards on a Sunday without knowing it all our lives; but that has only helped to accelerate a movement which was perceptible enough before. The holiest days are likely to share the fate of the mere saints' days. To my mind Christianity has nothing to fear upon this account. "One man esteemeth one day above another, another esteemeth every day alike." But on this point Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., is at variance with St. Paul. The author of "Tom Brown's School-Days" took the House of Commons to task last night for having refused to sacrifice two hours to a Christian festival, "for the sake of gas bills and railway bills," and called upon them in the name of Consistency, since no higher motives seemed to actuate them, to continue to sit on the Derby-day for the transaction of business. Ascension-day had been kept in England, he said, for one thousand years, while the institution of the turf was comparatively modern. Moreover, the turf had worked incalculable evils, while it was generally supposed that Christianity had done good. Or if a national holiday must needs be set apart for sport, let it be appointed for some manly and harmless object, such as the international boat-race. Of course poor Tom Brown might as well have been talking to the winds; and all the House is on Epsom Downs to-day; nay, all the world, except your English Correspondent, who is the very soul of duty, and has also a sharp touch of the gout.

The ladies (who do not go to Epsom except on "the Oaks" day) even complain that there is

"no Park," which shows what would become of society without us males.

In our Royal Academy this year there are at least three American exhibitors. Miss A. M. Lea illustrates Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin," piping to the rats on the brink of the Weser, and a very commendable work it is; J. M'Entee shows us, in his "November," how

"Shade deepening over shade the country round embrownq;"

and W. J. Hennessy, "A-drifting" (folks on the river), "with American autumn effect." This note explains the otherwise (to us) unintelligible hue of both these gentlemen's pictures; and that the talent of the latter, at all events, is appreciated is made clear by the red star in the corner of his picture which proclaims it to be sold.

Among the curious "obituaries" this week is the demise of the infant child of Captain and Mrs. Bates, which has disappointed the world of a race of giants. The captain (U.S.A., as he boasts in his advertisement) is eight feet high, you know, and his lady about the same altitude, so that there were the greatest expectations. If the "poor little thing" had lived—if one can use such a term to an infant of eighteen pounds weight—it would have carried off the prize from every baby show in the country, and probably gone into what is called "the public line" earlier than most of us. This domestic misfortune, which would have put Frederick of Prussia (Carlyle's clay idol) in a pretty passion, has given a fitness to the topic of "phenomenons;" and in the smoking-room at the Reform last night (the very home of gossip of all sorts) a discussion arose as to whether the earth was still blessed with the presence of the Siamese twins. Some said they were deceased (which I doubt); and one famous *farceur*—a great medicine man—told us with a grave countenance that one of them being very ill some years ago, the other had consulted with him professionally upon the desirability of "cutting the connection" with his brother. "This delicate topic had necessarily to be discussed in each other's presence, and I felt no hesitation in stating that I believed such an operation would be fatal to both. 'Well, well' (said the one who wanted to be 'off'), 'then that settles the matter, doctor. After all, it would be a great wrench to have to part with him; and I should like to have it written upon our tomb that 'in our death we were not divided.'"

I have just heard of a decease of quite another sort—that of poor Alfred Henry Forester, better known to the public as *Alfred Crowquill*. As artist, author, and modeler he was almost equally good; but his friends will remember him above all for his quaint and genial humor. Without being a wit, he was an anecdotist of a high order.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

SELECTED FROM "ADAM BEDE."

THE commonest man, who has his ounce of sense and feeling, is conscious of the difference between a lovely, delicate woman and a coarse one. Even a dog feels a difference in their presence. The man may be no better able than the dog to explain the influence the more refined beauty has on him, but he feels it.

It's easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.

Let evil words die as soon as they're spoken.

As to people saying a few idle words about us, we must not mind that, any more than the old church-steeple minds the rooks cawing about it.

I like breakfast-time better than any other moment in the day. No dust has settled on one's mind then, and it presents a clear mirror to the rays of things.

When what is good comes of age and is likely to live, there is reason for rejoicing.

No man can be wise on an empty stomach.

A man can't very well steal a bank-note unless the bank-note lies within convenient reach: but he won't make us think him an honest man because he begins to howl at the bank-note for falling in his way.

A man can never do any thing at variance with his own nature. He carries within him the germ of his most exceptional action; and if we wise people make eminent fools of ourselves on any particular occasion, we must endure the legitimate conclusion that we carry a few grains of folly to our ounce of wisdom.

When I've made up my mind that I can't afford to buy a tempting dog, I take no notice of him, because if he took a strong fancy to me, and looked lovingly at me, the struggle between arithmetic and inclination might become unpleasantly severe. I pique myself on my wisdom there.

Consequences are unipitying. Our deeds carry their terrible consequences, quite apart from any fluctuations that went before—consequences that are hardly ever confined to ourselves. And it is best to fix our minds on that certainty, instead of considering what may be the elements of excuse for us.

There is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone: you can't isolate yourself, and say that the evil which is in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe: evil spreads as necessarily as disease.

"THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA."

THIS engraving is from a picture by Mr. Val. Prinsep, which was exhibited at the London Royal Academy in 1870. The romantic story of Cleopatra's crimes, fascinations, and misfortunes is too well known to need repetition here, but the scene represented by the painter may

lay dying at her feet, and Charmion, just ready to fall, scarce able to hold up her head, was adjusting her mistress's diadem; and when one that came in said, angrily, 'Was this well done of your lady, Charmion?' 'Right well,' she answered, 'and as became the descendant of so many kings,' and as she said this she fell dead by the throne's side."

protection from the squeezing and mashing, tossing and turning, inevitable in the largest trunk? Yet the idea of taking a handbox along would, of course, be preposterous, and the bare mention of such a thing would frighten the gentlemen of the party, and stamp you at once as an incorrigible old maid. There is a plan, however, by which one may enjoy all the benefits of the arti-

twelve pieces of equal length. Now join together two sets of four each, so as to give you two square frames exactly alike, and measuring one foot on each side. You will have, besides, four extra pieces, which are not to be joined. Two sheets of common pasteboard, one yard and three-quarters of bright furniture chintz, and some flour paste, well boiled, will be needed for your



"THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA."

with advantage be given as described by Plutarch in his "Lives." "The messengers from Augustus came at full speed to the temple where Antony was buried, and found the guards apprehensive of nothing; but on opening the doors they found Cleopatra lying stone-dead before the tomb of Antony on a throne of gold, set out in all her royal ornaments. Iras, one of her women,

COLLAPSIBLE BANDBOXES.

WHO that has been crowded for weeks into the narrow dimensions of a sea-side or Saratoga sleeping-room has not longed for the luxury of a real handbox, in which to bestow some of the untold and multiplied finery—head-dresses, collars, sleeves, and hats—which need

cle itself without any of the disadvantages, seeing that it is capable of being folded up into a compass so small as to lie flat between the garments in the trunk until it is required for use, when it is instantly expanded into a large square box with lid.

Have ready twelve feet of smooth wood just half an inch square, and let it be sawed into

purpose. First lay down one of the frames upon one of the sheets of pasteboard, mark it around with a lead-pencil, and cut it the exact size, then tack it on with gimp-tacks, and this will form the bottom of your box. Next take the other frame and wrap it all around closely with a strip of muslin, keeping it smooth, and fastening it with a few stitches wherever it needs

them; this is to be the upper rim of your box. Now take the chintz and measure off lengths of sixteen inches each; if the chintz is wide enough, two of them will reach around the frame; if not, you will require another piece. Piece the breadths together, and have them exactly of the proper size, so as to reach around without overlapping. Begin by pasting one edge on to the pasteboard, letting it have a hold of at least an

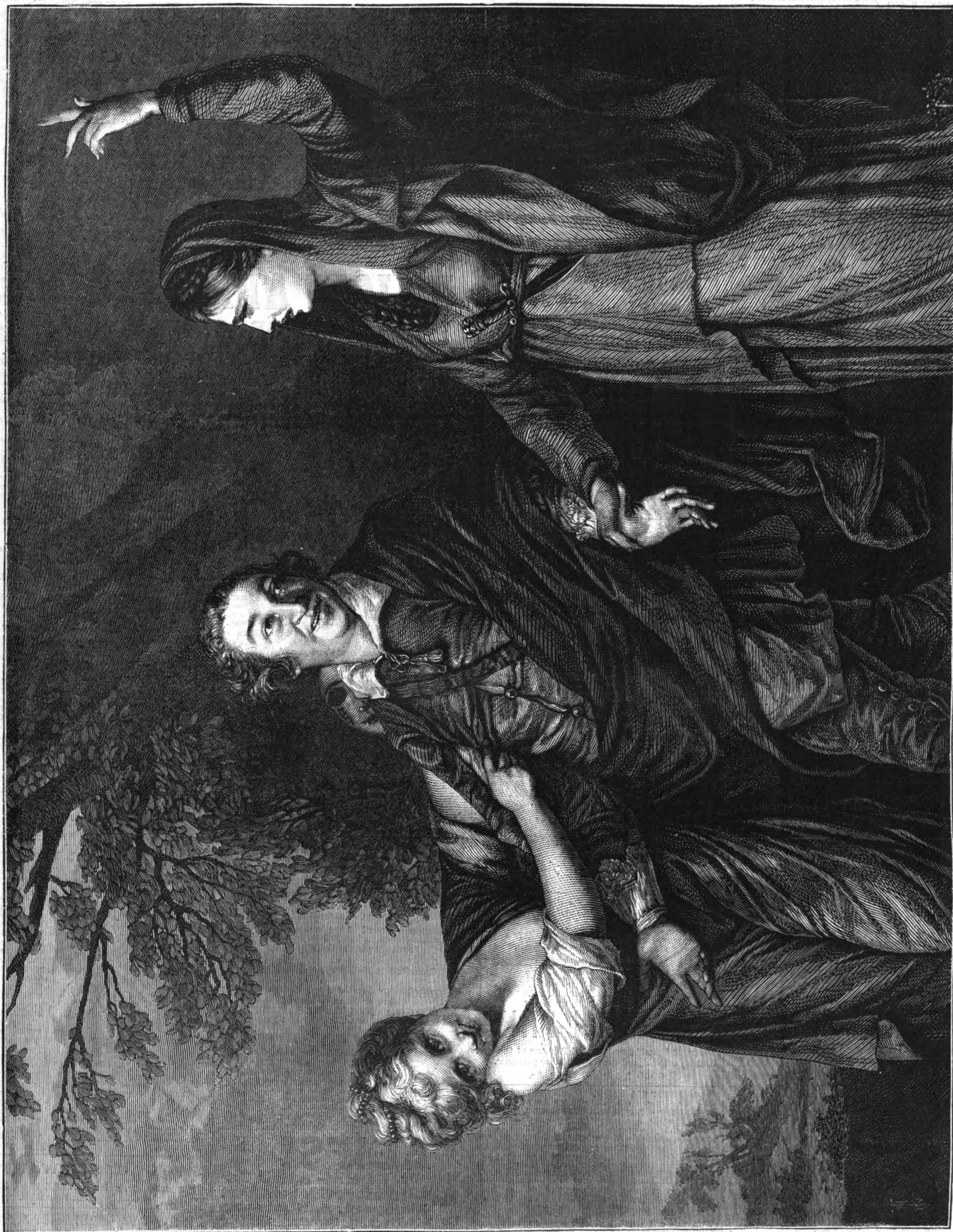
inch, and let it be drawn tightly, so as to keep the chintz smooth and straight. When the four sides are pasted, it must be left to dry, and may then be pressed with a smoothing-iron until perfectly smooth. The bottom must now be placed upon a table, with the chintz extending upward, one of the square sticks placed directly in one angle, and the corner of the other square, intended for the upper rim, held exactly over it, while the chintz is drawn tightly up and fastened with a

pin to the muslin wrapping. This done, place another stick in the diagonal corner, proceed in the same way, and afterward do likewise with the other two. Next turn in the top edges of the chintz, and sew them all around the inside on to the muslin wrapping, so as to conceal the latter entirely. The sticks in the corners, remaining squarely in their places, will keep the box in shape while it is being sewed, but remember that

out the squares in the corners; then with a pen-knife cut half through along the inner line so as to allow of folding down the rim, and a little paste with strips of paper will hold it down in proper shape. In putting on the cover do not let the paste touch the top of the lid, but let the chintz be folded over the edge of the rim, and be pasted on the inside sufficiently to hold it firmly and smoothly. When this lid is dry it should

"DAVID GARRICK BETWEEN TRAGEDY AND COMEDY."

THIS picture was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds for the London Academy Exhibition of 1762. The thought of placing Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy was a happy one. The great actor, who began his career in the service of the Tragic Muse, seems unable to re-



"DAVID GARRICK BETWEEN TRAGEDY AND COMEDY."

inch, and let it be drawn tightly, so as to keep the chintz smooth and straight. When the four sides are pasted, it must be left to dry, and may then be pressed with a smoothing-iron until perfectly smooth. The bottom must now be placed upon a table, with the chintz extending upward, one of the square sticks placed directly in one angle, and the corner of the other square, intended for the upper rim, held exactly over it, while the chintz is drawn tightly up and fastened with a

its firmness will depend upon its being drawn very tightly up, so that they can not fall down. This will complete the box; and next comes the lid, which is to be made of the other sheet of pasteboard, and covered with chintz. Mark the exact outline of the box frame in the centre of the sheet with a lead-pencil; also make parallel lines two inches outside of these; all of these lines should cross at the corners. Cut the pasteboard along the outer lines, and afterward cut

fit on tightly, and form a box just a foot square. When it is not in use, take out the sticks from the four corners, and pull the chintz through the top frame, letting the latter rest squarely upon the bottom one; then fold the chintz as smoothly as possible into the centre space, lay in the sticks diagonally, and put on the lid, when you will have a flat box ready to be packed in among the clothing in your trunk, but to be set up again whenever it is wanted.

sist the allurements of her rival. He throws an appealing, half-ashamed look toward his first love, who, it must be confessed, is a very inadequate personification of Tragedy. Reynolds did not paint the Tragic Muse till she sat to him herself in the form of Mrs. Siddons. It has been said that Theophila Palmer, Sir Joshua's niece, sat for the face of Comedy; but she was only five years old when the picture was painted. Probably, however, the playful, child-like attitude of

the Comic Muse may have been suggested by "Offy," as her uncle called her. In truth, David Garrick was so admirable, both as tragedian and comedian, that it was hard to assign the palm to either part. His versatility was wonderful; and he was not only the greatest actor of his age, but also the most successful of its theatrical managers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. J. E. S.—The princess suit like pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 25, Vol. IV., is worn by girls of four years.

ANNIE M. C.—A recipe for making paste for a scrap-book is given in *Bazar* No. 24, Vol. I.—For black grenadine use the pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 20, Vol. V.

MOLLIE B.—A Watteau cape, or the plain talma with hood, would be pretty with your suits. Trim with jet galloon and gulfure lace.

J. H. C.—Narrow ruffles may be either straight or bias.

PATTY H.—The Dolly Varden is worn by ladies of thirty-five years. The pattern you mention is appropriate for black silk. The bonnet you describe is in good taste.

PHILADELPHIA.—The pleats may be turned either way.

M. A. F.—We do not make purchases for our readers, and we know nothing of the article in question further than you do, who have read the advertisement.

S. C.—Very stylish suits are made of delaine. An untrimmed skirt and basque would be too plain. But few dresses are made without over-skirts. You should use the basque pattern sent you for your black silk, and the polonaise for your delaine or mohair. A large black cashmere talma would be a suitable wrap.

E. M. C.—Make your white nanook with a box-pleated blouse and over-skirt like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 23, Vol. V., and trim with Hamburg insertion and edging. Trim your Yosemite stripe with bias bands or pleated ruffles of the same.

L. L. S.—Your design for trimming your alpaca is in good taste, though simple kilt pleating is considered more stylish this season.

CLARA.—A pattern of sleeveless sacque and cape like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V., is what you want.

G.—It is not customary to make calls within the first year after a death in the family, but your friend should be guided by her husband's wishes in the matter.

H. M. T.—Spellers & Surenne's French and English Dictionary is one of the best for popular use. Fleming & Tibbings is also very good.

Mrs. J. E. P.—Twilled silk neck-ties are worn. They are an eighth of a yard wide and cut bias. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 25, Vol. V., for hints about sashes.

WESTERN WOMAN.—The sleeveless sacque and cape having the effect of a double cape is worn here now, also the talma with hood. The *Bazar* furnishes patterns of both these garments.—Your paper is very prettily tinted.

MARY.—Long hanging plaits, or else caught up in chataleine fashion, is the best way for a girl of fourteen to wear her hair.

Miss W.—You will find full directions for making an evening dress with short skirt and court train in *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. IV. We have not space to repeat them here.

Mrs. H. D. H.—Use the Marguerite Dolly Varden polonaise pattern for your blue and white striped mohair. Get solid blue mohair for the skirt, and trim with bias bands or ruffles of the striped goods. Wear pearl gray kid gloves. The polonaise will look well over a black silk skirt. Lap your open-front over-skirt and put a row of bows down the seam.

MARY.—Wear a white Victoria lawn or a gray batiste polonaise with your blue silk skirt.

NELLIE.—Put straight ruffles a fourth of a yard wide in small side pleats on your Victoria lawn skirt, or else a single deep kilt pleating beginning above the knee.

D. H. A.—It is not necessary that the box-pleats should meet on the shoulders of the box-pleated blouse.

H. R. M.—A black alpaca for a girl of sixteen will look well made with a box-pleated blouse, a short apron-front over-skirt, and a kilt-pleated skirt.

A CONSTANT READER.—Two inches is the proper width of material for bows on polonaises.

Miss HAMILTON.—You will find the linen you describe at any of the large furnishing stores.

WOULD-BE FASHIONABLE.—Flossie your black and white grenadine to the waist; then make an apron front and French blouse. Wear with black sash, and bows down the front. The fabric will be spoiled by dampness.

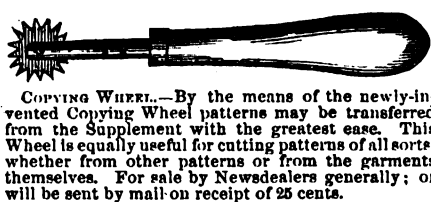
A REGULAR READER.—Use the Marguerite polonaise pattern for your *igné*. Trim with an edging of English embroidery. The grenadine will look well over your silk skirt. Make an over-skirt to the lawn. Position-basques continue in fashion. Batiste is more stylish than linen. Use the Marguerite Dolly Varden suit pattern for batiste, and trim with gulfure lace of the same color.

TO EXCEL IN IMPROVEMENT is the leading element of this country, and no other article of labor-saving machinery has equaled in this respect the sewing machine in rapid strides of improvement. Among them the New Wilson Under-Feed Machine may be counted the leading one in this connection. Mr. W. G. Wilson, its inventor, and President of the Company that manufactures it, makes its improvement his constant study. Every thing has been added to it that constant experimenting and science could suggest, and it is offered to the public to-day without an equal for family use. Light, rapid, beautiful, durable, and perfect, the Wilson holds the leading place among the best sewing machines in use. Salesroom, 707 BROADWAY, N. Y.; also for sale in all other cities in the U. S.—[Com.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Miss H. W. TERRY, Wading River, N. Y., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine almost constantly for five years, on all kinds of family sewing, and broken but one needle. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[Com.]

THE American Institute awards the premium to *Electro Silicon* as being the best article for cleaning and polishing Silver, Plated Ware, &c. Sold by Jewelers, Druggists, and Grocers. COFFIN, REDINGTON, & Co., Agents, 9 Gold St., N. Y.—[Com.]

BURNETT'S COLOGNE WATER wins for itself a favorite place on the dressing-table.—[Com.]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, the well-known, reliable, and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations of the Face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists.

MRS. C. C. THOMSON,

Will purchase any thing required for personal wear or household use, at five per cent. upon cost of article. Information in regard to styles, with circular, upon application. If samples are wanted, inclose eight Postage Stamps. Is permitted to refer to Rev. O. B. Frothingham; E. O. Flagg, D.D.; J. E. Cossart, with Arnold, Constable, & Co.; C. C. Merchant, with A. T. Stewart & Co.; G. Haven Putnam, of G. P. Putnam & Sons. Mrs. C. C. THOMSON, 341 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

JEFFERS, 1179 BROADWAY,

LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES

AT POPULAR PRICES.

A. SELIG,

Successor to S. M. Peyser, 813 Broadway, Importer of Zephyr Worsteds; Silks for Embroidering; Embroideries on Canvas and Leather—Slippers, Cushions, Light Screens, Suspenders, Stripes for Oriental and Camp Chairs. Also, *Gulfure* and *Point Lace*, and materials for making the same. Novelties in Fringes, Glimps, Buttons, Ornaments, and Laces. Fringes and other Trimmings made to order. All kinds of stamping done. Monograms and Crests designed and embroidered in gold, silk, or worsted, in artistic style, at the lowest prices.

Daniel D. Youmans,

IMPORTER OF ENGLISH HATS,

719 and 1103 BROADWAY, N. Y.

LADIES' RIDING HATS.

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' HATS

in every variety.

IF YOU HAVE A FRIEND YOU LOVE afflicted with any disease which is not necessarily mortal, urge him to try WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS. Favorable results are guaranteed.

MOTHERS,

NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS FARINA,

THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE.

Extensively used and recommended

by the most eminent physicians.

Sold by Druggists and Grocers.

H. ASTIE & CO., Sole Agents,

15 South William Street, New York.

INFANTS.

LADIES Send for Circular giving description of the most wonderful discovery in the world for beautifying the complexion. Freckles and Moth Patches removed in ten days. Warranted. Address Mrs. SHAW, 841 6th Ave., New York.

COLGATE & CO.'S

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

has a novel but very delightful perfume, and is in every respect superior

for TOILET USE.

Sold by dealers in perfumery and Toilet Articles.

STRAUSS'S WALTZES.—"1001 Nights,"

60c.; "New Vienna," 60c.; "Green Mountains," Faust, 75c.; "Oriental March," Berge, 50c.; "Roses Underneath the Snow" (New Song), Danke, 35c.; "You Kessed Me" (very beautiful), Inslee, 35c.; "Pooty Lowessa," Gus Phillips, 35c.; "Good-Bye, Charlie," 30c. Mailed. LOUIS BERGE, 30 East 14th St., N. Y.

LUNDBORG'S

NEW PERFUME,

ARCADIAN PINK,

The most beautiful and natural Perfume of the age! Entirely original, and made by no other perfumer.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, &c.

TO THE LADIES.

Every one should possess one of **LEHR'S NEEDLE-THREADERS.** The greatest convenience a lady can have in her work-box is one of the above-named articles. It almost threads the needle itself, thereby saving the eyes, time, and temper. Sent free by mail on receipt of 30 cts. A very liberal deduction made to agents, who are wanted in every town in the United States. Address W. B. WALKER, Tribune Building, No. 1 Spruce St., N. Y.

WARREN WARD & CO.,

ESTABLISHED 1850,

Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers, are prepared to furnish Country Cottages, City Residences, and Hotels with first-class

FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY,

at as low prices as the same quality of goods can be furnished in the city. All goods warranted.

SPRING, cor. CROSBY ST., NEW YORK.



Beautifies the complexion by removing Pimples and all other disagreeable disorders of the skin. Twenty-five cents per box. JOHN F. HENRY, Sole Proprietor, No. 8 College Place, New York.

AT REDUCED PRICES.

BATHING DRESSES,

BATHING DRAWERS,

BATHING CAPS,

BATHING SHOES.

Men's Fancy Half-Hose.

ELEGANT SUSPENDERS.

DRESS SHIRTS, COLLARS AND CUFFS.

THE CELEBRATED TROWER-FITTING DRAWERS.

GAUZE MERINO, SILK, AND THREAD

UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS.

COACHMEN'S COLLARS AND SCARFS.

ENGLISH SILK UMBRELLAS.

ROMAN SASHES, SCARFS, AND TIES.

WITH THE LATEST NOVELTIES IN

ELEGANT NECKWEAR.

The Reductions in Prices are Real.

The Goods the Best in Market.

UNION ADAMS & CO.,

No. 637 BROADWAY, N. Y.



REACHING the NORTH POLE.

It is claimed that the North Pole will certainly be reached by one of the expeditions now in search of it. Suppose it should be, and the American flag should be hoisted there, to revolve with the axis of the earth once in twenty-four hours (3), what then? Would the discovery be one-tenth as valuable to the world in general as

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT is to the sick and suffering? Is not an agreeable preparation, that will cure indigestion, constipation, nervousness, bilious complaints, and all manner of internal disturbances arising from debility, of more importance to mankind than the location of the Pole? Rather! The true article is procurable at all good drug stores.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO., Broadway, cor. Nineteenth Street, N. Y.

FRENCH SILK SUITS,

Embroidered Cashmere House Jackets, Linen Suits, White Lawn and Pique Suits, at greatly reduced prices.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S

FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.

Richly Embroidered French Organdie Overdresses, Richly Embroidered Lawn Robes, Plain White Lawn Suits, Pique and Cambric Wrappers, Embroidered Pique Walking Coats for Children, Lawn and Pique Suits for Misses, Paris-Embroidered and Lace-Trimmed Underwear, Bathing Suits, French and German Corsets, Hoop Skirts, Panniers, &c., &c.

N. B.—Bridal Trousseaux and Infants' Wardrobes made to order.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES,

Previous to taking our Semi-Annual Inventory, in Plain and Fancy Grenadines, Gaze de Soies, Gaze Chambrais, Japanese Silks, Fancy Summer Silks, Jacquets, Organdies, &c., &c.

The above goods are all NEW AND DESIRABLE STYLES, introduced this season.

SUMMER UNDERGARMENTS

of every description.

LADIES', MISSES', YOUTHS', and MEN'S

HOSIERY,

An unsurpassed assortment of all makes.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

Linen, Muslin, and Traveling Shirts; all styles of Collars, Cuffs, Cravats, Ties, Scarfs, &c., &c.

N. B.—Goods to Order at short notice.

MOURNING DEPARTMENT.

1000 Pieces 8-4 Extra-Quality Black Paris Grenadines, at a reduction of fully 80 per cent.

500 PIECES 6-8

BLACK IRON GRENADINES.

These goods are all of the best make and finish, pure silk and wool, and are now offered at prices from 50 Cents per Yard and Upward;

Also,

Silk Grenadines in Plain Silk and Satin Stripes, and Brocades,

(In quality from medium to the richest manufactured);

together with a full line of LAWNS, ORGANDIES, CAMBRICS, GINGHAMS, PRINTS, &c., &c., at equally Low Prices.



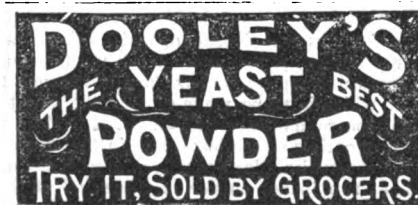
LADIES!

Dr. Kennedy's Hair Tea

will prevent the hair from falling out, and preserve

its health and beauty. Sold by

Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.



MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key-Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples, and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENGLER, Brattleboro, Vt.

HAIR.—HUMAN HAIR SWITCHES.

SOLID HAIR—NOT DYED.

RETAILED AT IMPORTERS' PRICES.

38 inches long, weight 2½ oz., only \$6 00.

30 inches long, weight 2½ oz., only \$7 50.

23 inches long, weight 3 oz., only \$9 00.

23 inches long, weight 4 oz., only \$12 00.

Coronet Braids, 3 oz., 22 inches, only \$4 50.

BACK CURLS,

Now the fashion for evening wear. Full sets. Natural curly.

Size. My Price. Retail in N. Y. for

Medium..... \$7 00..... \$10 00

Large..... 8 00..... 12 00

Extra Large..... 10 00..... 15 00

LONG SINGLE CURLS.

No. 1.—18-inch Hair, only..... \$1 50

" 2.—20 " " "..... 2 00

" 3.—22 " " "..... 3 00

" 4.—24 " " "..... 3 50

" 5.—26 " " "..... 4 50

Every lady should embrace this opportunity, and purchase hair goods from the only hair importer who retails at wholesale prices.

CHAS. V. PECKHAM, Established 1843, 687 Broadway, near Amity St., New York City.

Will send goods, C. O. D., by express; or by mail or express, prepaid, on receipt of color and money in registered letter or P. O. money order.

Correspondence answered by inclosing two 3-cent stamps.

WEBSTER'S PATENT BUTTON-HOLE WORKER,



The most perfect Button-Hole Worker invented. So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can without it. It does away with pricking the fingers, straining the eyes, and with imperfect and irregular worked button-holes.

They give universal satisfaction. Ladies who use them say they are worth their weight in gold. Sample worker, with full directions for use, sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents. Local and traveling agents wanted for this and other useful articles. Address GEO. DAVIS, 91 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

For particulars, address AVERY BILL, Care Harper & Brothers, 331 Pearl St., New York.

MADAME FOY'S CORSET SKIRT SUPPORTER

Is acknowledged **THE BEST ARTICLE** of the kind ever made. Numerous Testimonials in its favor are being received from all parts of the United States.

LADY AGENTS WANTED.

HARMON, BALDWIN, & FOY,

Sole Manufacturers,

New Haven, Conn.

ARNOLD & BANNING, New York;

D. B. FISK & Co., Chicago;

Agents.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free.

G. STINSON & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.



THE CELEBRATED BRAND BLACK ALPACAS,

For Spring wear, in a beautiful shade of
PURE BLACK.
Are to be found at the principal Dry-Goods Stores
throughout the United States.

Purchasers will know these Goods, as a ticket
is attached to each piece, bearing a picture of the Bu-
falo, precisely like the above.

PEAKE, OPDYCKE, & CO.,
427 & 429 Broadway, New York,
Sole Importers of this Brand for the United States.

Cut Paper Patterns

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS IN HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are Graded to Fit ANY FIGURE, and
are fitted with the greatest accuracy, THE NAMES AND DI-
RECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON
EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, SO AS TO BE AD-
JUSTED BY THE MOST INEXPERIENCED. The bust measure
is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body
under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder
blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the
chest; and for Children, straight around the body
under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.	
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER.....	No. 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK.....	" 11
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 17
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old).....	" 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old).....	" 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALK- ING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old).....	" 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 29
BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, AND KNICK- ERBOCKERS (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old).....	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt).....	" 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 37
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER.....	" 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP.....	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron- front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 49
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Ad- justable Court Train and Round Skirt.....	" 49
WATTEAU MANTLE, with 3-Pleat Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 50
MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALK- ING SUIT.....	" 52
WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pom- padour Waist and Trained Skirt.....	" 52

Vol. V.	
DOUBLE-BREADED SACQUE, with Postil- ion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Un- der Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER.....	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers).....	" 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 8
DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT.....	" 11
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Wat- teau Postilion, and Walking Skirt.....	" 13
MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALK- ING SUIT, with Cape.....	" 15
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Dolly Varden Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleat- ed Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER.....	" 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over- skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old).....	" 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt.....	" 27

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail,
prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine
Patterns will be sent for \$2.00. No patterns separated
or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper con-
taining Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied
at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



A DOMESTIC
Luxury.
A DOMESTIC
Blessing.
A DOMESTIC
Necessity.

"WILL LAST A
LIFETIME."

Address
"DOMESTIC" & M. Co., 96 Chambers St., N. Y.

FREEMASONRY EXPOSED. Its awful se-
crets revealed. Its signs,
grips, passwords, &c. given to the world! Large full-
page engravings, color cover. Sent only to those who
can hold their tongue, for only 25 cents. Address
HUNTER & CO., Hindsale, N. H.

FASHIONS FOR SUMMER.



La Perichole Polonaise is a rare selection from our
last budget of Paris styles. It causes us to forget all
others as we look upon it. It is one of those standard
combinations of ART that NEVER fails of victory in
holding its own ground when all its companions have
passed away. We predict a glorious reign for it. No
lady need hesitate to decide upon it for the costume
which she wishes to wear the coming Fall and Win-
ter, for we assure her that it will be largely imported in
ready-made suits by our costume importers, in about
SEVEN WEEKS, when (the Summer trade over) they
will not expose it to view until their FALL OPENING.
We point to this PARTICULARLY to show those un-
acquainted with us that we are furnishing the pattern
of it FULLY THREE MONTHS IN ADVANCE of the
BEST and most expensive source of getting Paris
styles. It requires eight yards of 24-inch goods. All
sizes. Price of Pattern, including a CLOTH MODEL,
which shows exactly how to make and put it together,
and how it will look when finished, ONE DOLLAR.



Dolly Varden Polonaise is the charming novelty of
the season, and becomes the decided favorite of all who
see it, when Dolly Varden goods—much in vogue—or
any kind of wash material is used. By unbuttoning
the lapels at the side and back, and loosening the belt,
it becomes a plain Pelisse, without pleat or gather;
by readjusting again it is transformed into an elegant,
tight-fitting Polonaise. As this change can be made
in less than THREE MINUTES, and as it requires
only six yards of yard-wide goods, it is easy to see why
it is so highly honored. All sizes. Price of pattern,
including a CLOTH MODEL, which shows exactly how
to make and put it together, and how it will look when
finished, ONE DOLLAR.

SPECIAL OFFER.—To any person who will cut
this advertisement out and inclose it with ONE DOL-
LAR to us, we will mail to them this pattern, with the
Cloth Model and the HERMOSA FICHU No. 1046.
AND we will send them SMITH'S ILLUSTRATED PAT-
TERN BAZAAR FOR ONE YEAR FREE! NOW is the time to
subscribe for the best FASHION MAGAZINE
IN THE WORLD! AND THE ONLY FASHION publica-
tion that imports styles and furnishes patterns of
them. We give a CLOTH MODEL
with every pattern.

HERMOSA FICHU. A convenience and a novelty
for an outside garment—made in Grenadine, Swiss,
Silk, Cambric, Poplin, &c. Very frequently in White
or Black Lace, and worn with various costumes for
house or street. It is in very great favor at present.
Requires about one and a half yards of 24-inch goods.
Price of pattern, 25 cents.

SMITH'S Illustrated Pattern Bazaar,

Published at 914 Broadway, New York,
Is just the kind of a Work upon Fashions and practical
help in Dressmaking that every lady NEEDS.
It imports styles SIX WEEKS IN ADVANCE of
CUSTOMERS.

"I consider your Bazaar of infinitely more value
to me than ALL THE OTHER fashion publications
combined."

"Your styles bear ample evidence of being
GENUINE importations."

"Your INVENTION of giving a cloth model
with each pattern to show how to make and put it to-
gether is the GRANDEST improvement ever made to
render patterns useful to ALL."

The above is the substance of the testimony of thou-
sands that pour into us through the mails.

We will BEGIN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION with
the PRESENT NUMBER!

Single copy mailed for 25 cents.
NOTICE.—Cut the part of the Special Offer out and
send it to us. Address

A. BURDETTE SMITH,
914 Broadway, New York.

BAZAR

Cut Paper Patterns,

For Ladies, Misses, Girls, and
Children of Both Sexes.

The great design of the proprietors of the Bazar
Patterns is to furnish cut paper patterns of every de-
scription, and for every size, at a moderate price.
These patterns are intended to be the most perfect,
the most practical, and the most economical ever pro-
duced in this country, and so arranged as to be easily
understood by those not accustomed to making their
own garments. We avoid as far as possible every form
of extravagance in cutting up material, at the same
time combining all that is desirable with fashion and
good taste. Our business will be conducted in a spirit
of progress. Every pattern we issue will be the pro-
duct of the ablest and most experienced gentlemen
dressmakers in the country, all under the supervision
of Mr. Moechowitz, a gentleman who stands at the
head of his profession, and who is unquestionably the
ablest dressmaker in the United States. What Worth
is to Paris, Moechowitz is to New York—the highest
authority on all matters pertaining to fashion. We
have carefully prepared a catalogue of 28 pages,
containing over two hundred figures, showing the lead-
ing fashions of the day. From this catalogue may be se-
lected patterns of every description and of every size,
ranging from 30 to 46 inches bust measure; also for
misses from 10 to 16 years of age, and for children of
both sexes under 10. On receipt of postage stamp, the
above catalogue will be sent to any address free of
charge. In this catalogue will be found a list of two
valuable premiums, both of which are offered to sub-
scribers for Harper's Bazar. One subscriber will get
at least one of these premiums, and we confidently as-
sert that, for liberality and magnitude, the premiums
offered to each and every new subscriber for the Bazar
have no parallel, an offer in which thousands of fami-
lies will be benefited, and will, we trust, be the means
of adding much to the comfort and economy of every
household. We are confident that this premium will
be hailed with delight by every lady in the land. For
terms to Agents, or for catalogues, address

JAMES MCCALL & CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

Important to Ladies.—Read the fol-
lowing extraordinary offer: The Wheeler & Wilson Sew-
ing Machine Co. manufacture and warrant two different
Sewing Machines, one called the **ELLIPTIC**, the other
called the **WHEELER & WILSON**. The Elliptic Machine ex-
cels in many important points. It is so light that a child
can run it with ease; or an invalid, whose strength is
sufficient to walk about the house or to do the work of a
child ten years old, can sew all day without being over-
fatigued. It is impossible to convey by language a
title of the merits belonging to this deservedly popular
Machine. To see it perform the different operations,
such as hemming, felling, gathering, embroidering,
tucking, cording, frilling, quilting, fringing, etc., it
seems more like a thing of life than a machine moved
by the will of the operator. It has adjustable gauges
for every description of work, and can be changed in
a moment to suit any material, coarse or fine. The
economy of the Elliptic Machine in a family is almost
incredible—with one, a good operator can do the work
of twelve hands. A breadth of a skirt can be sewed
in less than a minute; a gentleman's fine shirt can be
made in three hours; or a child's dress, with many thin
pleats, in less time than the hands can fold them—in
fact, every description of sewing is reduced from a
question of hours to one of minutes. We make the
following offer: Any person in the United States de-
siring one of these celebrated Machines can buy one
and pay for it in work (not sewing) furnished at their
own home. The work is pleasant and profitable, and
can be accomplished by any lady, old or young. We
send circulars on receipt of stamp. Address

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

J. B. SMALL, Manufacturer of Cut Paper
Patterns for Ladies, Misses, Boys, and Chil-
dren's Garments, of all ages and sizes. We furnish
Harper & Brothers with all the suits of Cut Paper
Patterns issued with this paper.
Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Address
J. B. SMALL, 643 Broadway, New York.



Lady's Polonaise Over-Dress, with Cape. Nine even
sizes, 30 to 46 inches bust measure. Sent on receipt
of 25 cents and measure.

J. B. Small's Cut Paper Patterns have a printed label,
showing their size, the amount of cloth, trimming,
&c., required, with instruction for cutting and mak-
ing, and a Picture of the garment when finished.

COLORED FASHION PLATE,
For Spring Styles, will be ready March 1st. Sent on
receipt of 25 cents; or, with Four Cut Paper Patterns
on plate, for 60 cents.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!! WITH A NOVELTY PRESS!

The best ever made for the purpose.
THE most valuable addition to
the Business Office; the most
efficient instructor in Schools;
the most fascinating and instruc-
tive amusement in the Family;
and is unsurpassed for the use of
AMATEUR AND REGULAR PRINTERS.
Send for descriptive & illustrated Pamphlet
to BENJ. O. WOODS, MANUFACTURER,
349-351 Federal & 122 Kneeland Sts., Boston;
Wm. Y. EDWARDS, 543 Broadway, N. Y.;
KELLY, HOWELL & LUDWIG, 917 Market St.,
Philadelphia; J. F. EDWARDS, 120 N. Sixth
St., St. Louis; A. C. KELLOGG, 53-55 S. Jef-
ferson St., Chicago—Manufacturers' Agents.

**MAGNETIC TIME-KEEPER, COMPASS AND IN-
STRUMENT** for the pocket of every traveler, trader, boy, farmer, and for
EVERYBODY desiring a reliable time-keeper, and also a superior
compass. (Glass watch-case, steel works, glass crystal, all in a case)
GIVE ONE. WARRANTED to denote correct time and to keep
uniformly and accurately for years. (Holding 12 1/2). This per-
fect little time-keeper will be sent to a new man, prepaid to any
address, for only \$1; 2 for \$2. Overseas sent free. Try one. Order
from the Sole American Agents, **ELLS & CO.,** Brooklyn, N.Y.

CAUTION!



All genuine
Liebig's Ex-
tract of Meat
bears the sig-
nature, in
blue ink, of
Baron Liebig,
the in-
ventor, across
the label.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

This Extract is made under Baron Liebig's control,
and guaranteed from the finest Beef. Physicians, in
prescribing, and purchasers
will please take notice and
ask for the Extract with
Liebig's signature, thus:

J. MILHAUS'S SONS, Sole Agents,
183 Broadway & 15 Dey St., N. Y.

PRICE \$2.00
U.S.
You ask WHY we can sell
First Class 7 Octave Pianos for
\$290? We answer—It costs
less than \$300 to make any \$600
Piano sold through Agents, all
of whom make 100 per cent profit.
We have no Agents, but ship
direct to families at Factory
price, and warrant Five Years.
Send for illustrated circular, in
which we refer to 300 Bankers,
Merchants, &c. (some of whom
you may know), using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories.
U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, New York.

A Great Offer.—**HORACE WATERS,**
481 Broadway, N. Y.,
will dispose of One Hundred PIANOS, MELODEONS, and
ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters',
at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS
MONTH, or will take a portion cash and balance in
monthly or quarterly installments.

Harper & Brothers' Latest Publications.

1. **HARPER'S GUIDE TO EUROPE.** Harper's Hand-
book for Travelers in Europe and the East; being
a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France,
Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria,
Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia,
Denmark, and Sweden. By W. P. FENNER, Esq.,
Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book," "His-
tory of the Paris Commune," &c. With more than
Ninety Maps and Plans of Cities. Eleventh Year.
Large 12mo, Leather, Tucks, \$5.00.

2. **LORD KILGORBIN.** A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER,
Author of "Charles O'Malley," &c. Illustrated.
8vo, Paper, \$1.00; Cloth, \$1.50.

3. **THE DESERT OF THE EXODUS.** Journey on
Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wan-
derings: undertaken in connection with the Or-
dnance Survey of Sinai and the Palestine Exploration
Fund. By E. H. PALMER, M.A., Lord Almoner's
Professor of Arabic, and Fellow of St. John's Col-
lege, Cambridge. With Maps and numerous illus-
trations from Photographs and Drawings taken on
the spot by the Sinai Survey Expedition and C. F.
Tyrrwhitt Drake. Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$3.00.

4. **A GOOD INVESTMENT.** A Story of the Upper
Ohio. By WM. FLAEGE, Author of "Three Seasons
in European Vineyards," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Pa-
per, 50 cents.

5. **THE STUDENT'S GREEK GRAMMAR.** A Gram-
mar of the Greek Language. By Dr. GEORGE CUR-
TIUS, Professor in the University of Leipzig. Trans-
lated under the Revision of the Author. Edited by
WM. SMITH, LL.D., Classical Examiner in the Uni-
versity of London, and Editor of the Classical and
Latin Dictionaries. For the Use of Colleges and
High-Schools. 12mo, Cloth, \$2.00.

6. **IS IT TRUE?** Tales, Curious and Wonderful, col-
lected by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentle-
man." Being Vol. IV. of *Books for Girls*. 16mo,
Cloth, 90 cents.

7. **A SMALLER ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST,**
from the Earliest Times to the Conquest by Alex-
ander the Great. Including Egypt, Assyria, Baby-
lonia, Media, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phœnicia.
By PHILIP SMITH, B.A. With Woodcuts. 16mo,
316 pages, Cloth, \$1.00.

8. **ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY
FOR 1871.** Edited by SPENCER F. BAIRD, with the
Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. 12mo, Cloth,
\$3.00.

9. **ALBERT LUNEL.** A Novel. By the late LORD
BROUGHAM. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of their
works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the
United States, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE mailed free on receipt of
Six Cents in postage stamps.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year.....\$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year..... 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year..... 4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S
BAZAR, for one year, \$10 00; or any two for \$7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or
BAZAR will be supplied gratis for every Club of FIVE
SUBSCRIBERS at \$4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six
Copies for \$20 00, without extra copy.

The Postage within the United States is for the
MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR
20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quar-
terly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from
the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with
24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for
the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U.S. postage.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft
payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is prefer-
able to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft
be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to
the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, \$500; Half Page,
\$250; Quarter Page, \$150—each insertion.
Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, \$2.00 per Line;
Outside Page, \$4.00 per Line—each insertion.
Harper's Bazar.—\$1.00 per Line; Cuts and Display,
\$1.25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

FACETIE.

A cool critic calmly observes of a singer that "even as she sings she becomes transfigured before you, and her form rises to a rare and bewildering beauty that scarcely Raphael himself, were he alive again, could adequately paint."

An old maid suggests that when men break their hearts it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouts immediately, and grows in its place.

These scientific men sometimes reach a very philosophical state of mind, in which they are pleased with the queerest trifles. See how easily satisfied Professor Agassiz is! He says, "I am satisfied, since I have examined the Tomocaris picea, that trilobites are not any more closely related to the phyllopoths than to any other entomostrace or to the isopods." That would hardly satisfy an ordinary mortal.

An author has reason to believe that whenever the wages of the mechanics are raised to eight and ten dollars a day, the workmen will not come at all—they will merely send their cards.

A German poet has lately written a touching poem, in which the hero is represented as devoured by alligators under a palm-tree on the shore of Lake Erie, in America. The heroine hears of the dreadful fate of her lover down in the everglades of Florida, near the banks of Lake Superior, where she is living, and rushes down South to Lake Erie and lays wait for that crocodile, captures him, cuts him open, extracts the bones of her dead lover, purchases a rich coffin, and has him interred in magnificent style in Greenwood Cemetery, in New York, in the State of St. Louis. The poem is too affecting.

TIED THOMAS.

Aw! weally I am vewy bad;
I've been about half day;
It is enough to dweive one mad—
These seasons long and gay.
These calves 'as been exposed too much,
These stockings now is soiled;
These 'ands my dinnaw scarce can touch—
Too long this day they've toiled.

No wine at hall these eyes 'as seen;
I've filled no easy-chair;
If Betsy to my room have been,
She found no Thomas there.
I'm weally fagged and dweadful weak,
And wishes now to heat;
To west upon my 'and this cheek,
And warm these weary feet.

Me lady she does never think
About my cwaving bweast,
When I am out—that I can't dwink,
And dine, and take my west.
Bein' out all day I would not mind
If that I had no need;
Or if aw mansion I could find
Where I could dwink and feed.

To keep a party fwom 'is port
And luncheon his too bad;
It weally do seem hawful sport—
As if I was a cad.
For hungaw is a fwightful baw,
That I too often feels;
And now I 'ate our seasons maw,
The maw I miss my meals.

A machine to drive hens out of a garden, for which agriculturists have been waiting since the world began, has now been invented by an Illinois genius.

A facetious keeper, who was taking two convicts to jail last week, when the train stopped called out, "Step out, gentlemen—fifteen years for refreshments!"

THE BOSTON JUBILEE.



HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS.

HOTEL CLERK. "There, Sir, these are the most Airy and Comfortable Rooms we have left; very Commanding View, Sir. See the Sun rise without rising yourself. These Cots are particularly choice, being next to the Parlor Chimney; no Fire here at this season of the year; Kitchen Chimney over there. Furnish you with Umbrellas in case of Shower, Sir. Roof too high for Cats. Party waiting to take the Rooms, if you don't, Sir."

A Quaker who had been troubled with rats informs a friend that he greased a thirty-foot board, filled it full of fish-hooks, set it up at an angle of forty-five degrees, and put an old cheese at the top. The rats went up, slid back, and he caught thirty of 'em the first night.

FOOTED UP.—Men of business often complain that their gas account runs away with a lot of money; they don't reflect how many feet are represented in the bill!

Newspapers should send only such reporters to cat-tle shows as are accustomed to pens.



Mr. and Mrs. Scud get Separated at the Coliseum Door.

At a recent examination the question was asked why the children of Israel made a golden calf and worshiped it after they had been forbidden such idolatry by Moses. A precocious little fellow sharply answered, "Because they had not enough gold to make a bull with." The laughter which followed put a stop to the examination for that day.

Which five names in early Scripture indicate the commencement of corporal punishment?—Adam, Seth, Eve, Cain, Abel.

"Come here and tell me what the four seasons are?" Young prodigy answers, "Pepper, mustard, salt, and vinegar; them's what mother seasons with."

The Emperor of Japan was recently witty. He was shown the corking of a bottle of wine by a steam-hammer. He requested that the hammer might be made to uncork the bottle, as that was the more serviceable proceeding. It was explained that it was powerless to do so, when his Majesty signified his intention of taking the shine out of the hammer—uncorked the bottle, and called for glasses.

The most dangerous kind of a bat that flies at night is a brickbat.

A Hint.—Time, night: several stars winking knowingly. Youth and maiden leaning over a gate and looking "uply." Maiden, with enthusiasm, pointing a taper finger toward the zenith, exclaims, "Oh, Henry, isn't jewelry beautiful?"

A new verb to express the sudden access of heat in the atmosphere has been invented—"It Vesuviates."

A young man rode ten miles in a railway carriage with a pretty girl, one moonlight night, with the intention of popping the question, but all he said was, "It is quite moony tonight." "Yes," she replied, "muchly." And there wasn't another word said.

THE SEAMSTRESS'S MOTO.—As you sew, so shall you rip, especially if you can sew only so-so.

A gentleman well known in the world of letters, good-looking, of good bulk, and wealthy—any girl's choice, in fact—has hastily taken to himself a wife in the person of (to use his own language) "a blue-eyed peasant girl." He writes to his friends that his bride is quite uneducated, and that her chief accomplishments are bird's-nesting and climbing up apple-trees.

SLUMBER BEFORE SOCIETY.

Upon my pillow, of a night,
As I do lay my head,
When, having first put out the light,
I've got me into bed,
I often think within my mind,
To slumber ere I fall,
Oh, now how many of my kind
Are dancing at a Ball!

And some as yet not there, perchance,
Will from the opera go,
And do no better thing than dance
On tip of restless toe,
In costly tailor's trim rigged out,
And milliner's array,
To caper, waltz, and wheel about,
And turn night into day.

Young people like it, I am told,
And so it seems to be.
I have been young, and now am old:
'Twas ever grief to me.
For supper's self, past midnight's chimes,
To care I little used;
Did always like to sup betimes,
Then toddle off to roost.

Oh, how I do bepity men
Who, charged with daughters grown,
Are sitting up at parties when
Repose at home's my own.
Rest they no less than I require,
But I obtain much more,
Since when they go forth I retire;
They yawn while I do snore.

O let me sit and smoke my pipe
Each evening of my life!
While they, compelled by daughters, ripe
For marriage, and a wife,
Their bed-time far remote from view,
With heavy groans and sighs,
Are pulling their dress waistcoats to,
Or fumbling at their ties.



Most of the Waiters at the Hotel having gone to the Jubilee Concert, Mr. Brown is obliged to Wait on his own Family himself. He is a Little Awkward at first.



This gentleman, in returning from the Coliseum, has lost his way. Strange as it may seem, the streets in Boston being so Mathematically Straight and easy to find, he has forgotten the name of the Street in which he had taken Board, and his Wife is indulging in a few not very Complimentary Remarks.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

Vol. V.—No. 28.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1872.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

ARRANGING BOUQUETS.

TO some persons the arranging of a bouquet of flowers is a very difficult art, to others it appears to be an intuitive affair, requiring no study and scarcely any deliberation. As the whole art consists in a proper appreciation of the effect produced by harmonizing varied colors and forms, so those who understand the art of dressing well can, with a little practice, soon learn to arrange a bouquet; and, on the other hand, the knowing how to do so will be of great service in aiding those who learn it to dress well, as it will show them how to avoid those incongruities of color, especially, which are so commonly seen in the various dresses worn by ladies who have spared no expense in, as they think, dressing becomingly.

In arranging a bouquet avoid sentimentality; it is all well enough to talk about wild flowers and carelessness of arrangement, and that sort of thing, but it only results in a bunch of flowers "without form and void," a mere chaotic group of confusion, in which the beauty of each individual component part is lost or destroyed; whereas a real bouquet is an affair of art and order, a strictly artificial production, in which each component part heightens and brings out in stronger relief the beauty of the other without weakening or destroying its own.

Now, first, as to colors: there are three primary colors—red, blue, and yellow; these harmonize with each other, and may be placed in contact. The next are the binary colors—orange, composed of red and yellow; purple, composed of blue and red; and green, composed of blue and yellow; these harmonize with each other, but not with the primaries from which they are derived. Then follow the tertiary colors—olive, composed of purple and green; citron, of green and orange; and russet, from orange and purple; these harmonize with each other

and with the primaries, but not with the binaries, the rule being that each color harmonizes with the others of the same class, but not with those from which they are derived. After these three classes follow the neutral tints, such as lavender, slate, brown, puce, maroon, etc., which may be indiscriminately used except with the color or shade that predominates in them. To illustrate the above: citron will go with yellow, red, or blue, but not with orange, purple, or green; orange will go with purple and green,

but not with red, blue, or yellow; the first two will make it look muddy, and it will pale the yellow. Arrange the colors so that they produce a softness of tone, and that the contrasts heighten and do not conflict.

It may be said that the above deductions as to the harmony of colors are not exactly correct as regards green, as that is such a universal color in nature, and that red, blue, and yellow flowers have green leaves; but it must be remembered that the flowers themselves are rarely, if ever,

brought in close contact with the leaves, they generally being borne on spikes, racemes, or in similar forms of arrangement, which separates them from the foliage. When you have to use two colors in a bouquet that do not harmonize well with each other, their injurious effects one upon the other may be neutralized by inserting white flowers between them.

In arranging a bouquet for a vase it is well to do so without tying the stems together, merely holding them firmly in the hand while arranging them, and when the bouquet is made up slipping it deftly into the vase; the flowers then separate somewhat, and give the bouquet a more light and airy appearance than when they are tied together firmly. Be careful not to get all the flowers of one shade of color on one side of the bouquet, but distribute them throughout it with a regular irregularity. The centre flower, if possible, should be a spike, so as to give a determinate pyramidal form to the bouquet, as that is the most pleasing form to give it. Sprigs of green foliage should be liberally interspersed with flowers, but it is best to use the foliage of the particular flower with which it is in contact. The foliage of the rose harmonizes better with its flowers than any other foliage that can be used for this purpose; so of the lily of the valley, and all other flowers. This may appear hypercritical taste, but it is so ordered in nature, and without going into a learned dissertation to show why it is so, we may say that the science of structural botany proves that flowers are only abnormal developments of the leaves, and that there is in consequence a more or less general resemblance between them.

When flowers are used for table decoration those that are scentless should be used for this purpose, as the mixed odors of flowers and viands are disagreeable to many persons. If highly perfumed flowers are employed, they should only be used when the fruit dessert is brought



Fig. 1.—RED AND WHITE FIGURED FLANNEL BATHING SUIT. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII, Figs. 36-42.

Fig. 2.—BLUE FLANNEL BATHING SUIT. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XIV, Figs. 43-47.

Fig. 3.—WHITE SERGE BATHING SUIT. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV, Fig. 48.

Fig. 4.—GRAY FLANNEL BATHING SUIT. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XVI, Figs. 49-52.

Fig. 5.—BATHING SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement.

FIGS. 1-5.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S BATHING SUITS.

on the table. To fruit flowers add additional zest, as their colors, odors, and associations generally are harmonious; dishes of fruit intermixed with foliage and flowers form novel and beautiful bouquets of themselves.

This may be sybaritic taste; but all such means of elevating a meal for human beings above that of a mere animal feeding are proper and legitimate, and in country homes add nothing to the expense. The prevailing evil of Americans in eating is their haste, leading to a long list of dyspeptic disorders. Any thing that will induce them to linger at the table and take time to masticate their food is a benefit. Floral adornment of our dining-tables will go far to do this.

ONCE A YEAR.

SUMMER is here in all her glory
Of waving grasses and fragrant shoot,
Spelling out the beautiful story
Of seed-time and harvest in flower and fruit.
In green hollows of woody places
The sunbeams beckon the violets out;
White thorn blossoms unweave their faces,
While swelling pods are beginning to pout.
All the fields are embroidered with clover;
Giddy wild roses seem running away,
Over the wall, the steep hill-side over,
Though blackberry vines hinder and bid them to stay.
Breezes blow ever from gardens of spices;
Bees hum over the flowers' praise;
The musical laugh of the wild brook entices
Nature's lover to follow her ways.
Stay, dear season; why will you leave us?
Why need your blossoms grow brown and sere?
Linger a little or ever you leave us,
For summer comes only once a year!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1872.

A Cut Paper Pattern of a new and seasonable Loose Polonaise Walking Suit will be published with our next Number.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain full-sized patterns, descriptions, and illustrations of a rich variety of Ladies' Riding Habits, Silk, Piqué, Batiste, Pongee, Grenadine, and Foulard Dresses; Swiss Muslin, Organdy, Grenadine, and Piqué Jackets; Girls' Dresses and Wrappings; Corset Covers, Clothes-pin Bags, Dish Screens, Baskets for Dust Cloths; Collars, Ties, Embroidery Patterns, etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions.

AUTOGRAPH SEEKERS.

THE present generation has exhibited a noble rage for autographs, that we think is quite unequalled in the annals of the past. Every school-girl possesses a store that would rival a curiosity shop; and the practice even invades the Senate-Chamber of the United States, we hear, where the little pages are paid five dollars apiece for a full list of the Senatorial sign-manuals.

But we are inclined to question whether the means taken to gratify this rage are in themselves a mark of superior intelligence or of inferior delicacy, when compared with the means formerly in vogue. For while it is perfectly allowable, as a matter of taste, to value the handwriting of a person who interests us, and to take trouble to obtain it, yet to intrude one's self upon the attention of that person, and demand his time and his effort for the satisfaction of an unknown individual's whim, is quite another thing.

Much of this autograph-seeking rage, indeed, seems to be only on a par with the manias of stamp and monogram seekers, and of those coin collectors who raise heaven and earth to make their set complete, merely from the instinct of gathering, and without the first idea that a series of coins is historical evidence of as much weight as the Pyramids.

The love of autographs is something, we confess, very generally felt; but it is, when commendable, the love of that autograph which shall illustrate some idiosyncrasy of a character, some moment of a career, some degree of an emotion—not an empty scribble into which not so much identity has entered as enters into a washing-list. There are few of us, certainly, that would not value something from the hand of VITTORIA COLONNA or of MADAME ROLAND, from PETRARCH'S Laura or DANTE'S Beatrice; that would not be ecstatic over a line from CHARLOTTE BRONTË or MRS. BROWNING which expressed some personal interest in ourselves; there are few of us to whom the verse that SHELLEY penned with his hand resting on the paper, that KEATS or BYRON wrote, would not be worth more than gold could make it; and who of us would not treasure the rough draft of "L'Allegro," or any bit on which KEPLER had absently jotted down a plan of the heavens, or on which COLUMBUS had mapped a vague outline and shadow of his great idea? There are particular scraps of literature, too, which we might well sigh for—such as the page BEN JONSON sent to the printer containing "Drink to me only with thine eyes," or SAPPHO'S "Rose," and

there is not a woman of us all but would covet the penciling where sweet L. E. L., by the vessel's side when speeding down to Southern seas and to her grave, wrote:

"The busy deck is hushed; no sounds are waking
But the watch pacing silently and slow,
The waves against the side incessant breaking,
And rope and canvas swaying to and fro.
The topmast sail—it seems like some dim pinnacle
Creating a shadowy tower amid the air,
While red and fitful gleams come from the binnacle,
The only light on board to guide us—where?
My friends, my absent friends!
Far from my native land, and far from you."

But who of us could possibly value the script of any one of all the number, had we first written the customary note that runs, "Dear Sir [or madame],—I am making a collection of autographs, and should be pleased to add yours to the same," and had we received the desired reply, conscious that the mental action of the writer was, "Confound that creature! I must either steal the stamp or take the trouble."

But these autograph seekers do not concern themselves much about the dead, who are fortunately out of reach of their annoyances; they spare their energies for the living, and alight upon them in force. No sooner is an author fairly fledged and before the world than his morning's mail begins to swarm with missives of these nuisances, who seem to think their script should have a right of entrance, a right to demand time and notice that they would never dream of daring to claim in person. Some of these missives are certainly amusing enough to pay their way, so to speak. They are not always the open and barefaced request for a signature of which a specimen is given above; they are in various disguises, as letters of admiration, of interrogation, of advice, of interest, of begging; but always of the kind to which the recipient is impelled to reply by a sense of good-will, if not of decency and propriety. We remember a case in point of a young authoress—one among others—whose first effort brought her a letter from a person who laid himself and his library at her feet; one from another, wishing to know if she had light hair and weighed a hundred pounds; one from a third, telling her the incidents of his life and crimes; from a fourth, confiding a delicate love affair; from a fifth, wishing to convert her to a creed, of belief in which there was no evidence in her writing; from a sixth, saying that her work had given him pleasure for which he must thank her, but he was really a blasé fellow, to whom life was worthless, and then going on to state with some distinctness the spot where, after death, he desired burial. "Bury me," he said, "beneath the shaking shadows of a maple on a green hill-side; bury me beneath the crystal bosom of a lake, whose cleft waters shall sweetly reunite," etc., etc., or words to that effect. Among all these letters there were some of sentimental flattery, some of impertinent criticism, some asking love, some asking money—all asking autographs. There was a boy's letter, too, among them, written in a round hand, with blots and erasures and other boyish marks, and which was kindly answered in the way in which one would naturally reply to the effusive writing of a boy who said he was but a dozen years old. A dozen years afterward this boy, then a man, altering the date of that reply, which began, "Dear Charlie," displayed it among men as the familiar and foolish letter that he, a man, had just received from the authoress in question—for familiar and foolish the letter, written to a child, would have been if written to a man! It is fortunate, by-the-way, that every autograph-seeker is not like the last named, or else that an author's signature is something traditionally destitute of all commercial value. But among all these letter-writers not one of them recognized the fact that, without kinship of genius, there was no more right to intrude upon the author by letter than by person, nor that the one who gives new ideas to the world, or even old ideas recombined and reclothed, does not necessarily offer himself and his privacy as an oblation and burnt-offering to the curiosity of the multitude.

Such an extent has this unwarrantable business reached at last that many writers of eminence have ceased to pay any attention to this sort of correspondence, whether it come in the form of confidential and heart-rending billets, or in the highwayman-like demand for a signature. They simply consign the letter to the waste-paper basket and the inclosed stamp to their pocket-books, thinking, it may be, that if time is money to any body at all, it is so, of all creatures, to an author, and that in consideration of the trouble and delay occasioned them, to say nothing of the consequential damages of expectation and disappointment on opening the letter, the rate is exceedingly low at that.

Others have, however, other ways, some better and some worse, of disposing of these troublesome gentry. There is the printed

form, for example. This might be recommended for the relief of authors in distressed circumstances, if it were not that it requires audacity equal to that of the attacking party, and is, moreover, somewhat expensive. Nor can we say much in favor of the angry autograph, in which the author declines to grant the favor requested; for that, it is plain to see, yields the whole point. Then there is the method adopted some years since by a distinguished Senator, who had all his autographs written for him by his daughter; but that also has its faults, and might at some time be the means of getting a forger or counterfeiter into great difficulty. Indeed, there is some objection to almost every plan that has been suggested; and we think, on the whole, that nothing better has yet been seen than the thorough happiness and insouciance of the good-humored style, a specimen of which we give below, though we do not undertake to vouch for its individual authenticity:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am happy to comply with your request for an autograph, and am yours truly,
HENRY WARD BEECHER,
per F. B. PERKINS."

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of a Drop of Oil.

MY DEAR FLACCUS,—Sometimes at the end of the year I observe that all the good sermons which I have heard during the twelvemonth seem to have been from the same text, for they were all an exhortation to be good. The inculcation was in very different language each time, and the manner with which it was urged home upon this miserable sinner was now fervent and impressive, and again dry and cold. The latter kind of preaching, indeed, always seems to me like the performance of the Japanese bonzes, or priests, who carry a kind of small coffee-mill with which they grind out prayers. I have heard a great deal of that coffee-mill preaching without going to Japan. Some of the exhortations to be good sound like the mechanical beat of a clock—tick, tick, tick—and how drowsy, too! But others are the melting plea of passionate music, penetrating, persuasive. I suppose, also, there is a great deal of sameness in the conversation of you young people who are lovers. You whisper and murmur and coo; but is there great variety in the thing said? Is it not very much like the best preaching I hear—a delightful monotony?

In the same way I sometimes think that if the correspondents to whom I address these little letters should ever choose to compare them, they might say, as I say of the preaching, that there is a family likeness in the moral. And I confess it. But, after all, when I sit in the Park and look around me, I perceive that it is not so much the infinite variety of the scene as the infinitely various way of looking at it which impresses me. I look up at the sky and see what seems to be a cloud shaped like a camel, but my neighbors Polonius and Hamlet find it to resemble a weasel, or very like a whale. The incidents of life and the great moral, if you please, present themselves under different aspects, although they remain the same, just as the landscape which we see from the train is always new, but it is also always composed of the same sky, earth, and water—foliage, meadow, and hill. Perhaps this thought consoles the preacher when he meditates his Sunday's discourse. He knows that he is going to say nothing but "be good," but he knows also that he is going to say it in another form than that of last Sunday. The same material, but different combinations.

I am writing at Mrs. Honeysuckle's, and I had come to this point when I heard the most agonizing noise—a sharp, persistent, angry squeak. At first I thought one of the children had been seriously hurt, and I left my room to see. Every body else in the house seemed to have been affected in the same way. There was universal hurry and anxiety, and the beauty of the day seemed to be dimmed by that painful sound. But as I reached the house-door Mrs. Margery passed me, smiling, and said, "It's only the baby wagon, and I'll cure it with a drop of oil." She dropped it, and lo! perfect silence again, and the mischief was repaired. So I had remarked upon the steamer, as we came up the river, that a man stood among the machinery and now and then poured on a drop of oil. The great mass moved together silently and harmoniously. There was no creak, no menacing friction; the oil had soothed that iron frame. The other day I was driving with my hostess, and when we were some miles from home there was a sudden dry creak, which I saw that she recognized at once as that of the axle. She reined up, and we crawled slowly along to a house, expecting every moment to be set fast in the road by a wheel that would not turn. It was late, and she had promised the children some games in the evening. "Oh, for some oil!" said Mrs. Margery; and fortunately be-

fore the wheel was "set" we reached the house and found it.

Now for the want of that drop of oil I have seen some life journeys brought to a sudden stop, and others that I could mention to you are creaking along in the most doleful manner. Indeed, it often seems to me as if oil were the most valuable thing in the world, and that the fairy godmothers who preside at the birth of children could bring no gift to the cradle so precious as a drop of oil. And even great riches often appear to be too poor to buy it. I have seen you sometimes at Diamond's house, and it is one of the most sumptuous in town. There really is nothing to be thought of, as little Lucy Butterfly says, which is not to be found in that house. If man lived by superb furniture and hangings and conveniences and carpets and ormolu alone, how he would live in that house, to be sure! But Diamond comes in from the club, or the race-course, or the yacht, and snarls; and Mrs. Diamond descends in the most costly robes from Paris, glittering with gems, and so fluffy and ruffy and puffy that she reminds you of the old pictures of goddesses floating upon clouds, and Mrs. Diamond snarls; and the Misses Diamond, who are always more extravagantly fashionable than any body else in society, and never wear a ball dress twice, even they snarl. The Diamond fortune is immense, but it is not large enough to buy the drop of oil that would make that family happy.

But it is often equally wanting in much less splendid mansions, as I have often observed with sorrow in the house of my young friend Citron. He is a good, honest fellow, full of spirit and of affection for his young wife—and they need all the spirit and love they can command, for they are very poor, and if they depended for happiness upon carpets and furniture, they would be destitute. Yet they have a pleasant little house, and his salary is enough to maintain it prettily, and their children are sweet, and their health is good, and they are really fond of each other, and in the long winter evenings they read pleasant books together; yet when I go there and ask them what I shall tell my rich uncle in India to send home to them by the next ship, Citron says a little increase of salary, and Mrs. Citron says a little larger house. But I reply that it shall be nothing of the kind: it shall be a drop of oil.

For I see that they constantly, although perhaps unconsciously, "nag" each other. They each give way to little emotions of petulance. They make the worst, and not the best, of all that happens. They secretly think that if they were a little richer, or had a finer house, or if Citron were a little different, or if Mrs. Citron were only somebody else—if she wouldn't hang her head on one side, or wear that abominable gown forever, and if he would only dress like other men, and not turn out his toes when he walked—if only there could be a little difference of this kind, they are sure that nobody would be so happy as they. And when I tell them that they want nothing but a little oil, I tell them the truth; but they receive it very grimly, and I am not invited to tea again for many days after.

I have seen the want of the same drop of oil fatal to the ambition of the worthiest men. It is curious to think that through a smooth surface, had it but been there, Thorne would to-day have been at the top of his desires. Honest and able and unquestionably fit for the various posts he seeks, he delights in a certain crustiness of manner, which is always repulsive and often very unjust. So many men are fawning and false and pretentious in their approaches that in avoiding their example he drops upon the other side. And so many exasperate him by the selfishness of their applications that he feels as if all who come are selfish. Could his manner, without fawning or familiarity, be friendly—could he refuse less as if he were glad to refuse, and assent as if his heart were as willing as his head—in one word, could the perpetual friction of his contact with other people be allayed by one drop of the oil of urbanity, he would be a successful man instead of a disappointed aspirant, stung by the sense of his own failure.

I know that there may be too much oil. Some people are so oleaginous in manner that they are slippery. You can not grasp them any where, and wherever you touch them you slip off. Indeed, my dear Flaccus, there are men, like Dip, who can not shake your hand without making it feel greasy. When that personage accosts me, pressing my hand with both of his, and cooing and wheedling with a soft voice, I feel as if I were a small animal being prepared for swallowing by a smooth boa-constrictor. And it is the grease, so to speak, of such persons which makes honest people like Thorne dry and crusty. They will in no manner resemble what is so repulsive to them. Indeed, the chief mischief of the over-oleaginous manner is that it stigmatizes all friendly, ardent, complaisant conduct as a little in-

sincere. If a person is very courteous he is apt to excite suspicion; and I remember in other days, when Thorne met Sapphira, who was the supreme belle of her time, and who carried us all in chains at her triumphant chariot wheels, he said, upon being asked if she were not fascinating, that her manner was very fair but very false; "for," he continued, "she never saw me before, and she treats me as if she had known me always."

But I could never agree that the scent of the rose is not delightful because that of a certain daphne is suffocating. Because there may be an affectation of courtesy and good feeling, those excellences do not seem to me to be less excellent. That flower in your bonnet, madame, is mere tinted muslin, I observe; but this in my Angelica's hair is a lily of the valley, fragrant and fresh with morning dew. The drop of oil of which I have been speaking is not, as the shrewd insight of my friend Flaccus has already assured him, the actual product of the whale's blubber, or of the fruit of the olive, or of lard; it is the drop of good humor which, despite all that the social cynics and philosophers say, can be cultivated, and with success. It is a mere matter of temperament, the sage Lavinia thinks. No, my dear, it is no more a matter of temperament than sucking your thumb. Ill humor is a habit. It masters us because we do not choose to master it. The secret of the happiness of the Citron family is the least costly of any item in their month's expenses. They need not deny themselves a single strawberry or a solitary pea in order to procure it. A little resolution, a little self-command, a little care, and the one drop of oil would fall upon that delicate domestic machinery and stop its creaking forever. Tell them so, with my love, when you see them.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FALL FASHIONS.

WE have just received from reliable authority the earliest information about the fabrics being prepared in the Lyons factories for fall and winter costumes. As many of our far-distant readers visit New York in the summer to make purchases for the next season, we narrate for their benefit the hints we have gathered of the fall fashions.

Rich dark colors, such as nut brown, cypress green, and plum-color, will again prevail for day dresses, while, on the contrary, light, almost invisible tints will continue to be worn for evening attire. There will also be new effects in the undecided shadings now in vogue; new greens that by varying the light are made to look blue, and greens that have gray and olive shading.

Watteau and Pompadour brocaded figures will reappear in very rich failles and velvets, to be used as parts of costumes, either as over dresses or trains. Stripes will be retained, though few entire costumes will be striped. Silks of solid color will serve as the foundation of the dress, with tabliers, sleeveless basques, and flounces of stripes.

Embroidered dresses will be the first choice of the next season. These are so costly that they can never become common. The apron, flounces, and basque of rich silks will be elaborately embroidered with silk of the same color—tone upon tone, as the French say. The apron, which is to do duty as an over-skirt, will be entirely covered with this fine work.

In woolen goods the fall importations are already arriving. Among these is a new silk-faced poplin, called the Lorne, of goat's-hair, slightly twilled, with smooth and glossy surface. It is shown in rich dark cloth colors of various shades, is nearly a yard wide, single fold, and costs 65 cents a yard.

Wool cretonne in soft gray, ashes-of-roses, and wood brown tints is being sold for dresses for the present season as well as the next. This is simply a fine mousseline de laine, with even, round, closely twisted threads. It is almost as heavy as empress cloth, yet is as soft as cashmere, and is used for traveling and morning suits.

SEA-SIDE SUITS.

At present the world of fashion is out of town, and we must resort to the sea-side, the mountains, and the springs for news of its doings. Woolen fabrics and India goods are chosen for sea-shore dresses. Among these are goat's-hair, poncee, foulard, and the twilled serge-like flannels, light goods with enough body for warmth, and pure unmixed stuffs that will not cockle when exposed to dampness. Dresses of all-wool grenadine that have become limp are said to be improved and stiffened when worn in the salt sea air.

Black velvet skirts as parts of costumes, instead of black silk skirts, are so much the fashion abroad that they are being worn throughout the summer. This novel idea has already appeared at our summer resorts. Sheer batiste polonaises of pale écreu or flax gray, trimmed with guipure insertion and lace of the same color, are worn with black velvet sashes, belts, and bows over skirts of plain black velvet. The hat is a Rubens flat of Leghorn, with black velvet trimming, or else a dressy toque of black thread net and jet leaves without an atom of color. Long undressed kid gloves and a parasol with Alpine stick complete the costume. Sapphire blue velvet petticoats beneath pearl gray over dresses, and leaf brown velvet with a buff foulard polonaise, are costumes reported from abroad. These

velvet skirts have also been worn on the Avenue by late lingerers in town, but they look very heavy for summer wear in the city.

Contrasting colors, such as écreu with blue, and pearl with blue, are popular for out-of-town dresses. A lovely costume, called the Nilsson, is of pearl gray goat's-hair; the polonaise and skirt are trimmed with flounces of the same, with a narrower blue silk ruffle laid on each flounce and gathered with the flounce. Another stylish suit has a dark lapis blue silk skirt ruffled to the knee, and a basque and over-skirt of écreu poncee. The vest, cuffs, and facings of the postilion and side pleatings are of blue silk, and the buttons are blue silk embroidered with écreu. A very tasteful suit of gray goat's-hair is trimmed with folds of darker gray crape and gray guipure.

Each season there are various costumes that form parts of most well-selected outfits. What is now seen oftenest when much dressing is not required is two skirts of black silk with a white pleated waist and a black lace sacque. The blouse is varied by colored ones of batiste or of silk; pale blue and lavender silk blouses, with long scarf sashes of black velvet or pale Watteau ribbon, are pretty with black skirts. A pleated blouse of flax gray batiste, wrought all over with coral dots and trimmed with guipure edging, is worn with a Roman sash and skirts of black silk—a pretty costume for a brunette. The furnishing houses charge \$7 50 for such a blouse. The costume that comes next in popularity for traveling and the promenade is a kilt-pleated skirt of dark brown silk under a polonaise of batiste, foulard, or poncee, of buff, gray, or brown. In the country and for morning wear in the house a figured Dolly Varden over dress is worn. Again, there are pretty cambric costumes, either striped or chintz-figured, made with a polonaise, or else a box-pleated blouse and over-skirt innocent of flounces, but draped far back on the sides in the present voluminous style. White linen lawn costumes striped with blue, brown, or black, or dotted with a color, are in refined taste when made in this simple fashion. Pale buff linen and all-white lawn suits do not find as much favor as formerly. Morning wrappers, however, are most usually of white lawn and muslin made in Watteau fashion, and trimmed with many tucks and side pleatings.

For more dressy occasions are the striped grenadines and richly embroidered silks. All-black grenadine suits of inch-wide stripes, ruffled to the waist, with a tiny apron, or else a long pointed slender apron. The waist is a postilion-basque. Other black grenadines show many hints of color in the trimming; for instance, écreu guipure lace is arranged in a Watteau cascade down the back and front of black polonaises, while others are edged with black lace mounted on a ruffle of blue or lavender silk. Spanish blonde lace with richly wrought leaves is used for trimming such costumes. The Spanish dotted grenadine, with spots as large as a silver dime, is in keeping with this lace. An elegant polonaise, worn as light mourning over a black silk skirt, is of white Chambray gauze with half-inch stripes of satin. It has a very short apron front, is fully draped behind, and has a postilion-basque. The close-fitting waist is lined with white silk, and is cut square necked. Double ruffles of Malines tulle fill the square opening. The sleeves are antique, and the entire garment is bordered with two ruffles and a ruche.

One of the handsomest silks displayed this season is a dinner dress that is also worn as a carriage toilette for visiting and church. It is sage green, with a demi-train flounced to the waist. The apron is long, slender, and tied back under the postilion-basque. The flounces, apron, and vest are elaborately embroidered in a vine pattern with silk of the same shade. A heavy lustreless black silk is made in the same way, and glistening jet is introduced in the embroidery.

White organdy polonaises worn over colored silks are entirely made up of strips of organdy, alternating with Valenciennes insertion. They are decorated with many bows of pink or blue faille, and have wide scarf sashes. The newest sashes have the edges finished with scallops of needle-work. They are tied at one side low down on the over-skirt; they are not tied in bows, but long, uneven loops with short ends. The Alsatian bow worn in the hair matches the scarf sash in color.

Ball dresses for midsummer are elaborately trimmed with flowers. Tulle, gauze, and tarlatan dresses are draped with garlands of roses and leaves, and there are fringes of acacias and other drooping flowers.

WRAPS.

Capes, scarfs, and Watteau sacques of camel's-hair, cashmere, and soft twilled cloth are worn for driving on the avenues by the sea, and for cool mornings. Camel's-hair talmas are braided all over, or else wrought with India silks. White and creamy buff are the fashionable colors for driving jackets. These are of simple shape, but when well fitted have a jaunty, dashing air, becoming to the driver of a basket phaeton or pony chaise. Inexpensive sacques of white serge cloth have for a border a two-inch band of gray corduroy, with large buttons of the same.

BATHING SUITS.

The most popular bathing suits consist of a yoke blouse reaching to the knee, and Turkish trousers buttoned around the ankle. The blouse is belted, has a sailor collar, and, if made quite full, conceals the figure better than the gored over-dresses of last summer. White and navy blue are the favorite colors for these aquatic costumes, and mohair serge the best material; this is a stiff, wiry fabric, that dries rapidly; gray flannel, and the black and white check flannels, are also much used, but are very heavy and clinging when wet. White serge suits are orna-

mented with blue worsted braid an inch wide, stitched on flatly, and blue suits are trimmed with white braid. Such suits cost \$8 ready-made; flannel suits are from \$7 50 to \$9. Oiled silk caps are \$1 each; bathing shoes of white sail-cloth are also \$1. Bathing suits for gentlemen are made like those described for ladies; swimming suits are a single knitted worsted garment, fitting the figure, with waist and trousers in one. They are in blue and black or blue and white stripes around the figure, or else in solid color, and cost \$10 or \$12. Pretty sailor blouses for gentlemen to wear on board yachts, or when fishing or boating, and for general summer négligé, are made of fine navy blue flannel, with deep sailor collar and belt. They are trimmed with white silk braid and buttons, and a white star is wrought in the corners of the large collar. Price \$5 50 to \$7.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. SWITZER, and BERNHEIM; and Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and UNION ADAMS & Co.

PERSONAL.

THE wife of the Persian ambassador to France was the observed of all observers at a recent reception of M. THIERS. She wore an Oriental costume, a sort of short robe, of green material ornamented with gold lilies.

If there ever was a lady who worked on the square, it is Mrs. ISAAC LANDER, of Gardiner, Maine, who has just finished a quilt which contains no less than six thousand squares.

Miss VIRGINIA GOLDSMITH, JENNY LIND's eldest daughter, now eighteen, is said to possess a voice nearly if not quite equal to that of her mother in her best days.

Madame PESCHKA LEUTNER, the German soprano, is to receive \$16,000 from Mr. GILMORE for singing at the Jubilee, and some of them think it is a pesky large price.

The old proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way," has been very finely illustrated in Boston, where Mr. SAMUEL A. WAY, an opulent banker, made a will in which a princely bequest was made for the benefit of the working-women of that city. He also generously remembered his faithful clerks. Mr. WAY possessed one of the finest collections of Egyptian curiosities in the world. He once intended to present the whole to the Fine Art Museum, but as he was not made one of the incorporators of that institution, the proposed gift was withheld. It will now be sold with the rest of his estate.

Lady BEACONSFIELD, the wife of Mr. D. S. RAELI, is said to be ill beyond hope of recovery. During next month the good King and Queen of Saxony will celebrate their golden wedding according to the hearty German fashion. They are the only living sovereigns who have got along comfortably together for half a century.

The Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS has gone in for cats—given ten thousand pounds sterling to be bestowed in prizes to "workmen's cats" at the national exhibition. Cats that are conscientious as to chickens and canary-birds will have especial consideration. By-the-way, the heiress of COUTTS is a different sort of person from the banker. She is the soul of charity, whereas old COUTTS was the incarnation of greed. He caused his garments to be repaired so long as they could possibly be made to hold together. Several of his servants left him on this account. Finally a young woman, SUSAN STARKIE, entered his service, who, perceiving his peculiarities, contrived out of her savings to introduce new stockings into his wardrobe, and this bit of economizing so pleased the ancient banker that he married her.

TENNYSON is a member of a committee for collecting books and works of art for the people of Strasburg, to replace their magnificent library, which was burned during the Franco-Prussian war. The English are behaving right liberally about it.

DISRAELI is understood to be at work on another novel, in which Socialism is to be treated as Catholicism was in "Lothair."

Miss CHARLOTTE E. RAY, a young negro woman, of Washington city, was a few days since admitted to practice in the law courts of that city. She is a graduate of the Law College of Howard University. This is probably the first instance in the world's history where a colored woman has achieved such a position.

Mr. WILLIAM BARNES, formerly Superintendent of the Insurance Department of this State, has been appointed by the President one of the three Commissioners of the United States to the Statistical Congress at St. Petersburg, Russia. Mr. BARNES is one of the most competent men in the country for such a position.

M. FAURE, one of the most celebrated of living tenors, has been engaged by Mr. JARRETT for the next season of opera in New York.

The Duke and Duchess of Buckingham are about to visit the United States, and while in Philadelphia will be the guests of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, thus reciprocating the visit paid last year by Mr. C. to the duke.

An appropriate tribute was paid by Congress in the last hours of its session to the late General ANDERSON by giving to Mrs. ANDERSON the sum of \$10,000 in lieu of a monthly pension of \$50.

The latest rumor about Père HYACINTHE is that he is engaged to be married to the only daughter of the Count VON EDEL, a Bavarian nobleman of wealth, whose acquaintance he recently made in Rome.

The Empress EUGÉNIE has suffered so much of late from an inflammation of the facial glands that her physicians think she may be obliged to undergo a surgical operation that may disfigure her face for life.

GOUNOD, the composer, recently appeared in London as a chorus leader. He had a choir of one thousand voices. The principal event of the concert was an arrangement by him of "The Last Rose of Summer." A beautiful effect was also produced by his arrangement of the march in "The Magic Flute," part of the chorus rendering the theme with full voice, while the rest imitated the accompaniment with closed lips.

Mr. BENNETT, in classifying his advertisements so as to induce people of every occupation to seek the *Herald*, charged the higher and more profitable businesses \$2 a line, others \$1, and so down to 40 cents. Below these are the

advertisements of persons seeking employment. The skilled mechanic, or a housekeeper, pays 50 cents; a masculine laborer, 25 cents; while Biddy, the common servant, pays but 5 cents a line for three lines. The present daily circulation of the *Herald* vibrates between 75,000 and 105,000.

It must have been a comfort to Mr. JOHN CHARLES CUNNINGHAM to come of age a few days ago in England, his personal property footing up \$3,000,000, and other property being so valuable as to require the payment of \$37,500 as stamp duty alone. The family has been at Craighends some four hundred years, and the present representative is said to be a very intelligent, excellent young fellow.

A gentleman who recently visited CRUIKSHANK, the veteran English artist, now eighty, found that he had been absent in the open air since seven o'clock in the morning, and would not return until evening. His features are still noble and striking. He has given up the pencil, not having acidity enough left for a caricaturist. He clung, however, with tenacity to the claim of originating a number of the characters of AINSWORTH and DICKENS, and asserted that the former had not amounted to any thing since he left him.

The daughter of MUSURUS PASHA, Turkish envoy in London, has just been married to Mr. WARNER HERIOT, a brother of Lady WENTWORTH—the first instance, we believe, in history where the daughter of a Turkish nobleman has wedded a member of the British aristocracy. Among the wedding presents was a valuable India shawl from Queen VICTORIA.

Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has a relic of portentous importance. Deacon JAMES FRANCIS, of that town, has deposited in the Berkshire Athenæum the whole front (think of it!) of Governor WINSLOW's chest, brought over in the *Mayflower*, and preserved by Captain JOHN CHURCHILL, and now presented to the Athenæum in behalf of his family.

STRAUSS did not bring his band. He brought only himself and wife, *nee* HENRIETTA TREFFZ. At Boston he will simply lead the big orchestra in some of his own compositions. After finishing there he will organize an orchestra and give concerts in the principal cities of the country. Mrs. S. is a very fine vocalist.

Great rejoicings in Rome on the 16th of June—the twenty-sixth anniversary of the accession of Pope PIUS IX. to the pontifical chair, which is ten months longer than it was ever occupied by any preceding pontiff. The old gentleman keeps in pretty good case.

Dr. STROUSBERG, formerly Prussian "rail-road king," and at one time supposed to be, like "King Hudson," worth many millions, has fled from his creditors, and found a hiding-place in England.

The spinsters of England do queer things. To think that a baker should be courted almost to death by an elderly and opulent female! This baker—ROGERS by name—was living on a small competency. He was a widower without family. Accidentally he became acquainted with the lady. Four years ago—leap-year—she squarely intimated her willingness to marry him. He politely declined the proposal, and heard nothing of her until about six months ago, when a letter written by her summoned him to her bedside. He was obdurate. She died, and bequeathed to him a fortune of \$30,000 a year. He is greatly perplexed and troubled about it. From living a modest life of happy contentment in a humble cottage he finds himself possessor of a large estate in Cumberland, a mansion in Belgravia, picture-galleries, horses, broughams, a suite of servants, and ever so many things besides calculated to give him a world of bother and trouble.

Mrs. SOMERVILLE, the authoress, now in her ninety-second year, had the happiness to witness and study the recent eruption of Vesuvius. In a letter, which was accompanied by a sketch of the mountain done by her own hand, she writes: "On the evening of the greatest eruption M— and M— drove to Portici. It was too far for me, for I am very feeble, but my intellect keeps clear, and I read and solve questions in the higher algebra as easily as ever. Since the eruption none of our visitors remain in Naples. They absolutely fled when we were enveloped in so thick a shower of ashes that neither earth, nor sky, nor sea could be seen. On Monday morning I could not see to read, though our house is fifteen miles from Vesuvius. On Sunday night even the Neapolitans were terrified, and many passed the night in their carriages, expecting an earthquake, which was very unscientific on their part, for Vesuvius had been a safety-valve, emitting steam in abundance. I sat the whole day at a window. It was wonderful and glorious, and at that time we did not know of the dreadful loss of life."

Miss MARIA MIRAMON, who has recently burst upon the operatic world of London, is pronounced by some critics to be the superior of both PATTI and LUCCA, and as remarkable for dramatic as for vocal ability.

The English Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. LOWE, is so near-sighted that he makes droll blunders with people. At a recent evening party a gentleman came up and spoke to him. The room was crowded. The Chancellor mistook him for Mr. MUNDELLA, M.P. for Sheffield, who had been bothering him not a little of late. "I don't think you recognize me, Mr. LOWE." "Oh yes, I do; I've seen you often enough of late." "When, pray?" quoth the astonished gentleman. "Why, only yesterday." "That's impossible. I wasn't in England yesterday. I'm the King of the Belgians!" It rather disconcerted Mr. LOWE.

The Rev. THOMAS RAWSON BIRKS has been appointed to succeed the late Mr. MAURICE as Professor of Moral Philosophy in Cambridge University.

Mr. DERBY has sold his two Jerusalem pictures by SELOUS for \$50,000, to a Boston firm. Pictures are getting to be pictures.

General ROGER A. PRYOR, whose literary and political career at the South was conspicuous for a man so young, has just delivered the annual address at Hampden Sidney College, Virginia. Mr. PRYOR is now practicing law in this city.

General HAWLEY, of Hartford, president of the Centennial Commission, and one of the rising political stars of the East, is now able to felicitate himself as having a cane made of one of the joists of Independence Hall, presented to him by certain Quakers and un-Quakers of Philadelphia.

Carriage-leather Bathing Bag, Figs. 1-3.

This bag is made of dark brown carriage leather, lined with light yellow enameled cloth, and trimmed with strips of dark and light brown carriage leather, which are stitched on. The handle is made of similar strips. A strap of light brown carriage leather, trimmed with button-hole stitched scallops of the same material in a darker shade, serves to close the bag.

Fig. 1 shows the bag closed, and Fig. 2 open. Cut of material and lining one piece each thirty-one inches and three-quarters wide. In the outer material, seven inches and a quarter from each side, stitch strips of dark and light brown carriage leather half an inch wide and folded through the middle, observing Fig. 3, which shows a full-sized section of the handle arranged in a similar manner. As seen in the illustration, one dark, one light, and one dark strip are set on in one direction, and three similar strips, half an inch from these, in the opposite direction; every three of these strips are set on so that one strip always covers the seam of the preceding one. The edges of the two upper strips turned toward each other are covered by a strip of light carriage leather seven-eighths of an inch wide, which is folded on both sides; this strip is stitched on through the middle. Baste the outer part of the bag, ornamented in this manner, on the lining, and bind both parts together on the outer edge with brown worsted braid. For the strap cut one strip of light carriage leather twenty-four inches long and an inch and a quarter wide, and two strips of dark carriage leather of the same length and width; form a point on one end of the light strip, folding the corners down on the under side, cut out one side of both dark strips in points half an inch deep and three-quarters of an inch wide, and edge these points with button-hole stitches of light brown saddle's silk. Fasten the dark strips on the light strip in such a manner that the points meet in the middle of the light strip. The straight edges of the dark strips are button-hole stitched together on the under side. Next make the handle; this consists of a strip of darker carriage leather twelve inches and seven-eighths long, two inches and seven-eighths wide in the middle, sloped off on both sides toward the ends to a width of two inches, and folded and stitched on the under side half an inch wide on both sides; on the foundation thus formed stitch alternately strips of light and dark carriage leather as shown by Fig. 3, which shows the lower part of the handle in full size. To suit the shape of the foundation the strips should not overlap as much in the middle of the handle as on the ends. Sew the finished handle on the strap ten inches and a half from the straight end and seven inches and three-quarters from the pointed end of the strap. The handle is finished on the ends by button-hole stitched bands of dark carriage leather three-quarters of an inch wide each; set a similar band on the strap two inches from the straight end. Furnish the straight end of the strap with a buckle, then sew this end on the middle of the bag eleven inches and a quarter from one end, and ten inches and a half from this point fasten the strap once more; the straight end of the strap thus lies flat on the bag ten inches and seven-eighths long. Finish the bag with brown silk ribbons as shown by Fig. 2.



Fig. 2.—CARRIAGE-LEATHER ROSETTE FOR BATHING SLIPPER, FIG. 1.— $\frac{3}{4}$ SIZE.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X, Fig. 33.



Fig. 1.—CARRIAGE-LEATHER BATHING BAG.—CLOSED.

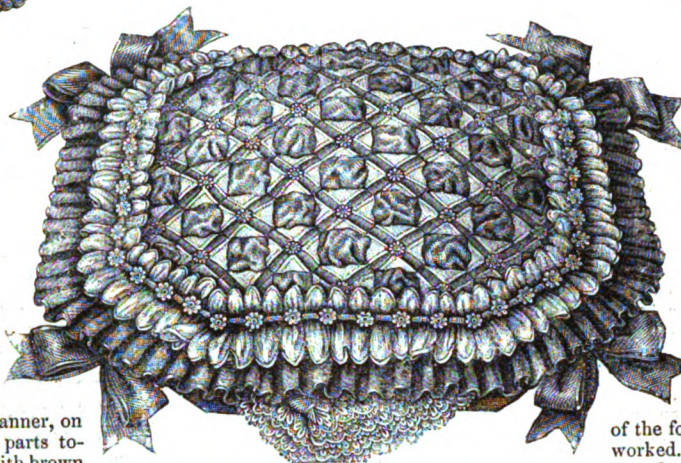


Fig. 6.—CARRIAGE-LEATHER AND BRAID ROSETTE FOR BATHING SLIPPER, FIG. 3.— $\frac{3}{4}$ SIZE.

square, and run a hem an eighth of an inch wide on the outer edge with small stitches, in doing which use threads of the mull instead of cotton. Fold down the four corners of each square on the middle so that an interval of half an inch remains free between the corners, and fasten them with an embroidery figure. Sew the finished squares together at the corners as shown by the illustration, and arrange the cover thus formed on the satin. Previous to this, however, cover the

satin with a piece of crape, which should be twice as large as the satin, and is gathered on the outer edge; between the mull squares the crape is drawn up in a small puff. The trimming on the outer edge of the sachet consists of a box-pleated ruffle of pink silk ribbon two inches wide and a scalloped mull ruffle trimmed with a needle-work border. For this ruffle cut a straight strip of mull three inches and three-quarters

wide, hem it on both sides, and gather it through the middle in a pointed line. The points formed by the gathering thread are seven-eighths of an inch deep each, and an inch and three-quarters wide, and the extremities of the points should be seven-eighths of an inch distant from one side and an inch and a quarter from the other side of the strip. The scallops of the ruffles are formed by drawing in the gathering thread. The seam made by sewing on this ruffle along the gathering thread is covered by a needle-work strip, which is cut out

of the foundation on which it was worked. Pink silk ribbon bows complete the sachet.



Fig. 3.—SECTION OF HANDLE OF BATHING BAG.—FULL SIZE.



EMBROIDERED PEN-WIPER.

For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XXII, Fig. 66.

lower part of the handle in full size. To suit the shape of the foundation the strips should not overlap as much in the middle of the handle as on the ends. Sew the finished handle on the strap ten inches and a half from the straight end and seven inches and three-quarters from the pointed end of the strap. The handle is finished on the ends by button-hole stitched bands of dark carriage leather three-quarters of an inch wide each; set a similar band on the strap two inches from the straight end. Furnish the straight end of the strap with a buckle, then sew this end on the middle of the bag eleven inches and a quarter from one end, and ten inches and a half from this point fasten the strap once more; the straight end of the strap thus lies flat on the bag ten inches and seven-eighths long. Finish the bag with brown silk ribbons as shown by Fig. 2.

Pink Satin, Crape, and Mull Sachet.

This sachet consists of two square pieces of double pink satin, which are furnished each with an interlining of perfumed wadding, and are quilted in diamonds together with the wadding; both pieces are eight inches and seven-eighths square, and are sloped off on the corners so that the straight sides between the corners are only five inches and three-quarters long. For the cover of the upper piece of satin first cut a number of straight pieces of fine mull, each three inches and a quarter

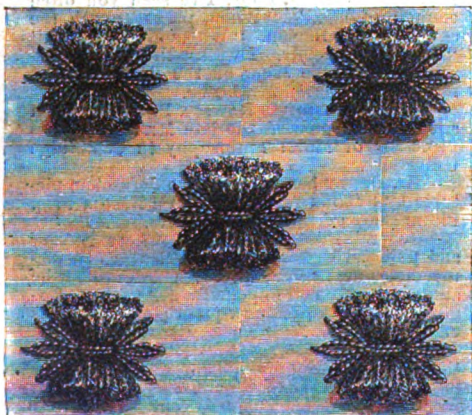
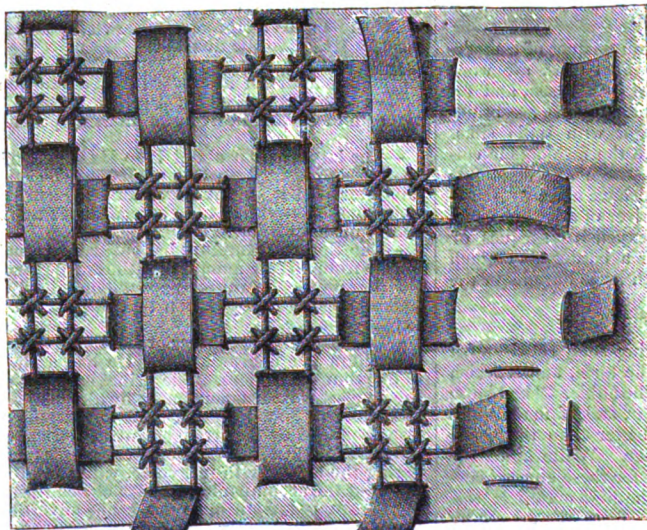


Fig. 4.—BRAID AND POINT RUSSE FOUNDATION FOR BATHING SLIPPER, FIG. 3.



FOUNDATION OF CARRIAGE-LEATHER BRAID AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY FOR BAGS, SLIPPERS, FOOTSTOOLS, ETC.—FULL SIZE.

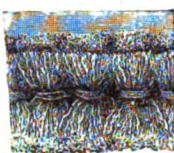


Fig. 5.—SECTION OF RUCHE FOR BATHING SLIPPER, FIG. 3.

the same time filling the space between the brush and back with wadding. Then cover the rim of the lid and the space filled with wadding with brown leather, which is ornamented in point Russe with light brown silk and gold cord as shown by the illustration. Cut the back of the pen-wiper from Fig. 66, Supplement, which gives one-half of the pattern, and ornament it in the given design, as shown by the illustration. Then paste it on the rim of the lid, and cover the bottom of the pen-wiper with watered paper.



EMBROIDERED SWIMMING BELT.
For design see Supplement, No. XII, Fig. 35.

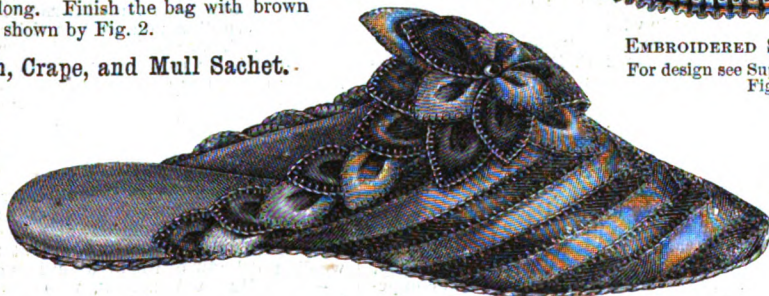


Fig. 1.—LIGHT AND DARK BROWN CARRIAGE-LEATHER BATHING SLIPPER.
[See Fig. 2.]

For pattern see Supplement, No. X, Fig. 33, and No. XXIII, Figs. 67 and 68.



Fig. 3.—CARRIAGE-LEATHER BATHING SLIPPER, WITH BRAID AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.—[See Figs. 4-6.]

For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIII, Figs. 67 and 68.

Carriage-leather Bathing Slippers, Figs. 1-6.

Figs. 1 and 2.—LIGHT AND DARK BROWN CARRIAGE-LEATHER BATHING SLIPPER. The front of this slipper, which is cut from Fig. 67, Supplement, consists of light brown carriage leather on which strips of carriage leather in a darker shade three-eighths of an inch wide are button-hole stitched, as shown by Fig. 1, with light brown saddle's silk; these strips are cut so as to form a point in the middle. The front is lined with red flannel, and is trimmed on the upper edge with button-hole stitched leaves of light and dark brown carriage leather and with a rosette of the same, as shown by the illustration. Fig. 2 shows the rosette

two-thirds of full size. The larger leaves are cut from Fig. 33, Supplement, and arranged in pleats, fastening both X's on ●. The remaining leaves are cut from the same pattern, but somewhat smaller. The sole is cut

of thick pasteboard in one piece from Fig. 68, Supplement, and is covered on the inside with red flannel over an interlining of wadding, and on the outside with a plaited straw sole.

Figs. 3-6.—CARRIAGE-LEATHER BATHING SLIPPER, TRIMMED WITH BRAID AND POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY. For the front of this slip-



Fig. 2.—CARRIAGE-LEATHER BATHING BAG.—OPEN.



Fig. 1.—SWISS MUSLIN JACKET.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 3.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 64-67.

per cut of light gray carriage leather and red flannel lining one whole piece each from Fig. 67, Supplement. Ornament the outer material with alternate foundation figures, as shown by Fig. 4; these consist each of a piece of red worsted braid half an inch long and seven eighths of an inch wide, which is raveled out on the ends a quarter of an inch wide and fastened in the middle with several cross stitches of red silk, so that a small tassel is formed; the foundation figure is completed in point Russe with red silk (see Fig. 4). Having finished the embroidery, bind the material

reduced in size; it consists of four large and two small leaves edged with fringed braid. In the middle of the rosette are several long and short ends of fringed braid laid on each other and fastened together with several stitches. Join the front by means of button-hole stitches of red silk with the sole, which is cut of pasteboard in one piece from Fig. 68, Supplement, and covered on both sides with carriage leather, and on the inside also with wadding and red flannel.

Swiss Muslin Jackets, Figs. 1-4.

Figs. 1 and 3.—This Swiss muslin jacket is trimmed with puffs of the material. Belt and bows of colored gros grain ribbon. Cut two pieces each from Figs. 54 and 55, Supplement, allowing an inch and a quarter extra material on the front edge of Fig. 54. Cut the sleeves in one piece each from Figs. 56 and 57, observing the outline of the under part on Fig. 56, and cutting Fig. 57 of double material. Sew up the darts in the fronts from the point to 32 on 32, arrange the parts in pleats, bringing each two X's on ●, and hem down the extra material on the front edge on the under side. Cut slits in the backs along the double lines, sew up the back from 35 to 36, pleat it at the bottom of the waist, bringing X on ●, and cover the layers of pleats both on the outside and inside with a strip of Swiss muslin



Fig. 2.—SWISS MUSLIN JACKET.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 4.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 58-61.

half an inch wide stitched on. Having joined the back and fronts according to the corresponding figures, face the jacket on the neck with a strip of the material seven-eighths of an inch wide, and on the under edge with a strip of the same material an inch and a quarter wide, and trim as shown by the illustration. To close the jacket furnish the right front from the neck to the bottom with button-holes at regular intervals. Set small buttons to correspond with the button-holes on the left front. Sew up the sleeves from 40 to 41, gather them on the bottom from 39 to

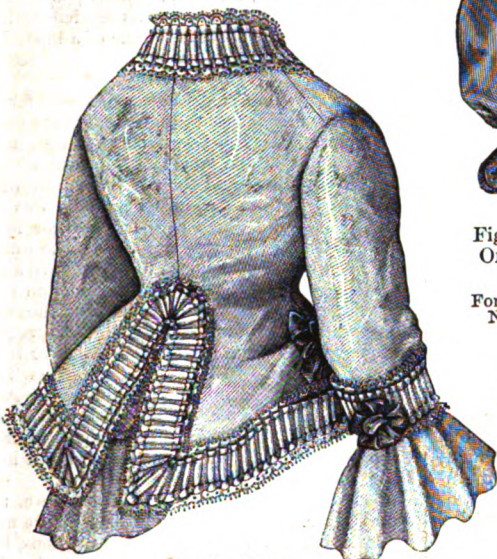


Fig. 4.—SWISS MUSLIN JACKET.—BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 58-61.



Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED OILED SILK BATHING CAP.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 62 and 63.

and lining together on the outer edge with braid, and trim the front on the upper edge with a row of tassels, as shown by Figs. 3-6, and set a rosette on the middle of the front. Fig. 6 shows the rosette



CASHMERE PALETOT.—BACK.—[See Page 464.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-4.

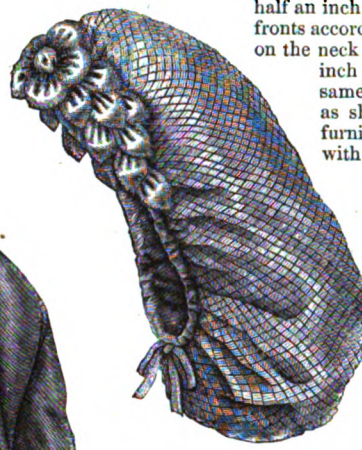


Fig. 2.—OILED SILK AND NETTED BATHING CAP.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 34.

* on both sides, to suit the width of the sleeve binding, and sew them according to the corresponding figures into the double binding, which has first been sewed up at the ends. Having trimmed the sleeves as shown by the illustration, set them into the corded armholes, bringing 41 on 41 of the fronts, in doing

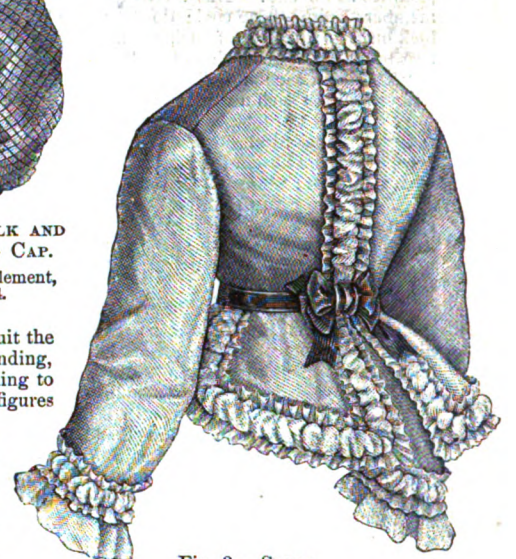
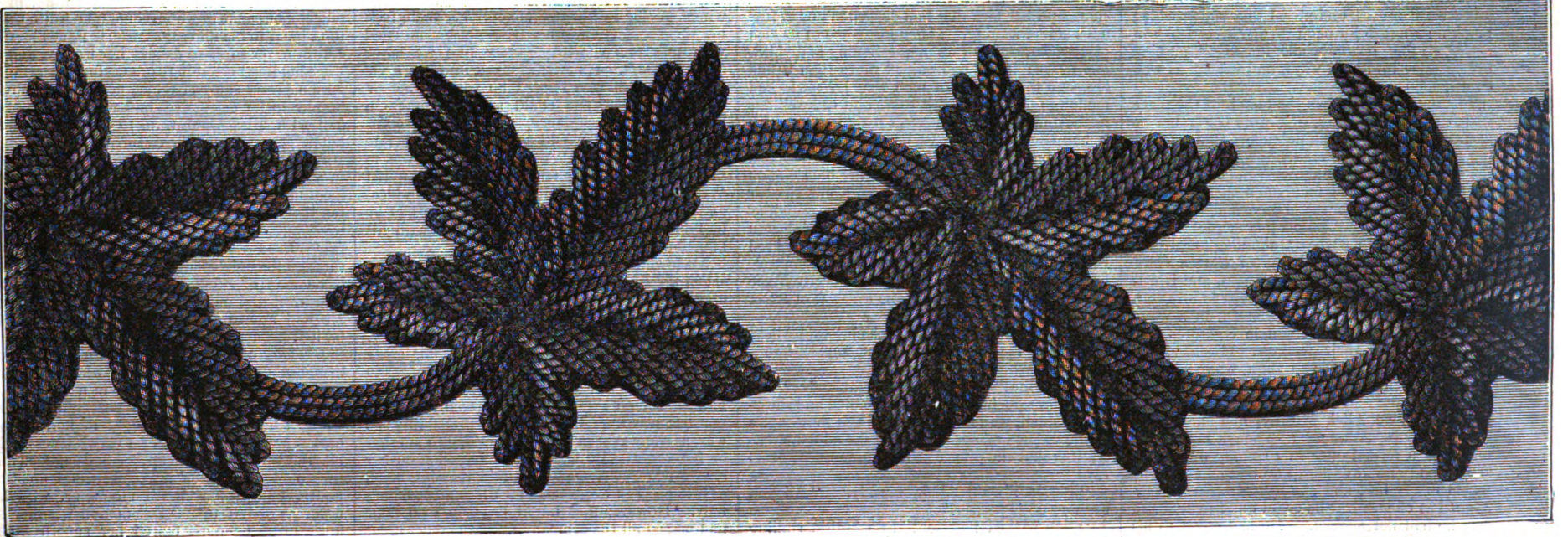


Fig. 3.—SWISS MUSLIN JACKET.—BACK.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 64-67.



TWISTED CORD BORDER FOR TRIMMING DRESSES, SKIRTS, ETC.

which gather the upper part of the sleeves slightly.

Figs. 2 and 4.—This fine Swiss muslin jacket is trimmed with box-pleated ruffles, lace, and silk bows. Cut two pieces each from Figs. 58, 59, and 61, having first joined on the piece turned down in Supplement on Fig. 59. Cut the sleeves each in one piece from Fig. 60, observing the outline of the under part. Having sewed up the darts in the fronts, sew up the back from 45 to 46 with a double seam, and join the back and fronts according to the corresponding figures. Face the jacket along the outer edge with a strip of the material an inch and a quarter wide, at the same time sewing a fly furnished with buttons on the left front. Set a button-hole fly on the under side of the right front, and sew on the trimming as shown by the illustration. Drape the jacket on the sides, bringing × on ●, and cover the layers of pleats with a colored silk bow. Sew up the sleeves from 50 to 51, pleat them on the bottom, bringing × on ●, and join them with the ruffles according to the corresponding figures, having first sewed up the ruffles from 49 to 50, and arrange them in pleats, bringing × on ●. Sew on the remaining trimming as shown by the illustration. Finally, set the sleeves into the corded armholes, bringing 51 on 51 of the fronts, at the same time forming a pleat in the sleeves, bringing × on ●.

EDITH CAUSTON'S HIGHLAND CAMPAIGN.

By E. LYNN LINTON.

"AUNT FLORA, you are a woman of the world—tell me what I must do. Papa has been dead a year now, so I may go out this next season as much as I like; but you know how poor mamma is, and that she can not afford to keep any society. What can I do? How shall I get married without fortune, without even being able to have a brilliant season—for you have Ada and Flo on your hands yet, so you can not chaperon me too often? And yet I am pretty enough to make a good hit if I were only put in the right way. How shall I manage it?"

"Scotch castles," said Aunt Flora. "You have an invitation to Miss MacIntyre, of Glen Glassock?"

"Yes," answered Edith.

"From whose introduction you will get others?"

"I suppose so."

"Then go. Your mother will give you a good trousseau, and I will help. You are pretty, have common-sense, and understand your own interests. Glen Glassock ought to be the starting-point of your fortunes; and if you are worthy of the esteem in which I hold you, you will return from your expedition engaged to some wealthy landed proprietor, and with your perplexities at an end. But above all things remember, Edith—keep cool; do not fall in love; look on it as a matter of business, and make the best terms for yourself that offer."

"Thanks, dear auntie," answered Edith; "I will. You are such a comfort to talk to!"

So this was the temper in which Edith Causton, young, beautiful, dowerless, and ambitious, accepted her invitation from Miss MacIntyre, of Glen Glassock; going down to that grand old Highland glen with the intention of beating the country for a husband who would make good settlements, and put her into even a better position than the one she had lost by her father's death.

Miss MacIntyre, a shrewd Scotch lady of uncertain age, was glad to have the pretty English girl as her guest. It was her ambition to make Glen Glassock noted for its pleasant company, as well as for its perfection of appointment, and it was part of her programme to bring down lovely girls from a distance, who should be quite fresh to the society of the place, and to make up desirable matches for them. The native Highland girls used to dread Miss MacIntyre's seasons; for so sure as there was a desirable man among them, "just made" for some Jeanie or Maggie of the district, so sure would the lady of the castle lure him away from his autochthonous loves for one of her pretty, graceful, well-dressed Southron belles, leaving the native nymph to wear the willow in despair. In return for this, however, it must be admitted that she provided many an English husband for her Scottish protégées, so that, on the whole, her match-making propensities told both ways, and healed as well as wounded.

For the present season the match of the place was Alexander Murray, of Corbie Gait; but he was on the point, so the neighbors said, of giving himself and his broad lands to Elsie Tulloch, the minister's pretty daughter—and a fine match it would be for Elsie; for though she was pretty in a nice, wholesome, rustic way, and as good as gold in heart and temper, she had neither "style"—Lord love her!—nor social standing to warrant her in looking to be mistress of Corbie Gait. Yet it was to be, said the neighbors, and it was well known that Elsie had long been in love with the young laird—all her life, indeed, in a way, for she was one of those simple creatures who do not disguise their feelings. Besides, she thought it no disgrace to show what was not wrong in itself, and what she was, therefore, not ashamed of.

She did love Alick Murray, and she let the world know it. Why not? Though he had not made her a formal offer in so many words, yet she felt sure he loved her, and that some day he would marry her, and she looked upon herself as good as engaged. She could quite understand why he had not spoken. He had come to his majority only a few months ago, and he had had many things to think of and settle before he spoke; but that the word was in his heart, as

true as her answer was in hers, she never for a moment doubted, and in that belief made herself content—so content, indeed, that she did not dread the report which went about of a new young English lady who had just come down to Glen Glassock, and who was described to the quiet family at the manse as the loveliest creature seen yet, even at that famous emporium of loveliness.

"Have you seen the bonny English lassie the whole country-side is talking of?" asked Elsie, innocently, one day when Alick Murray went up to the manse.

He had not been there quite so often for the last fortnight as usual, but Elsie thought nothing of that. He was busy; and as he was just the same when he did go—maybe a trifle thoughtful and preoccupied these two or three later times—she made neither complaint nor moan, and her welcome to him was as frank, as glad, as affectionate as ever.

"Yes, I have seen her," said Alick, with a certain hesitancy.

"And she is as pretty as they say?"

"She is very beautiful," he answered.

"Dark, isn't she?"

"Dark. Why, you anxious little puss, what does it signify to you what she is like?" he broke out, laughing; and yet he did not laugh quite naturally, somehow, and his fair, handsome, boyish face flushed with a deeper glow.

Elsie laughed too for simple sympathy. "I wonder who Miss MacIntyre will say is to be for her?" she said. "Perhaps you, Alick," she added, looking up with a smile that meant the most profound amusement at such a preposterous joke.

Alick's face flamed, and his eyes opened full upon her with an angry flash in them such as she had never seen before. "I'd thank you, Miss Tulloch, to leave my name alone," he said, passionately. "You know if there is one thing that offends me more than another, it is to hear myself mixed up with women's idle talk; and it's what I won't stand. Good-morning."

And he dashed out of the room, and had mounted and was away before poor Elsie quite understood what it all meant. She had never seen an outbreak of temper from him before, and she could not make it out now. She had not the faintest idea what had angered him in such a commonplace bit of fun, and the more she pondered on it the less she understood it. Poor lassie! it made her cry till she gave herself such a headache she was obliged to go to bed—so was unable to play backgammon with her father, who wondered greatly what ailed his winsome lassie; for Elsie was by no means prone to hysterics or headaches or any abnormal interruption whatsoever to the peaceful tenor of her way.

Many days passed after this before Elsie saw Alick Murray again. Intimate as they were, and fond of him as she was, she had yet too much pride and self-command to seek him. "If he wanted her, he knew where to find her," she said to herself, doing her best to be indifferent, and to make light of the whole matter. Unfortunately, it would not be made light of, and the consciousness of a fall-out with Alick—her own Alick, as she had taught herself to consider him—lay like a dead-weight on her heart, and troubled her by night and day—troubled her as she had never been troubled before.

The usual annual summer fête was to be given at Glen Glassock, to which all the country-side was invited, the minister and Elsie among the rest. By this time, little as he encouraged or heard of gossip, it had come to the minister's ears that Alick Murray was forever at the castle, and that Miss MacIntyre had fixed on him to be the husband of Edith Causton. But the quiet old man kept his own counsel, and said not a word to his daughter. He knew well enough how things stood with her and Alick, and he was grieving for her in the present, and fearing even more for the future. Already she had changed painfully. Her round, rosy cheeks had grown quite pinched and faded, and the look in her big soft gray eyes was one as pathetic as the look of a dumb thing when in pain. To-day, however, something of the old self had come back. She knew that she should meet Alick at the castle, and she believed that the strange cloud which had fallen between them would be lifted up, and the sun break forth again as of old; and the consciousness of approaching happiness lent her a beauty scarcely her own. Something, too, had come into her face that had deepened and spiritualized its meaning. It had lost some of its rich rose bloom, some of its unquestioning and child-like peace; but it had gained more than it had lost, and the shadow of pain that lay on it had mellowed and enriched it to a point of loveliness far beyond that of the perfect freshness of which it had been robbed. To be sure, she had "no style," but in her simple dress of white, touched here and there with blue, with the blue ribbon among her golden hair and round her slender throat, she was as winsome, if not so grand, as any of the company; and even Edith Causton looked at her curiously, and asked, in a loud whisper, "Who is that little creature in the badly cut white piqué? She would be pretty if she knew how to dress." And she asked it of Alick Murray, of Corbie Gait.

"That? oh, that is Elsie Tulloch," said Alick, blushing. He was but a lad yet, and he had a trick of blushing.

"Oh, I see!" returned Edith, carelessly; "our minister's daughter." And she smiled and showed her small, white, square teeth, and the dimples at the corners of her mouth, as she added, archly, "Is that the proper pronunciation, Mr. Murray?"

"Perfect!" said Alick, warmly. "All you say and do is perfect."

"You wicked flatterer!" said Edith, smiling again as she lowered her eyes and blushed. It was either a blush or the reflection of her pink-lined parasol; but Alick took it for the former,

and a thrill of joy went through his silly heart at the thought that his words had so much power over the beautiful English girl!—Miss MacIntyre's latest trump card.

Meanwhile Elsie stood at a little distance, by her father's side, watching the pair as they strolled across the lawn. The world seemed to have grown suddenly very dark and cold to her; but save that her hands were clasped a little more tightly in each other than need have been, and that she was nearly as pale as the gown she wore, she gave no other sign of emotion. Her father glanced down at her kindly, and then Miss MacIntyre came up to them both, as they stood a little apart, and greeted them with the odd mixture of hardness and familiarity natural to her.

"Have you seen Miss Causton, Elsie?" she asked, abruptly.

"Yes," stammered Elsie; "just now she walked past us."

"Beautiful, is she not?"

"I scarcely saw—yes, I think so," said the unhappy girl.

"Ah, well, you must see her better by-and-by. I tell you she is lovely—rarely lovely! And your old friend and neighbor there, of Corbie Gait, seems to think so too." Here Miss MacIntyre laughed meaningly. "I believe it is a case," she added. "I never saw a man so much struck; and I make no doubt we shall have a mistress at the old house before long."

"It's a swift job," said Mr. Tulloch, in a low voice.

"Yes. 'Happy the wooing that's not long a-doing,'" was Miss MacIntyre's airy rejoinder.

"I hate those long engagements: they always end badly. I would advise any young woman over whom I had influence to cut short all shilly-shallying, and peremptorily refuse to allow of any delay. Either an engagement, confessed and decided, and a marriage to follow out of hand, or—my best courtesy to you, Sir—I'll have none of you!" Saying which, with a certain amount of meaning, if with perfect good humor and good-breeding, Miss MacIntyre sailed away, and Elsie and her father were left alone.

"Father," said Elsie, in a half-frightened whisper, "will it be true what Miss MacIntyre was saying just now? Do you think that Alick will be for this stranger?"

"Dear bairn, I can not tell," replied her father, very gently. "It looks like it, by all accounts. You see, Alick Murray is young, and this lady has just turned his head."

"And his heart!" said Elsie, with a sob, moving away into the shrubbery.

It was strange, but the sight of Elsie brought things to a climax with Alick Murray. The very feeling of shame that he had when he looked at her, and remembered all the love he had tacitly avowed and accepted, determined him to secure Edith on the spot. It almost seemed as if he might be taken from her, else, for some claim of honor or truth, and he felt as if he must make sure while he was free, and win her plighted troth before the day was out. And in that very shrubbery where poor Elsie Tulloch sat and trembled, Alick Murray poured out the boyish story of his passionate love, and he sought Edith Causton—penniless Edith, who had come to hunt the Scottish Highlands for a husband—to bless and honor him so far above his deserts as to graciously accept his hand, his fortune, and his income. And Edith, veiling the triumph that came into her beautiful eyes, looked down demurely and answered shyly, letting the confession of her love be dragged out of her, as it were, in the prettiest by-play of maidenly modesty imaginable—a by-play far too well done not to blind, as well as captivate still more, the already captivated lover.

But she soon gathered back her ordinary queenly kind of dignity, and after indulging her adorer in his happy rhapsodies for what seemed to him a moment—to her an hour—she rose from the seat, shook out her skirts, and declared that they must go back to the lawn now at once; else what would people say? and Miss MacIntyre would not like it.

So Alick, unable to plead against her wishes even for his own, after a vain entreaty for a kiss, which she was much too wary to grant, went back to the crowd like one intoxicated, feeling as if he must shout or sing, or tell every one that he was the man among them all, for that Edith Causton loved him, and had promised to be his wife. As for Edith, undoubtedly her main feeling was satisfaction in her triumph, but mingled with this was something very like weariness and contempt. As Alick looked into her eyes, his fair boyish face lighted up with a kind of ecstatic passion, she could scarcely repress a movement of impatience, a touch of scorn. "How tired she would get of all this before long!" she thought. "What a mistake it was to fall in love, and what fools people in love were! Well, all triumphs had to be won with sacrifice, and this among the rest." But she wished he had been older, and not such a bore with his affection!

Meanwhile poor Elsie, in her simple sorrow, sat in the shadow of the summer trees, and shivered as if this hot July day had been the bitterest winter.

The news soon spread, no one knew how. There was no formal announcement, but every body seemed to be made aware of what had taken place. Perhaps Miss MacIntyre, to whom Edith had whispered something very rapidly as they met her, was the tell-tale. In all probability she was, as she was seen passing from one to another of her guests with a peculiar expression on her strong-featured face, and a half-deprecating smile, as if to bespeak forgiveness for the young people's folly. However that might be, before an hour had passed all the company knew the day's great doings, and the wrath of both maids and matrons was at its height. Some ladies, indeed—mothers of many daughters—were so disgusted at

what they called the shameless match-making that went on at the castle, they withdrew very soon after this, while a visible depression fell on those who remained. The elder women asked among themselves how the minister would like it; and some speculated on the chance of a stormy episode to enliven the local politics. Some of the girls, who had not wanted the young laird for themselves, pitied poor Elsie frankly; and some, who had, sneered and said it served her right, and was only what she might have expected. The men took it no more kindly. The older and more worldly laughed at that lad Murray for his greenness in being caught by a pretty face and fine clothes; and others, younger and more impressible, wondered how such a divine creature as Miss Causton could fling herself away on such a stick as Alick Murray, when she might have had the pick of the country if she had only waited.

Meanwhile Alick and Edith seemed perfectly content, and if a shadow crossed the face of either, it was when Alick looked at Elsie, or when Edith looked at him. For Elsie had plucked up courage enough to remain and meet her trial face to face. Besides, she loved Alick too well to let him be blamed, as he would be if she looked sad, or went away as if something was amiss. She would not even blame him herself. It was all her own fault, she said, with the heroic self-suppression of love. He had meant only friendship, and she—well, she had read the lines more warmly! So she staid to the end, and, after her one burst of solitary anguish, bore her part so bravely that no one saw her wince, whatever they might suspect. She deceived even her father, even Alick himself, but not Miss MacIntyre nor Edith.

Alick said to himself, when he told her his "secret"—which was but little of a secret now—and received her congratulations, so simply and quietly given, "What a fool I was to suppose she cared for me more than a sister!" but Miss MacIntyre noted the plaintive quiver about the lips, and the pale cheeks that flushed up to a burning red as she spoke; and though she allowed that the little girl had behaved well, and with a great deal of common-sense, yet added, "It was absurd, you know, to expect that a man of young Murray's position would marry a little homely dowdy like that—a good little thing, but so terribly wanting in style!" And Edith, looking like a young queen, laughed softly, and showed her dimples and her white teeth as she took up her parable with a scornful emphasis: "Fancy my entering the lists with a little Scotch girl whose ideas date from the year one, and who knows no more of life than she knows of algebra, and perhaps not so much!"

This thought discomposed her. There was no glory in "cutting out" such a rival as Elsie Tulloch; and yet she was dimly conscious that the quiet little Scotch girl possessed something for the want of which she, proud, beautiful, and successful as she was, was also infinitely poor. But of what account are a heart and conscience when the question is the successful issue of a husband-hunt, and the attainment of handsome settlements?

As there was nothing whatever to wait for, it was arranged that the marriage should take place in the autumn. The trousseau and the settlements comprised the whole of the preliminary business necessary, and both of these were of a satisfactory nature. Alick's happiness was of that intense kind which neither fears nor foresees. Perhaps, to render it complete, he would have liked his English queen to have shown a little more warmth; but she persuaded him that her coldness was the correct thing, and that any thing warmer or more enthusiastic was vulgar and gushing, and fit only for milkmaids or little country dowdies—"like your friend Miss Tulloch," she one day added, indifferently. And Alick was too far gone, too besotted, to put in a good word even for Elsie—dear, good, unselfish Elsie, who had behaved so well, and shown herself "such a trump!"

There was to be a splendid ball at Mere, the duke's place. Edith would have left before now for London and all the needful preparations, but Alick begged her to remain over this ball. He wanted to enjoy the pride of his engagement before all the county, and to see his prize the coveted and admired of men who could buy him out twice over—of men his superiors in rank, in intellect—but none of whom could take Edith Causton's hand in his and say, "She is mine!" And Edith, never sorry to display her beauty, and always holding herself in readiness for better things, with a pretty show of reluctance at last allowed herself to be persuaded, and went to the Mere ball with Miss MacIntyre, to be shown to the public generally as Alick Murray's fiancée.

She had never looked so lovely as she looked to-night. There was no doubt that she was the most beautiful person in the room, and she created the sensation due to that distinction—which was what she liked, and what Alick Murray took pride in. Presently there came, making his way through the crowd surrounding her, a tall, handsome man of about forty, of distinguished appearance, and manners as good as Edith's own. He had known Edith slightly in London, and he had been taken by her beauty, as he was by the beauty of every pretty woman he saw; but in those days he was fettered where he could neither free himself nor bring in a rival, so he was forced to let her drift past him. Meanwhile, since he had lost sight of her, he had broken off with—; and for very idleness—that idleness which Satan occupies—had engaged himself to Mary Hunter, a young, timid creature, pretty, but without much character, who had never settled it to her satisfaction whether she most loved or most feared her superb fiancée. Such as she was, however, she did well enough for the time. All girls were pretty much the same to Sir Lionel Ravenshall, nice little things in

their way, pretty to look at, and interesting to watch when they are in love—they do and say such odd things! Wherefore his mission in life was to make them in love, to engage himself for the sake of the privileges accruing, but to declare off in time, and before irretrievably committed. He was very wealthy, very unsettled, very dissipated; but he said he was looking for a wife, and mothers believed him, as did their daughters, just as moths still believe in the candle at which they have already singed their wings. By this time he had got a little tired of Mary Hunter. She was very pretty, certainly, but she was not quite up to the Ravenshall mark. She was too timid to be demonstrative, and by her shyness gave him none of the pleasure of dissection, experiment, or education. He could make nothing of her, he said, and at this very moment was tasting about for a sufficient loop-hole, when he met Edith Causton at Mere, in more magnificent form—so he expressed it—than he had ever seen any woman before, and taking the whole room by storm.

"I was afraid you had forgotten me, Miss Causton," he said, in his deep, half-melancholy voice—which was one of his "points," one of the meshes of his net—as he quietly took possession of Edith, and carried her off into a remote corner, away from them all—Alick Murray among the rest.

"No, I had not forgotten you, but I thought that perhaps you had forgotten me," said Edith, very simply.

Sir Lionel looked at her very curiously. All he saw was a perfectly lovely face with a perfectly frank expression united to a calm dignity, a grace and ease of manner that looked as if it had been bred in courts. But he felt that more was behind, and the consciousness that he had found something different from the general run of girls excited him. It was like a challenge, and he answered it.

"I wonder at that," he said. "I should have imagined you must have found out by this time that once seen is never to be forgotten."

"Do you think so? I don't know about that"—laughing lightly. "I do not imagine any impression goes very deep in these days."

"Yours does and has," said Sir Lionel. "I give you my word I have looked for you scores of times, and dreamed of you as often. And to think of your turning up here at last! What good luck!"

"Who is that girl in pink?" asked Edith, suddenly. "Pretty little thing, but with nothing in her, I should say; and she has no more manner than a school-girl. She looks scared when she is spoken to. Do you know her, Sir Lionel?"

He raised his eyeglass. "That? yes—she is Miss Hunter."

"What Miss Hunter?—Miss Mary Hunter, of Glen Cairn?" asked Edith, with a well-managed look of pain.

"Miss Mary Hunter, of Glen Cairn," answered Sir Lionel Ravenshall.

"Oh, I am so sorry! What a foolish thing it is ever to criticise strangers in a crowd! and I did the same kind of thing once before," she said, with the most charming contrition. "Believe me, I had no idea of whom I was speaking, Sir Lionel."

"No apologies—pray no apologies!" he answered, rather warmly. "You have said nothing wrong, and nothing untrue. You have simply shown that you add quickness of perception and marvelous accuracy of judgment to your other qualities. Miss Hunter is what you say—an *ingenue*—quite untaught by the world; good and pure, and all that, but with no backbone—no character!"

"Ah, well, if she is good, that is enough, I suppose," said Edith, with a slight sigh. "I suppose it is wrong to wish for any thing deeper or higher"—mournfully.

"Your manner tells me you have heard that I am engaged to Miss Hunter," said Sir Lionel, abruptly.

"Yes," The dark eyes lowered themselves till the long lashes swept her cheek.

"And you—you are also engaged to Mr. Murray, of Corbie Gait?" His voice sunk into almost a whisper as he said this, and a tone of infinite sadness came into it.

Edith suddenly raised her eyes. It wanted no great knowledge of the human face to read the sorrow that rested on hers. "Yes," she answered, steadily; "and he too is one of the good and pure—who are nothing else!" Then she dropped her eyes again, again sighed very quietly, and took refuge in her fan.

"It is too hot here: come into the garden with me," said Sir Lionel, with passionate energy; and Miss Causton, saying, "Yes, how hot it is!" quite naturally, took his arm and went; and the ball-room saw the pair no more that night.

"Good God! Edith, where have you been?" cried Alick Murray, in a tone of anguish, as Miss Causton suddenly appeared in the doorway, when the carriages were called, cloaked and hooded, as if by magic.

"In the garden," said Edith.

"In the garden! what, all the evening?"

"Yes, all the evening."

"But, merciful Heaven! who have you been with?" cried Alick, feeling as if the earth was falling beneath his feet.

"With Sir Lionel Ravenshall," said Edith, quite quietly; and she raised her eyes with an expression in them that fairly looked him down.

"But, Edith—" he began.

"But, Mr. Murray—" she interrupted. "I am not to be taken to task, if you please," she added, haughtily. "If I choose to stay out in the garden with Sir Lionel, or any one else, I am free to do so, I suppose?"

"With no regard to my feelings?" stammered Alick.

"I do not see what your feelings have to do

with it," she answered. "Hear me, Mr. Murray: you will find this kind of thing does not answer with me. Good-night: there is the carriage, and I must not keep Miss MacIntyre waiting, to gratify your absurd jealousy or love of domination."

Saying which, she swept past poor Alick proudly, leaving him with the feeling of having insulted her, though, indeed, he could not understand how or why.

In the carriage with Miss MacIntyre, Edith, taking the first word, to stop the reproach which else she knew would come, said, as quietly as she did all things, "I am going up to London tomorrow, Miss MacIntyre."

"To London so suddenly? I thought you were to wait till the week was out. What is the matter?" asked that lady.

"I am going to tell mamma that I shall not marry Mr. Murray, but Sir Lionel Ravenshall," answered Edith; "and, of course, I do not want to see Mr. Murray again. Will you tell him that our absurd little *affaire* is at an end, please, when I have gone? or if you don't like to do so, I will write to him."

"Edith, you take away my breath," cried Miss MacIntyre.

"Do I?" she answered; "why? It is all very natural. Sir Lionel has twelve thousand a year; Mr. Murray has only four. Sir Lionel is older, more experienced, with more character, a better position, and titled; Mr. Murray is a mere unformed boy yet, and bores me horribly. It is the most natural thing in the world that I should act as I have done, when you come to think of it. I don't see what there is in it to surprise you."

"But Sir Lionel is engaged to Mary Hunter," said Miss MacIntyre.

"Miss Hunter and Mr. Murray can console each other," replied Edith. "They are far better fitted together than for us. However, that is not my affair. I have done my duty in telling you, and I am sure you will approve of my decision when you think over it all quietly."

"The girl is the devil incarnate," muttered Miss MacIntyre, as she sat back, speechless and overpowered, in her corner. "She is Catherine de Medicis over again."

"She will not quarrel with the mistress of twelve thousand a year," said Edith to herself. "And if she does, I can afford it."

"Good Heavens! Alick, what ails you?" cried Edith, as, at about noon the next day, Alick Murray staggered, pale and wild, into the manse parlor. "Alick! dear Alick! speak to me!" she continued, kneeling by the low sofa whereon he had flung himself, burying his head in the cushions, while his whole frame was shaken by sobs. She put her arms round him, and laid her cheek beside his own. It was the tender touch of a sister, but it burned her like fire when she remembered that even to this she had no right, and that a gulf impassable for all time separated her from the dear lad she had loved through her life, and through her life had believed herself justified in loving. However, this was not the moment to be thinking of herself; so she clasped her arms a little closer round him, and let him feel her loving sympathy without words.

"Oh, Edith! my heart is broken: she has gone!" sobbed Alick, after a pause. "She has cast me off—she has left me!"

"Alick, what's that you are saying—cast you off—you—so good, so true? Oh, I can not believe it!"

"And I loved her so! My God! how I loved her! How I do love her!" said Alick. "But read this, Edith," and he gave her a little note, exquisitely written in bronze ink on manne-colored, highly scented paper—the very perfection of a lady's letter. "Broken with me—cast me away like an old glove; says she never loved me—says we are unsuited: my temper is too tyrannical. Oh, the bitter, cruel things she says! and I only lived to make her happy! If she had wanted me to die for her, I would. And then to turn against me like this!"

"Poor Alick! Dear heart! Oh, I am sorry for you!" said Edith, weeping too for sympathy. "You would not have treated me so, Edith, would you?" cried Alick, taking her hand, and kissing her more like a hurt child than a man. It was strange how boyish he was through it all, and how womanly Edith felt, though so much the younger.

"I, Alick dear—I who have been like your sister all my life! No, I would not have hurt you for all that the world would give me."

"Good, dear girl!" said Alick, fervently. "It would have been far better if I had married you before ever she came here," he added, simply.

"I was thinking of it, Edith, and then I saw her, and that stopped every thing. Edith, I am afraid I have acted like a brute to you. All this time I have been too happy to remember it, somehow; but it comes to me now."

She put her hand on his mouth. "Not a word of that, dearest Alick," she said, hastily. "There is only one thing to think of now—your own unhappiness, not mine."

He caught at that. "Then you have been unhappy, Edith?"

"No, no; not unhappy. Why should I be?" she stammered. "Perhaps I did not take very warmly to your—your lover," she said, with a painful blush; "and I would have liked to have liked her for your sake, you know—that was all."

"You didn't take to her—why?" he flared up. Ill as she had behaved to him, he was prepared to do battle for her perfectness all the same. "Why didn't you take to her?" he repeated.

"Don't be angry, Alick dear; please don't," pleaded Edith; "but, though I did not expect she would have acted like this, still I saw it was in her. I thought she was heartless, and that is why I did not take to her."

"She was not heartless!" cried Alick; "she

was only too good for me, and she knew it; and now—oh, my God! I have lost her."

On which ensued another wild paroxysm of despair; and while it lasted Edith too cried as if her heart would break. Poor young things! They were very unhappy, and very much in love, though with the wrong people; and there seemed little chance of any thing coming right for either of them.

Meanwhile Edith sped away to London, radiant and triumphant, to report progress to her aunt and mother, and Sir Lionel drove over to Glen Cairn and announced to Miss Mary Hunter's father and mother that, on looking into his affairs, he found he possessed nothing on which to found a proper settlement for their daughter. Losses on the turf and that rascally steward of his had ruined him, and—there the thing stood! He was ready—"who would not be?" (tenderly)—to carry out his engagements with regard to Mary; but how could he expect such happiness in the present wreck of his fortunes? He would not ask them to even allow of an indefinite engagement in the hope of pulling himself together: at her age and with her beauty it would be a sin. So he gave her his farewell kiss, and acquitted himself with a creditable amount of despair and reluctance; and the father and mother said he had acted like a man of honor, and forbade Mary to think of him again. But she did not obey the order in any great strictness, for she thought of him a great deal; and now that the embarrassment of his personal presence was removed, she thought herself more in love with him than she had been before, and made herself miserable at the loss of a man who had frightened her far more than he had captivated. All things considered, however, Miss Mary Hunter had cause to thank Miss MacIntyre and Edith Causton for the consequences of the Highland campaign of this latter. But she did not think so when, not six weeks after the rupture of her own engagement, she saw the announcement of the marriage of Sir Lionel Ravenshall with Edith, only daughter of the late Joshua Causton, Esq.

If this announcement made Mary cry, it cost Alick Murray a fever, and, indirectly, very nearly his life; for as soon as he had got rid of his fever he dashed off to Africa, where he thought to lose the remembrance of his pain in hunting elephants and lions, and where one of the latter was within an ace of putting an end to every thing, but for the timely bullet of a friend, who turned the tables on the manslayer by the chance of a moment. He did not come back for ten years after that, and when he did return he was so old, so changed, so grave, so bronzed, that scarcely any one knew him in the district. Only Edith, of all the inmates, recognized him as he came striding up the manse garden as of old. And she, as pretty as ever—if changed too, on her side, changed from the fresh-colored, plump, happy girl, to the paler and more refined woman—went to the door and held out both her hands, just as if ten long years of sorrow, of doubt, of hesitation, and despair, were not between them.

"Welcome home again!" she said, in her tender, sympathetic voice, raising her happy face to his.

And Alick, taking her in his arms there in the porch, brushed his bushy beard about her cheeks, as he whispered, "Indeed, and is it home, Edith, that I come to? Will the woman forgive the boy's blindness and folly?"

"Can you ask, Alick?" said Edith. "Oh, and what have I to forgive?" she added, simply.

"Come ben, and sit beside me as you used, and I'll tell you," said Alick.

Elsie, whose dominant characteristic was obedience, did as she was told; and when the minister came seeking his daughter, in wonder that she had not given him his tea, he found her nestled against the shoulder of a big brown man, whose sunburned cheeks had just one little line of wet upon them, where Edith had kissed them, and let her tears fall down at the same moment.

"There, Edith, do you see your old admirer, Alick Murray, has married the little Scotch girl you made him jilt, at last?" said Sir Lionel, flinging his wife the newspaper. "You had better have taken him"—contemptuously.

"I think so too," was Lady Ravenshall's rejoinder. "He was a gentleman"—with emphasis.

"Gad, I wish you had!" said Sir Lionel. "I wish you had married the devil himself rather than me."

"Perhaps, if I were asked, I would say I had combined both acquisitions," Edith answered. "But of the two—if, indeed, you are not the person you name—I should decidedly prefer him. Poor Alick!" she sighed.

"Happy Alick, for his escape!" sneered Sir Lionel.

"I echo the sentiment, so far as regards Miss Hunter," said Lady Ravenshall, rising in her superb way, and sweeping out of the room.

So this was the price Edith Causton had to pay for her title and twelve thousand a year; and even she sometimes acknowledged to herself that it was heavy.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

Charles Lever.—Disraeli's Epigram.—Crockford's.—A critical Divine.

"CHARLES LEVER is dead!" This was the news which passed in hushed tones from mouth to mouth last night, not only among men and women with whom books are daily bread, but in places where literature is ordinarily held but in scant honor—in military mess-rooms, in smoking-rooms of clubs, at undergraduates' tables in our universities, and even in the play-grounds of our school-boys. Men who could appreciate no other writer, who could be

won from their sports or their mechanical toil into no realms of imagination save that one which he ruled, owned the magic of the author of "Charles O'Malley," and give their rare sighs of regret at his departure from the world he so enlivened. No man probably ever contributed more to the "public stock of harmless enjoyment" than did Charles Lever. He may have had no great aims such as Dickens nourished; he may have lacked the knowledge of mankind that distinguished Thackeray; but for fun—pure, unalloyed, hearty fun, that brought the smile to every face, and never raised the blush—Lever was without an equal. His animal spirits were, in society at least, those of a boy to the very last, and they abound even in his latest book. We could well have afforded to lose a more serious and deeper man. The absence of fun at our tables is growing more and more marked every year; and the lack of humor in our books—except of the grave, philosophic sort, such as that of the authoress of "Middlemarch"—is, perhaps, even more striking and deplorable. We have word-twisting instead of wit, and burlesque instead of comedy. Notwithstanding our fever to get money and our hurry to spend it, we had always time for a hearty laugh with Harry Lorrequer; and now he is no more. In the Saturday papers the critics (who never amuse any body) will be telling us that there was little really amusing about the dead man's writings after all, just as they told us there was little good or great belonging to his old friend Charles Dickens. Heigho! The world is getting sad indeed, when Detraction fills the place of Judgment, and a crooked smile passes for Wit. The last time I met Charles Lever, some one, talking of the Tichborne case, remarked how far its romance and absurdities exceeded any thing that had been imagined in fiction. "Yes," said the veteran novelist, with the most serious gravity, "I pity the gentlemen who write." He could put on the gravest air that it is possible to imagine; but his usual wear was what became him best—a certain air of twinkling merriment, that reminded one of the "beaded bubbles winking at the brim" of the wine-cup "full of the warm South."

He was not an epigrammatic talker, but belonged to that old school of "good companions," whom every topic reminded of a story, which he told to perfection. So far as my own experience of him extended I never heard him tell the same tale twice; nor did I ever recognize in one the lineaments of one of his own writings, which, considering their volume, is no small compliment to the extent of his collection of such things. His works and his table-talk were alike in this. In his famous description of the Monks of the Screw, for instance (in "Jack Hinton"), although the conversation at dinner is described as sparkling with wit and satire, it does not actually so sparkle, whereas the anecdotes that are told are admirable. What he enjoyed above all things—which evidences his good nature and freedom from envy—was to meet another man with a similar budget of "good things," and to pay back story for story; and it was a great treat to listen to the exchange of wares. As a general rule, nothing can be more tedious than such an exhibition; but in Lever's practiced hands you were safe: he never wandered from the point, was not too long, nor too broad; and if the other man sinned in any of these respects, he extinguished him promptly, and made the conversation general. He had a great reputation as a card player, though I venture to think that in this respect he was overrated; and there appeared once a humorous but most graphic paper of his on whist (I think in *All the Year Round*), which exhausts all that is to be said upon that enchanting game. His good nature was extreme, nor do I remember ever hearing him say one word of any thing but praise of a literary rival.

I can not say, by-the-by, the same of another novelist, Mr. Disraeli, who, in his capacity of politician at least, has a very sharp tongue indeed. An epigram is attributed to him upon Professor Fawcett, in allusion to the latter's egotism, which a good-natured man would, under the circumstances, hardly have made. "It is composed in rhyme, but the gist of it is that the professor 'makes up for being blind by putting two I's in every sentence.'"

Yesterday was brought to the hammer, and disposed of for the sum of £46,000, that once celebrated haunt of *roués* and gamblers, *Crockford's*, in St. James's Street. The stately staircase and splendid rooms—covered with gold and carving, though hidden by the dust and dirt of years—are to be seen just as they were when the Regent and his friends lost their tens of thousands there. What memories of aristocratic ruin must haunt that roof, now fallen from its "bad eminence" into the hands of the proprietor of a penny paper! Mr. Lawson, of the *Daily Telegraph*, is the purchaser, and What will he do with it? is a question that is asked with interest in many circles. He surely does not intend to publish the *Telegraph* there!—an idea to make the exclusive shade of Beau Brummel shiver in Hades. Talking of Brummel, a friend who knew him in his later days "communicates" (as the Fourth Estate delights to term it) the following anecdote. The Beau had one friend, it seems, who was a clergyman, and when the latter was a guest at his table he was accustomed to say grace—a formula generally dispensed with on other occasions. "You may always know whether we are going to have Champagne," said Brummel, "by the way in which Plymley asks the blessing. If he sees only common glasses, betokening claret and sherry, he will content himself with 'For what we are about to receive,' etc.; but if his sight is gladdened by the tall glasses that promise sparkling wine, he will shut his eyes, and commence with 'Bountiful Jehovah.'"

R. KEMBLE, of London.



Fig. 1.—WHITE PIQUÉ Dress.
For description see Supplement, No. 1, Figs. 1-4.

Fig. 2.—FOULARD DRESS AND CASHMERE PALMOT.—[See Page 461.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. 11, Figs. 5-9.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. 11, Figs. 5-9.

Fig. 4.—PLAIN AND FIGURED ÉCRU BATISTE Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. 11, Figs. 10-12.

Fig. 6.—LILAC CHALLIE Dress.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. 11, Figs. 10-12.

Fig. 7.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. 11, Figs. 10-12.

Fig. 8.—SILK AND ÉCRU BATISTE WALKING DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. 11, Figs. 20-22.

Figs. 1-8.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUMMER DRESSES.

Swiss Muslin and Pink Gros Grain Ribbon Breakfast Cap.

THIS cap of white Swiss muslin is trimmed with embroidered Swiss muslin insertion an inch wide and with gathered lace an inch and a quarter wide. The remainder of the trimming consists of loops and ends of pink gros grain ribbon two inches wide. For the crown cut of double stiff lace one piece from Fig. 27, Supplement. Edge the crown with ribbon wire, bind it with pink ribbon, and on the back edge, five-eighths of an inch from the under corners, set a band three-quarters of an inch wide and nine inches and three-quarters long, which is sloped off on the ends from the under to the upper edge, so that it is only seven inches and a quarter long on the latter. This band is also furnished with ribbon wire and bound with pink ribbon. Cut of

Swiss muslin two pieces on the bias from Fig. 28, Supplement. Gather these pieces from 66 to 67 to a length of five inches and three-quarters by means of a rolled seam, and join them there by means of a piece of embroidered Swiss muslin insertion five inches and three-quarters long, which is underlaid with pink gros grain ribbon. On each lower corner of the pieces of Swiss muslin set a scarf twelve inches



SWISS MUSLIN AND PINK GROS GRAIN RIBBON BREAKFAST CAP.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 27 and 28.

and a half long, which is sloped off three inches wide on the under edge, and toward the upper edge to a width of one inch. Edge the cap and scarfs with insertion and lace, and gather the front edge of the cap from 66 to * to a length of ten inches and a half. Form a pleat on each under corner of the Swiss muslin part, bringing x on ●, and set this part on the crown so that the lace projects from the front edge of the crown. In the middle of the back of the cap set a bow of pink gros grain ribbon, in doing which pass the needle through the cap and band, and cover the seam made by sewing on this bow with a tab, which consists of a piece of embroidered insertion four inches and seven-eighths long, rounded off on the ends, and bordered with lace along the outer edge. On the free under end of the tab set a bow with long ends of pink gros grain ribbon. A bow of similar ribbon is set on the cap in front.



GARDEN HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 64 and 65.



Fig. 1.—COIFFURE FOR LITTLE GIRL.—FRONT.



Fig. 2.—COIFFURE FOR LITTLE GIRL.—BACK.

Swiss Muslin and Blue Ribbon Breakfast Cap.

THIS cap is made of white Swiss muslin. The trimming consists of lace insertion half an inch wide, lace an inch and a quarter wide, box-pleated Swiss muslin ruffles two inches and a half and three-quarters of an inch wide, which are trimmed with white lace three-quarters of an inch wide, and of loops, ends, and rosettes of blue gros grain ribbon two inches and a quarter wide. Cut the crown of double white stiff lace and ribbon wire from Fig. 29, Supplement, bind it with blue ribbon, and on the back, half an inch from the corners, sew on a double band of stiff lace three-quarters of an inch wide and seven inches and three-quarters long. For the cap cut of Swiss muslin on the bias one piece from Fig. 30, Supplement, gather this piece along the outer edge to a length of eight inches on the front and to suit the length of the band on the back. Sew this part on the crown according to the corresponding figures, and fasten the loose edge on the band. The seam made by sewing on this piece of Swiss muslin is covered with a standing Swiss muslin ruffle two inches and a half wide. Half an inch from the front edge of the crown sew on a ruffle three-quarters of an inch wide, and cover the seam made by doing this with



SWISS MUSLIN AND BLUE RIBBON BREAKFAST CAP.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 29 and 30.

wound ribbon a yard and three-quarters long; the ends of this ribbon project three-quarters of a yard from each end of the crown and form the strings. For the scarf on the back edge of the cap cut a three-cornered piece, the even sides of which measure three-eighths of a yard each. Border this part, excepting the upper edge, three-eighths of a yard long with insertion and lace, and pleat the upper edge to a width of four inches. The scarf arranged in this manner and a piece of blue gros grain ribbon half a yard long, which is sloped off on the under end, are sewed to the under side of the band, and the seam covered on the outside with wound blue gros grain ribbon. Fasten the scarf with a bow of blue ribbon.

Ladies' Breakfast and Dress Caps, Figs. 1-4.

Fig. 1.—WHITE TULLE AND LACE CAP. This cap of fine white tulle is trimmed with white lace and with loops



Fig. 1.—WHITE TULLE AND LACE CAP.

For pattern see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 31.

Fig. 2.—BLACK FIGURED TULLE CAP WITH FLOWERS.

For pattern see description.

Fig. 3.—WHITE BRUSSELS LACE AND BLUE RIBBON CAP.

For pattern see description.

Fig. 4.—BLACK FIGURED TULLE AND RIBBON CAP.

For pattern see description.

FIGS. 1-4.—LADIES' BREAKFAST AND DRESS CAPS.

and ends of violet gros grain ribbon. Tulle and lace strings. For the crown of the cap cut of double stiff lace one piece from Fig. 31, Supplement, edge this piece with wire, bind it with ribbon, and cover it with tulle, lace, and ribbon as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—FIGURED BLACK TULLE CAP WITH FLOWERS. This cap is made of figured black tulle, and is trimmed with lace. A spray of pink flowers is set on the right side. The strings are of pink gros grain ribbon, and are tied underneath the chignon. Cut the crown from Fig. 31, No. VIII., of the present Supplement, but somewhat smaller than the pattern.

Fig. 3.—WHITE BRUSSELS LACE AND BLUE RIBBON CAP. This Brussels lace cap is trimmed with white edging and with loops and ends of blue gros grain ribbon. Cut the crown of the cap of stiff lace and covered wire from Fig. 31, No. VIII., of the present Supplement.

Fig. 4.—FIGURED BLACK TULLE CAP. This cap is made of figured black tulle. The trimming consists of black lace and green gros grain ribbon. Tulle and lace strings. Cut the crown of the cap from Fig. 31, No. VIII., of the present Supplement, but somewhat smaller than the pattern.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WITH the first summer heats there is a grand rush from town. Out-going trains and steamers are laden with citizens too delicate, as they think, to endure midsummer at home. Many prefer a European trip, as being cheaper than even a few weeks at a fashionable watering-place in our own country; but thousands leave comfortable city homes to swelter in the small close rooms of crowded hotels, and all for dear Fashion's sake. Now nobody doubts that change of scene and society is wholesome to a certain extent; and an insight into the manners and mysteries of a stylish summer resort may be very well worth while. But to sacrifice health and comfort for successive seasons in pursuit of the frivolities which many engage in at some gay resorts is a serious evil. We would not by any means intimate that all who go to frequented watering-places are harmed thereby; many obtain real pleasure and benefit. But when life is made up of dressing and dancing, accompanied by late hours and high living, it requires no special penetration to perceive that neither body nor mind is properly rested or refreshed. The healthy may endure such life a while; for the delicate it is little short of suicide. The laborious and extravagant style and change of dress which many deem incumbent at our summer resorts are serious drawbacks to comfort, independent of the useless expenditure of money thus involved. Why can not the women of America be guided in these matters by good sense and good taste? Let them feel free to go to such country places as will be most conducive to the health and comfort of themselves and their children, in spite of what "they say." Let them feel free to dress in accordance with their own good taste and judgment. Let them, if so it seems best, remain in their own airy houses, where plenty of room, water, gas, and a thousand conveniences give comfort unknown in hotels and boarding-houses. In any event, let all true women use their influence to make good sound common-sense stand above, and properly check, all unreasonable and exacting demands of mere fashion.

The *Evening Mail* report of General Banks's speech at the opening of the Boston Musical Festival shows what may be accomplished with phonography and a good ear-trumpet in the way of reporting under difficulties. The *Mail* reporter was stationed about half-way down the centre aisle, and recorded the speech as follows:

"Mr. President (applause) . . . bread! . . . universal harmony (applause) . . . (applause) . . . Transcripts . . . unity . . . (applause) . . . brotherhood of man . . . 1776 . . . Inconsequence . . . (applause) (prolonged applause) . . . World . . . (applause) (prolonged applause) (more of it) (the orator sits down) (applause tremendous)." . . .

What a pity this method is not employed for debates in Congress!

Over two thousand works of art were admitted this year to the spring exhibition of painting and sculpture at the Palais de l'Industrie, Paris. The number is smaller than in 1870, but the better quality compensates for the quantity.

The following letter of recommendation might not be deemed conclusive in the Eastern States, but is said to have been actually given by a New Hampshire lawyer in behalf of a young lady who desired to teach school in the far West, where, we trust, it proved persuasive:

"Hon. ———:—Miss ———, a New Hampshire lady, and a very accomplished and successful teacher, full of faith, courage, and energy, who can run a school, lead a prayer-meeting, break a colt, fight a grizzly, or shine in a drawing-room, wants to try her hand at her profession in your far-off State of Nevada, and teach the young idea there how to shoot something besides Indians and sage-hens. I know her well, and can vouch that she is every thing that a woman ought to be—to wit, plucky, clever, amiable, and good."
(Signed) ———"

Why will men persist in jumping from railroad cars after they have started? At Troy, the other day, a passenger on the train, just as the cars were starting, discovered some one who owed him money. Here was an opportunity not to be lost, and he rushed out and jumped right against a granite pillar of the dépôt, and nearly knocked his brains out. Better have waited till another time to dun the dilatory debtor.

The opera at Milan is conducted quite differently from what it is in England and America. It is a social quite as much as a musical institution. A person is expected to keep his style of living in every respect up to the standard of his box in the theatre. It is to their box, or theatrical home, instead of their house, that a family will invite a friend to call of an evening. They will ask you, for instance, "Will you call on us such an evening? our box is such a number;" and you are obliged to buy an extra entrance on such an occasion, even if you have a box of your own. This custom of visiting each other's boxes makes the theatre seem very gay and lively, but

also very noisy, and is not much to be admired; for often, while listening to some splendid music, a person will be disturbed by the hearty laugh or loud talking of some of these social parties, who quite forget for a moment where they are, until recalled to silence by the hisses of those whom they are disturbing. Most of the boxes are furnished with sofas, tables, mirrors, and taffeta curtains, and lighted by candles placed at each side of the mirror. Some are furnished with blinds as well as curtains; and when the lights are seen to burn dimly, it is understood that the owner wishes to be alone.

Some weather that should suit every body and be favorable for every thing would be a meteorological curiosity.

"Nice weather for corn," said a minister up the valley to one of his parishioners the other day. "Yes," said the old farmer, "but bad for grain and grass."

A few days later they met again. "A fine rain we had yesterday," said the minister; "good for grass and grain." "Yes," was the reply, "but awful bad for corn!"

Fishing for oysters in Staten Island Sound is nothing strange, but fishing for silver there is a novelty. Not long since a couple of oystermen while dredging drew up from the water's bed some large, old, rusty silver coin. They were fastened to small oysters, and appeared to have lain untouched for hundreds of years. Immediately there was intense excitement, and a report went abroad that the treasure of the famous pirate, Captain Kidd, was at length found; but we scarcely think enough has been brought up to enrich the country materially. The coins were chiefly of Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch coinage, ranging in date from 1547 to 1687. The inscriptions could only be read by the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. The coins will doubtless prove a treasure to some devoted numismatist.

The following letter, written by Miss Nellie Grant to Queen Victoria previous to her recent visit to Windsor Palace, is published by the *San Francisco Chronicle*, having been received through private sources. Its simplicity and good sense will be heartily appreciated:

"MY DEAR LADY AND QUEEN.—I am embarrassed at the honor of an official request, given through a high officer (your Lord Chamberlain, I think), to be presented to your Majesty. I should dearly love to see you, that I might tell my mother and father that I had been thus honored. I am but a simple American girl; that I am the President's daughter gives me no claim to your recognition as a sovereign. If, with the lady who is acting as my *chaperon*, I might visit you, I should be very glad. Our secretary of legation hints at some political significance in this opportunity. I can not so interpret it, and would not wish to be so received, because it would not be right, as I am nothing in American politics, and I am sure my father would not desire me to appear other than as my simple and very humble self. If, with this explanation, your Majesty will allow me to visit you, I shall be greatly honored and be very proud. I have written this note of my own motion, and because I think it the right thing to do. I am your Majesty's very obedient servant and admirer."
"NELLIE GRANT."

The Queen returned the following pleasant answer:

"MISS NELLIE GRANT.—I have instructed Lady ——— to convey to you this note, and we shall receive you as the daughter of your honored parents without the intervention of our high officers of state. I shall accept your visit as an 'American girl,' and there shall be no other significance in the fact than that you kindly expressed desire to see the lady and not the sovereign. I shall find it pleasant to forget that I am Queen in receiving you to-morrow afternoon at our palace of Windsor."
"VICTORIA."

There is a Methodist church which stands on the boundary line between Ohio and Pennsylvania in such a way that the pulpit is in Ohio while the pews are in Pennsylvania.

Among certain tribes of the Chinese widows make a point of remarrying, but they invariably wait to bury their departed husbands until their nuptials have been again celebrated. The young men and women of the Chay-chai tribe indulge in moonlight picnics at certain seasons of the year, when, in secluded glens, the girls sing to the music of their lovers' guitars. The youths choose as their wives those who can most charm their ears. A peculiar and fantastic device is adopted by the youths and maidens of the Kea-yew-chung tribe to mark their preference for one another. In the "leafing-month" they make colored balls with strings attached, and throw them at those whose affections they desire to gain. Tying the balls together is considered a formal engagement of marriage. In one clan of Miao the act of drinking out of the same horn is considered as equivalent to the marriage bond. However different from ourselves the clan known as the "Flowery Miao" may be in most respects, there is one point of resemblance—the women wear false hair. As they have not yet established a market in human hair, they take what they want from the tails of horses.

It is generally known that a soft-boiled egg is more easily digested than a hard-boiled one. Experiments prove that it is the white and not the yolk of the egg that makes trouble; the gastric juice will not act readily upon the tough structure of the white, while it acts with facility upon the yolk.

School-boys sometimes answer the questions in the book very glibly, and much to the pride and satisfaction of the teacher, with but little comprehension of the meaning of the words. In a certain school the geography class was once called up to pass examination before the committee-man, and questions were asked about St. Helena and the grave there of Napoleon Bonaparte. "Where has he since been entombed?" was the next question.

"In Paris, with great pomp," answered the pupil very readily, and in the exact words of the book.

"Right; and what do you understand by 'great pomp?'" asked the committee-man.

"A big nigger!" responded the youth, unhesitatingly; and then observing a surprised expression creeping over the faces of the listeners, he added, "I s'pose they buried him with one of his old slaves!"

THE WEDDING DRESS.

'Twas a white dress—white—
White as the forehead by sorrow scarred;
White as the crape with its outline hard;
White as the thin, transparent hand
That shook when the dim eyes the paper scanned.
'Twas a white dress—white—
And the order ran: "To be done to-night."

Spun glass satin, and silk with sheen
Of an icy crag, where the morn is seen,
Iris-hued as a pearly shell,
Lustrous white, like a lily's bell,
And telling a tale that the seamstress knew,
As faster and faster her needle flew;
For it told of a wedding: 'twas virgin white,
And a widow tolled: "To be done to-night!"

"To be done to-night!" And she tolled all day,
Till her weak eyes burned, and her baby lay
In her arms asleep—in her arms at play,
And the tiny hands, as the needle flew,
Caught at the thread which the mother drew,
And clutched at the silk folds rustling, bright—
The bridal dress to be done to-night.

When, weary with playing, the baby slept,
The widow soft to the cradle crept,
There was hope for her yet, could her hands be free,
'Only to finish!' the heart-wrung plea.
Would she end in time? How the needle sped
Through the rustling silk! and a tear she shed,
To fall on the fabric glistening fair—
An omen dark; would its trace rest there?
Till, toll all day at that white robe—white—
And now how swiftly came on the night!
She thought of her candle—how would she see?
And stretched for life on her bended knee,
The satin spread on the vacant chair,
To leave her still with a hand to spare,
When ceasing a moment the thread to strain,
She rocked the infant asleep again.

Midnight! So soon!—and the baby cried:
He was still her all—she was by his side,
Soothing, as mothers can soothe, with sighs,
Till again in sleep closed the wakeful eyes.
She would never finish—her hands were lead.
She had promised! Again how the needle sped
For the fair young bride!—who would never know
Of the widow's tear, for no stain would show.

One! The lid would fall o'er each aching eye;
She slept, then started, awoke with a cry,
And snatching one moment, in wild despair,
She knelt again by the dress-draped chair,
To urge, in a low impassioned prayer,
That He this once would the moments spare;
Would, for the sake of the little one there,
For whom she tolled—for her life—her care—
Would stay, as He stayed in the days of old,
Those precious minutes that swiftly rolled.

She rose and sighed for her mad appeal;
Clutched once more at the silk-twined reel,
And again the needle clicked and flew,
The soft white satin through and through,
While danced and flickered the waning light,
As she trembling sighed, "To be done to-night!"

Striving still on her bended knee,
And two had struck: it would soon be Three;
The last scrap lit of a wretched dip,
White as the teeth she pressed on her lip—
A lip all blanched like her hollow cheek—
White as her fingers with famine weak.
But still there were hours before the light;
For the weary worker 'twas still "to-night!"

Her face more haggard, her cheek more white;
"Tis for you, my boy! to be done to-night.
Oh, sleep, for my baby this once prove true!"
And again the needle clicked and flew,
The soft white fabric through and through,
While danced and flickered the waning light.
"Oh, for the strength!—to be done to-night!"

Her hand, half raised, now fell to her knee
As the clock in the steeple chimed for Three.
Swift in her dreaming she saw once more
The carriage drive to the old church door;
She lived again on her wedding-day,
And smiled in the sun of that merry May;
Felt the arms of him who had never gazed
On that sleeping babe. Then starting—crazed,
With a cry she bent o'er the flickering light,
And the needle flew. "To be done to-night!"

Hours now of morn, but still darkest night,
And lower and lower the guttering light;
The needle glistened and flashed again
As ever the thread reached its tenuous strain.
Stout heart! brave spirit! but all in vain.
She prayed—she moaned—for her strength she wept;
The candle flickered, now sank, now leapt;
But on as her fingers flew she slept—
Slept as in darkness faded her light,
To murmur in dreams, "To be done to-night!"

She woke. The sun on that wedding-day
Shed light and warmth where the cradle lay,
And the baby laughed as he saw beams play
Mid his golden hair. Then a minute passed
Ere memory came, and the mother cast
Her red-rimmed eyes on the glistening dress,
Then paused, her hand to her heart to press,
Tottered and sank to her knees once more,
Snatched the needle bright from the bare blank floor,
And prayed, "Oh! 'tis but for this I ask—
Strength that I finish this one hard task;
'Tis for bread—for baby—Great God! here's light:
Help for thy slave—to be done last night!"

She clutched at the robe, half wild! Once more
The needle fell to the bare blank floor,
With a light clear ring; but far clearer rang
A cry of joy. To her feet she sprang,
For the task was done. At an end the stress,
Waiting the wearer the wedding dress;
And the seamstress sighed as each fold she scanned,
"That last seam—sewn by an angel hand!"

Such is the story I now indite
Of a widowed seamstress. The dress was white,
And the order writ, "To be done to-night!"

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

IN spite of all the changes announced and even attempted, the fashions are tending more and more toward those of the last century, especially of the age of Louis XV. The details vary daily and to infinity, but the type is always the same. The prevailing features of the Louis XV. style are, a skirt overloaded with furbelows, ruffles, and folds; a blouse or polonaise of a color to match the skirt; the hair dressed almost as high as the Marie Antoinette coiffure, with a little hat, decked with a profusion of floating ribbons and

bows like those of the shepherdesses in Boucher's pictures, perched on the top of the structure; a parasol with a long handle like a shepherd's crook; and the whole dress draped, puffed, and bunched up in paniers—so that the fashionable ladies of to-day are almost the exact fac-similes of those in the canvases that grace the museum of Versailles. And in fact this same museum may be answerable for the result. I think that the sitting of the Assembly at Versailles has much to do with the tendency of our present fashions. Formerly Versailles and its pictures existed, without doubt; but then who ever thought of visiting them? Versailles was so far from Paris! Things have changed; the palace of the Great Monarch, once ignored and abandoned, is now connected by manifold ties with Parisian life, and even the life of Parisian ladies. There are a thousand reasons at present why they should go thither. Pretenses are never lacking for making Versailles the goal of their daily drives, whether for pleasure or business; and when there, what is more natural than to visit the gallery of historical portraits with a view to copying them in matters of costume? Indeed, this museum is to many Parisians simply a collection of fashion plates arranged and classified century by century.

Now on comparing therein the women of all ages, arrayed in the fashion of their times, we are forced to confess that, in spite of its extravagance, the Pompadour costume is the most graceful of all. At the beginning of the present season the tendency was, at least in appearance, toward the fashions of the Restoration, to the great delight of the Legitimists. But the Parisian ladies would not listen to it, and they eagerly and unanimously fell on the poufs, turtles, trimmings, ribbons, and all that constituted the ornaments of the toilettes of the eighteenth century.

If the type of dresses is unique, the variety is infinite. Dresses now are divided into two classes, the short and the long; the short invariably for pedestrians, and the long for carriage use. Short suits are usually more simply made, and of more inexpensive materials, than long ones; they are comfortable and convenient, and sensible withal, and are universally worn for walking dresses.

The majority of suits have black silk skirts, over which are worn polonaises of all fabrics and colors, even of very light tints, écar, pearl gray, and white grounds, with large or small bouquets. Black skirts in the costumes of the day represent the classic party; the romantic school adopt, one after another, the strangest combinations and most singular shades. Among others a rusty garnet, which is much in favor just now. The following dress will give an idea of this style: Rusty garnet silk skirt, entirely covered with furbelows, twenty-one in number, cut in small points on the under edge. Over-skirt of pearl gray foulard, with rusty garnet flowers, trimmed with pearl gray fringed guipure. High basque-waist of the same material as the over-skirt, with a vest like the under-skirt. Broad sash, not of ribbon, but of the same material as the under-skirt, knotted around the waist. Half-flowing sleeves, rather short, with a double flounce edged with rusty garnet silk. This double flounce is composed of two ruffles sewed together so as to be turned in opposite directions; the seam is covered by a broad bias fold of rusty garnet silk and a bow without ends. No wrapping.

The inverse arrangement is often seen—that is, the skirt is made of the dotted or striped, and the polonaise of the plain fabric. Suits of two shades of the same color are adopted by the moderate party—that is, the party of good taste and sober and modest elegance.

Grenadine is the fabric most worn by those who wish to be well dressed without paying a thousand francs for a simple suit. This is made of all kinds: there is plain canvas grenadine, with the threads far apart, and very light, but strong and indestructible; then grenadine with large embroidered dots; and lastly, grenadine of all colors, with lustreless stripes, in which flowers are embroidered, of a lighter or darker shade than the ground. Black grenadine is also much worn; for those not in mourning it is trimmed with pink or blue, especially the former. The under dress (skirt, high waist, and long close sleeves) is made of black silk, and trimmed with several flounces of black grenadine, edged with pink silk. Polonaise of black grenadine, trimmed with pink woolen fringed guipure. The high waist of the polonaise opens over the black silk under-waist. The grenadine sleeves are very large and full, and are trimmed with guipure.

Ceintures have decidedly regained their supremacy. There is a great variety of them. The *boiteuse* is composed of a single large bow, set on the left side; the double ceinture has a bow on each side, but not alike, one being much longer and larger than the other. Another consists of a single large coque, with two ends of unequal length, which is set below the waist. The peculiarity about the ceintures now in vogue is that they have no belts—that is, ribbons passing around the waist—but are simply large bows, set either on one or both sides, or else in the middle of the back.

The artificial flower makers produce wonders; more skillful than the horticulturists, who seek in vain to create a blue rose, they invent beautiful ones. But it is not their efforts in this direction that I praise, but their admirable combination of flowers faithfully copied from nature. One of the finest groupings of this kind that I have seen is what is called the *touffe amonière*, which is set on the right side of the waist. The cluster is indeed in the shape of an amonière, to which two long sprays of flowers are fastened, which serve to drape the over-skirt. This ornament is much used on bridal costumes. It is made of all kinds of flowers for the ball dresses of the season.

The exhibition of pictures has caused much stir in Paris, the visitors numbering twenty thousand a day. At all the entrance doors of the Palais de l'Industrie magnificent and stately old ladies, seated in niches hung with red velvet, and surrounded by swarms of young matrons and girls, were stationed to solicit alms to rebuild the cottages burned or destroyed in the late war. A large amount of money was collected in this way. One of the ladies, Madame Firmin Didot, told me that the receipts amounted to a thousand or twelve hundred francs a day, except on the days of free admission, reserved for the poor: then they were much larger. All the rich did not give, but all the poor did. Nor must it be thought that this work of soliciting alms was a sinecure. It was necessary to rise early, to take a light breakfast so as to be at one's post before eight in the morning, and to remain there until six o'clock at night, pursuing those who attempted to turn a deaf ear, and forcing the most unwilling to contribute to the noble work of charity.

At this exhibition were seen the newest and most unique dresses of the season, some of which I shall proceed to describe.

A very pale gray cashmere suit had the skirt trimmed in front with bands of faded-rose silk, arranged vertically so as to form an apron, which stopped at a wide flounce, bordered with rose, that trimmed the bottom of the skirt. The overskirt was of faded-rose silk looped on each side by bows of gray ribbon, and trimmed with fringed guipure. This overskirt was open in a point on each side, and was rather long and rounded in the back. Basque-waist with revers and vest of gray cashmere.

Another costume was composed of a black silk skirt, trimmed with two rows of gold-colored fringe mixed with maroon. Polonaise of maroon foulard, with large bunches of gold-colored roses, trimmed with gold-colored fringed guipure.

A suit of white molleton de laine had a skirt trimmed with three bands of capucine silk, notched on the lower edge, which was trimmed with narrow black lace. Over-skirt, with revers of capucine silk. Basque-waist, with capucine silk revers and vest.

Many polonaises of écu batiste are worn over black silk skirts. These polonaises are trimmed with écu insertion and guipure, or else with English embroidery, trimmed on each side with a very narrow pleated ruffle of white nansook, similar to that used for needle-work insertion. The skirt is trimmed wholly with black, or else with alternate flounces of black silk, simply hemmed, and écu batiste half the width of the preceding, and scalloped on the lower edge. The polonaise is edged with a pleated ruffle of white nansook. These costumes are also made entirely of silk, in which case the flounces are of the same material as the silk over-skirt, and are cut in points on the lower edge, the edge of the polonaise being cut in similar points.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

(Continued from No. 26, page 431.)

LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CAPTAIN ARRIVES.

If you were asked to come into Fairy-land you would expect to see wonders, and you would consider it the height of presumption to be conducted to a small room, nearly at the top of a house, in which a child lies sleeping and a woman sits working. The roses on the walls are sham ones; but there are two real roses in the centre of a bunch of buttercups and daisies, which stands in a jug with a broken handle near to the bed on which the child lies sleeping. It is eleven o'clock at night, and the woman is working by the light of one candle. If ever woman was happy, this woman is as she plies her needle and looks at her child, and hums a few bars of a song softly to herself. The roses on the child's face rival the real and artificial ones in the room. It is a beautiful face to gaze at, and the brown eyelashes and the curly brown hair, and the lips deliciously parted, make a delightful picture, which, were I a painter, I should love to paint. As it is, I stoop in fancy and kiss the pure fresh lips of this innocent happy child. What work is the woman doing? If this be Fairy-land, is she busy with the wings of grasshoppers making a cover for Queen Mab's chariot, or collars of the moonshine's watery beams for the team of little atoms that gallop "athwart men's noses as they lie asleep?" No; she is busy on some things very different indeed from these. And she is doing good work—woman's work: darning stockings.

And this is Fairy-land! you say. And darning stockings is good work and woman's work! you say. Can I detect a scornful ring in your protest? But what are we to do, I humbly submit, if women will not darn the stockings? Of course I mean poor women. Rich women, thanks to those metaphorical silver spoons which are in their mouths when they are born, do not need to darn. But poor women can not afford to buy new stockings every week; and they have to sit down to turn old lamps into new ones, which they almost always do with infinite content, and with a cheerful readiness which is not worthy of a better cause, for the cause is a good one enough as it is. I declare it always gives me a pleasurable sensation to see a good housewife—the true household fairy—sit down of an evening at her fireside, and make preparations to attack the contents of a basket where woolen stockings and cotton stockings shake hands—no,

I mean feet—together, and lie down side by side in amicable confusion. What a homily might be preached upon the contents of some of these baskets, which tell of many mouths to fill, and of many little legs and feet to keep warm! What diversity is there to be seen, and how suggestive is the contemplation of the thick woolen stocking of the father and the dainty tiny Sunday sock of the three-year-old darling! Yet have I not seen somewhere in print articles and letters which give me the impression that women are at length awaking from a hideous dream of centuries of slavery, and that they consider it derogatory to their intelligence to darn stockings? But if women will not darn the stockings, who will? Or is darning as an institution to be abolished?

Say that in this woman and the work she is singing over there are no graceful suggestions which, in their worth and purity and tenderness, deserve to be ranked with imaginings and mental creations of exceeding beauty; say, as some hard critics aver, that she and her occupation are the prosiest of prosy themes, and that the sentiment which animates her and makes her contented and happy belongs of necessity to the dullest of dull clay; tear from her and her surroundings every vestige of idealism; divest her of every thing but what is coarse and common, and make the room in which she sits a place to moan over the hard realities of life—still in this very room Fairy-land dwells. The little head that lies so peacefully upon the pillow teems with wonders; imagination is bringing to the child fantastic creations and scenes of exquisite loveliness and grace. Though the strangest of contrasts are presented to her, there is harmony in every thing. The light, the fresh air, the brighter clouds than she sees in the narrow streets, play their parts in her dreams in a thousand happy shapes and forms. She walks with Felix in a field, gathering flowers more beautiful than she has ever yet seen; there are silver leaves and golden leaves, and all the colors of the rainbow hide themselves in flower-bells and then peep out to gladden her. There are lilies and roses and wall-flowers and daisies, with the fresh dew glistening on their leaves and stems. She and Felix wander and wander until they are tired, and sit down to rest amidst the flowers, which grow and arch over until they are buried in them, and the light of day is shut out. Then they sink and sink through the flowers, which dissolve and melt away, as it seems, and she and Felix are walking among the stars. It is night, and the stars are all around them. Suddenly, in the clouds which float in solemn splendor beneath them, a valley of light appears, and she looks through wondrous depths into a shining sea, with the only ship her world contains sailing on it. When she and Felix are walking at the bottom of the sea—as they do presently—the stars are still with them, and the Captain and the Doll play their parts in her beautiful dreams. Happiest of the happy is Pollypod.

Up the stairs stumbles a tired-out man, with a dog close at his heels. Mrs. Podmore jumps from her chair at the sound of his steps, and almost in the twinkling of an eye the table is made ready for supper.

"Well, old woman," says Jim, with a great sigh of relief at being home at last.

He speaks in gasps as usual, as if, after his day's hard labor, he finds talking an effort. Mrs. Podmore takes a blue cotton handkerchief containing an empty basin from him—Jim's favorite dinner is a meat pudding, in the making of which his wife would not yield the palm to the Queen's cook. Snap, the faithful dog, greets Mrs. Podmore with sniffs at the hem of her gown, and when this duty is performed, leaps upon the bed and licks Pollypod's face.

"Did you enjoy yourself—old woman?" asks Jim Podmore.

"That we did," answers his wife. "We've had such a beautiful day, Jim!"

Jim nods, and his hand wanders to Pollypod's neck, and caresses it.

"What a color—she's got—mother!"

"Bless her little heart," is the reply. "It's done her a power o' good."

He sees the flowers, and takes them in his hand.

"They're for you, Jim," said Mrs. Podmore; "Polly's present for father. She tried to keep awake to give them to you; but she couldn't keep her little eyes open."

He turns the flowers about tenderly, and a troubled look that was in his eyes when he came home vanishes as he lays his great dirty face and bushy head on the pillow. But when he sits down to his supper, with the flowers before him to give an additional zest to his food, the troubled look returns. Mrs. Podmore says, quietly,

"You're bothering your head about something, Jim;" and draws her chair a little nearer to him.

He does not answer her immediately, but makes a pretense of eating, and presently lays his knife and fork on his plate, and pushes them away.

"Did you hear—the newspaper boys—a calling out any thing?" he asks.

"No, Jim."

"Nothing about—a accident?"

"No, Jim. Has there been one?"

"There's been—another smash-up—on our line," he says, moodily. "A lot o' people—hurt—badly. I saw some of 'em. It made me sick."

He takes the fork, and plays with it nervously. A look of apprehension flashes into Mrs. Podmore's eyes as she notices his agitation, and she asks, with white lips,

"It wasn't your doing, Jim, was it? Don't say it was your doing!"

"No, it wasn't my doing," he answers; but he evidently takes it to heart almost as much as if he had been to blame.

"It's bad enough, Jim," says Mrs. Podmore,

relieved of her fear; "but it would ha' been worse if you was to blame. It ain't your fault?"

"It ain't my fault—no; but it might ha' been—it might ha' been. It warn't his fault, either."

"Whose then, Jim?"

"Whose?" he exclaims. "When a lot o' directors—works a feller—till he's—dead beat—till blue lights—and green lights—and red lights—dances afore his eyes—and he don't know what is real—and what is fancy—is he to be made—accountable? Dick Hart—him as had the accident—wouldn't lift his finger—agin man or child—and now he's killed—two or three—and 'll be made—accountable. I never saw—such a face—as his'n—to-night—when the people that was hurt—was brought in. It was as white—as a bit o' chalk. He was hurt as much as them. There was a child among 'em—a little girl"—(his voice breaks here, and his eyes wander to Pollypod)—"they didn't know what—was the matter with her. She breathed—and that was all. Dick Hart—(he's got a little girl hisself, mother—and he wouldn't lift his finger—agin any man)—Dick Hart, he trembles—and cries—when he sees the little thing—a-laying so still—and he whispers to a mate—as how he wishes—some one—'d come and strike him dead—where he stands. As he says this—the little thing's mother—runs in wild like—and cries, 'Where's the man—as killed my child?' And Dick Hart runs away—on the platform—and jumps on to the rails—scared and mad—and if he hadn't been stopped—would ha' made away—with himself—somehow. But they stopped him—in time—and brought him back. Another minute—and he'd ha' been cut to pieces—by a train—that was coming in. They had to keep—tight hold on him; for when he was in the room agin—and saw the little girl's—mother—on her knees by the child—he fell a-trembling—and looked more like a animal—than a man."

"What will they do to him, Jim?"

"The Lord knows! The law's pretty sharp—on us—for don't you see, old woman, the public's got to be protected. Lord save us! As if it was our fault! As if it was us—the public's got to be—protected from! It's a pretty how-do-you-do—altogether, that's what it is."

"I pity his wife as much as him," says Mrs. Podmore, with all a woman's sympathy.

"She is to be pitied!" assents Jim. "She's near her confinement, too—poor creature!—and Dick, he's out of a billet now—and hasn't got any thing—put by. I tell you what it is, old woman—it's hard lines—that's what it is—hard lines!"

"But the Company 'll see to her, Jim, surely!" suggests Mrs. Podmore, in a tone of concern.

"Will they?" exclaims Jim, bitterly. "The Company 'll pay you—pretty regular—while you work—and 'll work you—pretty hard—while they pay you;—that's what the Company 'll do. You'd think—knowing, as they know—that Dick Hart's got a wife as is near her confinement—and knowing, as they know—that Dick Hart's wages is just enough to keep him and her—and his little girl—and that it's next to impossible—he could lay any thing by—for a rainy day—you'd think, old woman—that now Dick's in trouble—the Company 'd pay him his wages—till he got out of it! Catch 'em at it! That's not the Company's game. Their game is—when an accident occurs—to make out—that they're not accountable—and responsible—and that they're the victims—not us or the public. The Company 'll see to Dick's wife—will they, old woman! Where's my pipe?"

He has it in his hand, but is so engrossed in his theme that he does not know it, and Mrs. Podmore quietly takes it from him and fills it. In truth there is another cause for Jim's agitation—a cause which he dare not speak of, which he scarcely dare think of, as he puffs away at his pipe. But it comes upon him, despite his reluctance to entertain it, and it fills him with terrible fear. This very night he himself had had a narrow escape from an accident. He was very tired, and even as he stood waiting to shift the points for an expected train, he fell into a doze. For how long he did not know—a second, a minute, or many—but he was suddenly aroused by a furious whirl of sound. It was the train approaching. In a very agony of fear, he rushed and adjusted the points. Just in time, thank God! Half a dozen seconds more, and it would have been too late. No one but he knew of the narrow escape of the passengers, but the anguish of that one almost fatal moment will remain with him for many a year.

It is with him now, as he smokes, and it remains with him during the night, as he holds his darling Pollypod in his arms, and thinks what would become of her if one night, when he was dead-beat, he should fall asleep again on his watch, and not wake up until it was too late. Then the fancy comes upon him that the little girl who was hurt in the accident, and who lay like dead, was something like Pollypod; and he shivers at the thought, and holds his darling closer to his breast.

Pollypod is awake very early in the morning, and while her mother is lighting the fire and preparing breakfast for Jim, who has to be at his post at half past five, she tells her father all about the adventures of the previous day. He listens in delight, and when she comes to the part where Felix gave her the flowers he says, "Felix is a gentleman;" but Pollypod whispers, "No, he is a wizard;" and tells of the ship and the Doll and the Captain, and speaks in such good faith that Jim is troubled in his mind, and thinks, "That all comes along of my stupidity about my ship coming home! Polly 'll break her heart if she doesn't get the Doll." Jim can not afford to buy one; he is in the same boat as Dick Hart, and has not been able to put any thing by for a rainy day. He thinks that the very happiest thing that could occur to him would be to pick up a sovereign as he goes to

his work. "If some swell 'd only drop one now," he thinks, absurdly, "and I was to drop across it as I walk along!"

When he is dressed and has had his breakfast, and stands by the bedside kissing Pollypod before he goes, she makes him put some flowers in the button-hole of his greasy old fustian jacket.

"Now you look like Felix," she says.

As Jim walks to his work, with the bright sun shining on him, he looks anxiously along the pavements of the quiet streets in the ridiculous hope that some swell had dropped a sovereign, and that it might be his luck to come across it. But no such good fortune is his, and he wishes with all his heart that he had not put the notion of the ship in Pollypod's head.

This ship that is coming home is always a poor man's ship, and many a pretty conceit is woven out of it to gratify the poor man's child. It is always sailing over the seas, freighted with precious treasure, but it rarely reaches port. When it does, earth contains no greater happiness and delight.

The faithful dog, Snap, does not accompany his master on this morning. Pollypod had said to her father, "Leave Snap at home, father. I want to tell him something."

So Snap is left behind, unconscious of the precious secret that is about to be entrusted to him. Pollypod waits until mother is out of the room, and then, kneeling upon her bed in her night-dress, she sets Snap before her, and bids him listen. Snap, sitting gravely on his haunches, but with some difficulty, for the bed is all tumbled about, looks Pollypod straight in the face, with a serious demeanor worthy of the occasion. He receives the intelligence that Pollypod imparts to him with no other expressions of feeling than are contained in short barks and blinks and rollings backward when he loses his balance; but Pollypod finds this perfectly satisfactory, and tells him that he is to be sure to be fond of the Doll, and not growl at her or be jealous of her. "For I'll love you all the same, Snap." Whereat Snap licks her face, and by that act vows fealty to the Doll.

The week that passes after her mother's funeral is by no means an unhappy one for Lily. A familiar voice and a familiar presence are gone, and she grieves naturally. But she derives much comfort from the restfulness and peacefulness of every thing about her. The lodgers in the house are very quiet and thoughtful, and Jim Podmore, as he goes down stairs to his work in the early morning, treads as softly as his heavy boots will allow him, so that he shall not disturb her. She derives comfort also from Alfred's happier mood. The night after the funeral he comes home with a bright look in his face, and greets her with a kiss. With his arm round her waist, he draws her into her bedroom and tells her that she mustn't mind if he has not been so affectionate to her as he ought to have been.

"I have had some troubles," he says, "and have been very unhappy, Lily."

"So have we all," she answers, thinking he refers to their dead mother.

"But now our troubles are over," he says, "and things look brighter. I'm going to love you more than ever. I'm going to do something grand by-and-by. You'll see! I'm not going to let you work much longer."

"Oh, but I don't mind it, Alf," she replies, with her arm round his neck.

"Ah, but it isn't right. I'm going to work for you. I know a way! You let me alone for knowing a thing or two! We'll have a better place than this soon, and we'll go about a bit."

She listens to him with pleasure, in her innocence and trustfulness, and kisses him softly. Alfred is proud of her—proud of her beauty, proud of her gentleness and modesty, proud because she loves him and thinks all the world of him.

"I have made," he continues, "the best friend that any man ever had—the noblest-hearted fellow I ever saw or heard of."

"Oh, I am glad of that, Alfred—I am glad of that! Who is it? He must be my friend too. Do I know him?"

Her thoughts turn to Felix as she asks the question, and an innocent joy warms her young heart.

"Do you know him?" he repeats, gayly. "Do you know him, puss? Why, of course you do! You don't need me to tell you who it is. You can guess—you do guess. There's only one—although he's only a new friend after all, now I come to think of it. But he's a man every inch of him. He gave a hundred and twenty pounds to a poor widow woman who was left penniless! The week before last he paid a poor man's debts (the poor fellow had got into trouble somehow), and set him up in business again and made him comfortable—all because he had a wife and children. What do you think of that, Lily?"

"A noble nature, indeed!" says Lily, softly, sharing Alfred's enthusiasm, and wondering whether she shall ever see Felix again.

"And he thinks himself so wise" (Alfred says this with a light laugh) "that he's always being taken in."

"That's a pity, Alfred."

"Oh, but he don't mind: he can afford it, and likes it. If you knew what a friend he is to me! And I shouldn't wonder if it was for somebody's sake—Why, how you are trembling, Lily!"

"You speak so warmly of this good friend, Alfred, that I am filled with joy—for your sake, my dear, that you have found such a friend. And yet I wonder, and can not understand it."

She almost whispers these last words. She has been carried away by Alfred's enthusiasm. Certainly Felix's kindness and gentle bearing had made a great impression upon her, and her thoughts dwelt much upon him. But it was only yesterday that she first saw him. It is



"POLLYPOD SETS SNAP BEFORE HER, AND BIDS HIM LISTEN."

all so strange. Only yesterday! But it seems longer; it seems to her as if she has known him for a long, long time.

"So now you can guess who it is, Lily, can't you?"

"I think I can, dear, and I am very, very glad! Glad to find he is as good and noble as I believed him to be when I first saw him."

"And it isn't so long ago that we first knew him!"

"No, indeed, Alf dear—but yesterday!"

"It might be yesterday. Why, it was only last Saturday night—just five days ago—that he saw you home from the Royal White Rose."

The little hand that was caressing his neck slowly withdraws itself, and the flush of color that the excitement of the conversation had brought to the cheeks dies rapidly away. Her hands now lie idly in her lap, her face is colorless, her eyes are drooping to the ground. "You are speaking of—" she manages to say.

"Mr. Sheldrake, Puss! The noblest-hearted man in the world. You guessed at once—I saw it. Ah, Lily, that's a wise little head of yours!"

He takes the wise little head between his hands and kisses her lips. She kisses him thoughtfully, and gazes at him with a steady, sad light in her eyes.

"And he is such a good friend to you, Alf?"

"Haven't I told you!—and all, perhaps, for Somebody's—" With a rapid motion she places her fingers on his lips.

"And is really noble-hearted! And has done all these kind things!"

"All, and more, Lily. It is quite by accident I heard of these; for he is a queer character, and nothing displeases him so much as for people to speak to him about his kindness, or to think that they know it. He tries to show himself in quite a different light."

Lily is silent and very thoughtful for a little time after this, but she soon recovers, and her manner becomes brighter because Alfred's is so. A great weight seems to have been lifted from his mind, and he is more considerate of her than is usual with him. But she, in the unselfishness of her affection, does not notice this; it is because he is more cheerful that she is happier.

The next evening is Friday, and Pollypod and her mother have tea with Lily and her grandfather. Pollypod, of course, is engrossed by one subject. She has the fullest faith in Felix, but as the end of the week is very near, she is very curious about the Captain. She wants to know so much—what a Captain is like; how the Captain will find the house; whether the Captain will know her, and know that the Doll's for her. Every knock and ring at the street-door makes her heart beat loud and fast, and during the last two days she has tired out her little legs by running up and down stairs to see if the Captain is at the door. Mrs. Podmore is not so sanguine. She tries to prepare Pollypod for disap-

he only told Pollypod the story out of the goodness of his heart. He was as good as gold, that he was; the way he carried Pollypod up stairs was a sight to see; but all he wanted to do was to amuse the child, bless him! What did he know of dolls, a gentleman like him? But Mrs. Podmore does not win Lily over to her view of the question, for Pollypod has also made a confidante of Lily, and she in her heart of hearts believes that Felix will make the child a present of a doll.

"Not such a handsome one as you say, Polly," says Lily to her; "but a nice one, I dare say." "You'll see—you'll see," is all that Pollypod says in reply. "I wish it was to-morrow! I wish it was to-morrow!"

But although she wishes it were to-morrow, she looks out for the Captain to-night, and listens to every footfall on the stairs. But the night passes, and to-morrow comes, and still no Captain. As twilight comes on, Pollypod's excitement is so great that Mrs. Podmore declares she is afraid the child will work herself into a fever. So Lily proposes that Pollypod shall come and sit with her and her grandfather, and Mrs. Podmore consents, all the more willingly because she wants to clean up for Sunday. Pollypod is glad to sit on the first floor, for she will be nearer to the street-door. They sit at the window, the three of them, Polly in Lily's lap, with all her heart in her ears. Knocks come, and rings, but not one of them heralds the Captain or the Doll. Lily believes in the Doll, but not in the Captain; Pollypod believes in both.

"If he does not come, Polly," says old Wheels, "I'll make you a doll, on wheels."

"He's sure to come! he's sure to come!" exclaims Pollypod.

But twilight deepens, and the hope grows fainter. Pollypod's face is on Lily's neck, and Lily feels the tears welling from the child's eyes. Lily begins to feel sorry also—sorry for more reasons than one. Mrs. Podmore is busy up stairs scrubbing the room: Sunday is a day of

rare enjoyment to her and her small family. Old Wheels is on the point of suggesting that they shall light the lamp, when a knock comes at the street-door—a strange knock. Not a single knock for the first floor, nor two deliberate knocks for the second floor, nor three for the third; but a rat-tat-tat, with a flourish which might be intended for any person in this humble house who has distinguished friends in the upper circles of society. Some one opens the door—never mind who—and a step that none of them recognize is on the stairs. Pollypod jumps from Lily's lap, but Lily

retains her hand. The man lingers on the first landing. It is dark, and he is evidently a stranger.

"Does Mrs. Podmore live here?" he asks of Nobody, in a loud voice.

"Yes," answers old Wheels, going to the door. "On the third floor, but she's busy cleaning. What do you want of her?"

"I have brought something for her little girl."

"Oh! oh!" cries Pollypod, and in her excitement Lily rises and accompanies the child to the door. "Are you a Captain?"

"Yes."

"What ship?" inquires old Wheels, merrily for the child's sake, and nautically in honor of the visitor.

"The *Fancy*," replies the man in the dark.

"Come in," says old Wheels: "the little girl you want is here."

And the Captain of the *Fancy* enters the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RECEPTION TOILETTE.

THIS elegant toilette has a petticoat of écreu silk, edged with a flounce of the material headed by a piping and upright ruffle, over which is worn a shorter skirt, also of écreu silk, edged with écreu fringe, and looped so as to form scallops on the bottom. An écreu bow without ends is set in each scallop thus formed. Écreu silk stomacher, trimmed with three bows of turquoise blue ribbon. Turquoise blue silk basque over dress with train, open wide in front, so as to show the stomacher and petticoat, and looped back on the sides with bows. The over dress is trimmed on the bottom with a flounce like that of the petticoat, and has short puffed sleeves. White tulle under-sleeves, trimmed with lace and blue bows. Wide Marie Antoinette collar. Necklace of three strings of pearls and pearl and gold medallion. Blue and white aigrette and pearls in the hair.



RECEPTION TOILETTE.



Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED SWISS MUSLIN SCARF-MANTILLA.—FRONT.
For description see Supplement.

Silk Gauze and Gros Grain Bow for the Hair.

THE middle part of the bow consists of a bias strip of pink gros grain three inches wide and of the requisite length, which is folded through the middle, arranged in close box-pleats on the under (open) side, and sewed on a circular stiff lace foundation in three curves in the manner of a rosette. This rosette is surrounded with leaves of pink silk gauze, which are bound a quarter of an inch wide with silk gauze cut on the bias, and are laid each in a pleat on the under straight end. Fig. 32, Supplement, gives the pattern for the larger leaf; the remaining leaves are cut from the same pattern, but somewhat smaller. An end of gros grain six inches and a half long and two inches and seven-eighths wide, which is pointed on one end as shown by the illustration, completes the bow.

Coffure for Little Girl, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 461.

For this coiffure part the crimped hair from ear to ear and the back hair through the middle. Both halves of the back hair hang

down as shown by Fig. 2. The ends of each part of the hair are arranged in a curl, having been previously put in curl papers. Both parts of the front hair are combed up, crossed, and tied together with colored ribbon as shown by the illustration; the ends of the front hair are also curled.

Oiled Silk Bathing Caps, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 461.

Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED OILED SILK BATHING CAP. Cut of oiled silk one piece each from Figs. 62 and 63, Supplement, cutting Fig. 63 of double material. On the crown, Fig. 62, sew a bias strip along the line indicated for the shirr; on the back revers, Fig. 62, and on the front revers, Fig. 63, work the embroidery with red split zephyr worsted, and the button-hole stitch scallops with red zephyr worsted, and then gather Fig. 62 from the middle of the back to * on both sides by means of a shirr string, and from 53 to * on both sides to suit the revers, Fig. 63. Sew the front revers to the crown from 53 to 54, so that * comes on *. Cover the joining seam with red worsted braid twenty-eight inches long, the ends of which are tied in a bow in the middle of the back of the cap.

Fig. 2.—NETTED AND OILED SILK BATHING CAP. For the net-shaped crown of this cap cut of oiled silk an oval piece twenty inches long and sixteen inches and seven-eighths wide, and hem this piece on the outer edge half an inch wide for a shirr. Then cover this part with a net in diagonal netting, which is worked of the requisite size with coarse brown cotton on a mesh an inch in circumference, as shown by the illustration. Trim the cap in front, as shown by the illustration, with a rosette and with separate leaves of oiled silk, which are edged with button-hole stitches of brown cotton. The leaves of the rosette are cut from Fig. 34, Supplement, and the remaining leaves as shown by the illustration. The middle of the rosette is covered by a knot of oiled silk surrounded with brown fringe.

Twisted Cord Border for trimming Dresses, Skirts, etc.

See illustration on page 461.

THIS border is worked with woolen or silk twisted cord. The design can be worked directly on the article to be trimmed, or else it may be worked on a foundation of paper or enameled cloth, and then sewed on the article for which it is designed.



Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED SWISS MUSLIN SCARF-MANTILLA.—BACK.
For description see Supplement.

cut slits half an inch long each on the wrong side of the carriage leather, always passing over the same number of diamond lines, and observing the illustration; through these slits run brown worsted braid, so that alternate diamonds are formed by the layers of braid which intersect each other. Finally, work point Russe and cross stitches on the carriage leather with saddler's silk of the color of the braid as shown by the illustration.

BRAIN-WORK.

THE brain, in one respect, is like land—if you want a good crop from it, you must let it lie fallow for a time. There are harvest-times for it, which ought to be noted. After a good night's rest, and a cup of coffee or tea, it will yield its best of a certain kind: use it then in matters which require grasp, strong reasoning, and force of expression. Use it as little as possible from two p.m. to seven or half past; then, until ten o'clock, begin to reap what it will yield in poetic idea and thought: this is



PINK SILK GAUZE
AND GROS GRAIN BOW
FOR THE HAIR.

For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 32.

Embroidered Swimming Belt.

See illustration on page 460.

BELTS of this kind are worn by children or adults when learning to swim. The belt consists of a piece of heavy gray belt ribbon thirty-two inches long and three inches and three-quarters wide, which is ornamented in the design given by Fig. 35, Supplement, with red worsted braid, and in point Russe embroidery with red worsted, and lined with red flannel. On each end of the belt a thick brass ring, an inch and three-quarters in diameter, is fastened, to which the rope is tied as shown by the illustration. To fasten this ring slip the end of the belt through the ring, fold it on the under side two inches and a half long, turn down the sides of the belt in a slanting direction on the inside, and overseam the folded end with coarse thread; backstitch the double material close to the ring. A box-pleated ruche of red worsted braid seven-eighths of an inch wide forms the trimming of the belt; instead of this ruche a binding of worsted braid may be used. The trimming, of course, should match that of the bathing suit in color.

Foundation for Bags, Slippers, Footstools, etc.

See illustration on p. 460.

THIS foundation is worked on light brown carriage leather in which lengthwise and crosswise slits have first been cut, as shown by the illustration. In order to make these slits regularly, draw lines lengthwise and crosswise on the under side of the carriage leather at intervals of a quarter of an inch, so that a regular diamond lattice is formed. Then



Fig. 1.—WHITE CREPE DE CHINE MANTILLA.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 53.



Fig. 2.—WHITE CREPE DE CHINE MANTILLA.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 53.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money & work for us than at anything else. Particulars free G. STINSON & Co., *Fine Art Publishers*, Portland, Maine

BAZAR Cut Paper Patterns,

For Ladies, Misses, Girls, and
Children of Both Sexes.

The great design of the proprietors of the Bazar Patterns is to furnish cut paper patterns of every description, and for every size, at a moderate price. These patterns are intended to be the most perfect, the most practical, and the most economical ever produced in this country, and so arranged as to be easily understood by those not accustomed to making their own garments. We avoid as far as possible every form of extravagance in cutting up material, at the same time combining all that is desirable with fashion and good taste. Our business will be conducted in a spirit of progress. Every pattern we issue will be the product of the ablest and most experienced gentlemen dressmakers in the country, all under the supervision of Mr. Moschowitz, a gentleman who stands at the head of his profession, and who is unquestionably the ablest dressmaker in the United States. What Worth is to Paris, Moschowitz is to New York—the highest authority on all matters pertaining to fashion. We have carefully prepared a catalogue of 28 pages, containing over two hundred figures, showing the leading fashions of the day. From this catalogue may be selected patterns of every description and of every size, ranging from 30 to 46 inches bust measure; also for misses from 10 to 16 years of age, and for children of both sexes under 10. On receipt of postage stamp, the above catalogue will be sent to any address free of charge. In this catalogue will be found a list of two valuable premiums, both of which are offered to subscribers for *Harper's Bazar*. One subscriber will get at least one of these premiums, and we confidently assert that, for liberality and magnitude, the premiums offered to each and every new subscriber for the *Bazar* have no parallel, an offer in which thousands of families will be benefited, and will, we trust, be the means of adding much to the comfort and economy of every household. We are confident that this premium will be hailed with delight by every lady in the land. For terms to Agents, or for catalogues, address

JAMES MCALL & CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

Important to Ladies.—Read the following extraordinary offer: The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co. manufacture and warrant two different Sewing Machines, one called the *Elliptic*, the other called the *Wheeler & Wilson*. The *Elliptic* Machine excels in many important points. It is so light that a child can run it with ease; or an invalid, whose strength is sufficient to walk about the house or to do the work of a child ten years old, can sew all day without being over-fatigued. It is impossible to convey by language a title of the merits belonging to this deservedly popular Machine. To see it perform the different operations, such as hemming, felling, gathering, embroidering, tucking, cording, quilting, fringing, etc., it seems more like a thing of life than a machine moved by the will of the operator. It has adjustable gauges for every description of work, and can be changed in a moment to suit any material, coarse or fine. The economy of the *Elliptic* Machine in a family is almost incredible—with one, a good operator can do the work of twelve hands. A breadth of a skirt can be sewed in less than a minute; a gentleman's fine shirt can be made in three hours; or a child's dress, with many tiny pleats, in less time than the hands can fold them—in fact, every description of sewing is reduced from a question of hours to one of minutes. We make the following offer: Any person in the United States desiring one of these celebrated Machines can buy one and pay for it in work (not sewing) furnished at their own home. The work is pleasant and profitable, and can be accomplished by any lady, old or young. We send circulars on receipt of stamp. Address

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

J. B. SMALL, Manufacturer of Cut Paper Patterns for Ladies, Misses, Boys, and Children's Garments, of all ages and sizes. We furnish Harper & Brothers with all the suits of Cut Paper Patterns issued with this paper. Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Address J. B. SMALL, 643 Broadway, New York.



No. 822, Front and Back View

Lady's Polonaise Over-Dress, with Cape. Nine even sizes, 30 to 46 inches bust measure. Sent on receipt of 25 cents and measure.

J. B. Small's Cut Paper Patterns have a printed label, showing their size, the amount of cloth, trimming, &c., required, with instruction for cutting and making, and a picture of the garment when finished.

COLORED FASHION PLATE,

For Spring Styles, will be ready March 1st. Sent on receipt of 25 cents; or, with Four Cut Paper Patterns on plate, for 60 cents.



"DOMESTIC" S. M. Co., 96 Chambers St., N. Y.

WEBSTER'S PATENT BUTTON-HOLE WORKER,



The most perfect Button-Hole Worker invented. So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can without it. It does away with pricking the fingers, straining the eyes, and with imperfect and irregular worked button-holes. They give universal satisfaction. Ladies who use them say they are worth their weight in gold. Sample worker, with full directions for use, sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents. Local and traveling agents wanted for this and other useful articles. Address GEO. DAVIS, 91 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

Cut Paper Patterns

OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are fitted with the greatest accuracy, the NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.	
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER.....	No. 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK.....	" 11
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 17
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old).....	" 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old).....	" 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old).....	" 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 29
BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, and KNICKERBOCKERS (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old).....	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt).....	" 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 37
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER.....	" 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKE-CAP.....	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt.....	" 49
WATTEAU MANTLE, with 3-Pleat Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 50
MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 52
WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt.....	" 53

Vol. V.	
DOUBLE-BREADED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER.....	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers).....	" 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 8
DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT.....	" 11
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postilion, and Walking Skirt.....	" 13
MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT, with Cape.....	" 15
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Dolly Varden Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER.....	" 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 25
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old).....	" 26
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt.....	" 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 29

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for \$2.00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!! WITH A NOVELTY PRESS!



The best ever made for the purpose. THE most valuable addition to the Business Office; the most efficient instructor in Schools; the most fascinating and instructive amusement in the Family; and is unsurpassed for the use of AMATEUR AND REGULAR PRINTERS. Send for descriptive & illustrated Pamphlet to BENJ. O. WOODS, MANUFACTURER, 349-351 Federal & 122 Kneeland Sts., Boston; WM. Y. EDWARDS, 543 Broadway, N. Y.; KELLY, HOWELL & LUDWIG, 917 Market St., Philadelphia; J. E. EDWARDS, 120 N. Sixth St., St. Louis; A. C. KELLER, 63-65 S. Jefferson St., Chicago.—Manufacturers' Agents.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED. For particulars, address AVERY BILL, Care Harper & Brothers, 331 Pearl St., New York.

5 MYSTERIOUS PICTURES FREE. Wonderful, Unique, Puzzling, Odd, Strange. Send stamp for postage to ADAMS & CO., Boston.

Harper & Brothers' Latest Publications.

HARPER'S GUIDE TO EUROPE. Harper's Handbook for Travelers in Europe and the East: being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. PAMPHLET FRANKLIN, Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book," "History of the Paris Commune," &c. With more than Ninety Maps and Plans of Cities. Eleventh Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Tucks, \$5 00.

LORD KILGOBBIN. A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

THE DESERT OF THE EXODUS. Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings: undertaken in connection with the Ordnance Survey of Sinai and the Palestine Exploration Fund. By E. H. PALMER, M.A., Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. With Maps and numerous Illustrations from Photographs and Drawings taken on the spot by the Sinai Survey Expedition and C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake. Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$3 00.

A GOOD INVESTMENT. A Story of the Upper Ohio. By WM. FLAGG, Author of "Three Seasons in European Vineyards," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

THE STUDENT'S GREEK GRAMMAR. A Grammar of the Greek Language. By Dr. GEORGE CURTIS, Professor in the University of Leipzig. Translated under the Revision of the Author. Edited by WM. SMITH, LL.D., Classical Examiner in the University of London, and Editor of the Classical and Latin Dictionaries. For the Use of Colleges and High-Schools. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00.

IS IT TRUE? Tales, Curious and Wonderful, collected by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Being Vol. IV. of *Books for Girls*. 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents.

A SMALLER ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST, from the Earliest Times to the Conquest by Alexander the Great. Including Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phoenicia. By PHILIP SMITH, B.A. With Woodcuts. 16mo, 816 pages, Cloth, \$1 00.

ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1871. Edited by SPENCER F. BAIRD, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. 12mo, Cloth, \$3 00.

ALBERT LUNEL. A Novel. By the late LORD BROUGHTON. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

ROLFE'S SHAKESPEARE. Shakespeare, edited, with Notes, by WM. J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of Cambridge High-School. (The Merchant of Venice.—The Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Julius Caesar.) Illustrated. 4 vols., 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents each; or bound in one volume, handsomely ornamented, \$3 00.

A BRIDGE OF GLASS. A Novel. By F. W. ROBINSON, Author of "True to Himself," "For Her Sake," "Carry's Confession," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

TALMAGE'S SERMONS. Sermons by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00.

HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD DICKENS. OLIVER TWIST. With 28 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1 00.

MARTIN CHuzzlewit. With 59 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

TYERMAN'S WESLEY. The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. LUKE TYERMAN, Author of "The Life of Rev. Samuel Wesley." Portraits. Complete in 3 vols., in a Box, Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$2 50 per vol.

LIBRARY EDITION OF MISS MULOCK'S WORKS. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50 per vol.

Hannah.—Olive.—Ogilvie.—The Head of the Family.—John Halifax.—Agatha's Husband.—A Life for a Life.—Two Marriages.—Christian's Mistake.—A Noble Life.—A Hero.—Studies from Life.—The Fairy Book.—Unkind Word.—Mistress and Maid.—The Woman's Kingdom.—A Brave Lady.

GRIF. A Story of Australian Life. By B. L. FARJEON, Author of "Joshua Marvel," "Blade-o'-Grass," &c. 8vo, Paper, 40 cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of their works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.

CHARLES LEVER'S NOVELS,

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

A Day's Ride. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

The Brambleighs of Bishop's Folly. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Barrington. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

The Daltons. 8vo, Paper, \$1 50.

The Dodd Family Abroad. 8vo, Paper, \$1 25.

Gerald Fitzgerald. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Glencore and his Fortunes. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Lord Kilgobbin. Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

Luttrell of Arran. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

The Martins of Cro' Martin. 8vo, Paper, \$1 25.

Maurice Tiernay. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00.

One of Them. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

Roland Cashel. Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, \$1 25.

Sir Brooke Fosbrooke. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Sir Jasper Carew. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

That Boy of Norcott's. Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

Tony Butler. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JULY, 1872.

CONTENTS:

IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—"How pure is this Atmosphere!"—Trying the Brake.—"You're Female Suffragers, ain't you?"—"If you please, Sir, is the Show coming this Week?"

OFF THUNDER BAY—A LEGEND OF LAKE HURON, 1773.

THE CITY OF THE SAINTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Barber's Shop.—A Roman Market.—A Street Scene in Rome.—The Leonine City.—The Castle of St. Angelo.—The Vatican Library.—St. Peter's Illuminated.—The Steps of St. Peter's.—A Swiss Guard.—One of the Pope's Body-Guards.—Carrying the Tiara.—Fan-Bearers.—The Grand Penitentiary.—The Pope dispensing the Benediction.—Carrying the Holy Sacrament to the Sistine Chapel.—The Throne-Room.

THE GUILLOTINE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Guillotine, after Lucas Loesius, 1551.—The Guillotine, after H. P. Rebenstock, 1573.—The Guillotine, after A. Aldegraver, 1553.

THE EXPLORATIONS OF DI CESNOLA IN CYPRUS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Colossus of Golgos.—Map of Cyprus.—Venus and her Canephore.—Greek Glass, from the Tombs of Dail.—Greek Heads, found at Dail.—Greek Vase and Cups, from the Tombs of Dail.—Vase from the Phoenician Tombs at Dail.—Colossal Phoenician Head, Terra Cotta, from Dail.—Lolig Palma di Cesnola.—Vase from the Phoenician Tombs at Dail.—Vases from the Phoenician Tombs at Dail.—The Assyrian Hercules, from the Temple of Venus at Golgos.—Semi-colossal Heads from the Temple of Venus at Golgos.—Statues from the Temple of Venus at Golgos.—The Phoenician Hercules, from the Temple of Venus at Golgos.—Heads of Colossal Greek Statues, from the Temple of Venus at Golgos.—Greek Heads, from the Temple of Venus at Golgos.—Statue of Macedonian Period, from the Temple of Venus at Golgos.—Greek Heads.—The Greek Priest, found at Salamis.

MY GODMOTHER'S POMANDER.

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE. By EMILIO CARTELAR.—(Second Paper.)

ON THE SANDS.

With an Illustration.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.—(Concluded.)

ILLUSTRATIONS.—"Here's the Calico Dress."—"Since when?" she whispered.

TO A CRUSHED VIOLET.

A VIRGINIA MILITIA TRAINING OF THE LAST GENERATION.

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE. By ANTHONY TROLOPE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Head-Piece.—"You will be wicked in every way," said the Priest.—"But who is the other Man?" demanded Adrian.

CALIFORNIA.—III. ITS PRODUCTS AND PRODUCTIVENESS.—INFORMATION FOR FARMERS. By CHARLES NORDBOFF. With Two Maps.

AKERATOS.

OLD KENSINGTON. By Miss THACKERAY.

CHAPTER IX. The Bow-windowed House.

CHAPTER X. A Snow Garden.

ILLUSTRATION.—"In that instant Dolly's future Fate was decided."

MAZZINI.

With a Portrait.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.

EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD.

EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year.....\$4 00

HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year..... 4 00

HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year..... 4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, \$10 00; or any two for \$7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR will be supplied gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS at \$4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for \$20 00, without extra copy.

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the new and old one must be given. In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS for ADVERTISING in HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, \$500; Half Page, \$250; Quarter Page, \$150—each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, \$3 00 per Line; Outside Page, \$4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—\$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, \$1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 octave Pianos for \$290? We answer—It costs less than \$200 to make any \$600 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per cent. profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant Five Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to 300 Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories.

A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred Pianos, MELODIONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters', at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

FACETIÆ.

"In the absence of globes, how do you illustrate the shape of the earth to your scholars?" asked a committee of a school-teacher.

"I shows 'em my head," was the reply.

LETTERS OF CREDIT—I O U.

A VESUVIAN.—The mountain that would not go to Mount Vesuvius, for Vesuvius is often on the move. Recently it showed a disposition to go to Switzerland and assume the title of Mount St. Burn-hard.

There is said to be a tailor who cuts out all his rivals' coats.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE—THE VERY LATEST.—The *Pekin Gazette* contains the following: "The permission to use a yellow bridge previously granted to Hsi-li-pa-cha-erh-cha-pu, a Mongolian noble of the first rank, is withdrawn, it having been discovered that no such privilege has ever been allowed to nobles of either the third or fourth rank."

THE WRONG SCENT—Descent (Darwin's).

BLARNEY.—"What makes your horse so slow?" asked a tourist one day in the Glen of the Downs, Ireland, of his Celtic Jehu.

"It is out of respect to the baytiful sanery, yer honor—he wants ye to see it all. An' thin, he's an intelligent baste, and appreciates good company, an' wants to kape the likes o' ye in beloved odd Ireland as long as he can."

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENCE—The first chapter of Genesis.

Lazy California bar-tenders place the ingredients of a cobbler in a tumbler, and then wait for an earthquake to mix them up.

A boy, writing a composition on "Extremes," remarked that "we should endeavor to avoid extremes, especially those of wasps and bees."

HIS USUAL RESIDENCE.—The life-long but, for France, over-ardent Republican, Blanqui, when asked at his trial where his usual residence was, replied, "My usual residence? I am usually in prison."

HINTS FOR THE EMPTY-HEADED.

We have much pleasure in suggesting these questions, to be asked by a young lady during the awkward pauses in a quadrille. They will be sure to please:

What's your opinion of the Presidential candidates? Is lunacy hereditary in your family? Have you ever had measles? If so, how many? Do you keep an aquarium? Are you on good terms with your uncle? Do you take chicory in your coffee? How does your meerschaum color? Do you believe in spirits? If so, how?—hot, cold, or neat? Do you tattoo? When will you next have your hair cut? Do you think you will be much missed at home this evening? Are you always as awkward about the legs? Is your inherent idiocy in excess of exterior appearances, or the contrary? What are you going to stand?

A contemporary says of a well-known general that "his sword was never drawn but once, and then in a raffle."

Can an auctioneer be expected to wear an amiable expression of countenance when his looks are always for-bidding?



HEREDITARY.

YOUNG DAMSEL. "Law, Mrs. Mumblebone, that Boy can't be Right in his Head!"

MRS. M. "Bless ye, Miss, he can't be expected to be sich! His father died of Disinterums, and his mother died of Chronicle Spassims, and his sister died of a Broken Leg, and his eldest brother died in Jail. It runs in the Family!"

A GENTLE MONEY-TION.

WILLIE. "Auntie, have you seen the money-box George gave me last Christmas?"

AUNT. "No, Willie; but I suppose it's one of those that you can't get the money out of."

WILLIE. "I don't know, auntie—because, you see, I haven't been able to get any money into it, yet!"

Of all the birds that please us with their lays, the most popular is the hen.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT FARMING!

FIRST GENTLEMAN-FARMER. "Why, there goes that artful rogue, Billy Giles! Is he at his old tricks still?"

SECOND DITTO. "He has cheated every body down about here, Sir, except me. He tried it on this winter, but I was too clever for him. Sold me a cow, and—[triumphantly]—I made him take it back at half-price!"

Why is troy-weight like an unconscientious person?—Because it has no scruples.

Walter, a five-year-old, was surprised at breakfast by the presence of a diminutive egg, served for his special delectation. He thus accounted for the egg's smallness: "Mamma, I think the chicken was learning to lay."

EYE SERVANTS—Spectacles.

Why is a pair of skates like an apple?—Because they both have occasioned the fall of man.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

How pleasant it is, after midnight has passed, To be quaffing and joking and smoking: 'Tis too bad that forever the pleasures don't last, But give place to reaction provoking! For the wine may be bright and the weeds may be right, But, believe an old roisterer's warning, You buy the delight and the mirth of to-night With a headache the following morning.

Oh, the higher you soar, the more fearful the fall: The more the Champagne has been sparkling, The worse will its memory be to recall, On awaking, with agony darning. For the greater the height to which joy took a flight, The earth's dull sobriety scorning, The worse is your plight when the mirth of to-night Brings its headache the following morning.

No matter! 'tis better to suffer the pain Than forego all indulgence in pleasure: Do not balance too closely the loss and the gain, But believe that you get the full measure. Then we'll revel despite of the thorns hid from sight 'Mid the roses our temples adorning, Though the fates will requite the delight of to-night With a headache the following morning.

Mrs. Partington says she gets up every morning at the shrill carillon of the chandeller.

A Scotch gentleman says, "There are few people like Burns." We should think not, indeed, or scalds either!

facial expression not taught by Delsarte. Finally, she took to watching the drops and dodging them. The audience caught the idea and sympathized with her. "Look out, Mrs. Juliet," said one fellow; "there's a whopper a-comin'—I see it!" "Mind your eye!" said another. "Madame," said a third, rising, "will you accept the use of my umbrella?" Of course the tragedy ended.

THE MEN THAT HAVE THE MOST UPS AND DOWNS IN LIFE—Hod-carriers.

Why is a candle-maker necessarily a bad man?—Because he is continually making light of cereous things.

THE BOOK OF NUMBERS—The Directory.

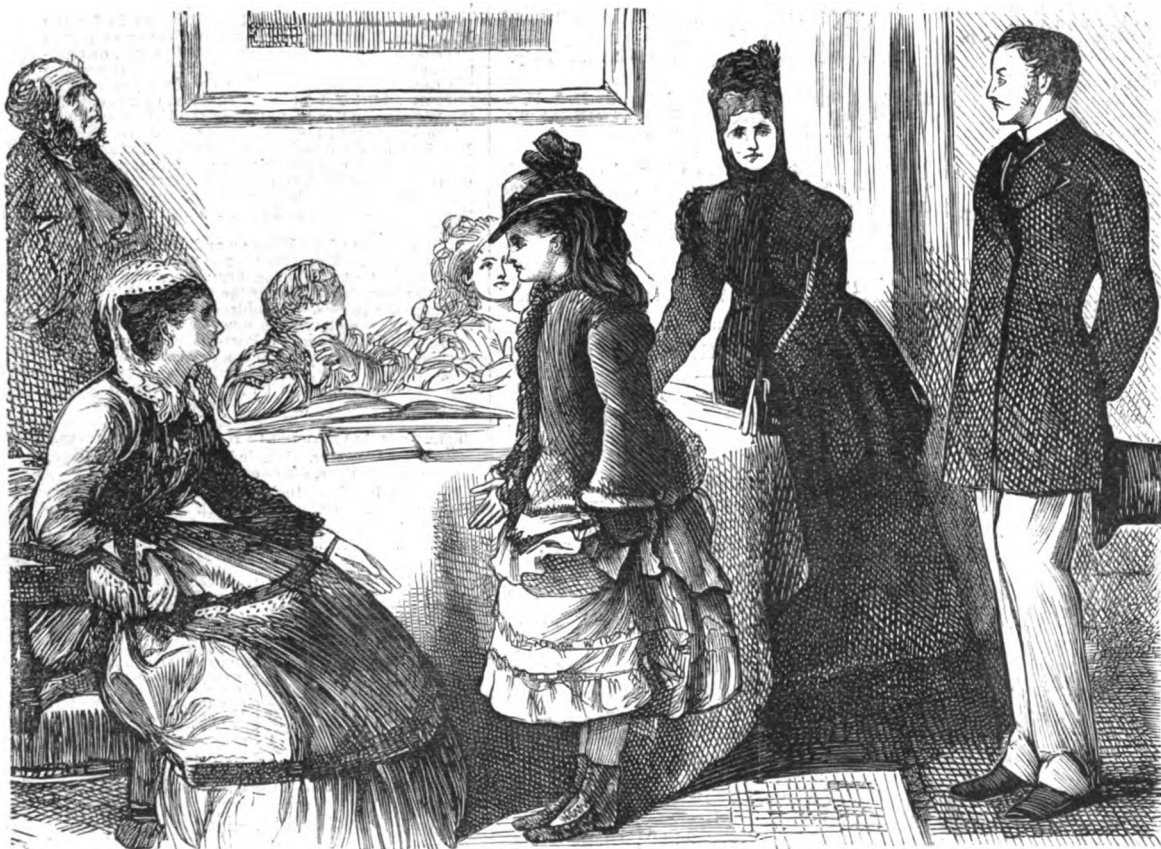
Quetelet says that "the mean man is a little under five feet eight inches in height, and measures about thirty-five inches round the chest;" but we have known some very mean men whose altitude and circumference varied considerably from these figures.

A MAN OF RANK—A private.

THE TRUE DARWINISM.—A youngster of literary tastes described Darwin as the one who believed "we degenerated from a monkey."

Dolly Varden snuff is the latest luxury out.

THE HARDEST THING.—A young man who recently took unto himself a wife says he didn't find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.



"TWO CAN KEEP COUNSEL, PUTTING ONE AWAY."—SHAKESPEARE.

MAMMA. "How Splashed you are, Alice! You must have been Walking in all the Puddles you could find!"

ALICE. "Well, Mamma, Bob and Mary would Walk on the Side where there were no Lamps!" [N.B.—Robert and Mary are engaged.]



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

"Oh dear me! Has Tittens dot Pins in their Toes, I vunder!"

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 29.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1872.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



LADIES' SUMMER DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 474.]

Fig. 1.—DINNER DRESS.

Fig. 2.—LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Loose Polonaise Walking Suit, in Nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

Ladies' Summer Dresses.

See illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—DINNER DRESS. Pearl gray silk trained dress, trimmed with bias folds of a little darker shade, and black lace. Black lace overskirt.

Fig. 2.—LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This pretty polonaise is especially suited to wash goods. In the original the polonaise is of blue and white striped batiste, and is worn over a turquoise blue silk under dress.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

This pattern comprises two garments—loose polonaise and six-gored walking skirt.

LOOSE POLONAISE.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, back, sleeve, sleeve ruffle, and belt. The front is neatly fitted by one dart on each side, while the back is adjusted merely by a seam in the middle. The coat sleeve is finished on the bottom by two overlapping ruffles five inches deep. Cut the front with the longest straight edge laid on the edge of the goods. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem in front. Cut all other parts lengthwise of the goods. Put the pattern together by the notches. The lines of holes show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, to take up the darts in front, and the size and shape of the under part of the sleeve, and also where to sew the upper ruffle on the sleeve. The garment can be made without the dart in front, if preferred, for thin goods. The holes in the back of the skirt show where to lay the deep pleats for puffing the back. Baste up and try on wrong side out, and if alteration is needed take up more or less in the seams. Cord the neck, and close the front from the throat to eight inches below the waist with buttons and button-holes. The buttons extend the whole length of the front. The side seams on each side of the front are draped very high by a loop fastened on the seams under the arm at the waist line on the upper and under side. Cut two pieces of the material twelve inches long, and lay two pleats lengthwise of the strip for the loop. Place the first and third holes in the back of the skirt evenly together, then place the second hole on the first hole from the waist line and tack firmly, thus forming a full puffed panier. The polonaise is adjusted to the figure by a pleated belt to correspond with the loop. The belt is cut to form a point on the back.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8½ yards. Extra for ruffles, 1¾ yards.

SIX-GORED WALKING SKIRT. This pattern is in four pieces—front, two side gores, and half of back breadth. Only half the pattern is given. Cut the front and back with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam. Cut two pieces like the pattern given of the side gores, and put the skirt together by the notches.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards. Extra for flounces, 4½ yards.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1872.

Cut Paper Patterns of the Loose Polonaise Walking Suit, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 487.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain full-sized patterns, descriptions, and illustrations of a rich variety of Ladies' Riding Habits, Silk, Pique, Batiste, Pongee, Grenadine, and Foulard Dresses; Swiss Muslin, Organdy, Grenadine, and Pique Jackets; Girls' Dresses and Wrappings; Corset Covers, Clothes-pin Bags, Dish Screens, Baskets for Dust Cloths; Collars, Ties, Embroidery Patterns, etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions.

WEDDING GIFTS.

THE custom of giving and receiving wedding gifts is one which has gained its present tremendous proportions among us within the last thirty years. Previous to that time, when a bride had announced her nuptial day it no more occurred to her friends to inconvenience themselves in any extraordinary manner in order to afford her a wedding present than it did to loan her a wedding garment. If there was any particularly fond friend who wished to connect herself with the time and scene, she made a little needle-book out of some silk whose associations were perhaps of value—a part of the bride's gown, or, maybe, of her mother's—she knit her a reticule, or she embroidered a pincushion; and the bride received the gift with gratitude, saved the pincushion for future need, wore the reticule, or put the needle-book by as a precious heirloom to be handed down—an heirloom which, once in a way, was enriched by neighborhood of another—the little prayer-book out of which the good minister who had christened and confirmed her had also married her.

But what would a bride nowadays think of the gift of a reticule or of a pincushion? If she did not laugh in the giver's face, we fear the gift would have scant grace allowed

it in her heart. And yet at a grand wedding not long ago, in the midst of a roomful of silver and gold and jewels and bronzes and pictures, a little leather spool-case, which the giver was not even able to fill with thread, seemed to us by far the most touching thing among them all—perhaps because we had not seen the like before, perhaps because it made us feel that that giver, at least, wanted to give.

So fast does the world move, and we with it, in this hurrying age, that thirty years in their passage have thrown that time back into a primitive and pastoral simplicity, and we are, it is possible, vastly more enlightened than those barbarians, our mothers, whose weddings were nothing but occasions of rejoicing, while ours partake of all the complications of modern life with the latest improvements, and are crowned by this last result of art, in which we have first hurried the life out of our friends to obtain the thing that shall gratify their pride and our desires, and then have displayed their offering, card attached, by the side of all the others, so that if parsimony or poverty have entered into its selection, they may be devoured by mortification and shame to see it eclipsed by the next-door neighbor's.

Of course it is not to be denied that wedding presents are a great source of pleasure during all the exciting period when the trousseau is in the ascendant, and the other preparations are on hand. Whether it is a healthy pleasure purely, arising from delight at the remembrance of friends, or an avaricious pleasure, depends upon the parties who receive; but as the lumbering of the express wagon is heard, and the door-bell rings, and the parcel is tumbled in, surveyed, guessed over, opened, the enjoyment of expectation and discovery, exclamation and exhibition, is certainly very real and natural, while, happy and prepared to be pleased with any thing just then, the disparity between the gifts of people of equal means, and even between the gift and the ability of the giver, is gilded over and unnoticed. But the time of reckoning for all that comes when, tried and tired with dress-makers and seamstresses and shop-keepers, and the short-comings of bank-bills, the paraphernalia is finished at last, and the array is spread upon the side-tables up stairs, so as to make as much more imposing an appearance than the last bride's did as possible, and to allow all the world opportunity to gauge the degree of friendship by the degree of costliness. Then, why Mrs. Montgomery Jones, with all her income, imagines she can preserve consideration and escape mulcted only in an olive-fork, when Mr. Fitz James Smith, with no income at all, sends a gold-lined punch-bowl; why Clara Brown, with an allowance from her father, dares to bring in one of her own insignificant water-colors, when Madeleine Grey, who has nothing but what she can gather from the music-lessons she gives in private, has sent, in silver-green bronze, that exquisite bird just lighted on a bending rice stalk; and why Mary White, after all her professions of friendship, has sent nothing at all—then all these things resolve themselves into a sort of domestic Notes and Queries, and the future conduct toward these personages finds itself more or less affected by the replies.

Meanwhile, all very delightful as the reciprocity is, there has not yet intruded upon it the thought that the majority of these gifts are to be returned, in measure heaped up and running over, when the nuptial day comes round to the giver. It is, of course, delightful now to have the gold-lined punch-bowl; but suppose the private purse be cramped by-and-by, and the bridegroom, settled into a family man, have developed the least little stinginess in the world—or we will say carefulness—then, when Fitz James marries Madeleine, what is to be done?

And this is but one side of the affair. What perplexity assails Mrs. Montgomery Jones when, with every dollar of her income laid out, and beset by importunate occasions for charity, she finds the wedding-cards of the new bride, and knows that they constitute a social demand quite as imperative as that of the internal tax-gatherer, not exactly saying your money or your life, but your money or the cut direct! Why, too, does Mr. Fitz James Smith, with his due-bills staring him in the face, hesitate between a pair of sugar spoons and the gold-lined punch-bowl? What emotions have fought out their battle in Clara Brown's heart before she ventures to bring in her little water-color, and with the surplus of her allowance buy herself the hat and feather she feels absolutely necessary if she would be at ease when Mr. Fitz James Smith shall chance to look her way! And how many times will Madeleine have to turn and to court-plaster her old silk before she can spare her toilette the price of that bronze bird again?

And what do all these things mean? Simply that the custom has become an imposition; that not to give implies poverty

or meanness, and there is nobody willing to confess to either; and that there are few who have the courage to encounter the unkind thought and unflattering opinion because they can find a better use for their money.

To such a pass has this pernicious practice come at last that behavior which once would have been thought to have set decency at defiance is its commonest feature. We have known of cases where people, of whose intention in the matter there was doubt, have had what they were expected to give distinctly intimated to them; others where, when the requisite display was not to be had, a sister's jewels and silver were called into temporary use on the side-tables of the bride-chamber; and we have heard of instances, which our own experience has not yet verified, though we are prepared for any thing in the line, where jewelers have sent up salvers and baskets and spoons and ladles for inspection with a view to purchase, and which have been quietly returned after the wedding was over. Certainly a thing that is capable of such abuse should be regulated by some means or other, even if regulation require abolition. There is no justice or propriety that gives two young people the right to expect that their friends and acquaintances will furnish their houses for them with the luxurious belongings which they can not themselves provide—the crystal and silver to brighten their table, the pictures for their walls, the bronze and marble and china, the book-racks and portfolios and prints which are to beautify their rooms and give them the air of elegance that only such costly trifles can. The one conclusion must eventually take shape in all minds: if these young people can not afford such affairs for themselves, let them go without them, or remain single—cheap as they are, they cost too much; and it can not be in any right-minded condition of things that such splendid spoil, given with much the same feeling as a bill is paid the tax-collector, is preferred to the trivial tribute that costs little but love.

Doubtless there are times when, as we have said, affection, sentiment, interest, all prompt the giver to make the gift something permanent and of value; but if that should ever be considered a liberty to be granted only to the few near and dear, while others must restrict their generous emotions to the sending of flowers for the decoration of the scene—flowers within almost every one's reach—or to some other expression as sweet and simple, then we should think a great social reform had been inaugurated, and should look with more hope for the reform of other evils not quite so near the daily life and experience of our young people.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Family Traits.

MY DEAR LOTHAIR.—We have spoken of many women: have I ever told you of Melusina? I am very sure that you must know her, although you have never told me so. I am very sure of it, because I never knew any body who did not know her; and yet, of all the host of her acquaintances, I have never known one who dared to speak with her of the family tradition. Indeed, she is as much the subject of the fate of the family as any ancestor; and every Saturday—But I must not proceed too swiftly.

Perhaps, after all, you do not know the family story. If not, you will find it elaborately told by the German genealogist, Tieck, and in a way that you will not forget, as you will my narration. But the fact itself is very simple. The same kind of tradition is found in many of the first families, as I will tell you afterward.

The first ancestress of Melusina of whom there is any record was a very beautiful woman who married a German nobleman. She had a curious beauty, for her eyes, although very soft and lovely, were of a pale sea green hue, and her hair floated on the wind like fine sea-grass upon the water, and her motion had an undulating grace that suggested the rippling sea. Her husband was the most fascinated and fondest of lovers. But sometimes, when she sat rocking one of her children in her arms and singing low lullabies, her voice was so strange, and sounded so like the sad hollow murmur of the ocean in solitary caves of the shore, that his heart ached with an inexplicable sorrow; and if he went to her and took her hand caressingly, her smile seemed to him like a gleam of sunset far, far over the ocean horizon. "What is it, Melusina?" he asked. But she merely turned her eyes to him, as if she looked beyond him, and still she rocked, as if the waves heaved restlessly, and the low, sad murmur echoed in the caves of the shore.

Her children were beautiful, and she loved them dearly. But she dressed them in soft green hues, that glimmered when they moved, and she hung necklaces of coral and

beads about their necks, and herself wore a perfect pearl upon one finger. She walked with them in the woods, and when the wind blew through the pine-trees and made a surf-like sound she stopped and whispered to them, "Do you hear it?" And they said, "Mamma, it is the sound of your songs." And she answered, "Dear children, it is the voice of the sea—calling, calling." Then they passed on through the woods. And if you had seen them in the strange, bewildering light and shade, the glimmering green of the softly undulating group, with the hair hanging upon their shoulders like sea-grass spread upon the smooth rocks, might have made you think that you had seen a stream of sea water flowing through the wood, and vanishing before you knew that you saw.

Every Saturday since her marriage Melusina withdrew to the garden and to the little bath-house that overhung the stream, and she prayed her husband so earnestly that he would sacredly respect her privacy, and never himself seek nor permit the children to seek her on that day, that although "mother's day," as they called it, was from some vague, indefinable reason the saddest of the week, yet it was always respected. The father remained in his library, and the children played far away from the bath-house in the garden.

But, as years passed, this regular seclusion upon a certain day became intolerable to Melusina's husband. Perhaps he complained; perhaps he showed some purpose of peering into her retreat. But with such passionate eagerness she besought him to respect her secret, for his own sake, for hers, for that of their precious children, and so vehemently she warned him that some awful tragedy would follow his attempt to discover how she passed that day, that his tender heart yielded, and he still forbore. But the wonder grew upon him and became such a fear that his life was miserable. He had no thought but of this mystery. It hung like a spell over the household, and happiness was impossible. The children moved always as if in some terrible shadow, and life, with such a mystery, became insupportable. And still, as if fearing, perhaps, that he would not much longer control his curiosity, Melusina as she looked at her husband became even more entrancingly beautiful and tender. He pressed her no more to tell the secret, and she no longer in words besought him to respect it. It was beyond audible entreaty. The appeal was speechless, but it wrung his heart.

This could not last: and one Saturday in summer, just as the sun was setting, and all day Melusina had been away, her husband hurried into the garden and, abandoned to an impetuous, overpowering emotion, passed swiftly along to the garden-house over the stream. He looked through the blind, and there, sporting blithely in the water, he beheld his Melusina—a mermaid! The instant that he saw her she knew it. It was as if his glance had been the sharp edge of an icy wind. She shivered, and looking at him, as he opened the door and entered the house, with wonder more than reproach, she drifted slowly down the stream. He passed out of the house and ran along the bank; but swifter and farther she receded: her eyes still fixed upon him with mournful surprise and with such tender love and longing that his heart stood still. He felt that she was gliding from him, hopelessly and forever. She seemed to bend her lovely head in farewell—still farther and farther away. "Not for me, oh, Melusina, Melusina!" he cried to her in despair—"not for me, but for our children! Return! return!" No voice responded, only the fast-receding face still turned to him with yearning fondness—and in a moment that too had vanished forever.

This is the tradition of our Melusina's family, and from that weird ancestress she came. There are other family traditions, I said, of the same kind. I remember to have told you of Felissia's, whose ancestress was a white cat which had claws and ate birds and mice. And Lamia's, too, you remember. She is of a Greek family, and the first of the name gave a banquet to the philosopher, who looked steadily at her until she slunk down into a serpent and glided from the hall. Among our fellow-travelers there are descendants of all these great houses. I think that we all know Melusinas and Felissias and Lamiæ: the women with terrible secrets, who are not what they seem.

I have seen the beautiful Melusina enchanting a circle of friends, full of courtesy and kindness and wit and accomplishment; so fair and fascinating that every man wondered at her husband's happiness in having a wife so incomparable, and every woman was disarmed by her sweetness and modesty. But as I have watched that husband I have seen an anxious, wistful, melancholy look in his eyes as he gazed at his magnificent Melusina—a look of curiosity and wonder and doubt. At first it seemed to me unkind, as if in looking at a night-

blooming cereus we should only wonder whether there might not be a worm coiled in all that beauty. But it was not unkind. The Melusina that we saw, gracious, gentle, thoughtful, bewitching, was not the only Melusina. The lovely woman had her garden-house and her Saturday seclusion. It was long and long respected, but at length the husband looked and beheld the secret that she would not tell—the secret which changed all. If it was sad that the old Melusina should be a mermaid, is it less so that her descendant should be an opium-eater? If the strange enchantment of the water made her alien to her husband and her children, so that, with all that should make life lovely and contented, there was unhappiness inexpressible, do you think that the other enchantment is less destructive? I believe that the husband of the Melusina of to-day would prefer the older fate—that he would more gladly know that sometimes his wife must be a mermaid than an opium-eater.

With Felissa it is the same. Perhaps you think that the family traditions reach back into the age of fairy. So they do; but when, pray tell me, did that age end? If this is not fairy-land, and if we are not familiar with fairies, then there was never such an age, and nobody ever knew them. Mrs. Howitt's little Mary saw them on the Caldon Low, but our little Marys can see them without going so far. If it is a fairy story that a little white cat became a princess, and used to jump up on the breakfast-table and lap the cream, and sat for whole hours before a hole under the door, and once sprang from her seat at the head of her table at a royal dinner and leaped upon all fours upon a little mouse that was running across the floor—if, I say, this is a fairy story, is it any less so that the pretty Felissa, who graduated at Mrs. Toppem's, and who has every grace and accomplishment of her sex, and is one of the most piquant young women in society, should lose her temper in her kitchen, and put up her back at her cook, and actually scratch the face of her poor little nurse? Fairy stories! Why, it would certainly seem to me much more remarkable that the soft and gentle Felissa should claw her maid than that she should sit upon the breakfast-table and lap cream. When I want fairy tales I do not go to the books—I go into my neighbors' houses.

I suppose the truth is, my dear Lothair, that gloves and lace and silk and chignons and diamonds and paniers and waltzing and flirting and shopping do not make a cat any less a cat, nor a snake less a snake. And if the woman to whom you now pay your vows was born of the sea and is a mermaid by nature, however you may mutually love, and however happy you may be, sometimes she will steal away and blithely sport in her native element. Our journey is very mysterious, dear comrade, and so are our fellow-travelers.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

LOOSE POLONAISES.

THE loose polonaise illustrated on our first page, and of which a cut paper pattern will be furnished, is a favorite garment for midsummer wear. This sacque-shaped over dress is easily made, as it is very simple, and when properly draped has an air of style about it not always seen in more elaborate garments. It may be made of any material, but is especially appropriate for thin fabrics. When of transparent wash goods, made up without lining, such as batiste, Swiss muslin, or organdy, the darts in front are dispensed with, and the fullness is allowed to fall naturally under the belt, with which it is worn; when grenadine, Chambéry or damask gauze, or half-transparent challie is used, a dart may be taken in front, and the waist may be lined with silk, or else it is worn over a silk corsage. The back has a seam down the middle, and is without side bodies. The fullness over the tournure is very slight, the extra fullness necessary for the skirt being added a short distance below the belt. This gives the stylish effect so popular in the Marguerite polonaise. The draping is of the simplest kind, consisting of a deep fold in the middle seam where the fullness is added, while the entire length of the side seam is gathered up by a strap pendent from the belt. The front is buttoned its entire length, or else fastened by bows. A collar or double ruffle finishes the neck. The sleeves are sabot shape, with narrow ruffles for plain goods and wider ruffles for more dressy materials.

A belt of three or four overlapping folds of faille, with a sash in irregular loops on the side, is worn with handsome polonaises. This belt is slightly pointed behind by taking a seam down the middle of the back, giving the long-waisted appearance now so desirable. The sash is worn at the side, either directly over the side seam, or else half-way between that and the seam in the middle of the back. The material for sashes is very wide faille ribbon of solid color or in two shades, or else the Dolly Varden sashes of dull grounds strewn with brocaded flowers of brilliant hues. Ribbons with scalloped and fringed edges are new, and many are elaborately embroidered with floss of a darker shade.

Watered ribbons, called the Legion-of-Honor ribbons, are popular abroad for sashes. Very handsome scarf sashes are made of a width of faille cut in two lengthwise. Black or leaf brown velvet ribbon a quarter of a yard wide makes a stylish sash for batiste and muslin polonaises. A simple belt of morocco, or of red, brown, or black Russia leather, is worn with plain linen polonaises for morning or traveling costume. Black ribbed felt ribbon with a heavy jet buckle is worn for mourning.

The neat "English seam" without raw edges should be used for the seams of thin garments. To make this the garment is first run together with the seam on the right side, as though it were to be worn with the wrong side out. The edges are then pared closely, the garment is turned, and is securely stitched by a machine on the wrong side, thus covering the rough seam. This is far neater than "felling," facing, or binding the seams, and, besides, is less work.

Grenadines with stripes, polka dots, or the damask figures are more stylish for polonaises than plain goods. A suit made like the illustration on the first page is of gray damask gauze over a gray silk skirt. The gauze is all of one shade, with a chintz figure in satin; the trimming is a bias ruffle edged with wide crimped fringe. A pleating of Malines tulle and Valenciennes trims the neck, and is placed inside the sleeve. The belt and sash are of faille. On the lower skirt is a bias flounce of the gauze three-eighths of a yard deep. This gauze is very fashionable, and costs \$3 a yard. A sky blue Chambéry gauze polonaise is trimmed with three lapping bias folds and a ruffle. Above these is a shell ruche made of a bias ruffle, bound, laid in double box-pleats at intervals, with the middle pleat caught back flatly. This was made without lining, and will be worn over a blue silk slip. A polonaise of black grenadine with inch-wide stripes of satin is trimmed with a bias ruffle of the same, edged with guipure lace. The skirt has many narrow bias ruffles. A Swiss muslin polonaise, striped with insertions of Valenciennes, has a Nile green sash, and will be worn over a dress of faille of the same pale shade. A polonaise of écarlatine with large brown polka dots has a brown velvet sash, and will be worn with a brown silk skirt; this garment may also be worn over a black silk skirt; it is then accompanied by bows and sash of black velvet. A very dressy yet inexpensive polonaise is of black Spanish net, trimmed with Spanish blonde lace in leaf pattern. This is worn with a lavender sash over a ruffled dress of lavender faille.

Suits of linen lawn, striped cambric, and the plainest prints are made up with these belted polonaises. By way of trimming, the edge of the polonaise is cut in leaf or Gothic points of rather bold dimensions, and bound with the material or with worsted braid of the color of the figure in the goods. As this braid shrinks, it should be dipped in boiling water and dried rapidly before it is used. The skirt of the suit has a straight scantily gathered flounce, three-eighths of a yard wide, with the lower edge cut in leaf points and bound. Two flat rows of braid are stitched on the upper edge to conceal the seam and form a heading.

FICHU-BLOUSES.

The fancy for belted blouses has brought about the becoming style of lapping the front of the corsage across the bust from right to left in fichu fashion. Sometimes a narrow fichu of folds is used to give the same effect. Polonaises are also lapped diagonally from the neck to the edge of the skirt, like the redingotes of a year ago.

NEW WHITE BLOUSES.

There is a new and pretty way of making the white blouses now so much worn with double skirts of colored goods. The back of this garment is the regular box-pleated blouse, with three wide box-pleats held at the waist by a drawing string; the front is a plain blouse, without pleats (except the one necessary wide pleat for buttons), and over this front is a short jacket front rounded off in Zouave shape. This is sewed in at the shoulder and side seams. The edge points below the belt. Victoria lawn is the material for such blouses. A narrow side-pleated ruffle edges the Zouave front, the collar, and the coat sleeves. This combination of a sacque and pleated blouse is the prettiest of all the belted waists yet introduced. Such a blouse, with two skirts of black silk, is a favorite dress for breakfast.

THE FAN WAIST.

The fan waist is also used for grenadines and other thin goods of solid color. This is a blouse formed entirely of tucks an inch wide, near together, and all turned one way, like side pleating. This gives the effect of stripes, and is very pretty with kilt-pleated skirts. The belted corsages now in vogue are cool-looking and becoming, but ladies should avoid drawing the belt tightly, as slender waists are still tabooed by fashion.

VARIETIES.

Striped stockings are brought out to wear with the low shoes or buskins called Newport ties. They have hair stripes of blue, brown, black, or even scarlet, at intervals of an inch, passing around the stocking. Ladies of refinement object to such gay hosiery, and prefer the plain unbleached Balbriggan. The striped stocking, therefore, will not be adopted for the city and street, but will appear occasionally in the house, and in the country with Dolly Varden costumes. Parisian ladies are wearing silk stockings colored to match the costume.

Slippers of gray or brown linen are introduced for the house. They are of Marie Antoinette shape. Buttoned boots of écarlatine to match the dress are reported from abroad. Col-

ored ribbon bows are now worn with black kid slippers. They are oval, and are made up of shell-shaped loops.

A Dolly Varden bathing suit is the last fancy. The costume is of chintz-figured flannel, the shoes are of white duck wrought with a bright color, and the cap is of white oiled silk stamped with chintz figures.

White veils are fashionable in Paris. They are made of plain white tulle, or else tulle dotted with black.

For information received thanks are due Messdames SWITZER; and GEDNEY; and Messrs. SCHMAUDER; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and A. T. STEWART & Co.

PERSONAL.

THERE are bushels of PECKS in the ministry of the Methodist Church. At the head is JESSE T. PECK, recently elevated to the episcopacy. Behind him are twenty other PECKS (of one and the same family) in the itinerant ranks. In the matter of preaching, all these PECKS give good Gospel measure.

The gentlemen of the Boston Jubilee orchestra, eight hundred and twenty-nine in number, are said to be very much pleased with STRAUSS and his manner of conducting, and have amicably agreed to overlook his little eccentricities of manner. They say that he inspires them at once, and that they can play with facility under his baton. He is much surprised at the efficiency of our orchestras. He came here with the idea—which all foreign musicians have on coming to America—that there is nothing here worth listening to.

FLOROW has written a new opera, called "Lombre," which has lately been sung in Florence and Turin with success.

MR. HENRY GIFFORD, who died a few days since in Syracuse in the seventy-first year of his age, built the first salt vat ever put up in that city. Now the manufacture of salt is the great business of the place, and has caused Syracuse to grow from a little village to a large and prosperous city.

Some months since a well-known gentleman of Boston said to Father CLEVELAND, "If you live to be 100 years old, I am going to make you a present of \$100." Father CLEVELAND replied, "Give me your check or the money now, and I will discount the interest." The old gentleman's intellects were sound in that direction.

The coronation of Prince CASSA, the new King of Ethiopia, was a work of considerable time, much shooting, and great eating. It required a fortnight to finish it up. First there was a grand review, at which 3000 Abyssinian priests were present as spectators. Next day CASSA made his solemn entry into the cathedral of Axum, where the coronation ceremony was gone through. At the termination of this he repaired to a palace which he had had specially built for the occasion, and mounted the throne, leading up to which were twelve steps, wearing the crown upon his head. At this moment the company were so overjoyed as to be unable to restrain themselves, and began discharging firearms in the throne-room, much to the delight apparently of the new monarch, but to the detriment of the ceiling, if not of the nerves of any delicately organized Ethiopians. The close of the rejoicing will, however, in the eyes of Americans, atone for the somewhat barbaric nature of the previous proceedings. The eating and drinking lasted three consecutive days, and during the whole of this time the king remained in the room. The people entered by relays of 400 at a time, and the carnival did not end until 4000 head of cattle and 500 hives of honey used in the preparation of hydromel had been consumed.

One of the most profitable patents ever issued in this country was to MR. BURDEN, of Troy, for horseshoes, the profits of which are already said to have exceeded \$11,000,000.

Boston people calculate that the greatest vocal success at the Jubilee was Madame LEUTNER, whose tones are said to be purer and stronger than have been heard there for many years. Already two or three musical managers are making efforts to secure her for the coming season. She is a native of Vienna, about thirty-three years of age, and is prima donna for life at the Lelpic opera-house—an engagement which accounts for her being but little known in America. Her most notable triumphs have been won in Lelpic, although she has also sung in Vienna and in other cities with the same distinguished success. Her rendering of the rôle of the Queen of Night, in "Die Zauberflöte," is pronounced one of the greatest lyrical performances of the present generation.

Mrs. GRELEY is said to be unable to walk, and in such poor health as to give Mr. GRELEY great anxiety about her.

JOHN SEIBERLING, of Lynville, Pennsylvania, is the oldest postmaster in the United States, having held that office continuously for fifty-two years and a quarter.

SHEEHAN, the sculptor, is making a group of statuary in FECHTER's new theatre, Fourteenth Street, representing Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, Commerce, and Music, which will adorn the exterior of the building. The castings will be bronze, after the style of the DE GROOT-VANDERBILT medallion, at a cost of \$26,000.

Speaking of Madame LUCCA, who comes hither in the autumn, an English critical authority says: "Her action is warmer and more tragic than that of NILSSON; her singing has more passion and enthusiasm, is fuller of vividness and vitality; less like a splendid statue of ice; brilliant, scintillating, reflecting every passion of lyrical drama, but possessed of none. As a consequence, her style is more sympathetic, and exacts an equal sympathy from the audience."

A Paris journal, alluding to the marriage this month of Miss NILSSON to M. AUGUSTE ROUSSEAU, says he is "un jeune financier Parisien," and nephew of Admiral Bosso, and that the prima donna will continue her lyric career. The wedding-trip will be to Sweden.

SIR RICHARD WALLACE, the gentleman who has done so much for the poor of Paris, purchased lately, at the sale of the Baroness ROELL, Amsterdam, a "Woody Landscape in Guel-ders," by HOBBERMA, for 45,000 florins; also a "Portrait of a Woman," by NETSCHER. The

"Interior of a Church," by E. DE WITT, realized 27,000 florins; a "Sea-piece," by W. VAN DE VELDE, sold to Mr. HOLLOWAY for 40,500 florins; VAN DYCK's portrait of HENRI LIBRET, organist of the cathedral at Antwerp, 18,000 florins; a "Waterfall," by J. RUYSDAEL, sold to the Musée at Antwerp, for 25,000 florins.

JOHN H. SURRATT has been married to Miss VICTORINE HUNTER, of Montgomery County, Maryland.

Madame DE NOAILLES, wife of the new French minister to Washington, is said to be a lady of great personal attractions and most fascinating manners.

No actress who has appeared in the United States wears so many gems as JANAUSCHKE. At one of her recent performances the stock she exhibited was worth \$120,000, a single ring presented to her by the Emperor of Austria being worth \$28,000.

"Double and quits" might well have been a favorite expression of MOSES and AARON WILCOX, who were born on the same day, married sisters, were partners in business at Twinsburg, Ohio, which is called after them, died on the same day, and were buried in the same grave.

MARIE A. PIPPIN is one of those remarkable women who are occasionally produced in Vermont. She dwells in Winoski, at the age of ninety-nine years; has been the mother of twenty-three children, eight of whom survive, and two hundred and twenty descendants have lived to bless the day when the old original PIPPIN plucked up the courage to "pop," and become the partner of her joys.

Bishop WILLIAMS, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has translated the Four Gospels and the Prayer-Book into the Japanese tongue. He has lately visited Japan, and organized a school for boys at Osaka, which he has placed under the charge of the Rev. ARTHUR R. MORRIS, the missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church at that place.

We learn from a recent English publication, "Representative Actors," that "Colonel LENOX, of New York," is the possessor of a very famous picture by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, entitled "St. Cecilia and the Angels." The original of the figure of St. Cecilia is Mrs. BILLINGTON, who, in her time, was said to be the finest vocalist England had produced. She was taken at full length, with a choir of angels fluttering around and making music to her voice. HAYDN called on REYNOLDS one day, and found her sitting for her portrait. Having looked at it for some moments attentively, he said, "It is very like—a very fine likeness. But there is a strange mistake: you have painted her listening to the angels; you ought to have represented the angels listening to her." Mrs. BILLINGTON was so much charmed by this compliment that she sprang from her seat and threw her fair arms around his neck.

At the age of one hundred and twelve, old JOHN CASTELL is dead. The decease occurred at Ed Justice's, in Kentucky, on the 12th of May. He had been married seven times. Good name for a man so much married.

The Earl of Portsmouth has the honor of being the collateral representative of Sir ISAAC NEWTON, and he has generously offered to the University of Cambridge all the papers of Sir ISAAC relating to scientific subjects which his lordship has inherited. The gift is prompted by the feeling that these papers will be more fitly deposited in the library of the university of which Sir ISAAC was so distinguished an ornament than in his lordship's munificent room.

In Mr. CLARK RUSSELL's new work, "Representative Actors," mention is made of CHARLES DIGNUM, an eminent singer, who flourished about a hundred years ago. Before he turned vocalist he was a tailor. He and MOSES KEAN (uncle of EDMUND KEAN), who had also been a tailor, were one day together, when CHARLES BANNISTER passed with a friend. "I never see those two fellows together," said BANNISTER, "without thinking of one of SHAKESPEARE's plays." "And what is that?" asked the friend. "Measure for Measure," answered BANNISTER.

Noblemen in England, whose estates are entailed, are not apt to have the kindest feelings for those who are next in the line of succession, and therefore supposed to be not unwilling to step into "dead men's shoes." This, however, was not the case with the late Duke of Bedford, a painfully shy man, who with every appliance of wealth, and the highest social status, positively refused to enter society. Not only did he intrust the general oversight of his estates to his nephew and heir, Mr. HASTINGS RUSSELL, but gave him an income of \$40,000 a year, and placed Woburn Abbey at his disposal for the autumn months, and begged him to ask any guests he pleased, all expenses being paid by the duke.

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is going abroad to spend a couple of years. They have no poet in the Old World capable of putting into rhythmic lingo the fun, satire, philosophy, and humor of politics contained in the "Biglow Papers."

Boston is becoming more and more famous for the frequency and liberality of its bequests to benevolent institutions. The late JOHN REDMAN at the time of his death named the Massachusetts General Hospital as his residuary legatee. It was then supposed that this would give it perhaps \$50,000. The income from the estate has for many years exceeded the amount to be paid under the will to the legatees. The death of Mr. REDMAN's son has brought the estate to a settlement, and the treasurer of the hospital has been placed in possession of the balance, amounting to \$446,000.

In an extended notice of the late Lord DALING, the London Saturday Review says that "he made the most of himself, and he probably passed a pleasant life. Diplomatic employment, especially in the higher ranks of the profession, though it is not unattended by drawbacks, seems to possess great attractions of its own. Eminent soldiers and sailors have been known to prefer diplomatic appointments to high preferment in their own professions; and it is naturally desirable to frequent on equal terms the highest society, and to be engaged in dignified transactions which occasionally relate to great affairs. Except in his Spanish misadventure, Lord DALING was never connected with any conspicuous failure. His literary pretensions procured him a certain reputation for ability outside the limits of his profession, and his own experience provided him with interesting subjects. Although he never attained greatness or considerable political importance, his death may fairly entitle him to a passing notice."

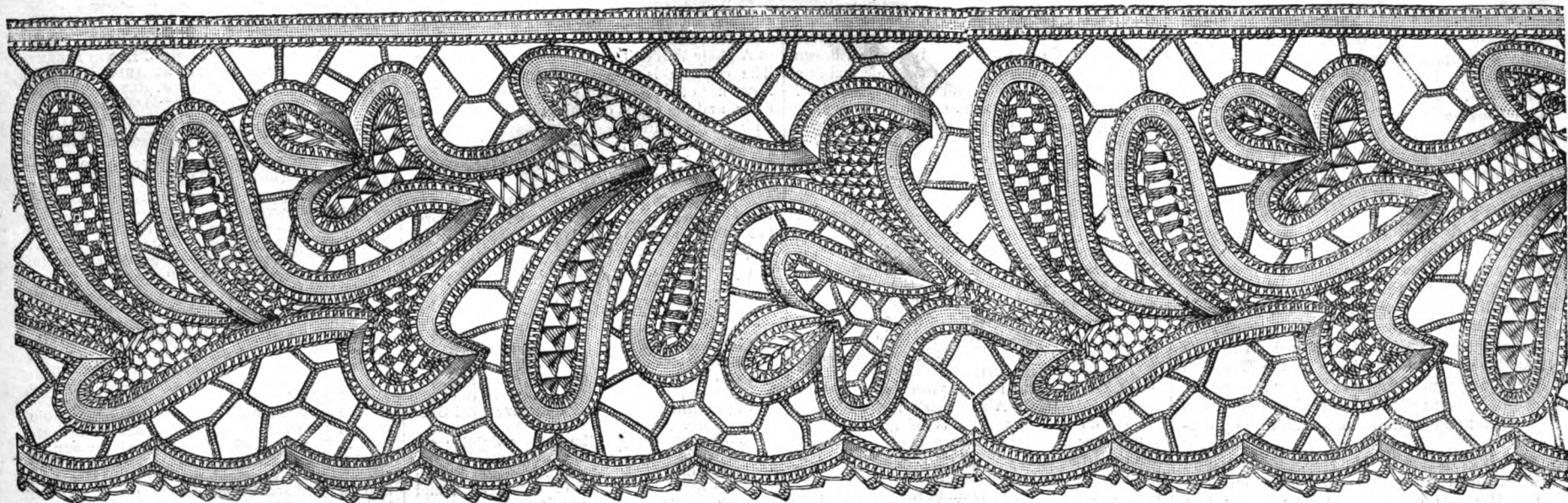


Fig. 1.—POINT LACE BORDER.

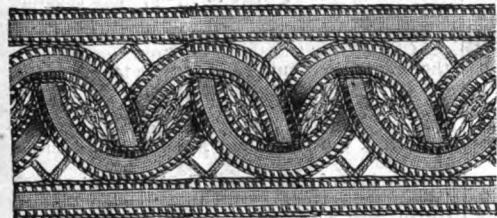


Fig. 3.—POINT LACE INSERTION.

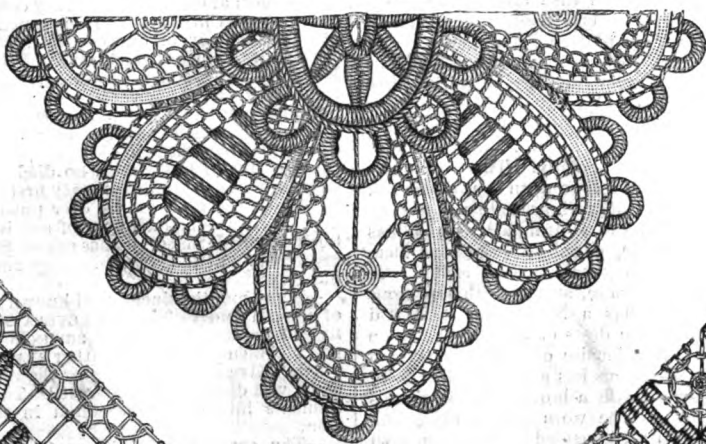


Fig. 2.—HALF OF POINT LACE MEDALLION.

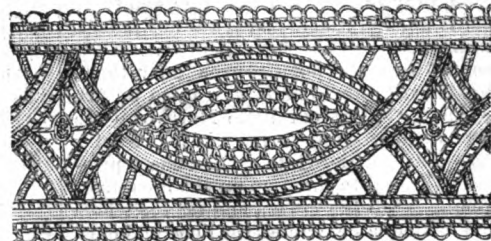


Fig. 4.—POINT LACE INSERTION.

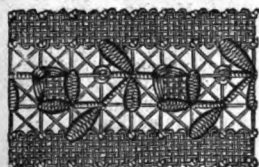


Fig. 7.—NETTED GUIPURE INSERTION.

Point Lace and
Netted Gui-
pure Edgings,
Insertions, etc.,
for Lingerie, Ti-
dies, etc., Figs. 1-14.

Fig. 1.—POINT LACE BOR-

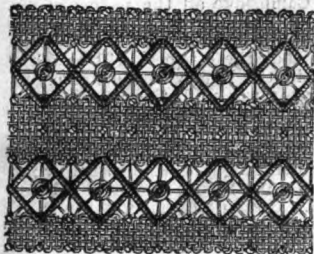


Fig. 9.—NETTED GUIPURE INSERTION.

DER. This border is suitable for
trimming lingerie, curtains, win-
dow-shades, surplices, etc.
Transfer the design for the
point lace braid and for the
net-like foundation to lin-
en, baste on the pieces
of point lace braid,
following the out-
lines, and sew them
together at the inter-
secting points and
where they lie
side by side, with-
out passing the nee-
dle through the foun-
dation, however. Work
the lace stitches with fine
white thread as shown by the
illustration. Directions for work-
ing all the stitches used in point
lace embroidery were given in *Har-
per's Bazar*, Vol. III., No. 11.

Fig. 2.—POINT LACE MEDALLION.

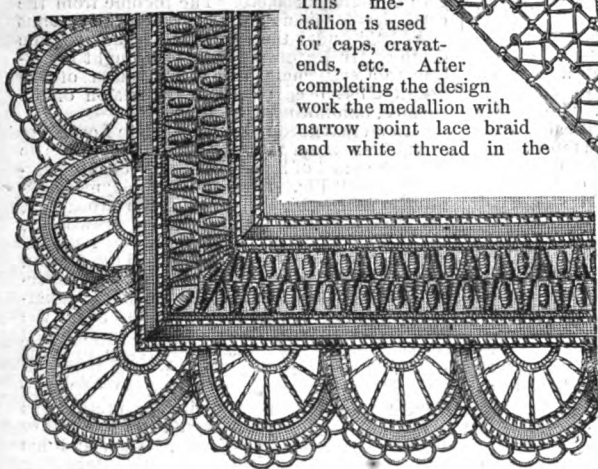
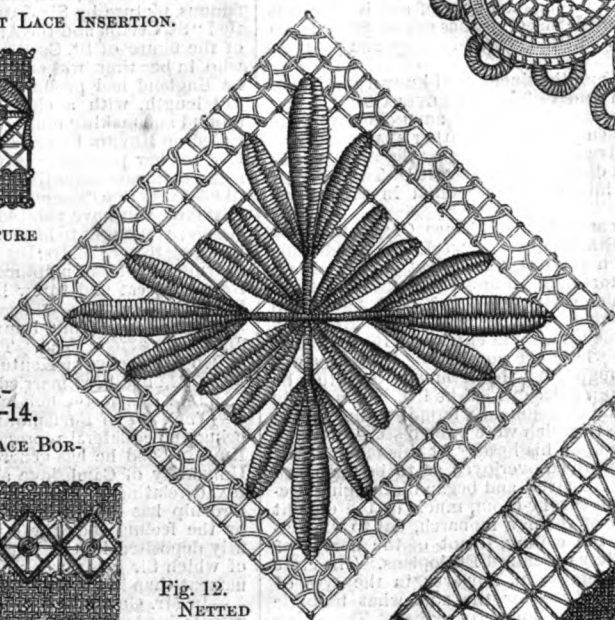
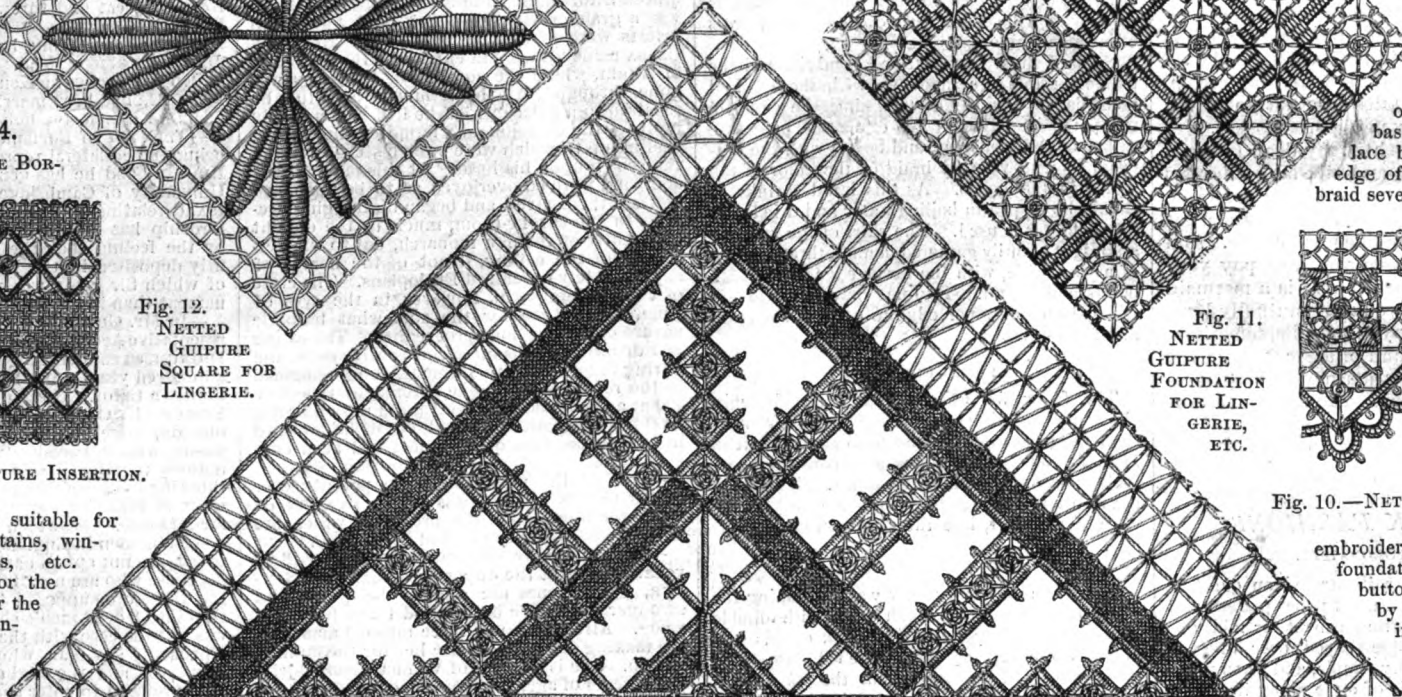
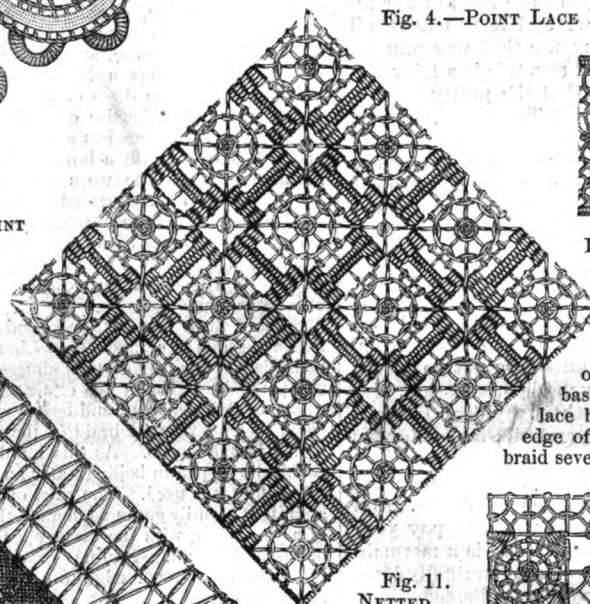
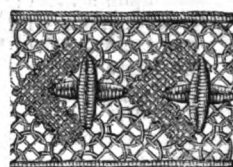
Fig. 5.—CORNER OF POINT LACE AND NEEDLE-WORK
BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, TIDIES, ETC.Fig. 12.
NETTED
GUIPURE
SQUARE FOR
LINGERIE.

Fig. 13.—HALF OF FLORENTINE GUIPURE SQUARE FOR TOILETTE CUSHIONS, ETC.

Fig. 11.
NETTED
GUIPURE
FOUNDATION
FOR LIN-
GERIE,
ETC.Fig. 8.—NETTED GUIPURE
INSERTION.

stitches shown
by the illustration.
To make the
oval in the centre first
baste on a piece of point
lace braid for the smooth
edge of the oval, darn this
braid several times with coarse

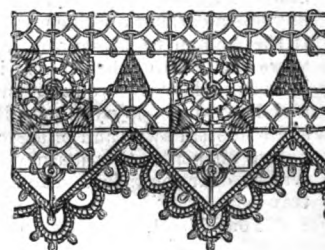


Fig. 10.—NETTED GUIPURE EDGING.

embroidery cotton, and on this
foundation work the close
button-hole stitches shown
by the illustration, hav-
ing first worked the
outer edge trim-
ming in twisted
stitch (see *Har-
per's Bazar*, Vol.
III., No. 27,
p. 420, Fig.
2), and the
inner star-
shaped figure
in point de re-
prise.

Figs. 3 and 4.—

POINT LACE INSERT-

IONS. These insertions

are worked with point lace

braid, and in the stitches shown

by the illustrations. Work the

edge trim-

ming of Fig.

4 with the aid

of Fig. 10, page

1, Supplement to

Harper's Bazar, No.

11, Vol. III.

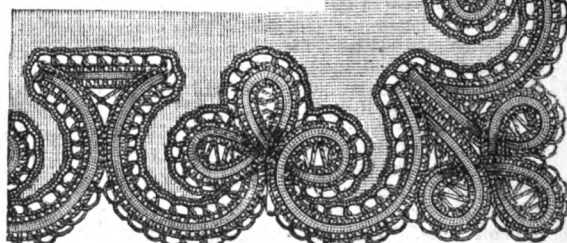
Figs. 5 and 6.—COR-

NERS OF POINT LACE AND

NEEDLE-WORK BORDERS.

These borders are suitable for

trimming handkerchiefs, tidies, pil-

Fig. 6.—CORNER OF POINT LACE BORDER FOR
HANDKERCHIEFS, TIDIES, ETC.Fig. 14.—HALF OF NETTED GUIPURE SQUARE FOR TOILETTE
CUSHIONS, ETC.

low-cases, etc. To make the border shown by Fig. 5 first baste the two pieces of point lace braid, which edge the narrow border worked in point de reprise and twisted stitch, on a four-cornered piece of cambric or linen of the requisite size, and fasten them on one side with button-hole stitches and on the other side with overhand stitches, as shown by the illustration. Cut away the material underneath the braid. In connection with the embroidered part finished thus far, work the scallops in point lace embroidery as shown by the illustration. For the border shown by Fig. 6 transfer the design shown by the illustration to a piece of the material of the requisite size, and sew on narrow point lace braid, following the outlines. Along the inner and outer outline of the border work the edge trimming shown by Fig. 13, page 1, Supplement to *Harper's*

it besides with wheels. The pointed three-cornered figures are worked in button-hole stitch. On the under edge button-hole stitch the foundation in points as shown by the illustration, in doing which form single picots at regular intervals, and cut away the projecting netted foundation. Then border the pointed edge with button-hole stitch scallops, which are also ornamented with picots.

Fig. 11.—NETTED GUIPURE FOUNDATION. For this foundation work, first, with white thread on a netting mesh half an inch in circumference a piece of the requisite size in straight netting. Darn this foundation with thread in point de reprise, observing the illustration. Finally, stretch the thread bars between the design figures and work the wheels.

Figs. 12-14.—NETTED GUIPURE SQUARES. These squares are partly suitable for trimming lingerie and for covering toilette cushions. When set together with strips of material, for instance, with strips of écarcol-



Fig. 3.—SALMON GROS GRAIN, BLACK VELVET, AND BLACK LACE BOW FOR THE HAIR.



Fig. 1.—ROSE-COLORED GROS GRAIN AND BLACK VELVET BOW FOR THE HAIR. [See Fig. 2.]



Fig. 4.—GREEN GROS GRAIN, BLACK VELVET, AND BLACK LACE BOW FOR THE HAIR.



Fig. 5.—LILAC GROS GRAIN AND BLACK VELVET BOW FOR THE HAIR.



Fig. 6.—CRÈPE DE CHINE, LACE, AND VELVET BOW FOR THE HAIR.—[See Fig. 7.]

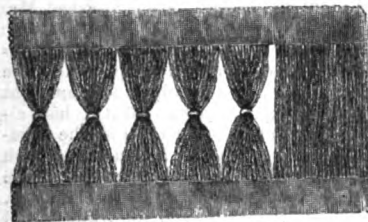


Fig. 10.—MANNER OF HEM-STITCHING CRAVAT BOW, FIG. 9.—FULL SIZE.

Bazar, No. 11, Vol. III., and the remaining lace stitches. Finally, button-hole stitch the small scallops of the inner edge trimming on the material; cut away the edge of the material underneath the embroidery.

Figs. 7-10.—NETTED GUIPURE INSERTIONS AND EDGING. The insertions Figs. 7-9 are worked on a netting mesh half an inch in circumference with white thread—the insertions Figs. 7 and 9 in straight

BLACK VELVET NECKLACE WITH STEEL SPANGLES.

ored or white linen cambric, satin, etc., they make pretty tidies and table-covers. For all the squares work, first, the foundation in straight netting, and then darn it with white thread, not too fine, in point d'esprit, point de reprise, and point de toile as shown by the illustration. In working the Florentine guipure square, one-half of which is

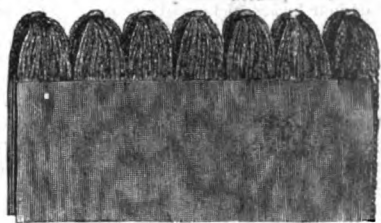


Fig. 11.—MANNER OF FOLDING RIBBON OF CRAVAT BOW, FIG. 9.

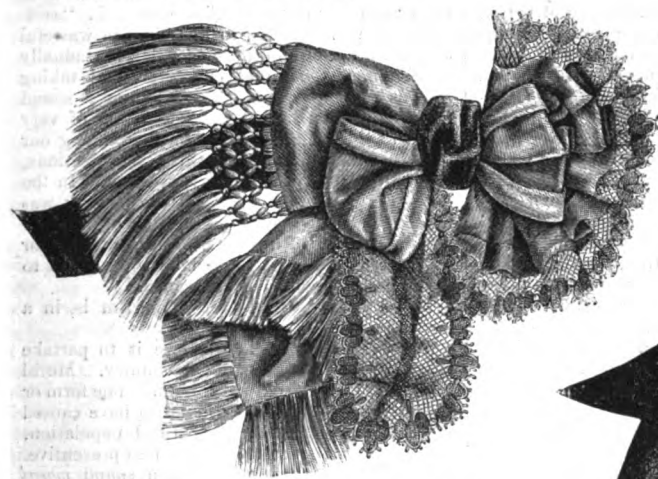


Fig. 7.—CRÈPE DE CHINE, LACE, AND VELVET CRAVAT BOW.—[See Fig. 6.]

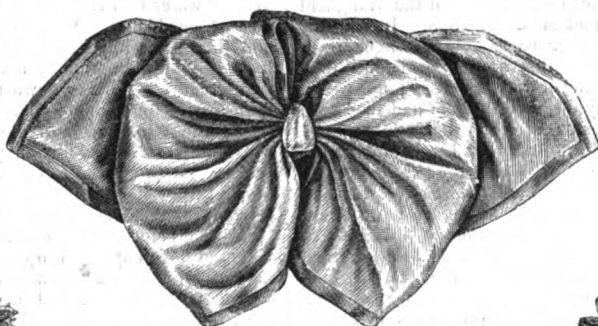


Fig. 8.—MAUVE GROS GRAIN BOW FOR THE HAIR.

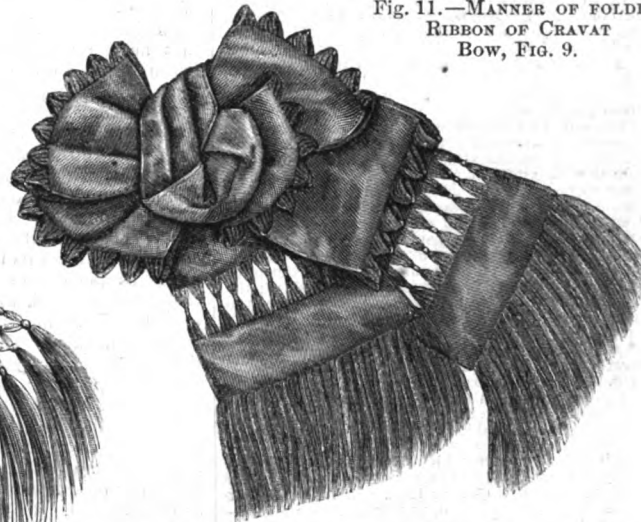


Fig. 9.—HEM-STITCHED BLACK GROS GRAIN CRAVAT BOW.—[See Figs. 10 and 11.]

netting, and Fig. 8 in diagonal netting. Darn the finished netted foundation in point de toile, point d'esprit, and point de reprise as shown by the illustration; the insertions Figs. 7 and 9 are also ornamented with wheels. For the crossed thread bars and the stems stretch a coarse thread each, and work on it as described above. The insertion Fig. 8 is button-hole stitched on the outer edges. For the edging Fig. 10 work a strip of the requisite width in straight netting, darn it in point d'esprit and point de reprise in the design shown by the illustration, and ornament



Fig. 2.—ROSE-COLORED GROS GRAIN AND BLACK VELVET RIBBON CRAVAT BOW.—[See Fig. 1.]

shown by Fig. 13, first darn the corresponding rows of holes in point de toile and work the wheels, then work the wound thread bars in the middle of the square, and the bars in point de reprise. Edge the rows of holes with button-hole stitches, as shown by the illustration, at the same time working the picots (see Fig. 42, page 1, Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 11, Vol. III.). The outer three rows of holes are darned in mosaic point stitch, as shown by the illustration.

tion. Cut away the netted foundation between the button-hole stitched rows of holes. For the crossed bars of the square, Fig. 14, stretch two coarse threads each lengthwise above the netted foundation in the direction shown by the illustration, and darn them in point de reprise as shown by the illustration, in doing which pass the needle through the netted foundation. In a similar manner work the larger leaves of the illustration each on three threads. For the stems of the smaller leaf border stretch one thread each, and on it work in straight half-polka stitch, in doing which also surround the netted threads of the foundation.

Cravat Bows and Bows for the Hair, Figs. 1-11.

See illustrations on page 477.

The illustrations, Figs. 1-11, show a large variety of cravat bows and bows for the hair of lace, gros grain, and velvet ribbon. It must be observed that bows for the hair are worn with very long ends of lace, and that bows made of colored gros grain or watered and black velvet ribbon are highly in favor.

Fig. 1 and 2.—ROSE-COLORED GROS GRAIN AND BLACK VELVET RIBBON BOW FOR THE HAIR, AND CRAVAT BOW. The bow shown by Fig. 1 consists of one loop three inches and a quarter long and one loop two inches and a half long, a pleated knot, and an end of rose-colored gros grain. The loops and the knot are cut on the bias, and are hem-stitched on the outer edges three-eighths of an inch wide on the outside to simulate a binding. The end, which is two inches and seven-eighths wide and six inches and seven-eighths long, is cut straight, of double material (folded through the middle), and is raveled out on the under edge two inches and seven-eighths deep, the threads being knotted together in fringe tassels as shown by the illustration. The bow is finished by a loop two inches and a half long, an end six inches and seven-eighths long, and two ends each sixteen inches long of black velvet ribbon an inch and three-quarters wide. The loops and ends are set on a stiff lace foundation, which is furnished with a hair-pin for fastening the bow. Fig. 2 shows a cravat bow to match the bow for the hair.

Fig. 3.—SALMON GROS GRAIN, BLACK VELVET, AND BLACK LAKE BOW FOR THE HAIR. For this bow cut of salmon gros grain ribbon two inches and three-quarters wide one loop four inches and seven-eighths long, one loop two inches and a half long, one end twelve inches and a half long, and one end fifteen inches and a quarter long; the latter is raveled out on the under end two inches and a half long, and the other end is sloped off. Then arrange two loops each two inches and seven-eighths long of black velvet ribbon two inches and a half wide, and fasten all the loops and ends on a small square stiff lace foundation as shown by the illustration. The bow is finished by gathered black lace an inch and three-quarters wide, which is sewed on in the shape of a half rosette, and an end of black lace seven inches and seven-eighths long. This end consists of a piece of lace twenty-five inches and three-quarters long, which is folded double, crosswise, gathered from the fold to a length of an inch and three-quarters, and the remainder joined on the straight sides that come together. A pleated velvet knot covers the seam made by sewing on the loops and ends. The cravat bow to match the bow for the hair is arranged in a similar manner, but without the long ends.

Fig. 4.—GREEN GROS GRAIN AND BLACK LAKE BOW FOR THE HAIR. To make this bow arrange an end of green gros grain ribbon thirty inches and a half long and two inches and three-quarters wide, on one side, in close double box-pleats half an inch wide, to a length of four inches and a half, and sew this pleated piece of ribbon on a semicircular stiff lace foundation, an inch and a half in diameter, half an inch from the rounded outer edge of the foundation. Cover this half rosette with gathered black lace two inches wide, as shown by the illustration; then fasten an end of lace eight inches long, like that of the bow shown by Fig. 3, an end of the green gros grain ribbon referred to sixteen inches long, a loop four inches long and a loop two inches and a half long of similar ribbon, and a short loop and pleated knot of black velvet ribbon on the foundation. This knot covers the seam of all the loops and ends. The cravat bow to match is made in a similar manner.

Fig. 5.—LILAC GROS GRAIN AND BLACK VELVET BOW FOR THE HAIR. The half rosette, the lighter loops, and the knot of this bow are of lilac gros grain cut bias; the knot and loops are hem-stitched on the outside three-eighths of an inch wide to simulate a binding. The half rosette consists of a bias strip of gros grain twenty inches long and an inch and seven-eighths wide, which is raveled out on one side half an inch wide, box-pleated closely on the other side to a length of four inches, and sewed on a semicircular stiff lace foundation. The bow is finished by a loop three inches long and two loops each two inches and a quarter long of black velvet ribbon an inch and three-quarters wide, one end eleven inches and a quarter long, and one end twelve inches and seven-eighths long of similar ribbon. Set a hair-pin on the under side of the foundation for fastening the bow. Cravat bow arranged in a similar manner, with short ends.

Figs. 6 and 7.—CRÈPE DE CHINE, LAKE, AND VELVET RIBBON BOW FOR THE HAIR, AND CRAVAT BOW. The bow for the hair consists of a half rosette, loops, and fringed ends of red crêpe de Chine. For the half rosette cut a strip of crêpe de Chine twelve inches long and two inches wide, hem-stitch it on one side a quarter of an inch wide on the outside, and edge it along the fold with black lace seven-eighths of an inch wide; arrange the other side of the strip in close box-pleats to a length of an inch and three-quarters, and sew it on a stiff lace foundation. Besides this fasten one end nine inches and three-quarters long, and one end twelve inches long of black velvet ribbon an inch and three-quarters wide, and two ends of crêpe de Chine on the stiff lace foundation. The shorter crêpe de Chine end is three-cornered, four inches and seven-eighths long on the straight sides, and raveled out there three-quarters of an inch wide. Fold the two upper corners of this triangle on the outside in such a manner that they overlap each other seven-eighths of an inch wide, and then pleat the bias side of this part. The longer end consists of a piece of crêpe de Chine eight inches long and five inches wide, which is raveled out four inches long on one end, folded lengthwise through the middle, and joined on the sides; the fringe threads are knotted together as shown by the illustration. The bow is finished by two short loops of crêpe de Chine, an end of lace eight inches long, and a knot of black velvet ribbon. Fig. 7 shows the cravat bow to match the bow for the hair.

Fig. 8.—MAUVE GROS GRAIN BOW FOR THE HAIR. This bow is made of a three-cornered piece of mauve gros grain twenty-five inches and three-quarters long on the longest edge and fourteen inches wide in the middle. Both side corners are rounded off slightly. This piece is hemmed all around half an inch wide, gathered closely in the middle, and arranged in two loops each three inches and a quarter long, and two ends six inches and a half long each, as shown by the illustration. Set the piece thus arranged on a foundation of stiff lace and black silk an inch wide and two inches and a quarter long, and cover it with a narrow pleated knot. On the ends of the foundation set two pieces of elastic cord, the ends of which are furnished with a button and loop for fastening the bow.

Figs. 9-11.—HEM-STITCHED BLACK GROS GRAIN RIBBON CRAVAT BOW. This bow consists of loops and ends of black gros grain ribbon two inches and three-quarters wide. The loops are hem-stitched through the middle and the ends two inches and seven-eighths from the under end. To make each hem-stitch seam draw out the crosswise threads seven-eighths of an inch wide at the corresponding points, and sew up the free lengthwise threads in the middle with fine black silk, as shown by Fig. 10. The ribbon for the loops is laid in a fold in the middle of the hem-stitch seam, so

that the points shown by Figs. 9 and 11 are formed. The ends are finally raveled out an inch and seven-eighths wide.

Black Velvet Necklace with Steel Spangles.

See illustration on page 477.

NECKLACES of this kind are made of colored or black velvet ribbon and spangles of steel, bronze, etc. The original consists of black velvet ribbon, steel spangles, and a steel cross. The ribbon which encircles the neck is an inch wide and a yard and a quarter long; on the middle part of the ribbon, nine inches and three-quarters long, and on the ends sew the spangles referred to as shown by the illustration. In the middle of the ribbon, on the under side, set a piece of velvet ribbon an inch and three-quarters wide, four inches and a half long, pointed on the under end, and trimmed with spangles; on the pointed end of this ribbon set the cross, which is furnished for this purpose with a steel ring. The illustration shows the ends of the ribbon shortened.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE.

THE 10th of June opened very inauspiciously for the international contest on the Thames; but as the afternoon drew on, the observation, "A fine day for the race!" was heard on every hand, and joyfully assented to. This expression, by-the-by, is often a mere trap for the unwary, who, upon hearing it on no very particular occasion, are apt to inquire, "For what race?" when the prompt reply, "For the human race," accompanied by a burst of laughter, convinces them that they have been made a jest of, or, in more popular language, "sold." If any farther conversation regarding the great aquatic event took place, it would almost certainly be to the effect that the Atlanta crew were a very plucky and brilliant one, but that it was out of the question, by reason of the errors of their style, that they could beat such a four as would be brought against them. As a matter of fact beyond all question, if the method adopted by your countrymen is the correct one, that which we in England have always practiced is altogether incorrect. It is true that upon this especial occasion we have borrowed from America two practices that have been hitherto almost unknown among us—namely, the dispensing with a coxswain and the sliding motion of the rowers. But in all other respects the system adopted by the two crews that competed yesterday differed *toto calo*. The English dip the oar with a "catch," which the Americans dispense with, while on the other hand the stroke of the former is longer; not that the oar remains in the water longer, or even so long, but has what you would call in horse-racing "a longer stride." It is the opinion of our boating world that you do not "pull it through" sufficiently, and that you "rush forward at the feather," and, worse than all, that you "row with your arms solely, without making due use of your legs." All this may or may not be so—I am no authority on such matters—but certainly the boating world were prepared to back their opinion yesterday before the start at three, and even four, to one. Without doubt, however, no such odds would have been offered—it is an aquatic maxim that it is never three to one upon such an event—had not the London crew been so well and widely known as perhaps the four very best amateur oarsmen upon the Thames. Mr. Close (No. 1) rowed in the winning boat in the last two matches between our universities; Mr. Gulston (No. 2) rowed in the crew that won the Grand Challenge Cup in 1868, and in that which carried off the Steward's Cup for "fours" at Henley no less than three years running; with Mr. Long (No. 3) as his partner he also won the silver goblets for "pairs"; Mr. Long won the Wingfield sculls in 1869 and 1870; and Mr. Stout (the stroke) carried off both the Wingfield and the Diamond sculls in 1868. In a word, no crew were ever considered stronger upon London water than that which your countrymen so pluckily contended with yesterday; nor would it have been any disgrace to them had they been beaten with greater ease than they were.

As in a battle no ordinary combatant knows any thing of how affairs are going on beyond what happens in his immediate vicinity, so the spectator of a boat-race, unless he is on board of some accompanying steamer (a bad place, in my opinion, since his view is so foreshortened that he can never estimate the distance between the boats), can only describe a section of the course, and must rely on others to supply the remaining portions of it. For my own part, I beheld the race from Hammersmith, a spot about two-thirds of the distance between the starting-point (Mortlake) and the winning-post at Putney, from a stand that commanded about a mile of the river. I have seen many boat-races on the Thames, but never did I see such a course as crowded its banks to witness this one. So far as the eye could reach upon both sides the shore was black with people, so that the river looked like a mourning envelope with a very deep black edge. The metaphor goes no further, for nothing could be gayer than the scene itself, nor in better humor than the spectators. They climbed the trees, they crawled up the chains of the Suspension-Bridge, they clustered upon every coign of vantage like swarming bees, and (most unhappily, as it afterward turned out) the water bore almost as many upon its bosom as did the land. Every description of craft was to be seen, from the misshapen "scow"—as I believe you call it—which seems to have had the ark for its model, down to the fairy-like steam-yacht, all plate-glass and gilding, that cleaves the waves with its plow-shaped keel as swiftly as the dragon-fly shoots through the sunny air. There were canoes and double canoes, whose inmates scooped the water with their paddles after a manner borrowed from the South Seas. There were "eight oars," and "six oars," and "five oars" (two on one side and three on the other—a sight never seen by these eyes before), and "four oars" (all with steersmen, how-

er), and "randans" (two oars and two sculls), and "pair oars," scores and scores of them. As for scullers, in outriggers so fragile that to use a pocket-handkerchief in them is an operation as delicate as cutting for the stone, and to sneeze is your death-knell, they covered the river as thickly as do the "daddy-long-legs" in hot weather—an insect which, moreover, they greatly resemble. From the left bank an unceasing throng of people embarked for the purpose of landing on the barges moored in the centre of the stream, so that by the time (4.30) appointed for the race there was absolutely no land to be seen, and very little water. From this vast crowd of human beings there arose a continuous hum such as pervades a lime-tree in hot weather—"the bee music of innumerable organ-thunders," as Leigh Hunt calls it—ever and anon exchanged for a hearty burst of cheering, as some huge steamboat, itself a moving mass of humanity, swept by, flying the Stars and Stripes. Nay, so cordial was the public sympathy that a gentleman calling himself "the American diver" thought it a good opportunity to appear in the river in a craft the size of a walnut-shell, or at most of one of a pair of rather large goshawks, and then and there to upset himself, with the immediate object (for his ulterior one was copiers) of coming up in some unexpected place, like a moor-hen. Not content with this, he was tied hand and foot, by persons supposed to be his friends, and then thrown in, with the same result; and finally he was put in a sack, like some faithless female of the Bosphorus, and consigned to a watery tomb. His safe emergence from this last ordeal convinced me of two things: first, that M. Dumas does not exceed possibility in his account of Monte Christo's escape from the Château d'If, and secondly, that "the American diver" is certainly not born to be drowned. It struck me, however, that it might have been rather awkward for him if the racing boats had come by at the precise moment when he had encountered some little difficulty in getting out of his bag; for they would certainly have monopolized the attention of his friends at a moment when he could very ill have dispensed with it.

However, the race boats did not come by, neither then nor for hours afterward; for just at the last moment it was agreed to row the course in the contrary direction to that first intended—i. e., from Mortlake to Putney, instead of from Putney to Mortlake—in order not to face the wind. The consequence of this was a delay that was for one thing deplorable, since it was found next to impossible, notwithstanding the best efforts of the swift and diligent police galleys, to clear the course a *second time*. However, after a fashion, this at last was effected; and presently there came down the wind that inarticulate yet most impressive sound that is produced by wave on wave of distant cheering. From tens of thousands of human throats it rose, to be taken up by tens of thousands more, and renewed again. Nor am I speaking the words of flattery when I tell you that those stirring cheers greeted the London crew—who, when they passed me, were at least ten lengths ahead—not a whit more cordially than they welcomed their gallant opponents. So far as the chance of victory was concerned, I must honestly tell you it was never in doubt. From the very first (as I read every where) the Londoners drew rapidly away, and they increased their distance with every stroke; but at the same time the Atlanta crew rowed a lost race as gamely as men could row boat, as it seemed to me, speeding with the swiftness of a swallow, though not without an occasional splash such as is made by a swallow's wing. On the other hand, not a drop of water was visibly thrown upward by the English oar-blades. Had the river been frozen, and their boat impelled by skates, it could not have slid by more rapidly nor with less of apparent effort. Further down the river, as I am told, a most unfortunate collision took place between the Atlantas and a boat-load of people, mostly women, which had strayed on the course. My wonder is, considering the change of plan, that the course was kept as clear as it was, and that some such accident did not take place long before. The universal regret is that it should have happened to our guests. To ourselves it would have been less lamentable on all accounts. However, as I have told you, the race, though necessarily full of interest and excitement, was from the very beginning a hollow one. With a picked crew from our universities, such as your Harvard men contended with, the result might have been otherwise; but not (as I believe) unless the Atlanta oarsmen had condescended, as the Harvard did, to take a wrinkle or two from the Thames style of rowing. Nevertheless, I understand that, with the characteristic pluck of their nation, the losers are resolved once more to try conclusions with "the Britishers" next week at Henley, where they will meet, not, indeed, such a four as they met yesterday, but a first-rate London crew, and probably one or two from Oxford and Cambridge. This race will also be rowed without a steersman; and in my humble opinion the water world owes your people a great debt for teaching it to dispense with that insignificant but still very perceptible—as a dead-weight little creature, the coxswain. So far as I could observe, both boats were steered as straight as though they had carried a fifth man, and the subsequent collision, as I hear, was in no respect owing to his absence. As we have adopted this great innovation from you, so, I hope, you will not on your side be too proud to learn of us. Should your oarsmen perfect themselves at our expense, and conquer us on our native river, we shall not grudge you the victory. If you had stood beside me yesterday, and heard the welcome that the mere sight of your flag evoked from every throat, you would be as sure of this as I.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

THE COUNTY POOR-HOUSE. FACTS.

By SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER.

MR. and Mrs. Brown were passing the summer in the village which is my own home. They came to me one pleasant morning with the request that I would take a drive with them.

"Can you spare us a long afternoon?—we have a favor to ask."

I readily signified my assent.

"They tell me that the poor-house of this county is within a few miles of the village. I am anxious to see it. I have lived in a large city all my life, and my own experience among the poor has lain entirely among the pauper classes of New York. That experience has been most painful, often absolutely heart-rending. But in this prosperous county and in this flourishing village such matters must wear a very different aspect from what they do in a large overcrowded city. I see nothing of poverty about this village, for instance. A poor-house would scarcely seem necessary in a prosperous agricultural region like this."

I shook my head, and a sad smile rose unbidden to my lips as I answered my friend: "Poverty does not appear so much on the surface in the country. It does not stalk abroad as it does in the cities. But it exists with us as elsewhere. The proportion of paupers is much smaller in the country; but the number is larger than you would think possible—very much larger than it should be. We have, for instance, every year a number of men and of women begging at our doors for food, clothing, and money. And many of these are Americans by birth and education."

"You surprise me. It is the theory that Americans are too proud to beg."

"Alas for theories! Pride is but a broken reed to lean upon."

After a little further conversation it was settled that we should spend the afternoon at the poor-house. I asked permission to take with me a friend—Mrs. Gray—who had visited regularly at the poor-house for years, knew the inmates personally, and would be likely to give us trustworthy information on the subject.

It was a lovely afternoon. The drive was charming, through a rich farming country promising a noble harvest, while large herds and flocks were feeding in the meadows.

"You must have many dairy-farms in this county," observed Mr. Brown.

"Yes, many large dairy-farms. Some of the best butter in the State is made here. We have large cheese factories too. The best cheese made in this county rivals the English Cheshire. It is, indeed, often sold in New York for Cheshire."

"And what fine hop fields you have!" added Mrs. Brown; "they look like flowering vineyards."

"Many acres of the county are in hops," was the answer.

"And here we come to a factory, looking neat and prosperous. What are made here, woolen or cotton goods?" inquired Mr. Brown.

"Woolen fabrics are made here. There are two factories for cottons within a short distance on the other side of the valley."

"And with all these means of supporting a rural population, you still have paupers!"

"We still have paupers. Theory at fault again, you see."

"But what can be the chief cause of pauperism in a state of society like this?" asked Mr. Brown.

I turned to my friend Mrs. Gray for an answer. She spoke simply and quietly. She shrunk from speaking on a subject so important among recent acquaintances. But I had already urged her to give Mr. Brown all the trustworthy information she could in connection with the practical working of the present poor-house system: he was a man of principle, character, and influence in the State, and the truth should reach such men.

"I believe pauperism to come more frequently from weak individual self-indulgence than from any other one cause," she replied; "self-indulgence in idleness, in drinking, in wasteful expenditure, and in other evil habits—gradually undermining the moral character, and taking root as so many vices. The want of a sound moral education lies at the foundation of very much of this evil. You seldom find among our rural population an industrious, conscientious, prudent person sinking into pauperism. In the few exceptions I have known the poverty was brought about by the self-indulgence of others—the misconduct of husband, father, or wife—or by disease, which may often be traced also to some form of weak self-indulgence."

"You believe, then, that pauperism is, in a measure, a moral evil?"

"As a general rule, I believe it to partake largely of that character in this country. Moral weakness, want of self-control, under one form or another, will generally be found to have caused the evil, at least among our rural population. A sound education would be the best preventive. By a sound education I mean a sound moral education: mere intellectual education will never suffice to prevent this evil. The best readers among the boys and girls of a village school too often waste their time in reading bad books and worse papers—books and papers which are not only trashy and enervating, but, too many of them, absolute poison to the moral system. The sense of individual moral responsibility to God and man must be awakened and kept in living activity if you aim at a truly sound, healthful education."

"There can be no doubt of that," observed Mr. Brown.

"The same principle applies to all classes of men and women," continued Mrs. Gray. "I

have known this weak self-indulgence to bring virtual pauperism upon educated persons who began life in comparative wealth. Self-indulgence made them extravagant, and extravagance brought them to poverty. Extravagance is a very common weakness of Americans of all classes. We are very seldom miserly; but the number who are extravagant is legion. Teach our people to be truly conscientious, and nine-tenths of the pauperism in the country will vanish."

"A sound moral education would cure the nation of other evils besides pauperism," said Mr. Brown.

We had now reached a turn in the road, the entrance to a long laffe leading through the poor-house farm to the buildings. The farm was a fine one, and well tilled. It contained 160 acres.

"The house seems well placed," said Mr. Brown.

"Yes, the position has been well chosen. And the buildings are pretty good, though needing repairs. This poor-house ranks among the best in the State," answered Mrs. Gray.

A poor old creature, bare-headed and bare-footed, in a blue gown, was walking at a steady pace, a sort of trot, along the narrow foot-path by the road-side. She looked up with a good-natured smile as we passed, but without pausing.

"Old Mary trots along this path almost incessantly, unless in the coldest winter weather. She is an idiot. No one knows her name or parentage. She was left in the road, near a farm-house, one night, when a child about three years old. The farmer and his wife took her to their home, and kept her as long as they lived. At their death she was brought here, where she has been many years, trotting along the path in this way day after day. She is quite harmless, and a favorite with all. She must have walked thousands of miles over this ground in all the years she has been here," said Mrs. Gray.

We drove into a court-yard, surrounded by buildings of stone three stories high, with a sort of fountain of running water in the centre.

"It reminds me somewhat of the court-yard of a French *auberge*," remarked Mr. Brown.

There were some dozen men and women, and as many children, moving about or sitting on the steps; among them several painfully idiotic faces, generally very filthy, and with a degraded look.

We were introduced to the keepers—worthy, respectable people, occupying comfortable rooms in the centre of the building. They offered to show us over the whole house, but Mrs. Gray took that office upon herself.

"I suppose respectable people are always chosen for keepers?" inquired Mr. Brown, as we moved on.

"Yes, generally they are so. But politics often interfere; and worthy people who have experience in the work are sometimes thrown aside for new-comers who have every thing to learn, and whose fitness has yet to be proved."

We were first taken to the kitchen. Every thing here was very neat—nicely whitewashed walls, painted tables and benches, and clean floors. Three long tables were spread with plates, knives and forks, and spoons, and a small tin basin—all clean. The stove, boilers, and cooking apparatus, and a dresser, were at one end of the long room. Every thing looked orderly. We were told there were one hundred and forty to be fed that day. In winter there are sometimes a hundred more. When crowded, they serve the tables three times in succession.

"You shall see them at their supper presently," said Mrs. Gray.

"Who prepares the food?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"The pauper women help with the cooking, washing, and ironing. But there are also paid workers in the house to superintend."

Mrs. Gray then showed us the women's rooms. They occupy one side of the court-yard. The first room we entered was very filthy—floor, beds, and inmates.

"Draw your dresses close about you, and do not go too near the beds," whispered our friend, before opening the door. "There are vermin of all kinds here."

There were six beds, all most uninviting. There were men, women, and children about. A large brutal-looking man had been a burglar, and some years in the State-prison; his wife was one of the occupants of the room. Two very bright, handsome little ones, their grandchildren, were playing about—born in the house. Several young women with babies were sitting about—illegitimate children these, born in the house. This I had already heard. One of these mothers was a child of fourteen; another was an idiot, an inmate of the house for the last ten years. With the exception of one old Irish-woman, very ill at the time, all these were Americans by birth. Only two women in the room could read.

We passed to the second floor. The stairs were tolerably clean. There was a large room on each side of the hall. These rooms were decidedly cleaner than those below, but we were advised to take the same precautions against vermin. In one room was a young Irishwoman dying of consumption, a most distressing sufferer; three or four little children were hanging about her. There were other children crying in the room.

"Is there no hospital-room reserved for the sick?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"None!" replied Mrs. Gray. "Sick and well are all together. The paupers nurse each other. At times fifteen persons have slept in this room, three or four, perhaps, ill. I have known the air in this room perfectly stifling in winter, with the windows nailed down! And on one occasion we found here an old woman with her grandchild in the same bed, both covered with a terrible eruption from head to foot. It was the itch. Scarce a child in the house that winter but had it, and

many of the grown people also. It has often prevailed here."

"Did you visit them still? Did you not suffer from being near them?"

"We came as usual. Not one of us ever suffered from our visits. If people are cleanly themselves, and are careful not to approach the beds or the people too closely, there seems to be little danger. But precaution is necessary."

Two or three half-crazy women now gathered about us, looking kindly and smiling, but tricked out with the most childish gewgaws and trifles, bits of ribbon, beads, feathers, artificial flowers, etc. Two of these were quite young.

"One of these," whispered Mrs. Gray, "is a very good, conscientious creature, singularly truthful and honest. She is assuredly a Christian at heart, in spite of her infirmity."

There was another very sick woman in this room also. Children were playing about. Near a window sat a very aged woman, said, on good authority, to be one hundred and seven years old. Her daughter of eighty sat beside her. A granddaughter and great-grandchild were also in the house. The old woman spoke brightly in answer to Mrs. Gray, and she spoke freely to the strangers also. Her face was one mask of wrinkles, but otherwise she scarcely looked older than her daughter. All were Americans, and the two older women had never been taught to read. There were several foreigners in this room, which was a large one—German, English, and Irish.

"What are those two young and healthy-looking women doing here?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"They came here when their children were born. One of them had been deserted by her husband; the other is a woman of bad character, who seems to remain here year after year. They sometimes have several children before they leave the house. Their children remain here."

"And what are those half-witted women doing with those little ones? Do they employ them as nurses? I should think that scarcely safe," observed Mrs. Brown.

"Those idiot women are mothers—mothers of the children in their arms. There are half-witted women here who have been in the house ten years or more, and who have young children."

A very grave silence followed these words of Mrs. Gray.

The number of idiots and half-witted paupers, men and women, boys and girls, was, indeed, a very painful sight.

A sick woman now stopped us in the hall to ask for some Japan tea. When she had left us, Mrs. Gray observed, "There is another American woman who can not read. She has never been to school one day in her life, she tells me; has never been to Sunday-school, and only once in a place of worship. And yet she is American born, of American parentage, and has lived most of her life on the hill yonder, where she sees every day the spires of the village churches. She and her family are said to be a terribly bad set."

"Do you really mean that the woman with that sharp Yankee face can not read?" asked Mr. Brown.

"She does not even know her letters. Few things have surprised me more in my visits to the poor-house than the number of men and women, native born, who can not read."

"Theory at fault again," I remarked.

As we passed a doorway there were a number of men with very hard faces standing together—coarse, vicious, and dissolute in expression. As we moved along Mr. Brown said that they looked like jail-birds.

"There are many such in the poor-house from time to time," replied Mrs. Gray. "One of that group has been tried for murder."

According to the third floor, we found matters looking cleaner and more satisfactory.

"This is the best part of the house," said Mrs. Gray. "There are some very worthy women here."

We found the rooms quite clean in appearance—floors beautifully so—but we were still advised to be cautious in our approaches, on account of the vermin. The beds were the worst feature.

"There are a few worthy Christian women here, whom it is a comfort to visit," observed Mrs. Gray.

They were five elderly women, all appearing more respectable than those we had seen below. Two were half-witted. One of these was reading. After a little friendly talk with them we left the room, when Mrs. Gray told us their histories. One had been partially deranged; her family were in easy circumstances, but rather than be at the trouble of taking care of her themselves, or at the expense of sending her to the asylum, they leave her in the poor-house.

"Both of those half-witted creatures are good women," continued Mrs. Gray. "They are honest and kind-hearted, and it is touching to see their simple devotion. The cripple sitting in a large chair was ruined by a cunning brother-in-law, who got possession of all her little property, and then brought her here."

We passed to another room, clean, and in good condition. Here also were five beds, and four worthy women; the fifth was a bad creature, placed as nurse in charge of a bedridden old woman. After leaving the room we heard their story.

"One is a single woman, who stays here from choice; she is a cripple, and does not wish to be a charge upon her brothers, who are poor, with large families. The bedridden woman was brought here by her daughters, who have houses of their own, and are capable of supporting her, but they will not spend their precious dollars on the poor old soul."

We then went into the part of the house occupied by the men. All their rooms were very filthy, their beds in a most comfortless condition. As a general rule, they were a very hard-look-

ing set. There were many faces on which drunkenness and vice were only too plainly written. But there were some exceptions. One old man, in a dying condition, bore a very good character; homeless and friendless, he was brought here to die. Imprudence in money matters brought him here. It was touching to listen to his simple Christian words of faith and piety. It was a case of Lazarus. And oh, how hard and how filthy was his bed! All the personal care and nursing he received was given by another pauper. Two other very worthy old men were pointed out to us—one of them driven here by a hard-hearted son-in-law, whose floors showed Brussels carpets and his parlor a rose-wood piano. The air was particularly bad in all those rooms occupied by the men, even at this pleasant season of the year, when several windows were open. As a general rule, the paupers seem to hold cold water and open windows in great terror.

"Have they no bath-rooms?" inquired Mr. Brown.

"They profess to wash themselves once a week, but you see their condition. They ought assuredly to be kept cleaner," said Mrs. Gray.

We crossed the court-yard, in which a number of idiots were moving about, many of them young. Several groups of dirty children were playing together, smiling and merry, and all pleased to see Mrs. Gray. She called them together, and they said a hymn and repeated the ten commandments quite nicely.

"They have a Sunday-school, taught by ladies from the village. They like it, and are more interested in what they hear than the children of the village Sunday-schools. It is a variety in their monotonous life."

"Do you think it will produce any lasting effect on them?" asked Mr. Brown.

"I trust it may. There are children here who say their prayers morning and evening, who learn hymns and passages of Scripture which will go with them through life. The good seed may bring forth fruit in later life, after having been long buried. In Christian faith we must sow beside all waters."

"No doubt you have the same difficulties here that we have in our Sunday-schools among the most depraved classes in New York: the daily bad example of the parent counteracts the good learned once a week in school."

"Precisely. Our difficulties are even greater here: it is not only the example of a degraded father and mother which have to contend against, but the example of nine-tenths of the inmates. All the crime and vice among the poorer classes of the county gravitate here. I suppose there is scarcely a crime known to our laws, no vice or sin of which human nature is capable, which has not had its representative in this house of misery within the last twenty years."

"And yet these poor helpless little ones are thrown into this den of iniquity by the laws of our State!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown.

"Such is the simple truth," replied Mrs. Gray.

"It is a thought to make one shudder."

"But I suppose these children do not remain here long. Places are soon found for them," remarked Mr. Brown.

"Theory again! The fact is very different. Places are not so easily found for these children. They are often sent back, too. Occasionally a child is adopted when very young, and never returns. But the children from the poor-house have a bad reputation. People do not care to take the older ones. They do not know how to work: they are lazy, and too often vicious. Many of them carry this taint of poor-house education through life, and instead of supporting themselves honestly, turn out criminal paupers in early youth."

"Are they not taught to work here? Are they loafing about in this way every day?"

"Very much as you see. They are taught nothing thoroughly. They have a school during the cold months, and a good teacher for that time. But very few of them know how to read. Too many of them are learned in sin and vice by the time they are fifteen, but the amount of their useful knowledge seems next to nothing."

"This is very serious," observed Mr. Brown, gravely.

"It is simply disgraceful to the State," was Mrs. Gray's answer. "The condition of the children in our poor-houses is a perpetual disgrace to us all."

We then went into the part of the house occupied by the older children—those who have no mothers with them. The room in which they live and eat was dirty, and the air bad. A woman of bad character and high temper—a pauper—had charge of them. The one who preceded her last year was a fearful swearer, using language no child should ever hear. There were twenty-eight children under sixteen in the house. In winter the number is much larger, frequently about forty. The rooms where they slept were close and crowded, but cleaner than some others we had seen. The school-room had all the modern conveniences of desks, benches, and blackboards. We were told that it was only used for a few months in winter. The children, like those in the court-yard, looked filthy and lazy. Every boy looked as if he were in full training for a loafer. And yet there were bright, intelligent faces and pleasing countenances among them. Four or five were idiots, but not beyond instruction.

"It is very touching to see the idiot children and some of the half-witted people in Sunday-school," said Mrs. Gray. "I have often been much surprised, and even startled, at the effect of religious instruction on them. Their minds seem to open partially to receive it; their poor dull hearts warm under the feeling. I have frequently observed this. And some of the dullest ones learn hymns much more readily than one would suppose, and sing them quite sweetly, too. It brings tears to the eyes to hear them."

"Do the grown people attend the Sunday-school?"

"There is a Bible-class for them. The women come gladly, but very few of the men attend."

"They have services of some kind on Sundays, I suppose?"

"Only occasionally. Months often pass without any religious services excepting those of the Sunday-school. We have a library for them, and they are very glad to take the Sunday-school books every week—those, at least, who can read."

"Do the women appear interested in the Bible-class?"

"The respectable ones do; and even the worst listen with interest. Not one of the women has ever refused religious instruction when offered to her. They invariably listen respectfully and with evident interest. The majority of the men care nothing for it."

Mrs. Gray led the way to a separate building on one side of the court-yard.

"This is what the people call the 'Crazy House,' reserved for lunatics. There are eighteen in the house now."

There was a family of special keepers on the lower floor, not well spoken of. The man—whether justly or not—had been accused of cruelty to the lunatics. It was the usual most painful sight. The cells were tolerably clean, but the air was foul, even with the open windows.

"Have they any special medical treatment for lunacy?" asked Mr. Brown.

Our guide shook her head.

"Recovery of a poor-house lunatic seems never to be expected," she added. "Many grow rapidly worse here; even slight improvement is rare, and generally lasts but a short time. I have repeatedly seen young people—especially young women—brought here in the first stages of derangement, who would have been very hopeful cases under regular treatment."

"And there is no regular training, physical or mental, for idiots, I suppose?" said Mr. Brown.

"None whatever. And yet I feel confident that most of the idiots in this house, if properly trained, could have been made useful, respectable, and comparatively happy. So much is now done for idiots."

Mr. Brown looked grave and thoughtful.

The supper-bell ringing, we crossed the court to see the people at their meal in the kitchen. They were eating mush and skimmed milk for their supper. For breakfast they have tea, bread, and potatoes, or a piece of pork or corned beef. For dinner they have potatoes, bread, and a piece of corned pork or corned beef. The food was dealt out to the people by an under-keeper. In quantity it was sufficient, and not bad in quality. On Sunday morning each one receives a bit of butter. Tobacco is also given on Sunday to those who smoke or chew. In winter they have only two meals. In sickness they have extra food provided for them by the keepers. Mrs. Gray told us there had been decided improvement in the food of late years. Formerly they had no tea, and the bread was very heavy.

As we left the kitchen Mr. Brown inquired how long was the average stay of a pauper in the house. Mrs. Gray could not answer the question, and doubted if the calculation had ever been made.

"What is the population of this county?"

"About 48,500 by the last census. There are every year a number of vagrants who do not remain long. Yet, from my own observation, I should say their stay is very often a prolonged one. There are frequently several successive generations of the same family here together. They often remain twenty years or more. They become accustomed to this kind of life, and do not care for any other. There is an excitement about it—the bustle and movement, the coming and going, the perpetual stream of dirty gossip flowing through the house, which seem to have a fascination for them. I have known two respectable women, after living ten years in the poor-house, removed to much more comfortable but quieter and better-regulated homes, where they were very kindly treated; and yet these women rather wished to return here. In a few years many of them seem to acquire a sort of vitiated taste for this kind of life, gossip and excitement being the attraction."

"They are satisfied, then, with this state of things?"

"That does not always follow. They are often loud in their complaints. A few years since a very worthy half-witted woman from the poor-house happened to be at my house. She said there was great dissatisfaction with the food that summer, or, as she expressed it, 'The vittals is so bad, some of the ladies threatens to leave.'"

We all laughed, of course, at this absurd threat.

"The food is really much better now than it was then. There have been many improvements in every respect within the last fifteen years."

"What is the expense to the county for each pauper?"

"The expenses vary, of course, every year with the prices of food, clothing, etc. Last year the estimate was \$1.02 weekly for each pauper. In former years it has been 80 cents; occasionally \$1.66."

"What is the number of paupers in this county receiving home relief?"

"Last year it was 195. The rule is to give the applicants fuel, food, or money to a moderate amount. After this sum is expended, if they still need relief, they must go to the poor-house. The amount for temporary relief last year was \$3457. The number of paupers in the house was 234. The expense of supporting them was \$10,685 above the produce of the farm, valued at some \$700. The entire number of paupers was, therefore, 429, at an expense of \$14,842. Of this number 29 were lunatics, 33 were idiots, 4 were blind, 3 were mutes, 44 were relieved on



"THEY LOOKED LIKE JAIL-BIRDS."

"It is generally admitted to be so," was the answer. We all seemed to feel sad. Serious thoughts arose unbidden.

"It is scarcely possible to leave this house without a feeling of depression," said Mrs. Gray. "No matter how often one comes here, one always carries away a heart-ache. Sin, suffering, and misery abound here under so many forms."

"We shall feel more thankful for cleanly, quiet, peaceful Christian homes of our own," I observed.

"The best way to show that thankfulness must always be to aid these poor people, so far as we can, to better their condition, moral and physical," said Mrs. Brown. "What, for instance, can we do for them?" she added, turning to Mrs. Gray, with a kind smile.

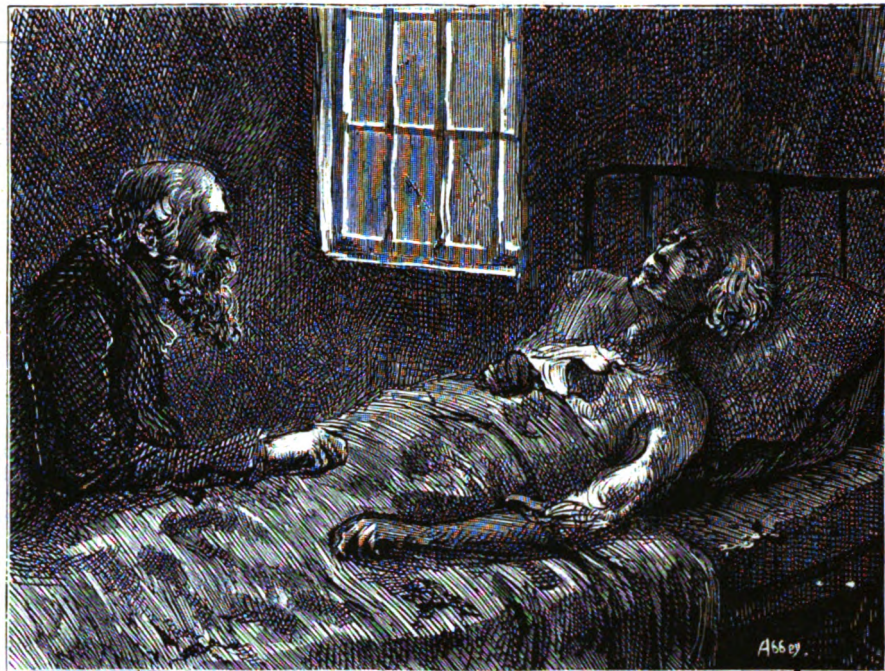
"If you will drink tea at my house this evening, my husband will answer your question. He will then be at home. He has thought much on this subject, and will gladly give you any farther information," said Mrs. Gray.

The invitation was made a general one, and thankfully accepted by all.

After a pleasant drive home we met again about the tea-table. Our friends from New York had still many questions to ask about poor-house matters. In fact, the entire evening was passed in discussing points connected with this subject. Mr. Gray had now joined us.

"This whole poor-house system should be broken up!" he observed, earnestly, at the close of a long conversation.

"I begin to think you are right. I had never



"HE WAS BROUGHT HERE TO DIE."

account of old age. Of the entire number, 429, some 92 were foreigners; the remaining 337 were Americans.

"Have you any idea how many of these 429 were reduced to pauperism by intemperance?"

"About one-fourth acknowledge that cause, but there can be no doubt that this estimate is far below the truth. Probably one-half of the men, or even more, have been more or less intemperate at some period of their lives."

"I should have supposed this to be the case from the faces of these men," observed Mr. Brown.

"What is the difference between the numbers of the men and women?" inquired Mrs. Brown.

"There were, I believe, last year 278 men, and 151 women."

Mr. and Mrs. Brown lingered a while in the court-yard, talking to one or two of the more respectable paupers and chatting with the children. We then left the house.

"And this, you say, is one of the best poor-houses in the State?" asked Mr. Brown.



"THERE WERE MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN ABOUT."

tance from each other; and in each of those houses some one simple trade should be carried on, at which all those who are declared fit for work by medical certificate should be obliged to labor for certain hours every day—the requisition to be moderate, but steadily enforced. By such a course you would probably find the tolerably healthy paupers diminish to one-fourth of the present number. Too many now crowd the poor-houses from sheer laziness.

"And each one of these separate institutions should be carried on with the utmost thoroughness of details with firm but kind and considerate fidelity."

There was a silence of some moments after Mr. Gray had spoken.

"You have planned a great deal of work," observed Mr. Brown.

"It is work entirely within the reach of Christian civilization and Christian charity, in this nineteenth century, when combined with the immense wealth and the great physical and intellectual power of the State of New York," was the answer.



"TWO OR THREE HALF-CRAZY WOMEN GATHERED ABOUT US."

before thought much upon this subject," said Mr. Brown.

"Not one man in fifty thousand does give it a thought. It should be broken up, and the sooner the better."

"But what would you put in its place?"

"I would put many good things in the place of one bad one. The paupers should all be classified."

"Step the First should be to open a thoroughly good industrial school in every county for all pauper children above the age of two years. There the children should be brought up in an atmosphere healthful for body and mind. They should be taught to work, fitted to support themselves respectably, to become useful members of society."

"Step the Second.—There should be a suitable hospital in every county to receive all sick paupers. With proper care at the right moment, many of these people could be restored to usefulness in the course of a few months, instead of

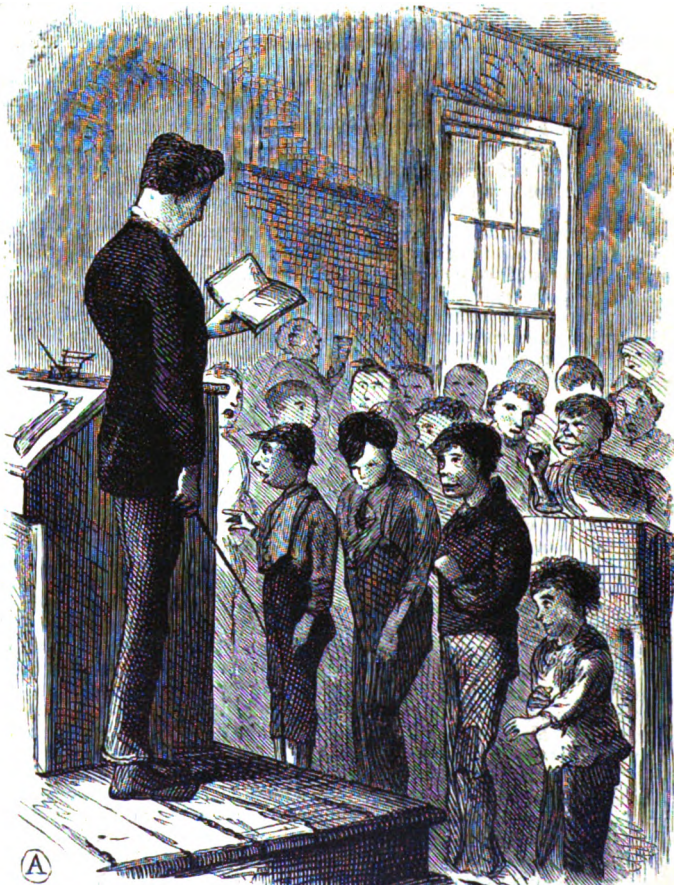
lingering idlers for years at the expense of the public.

"Step the Third.—The asylums for the insane should be much enlarged, or the number increased, so as to receive every insane pauper in the State. Here, again, kind and judicious treatment would restore many, especially among the younger ones, to usefulness and family life."

"Step the Fourth.—Every idiot child should be immediately placed in a good idiot asylum. It is absolutely wonderful to see the improvement in this afflicted class under early and careful training. Some of them become actually useful members of society."

"Step the Fifth.—All the blind and the deaf and dumb should immediately be carried to especial asylums, where they would be more healthy, more happy, and more useful."

"Step the Sixth.—The pauper men and women who are not included in any of these classes should be placed in separate houses, at a dis-



"EVERY BOY LOOKED AS IF HE WERE IN FULL TRAINING FOR A LOAFER."



MARGUERITE.

I PLUCK the petals one by one—
They fall upon the daisied plot;
I sing for every petal gone,
He loves me, or he loves me not.

I pluck them, anxious, one by one.
Are all the sweet old vows forgot?
Is all my heart's long strength undone?
He loves me, or he loves me not.

But as my task is well-nigh done,
A voice rings through the quiet spot
Betwixt the shadow and the sun,
"Why fear that I should love you not?"

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WHAT can be said of summer fashions in this sad year, when even the sun abandons France? The grenadine polonaises, muslin, insertion, and lace costumes, and fresh gauze dresses remain in their wrappings, and it makes one shiver even to think of wearing them. I write this letter by the side of a blazing fire. Really, the state of affairs just now is not inspiring.

But Dame Fashion is a lady of resources, whatever one may think. Since summer has played her a trick by forcing her to continue winter dresses, she knows how to retaliate. Summer ought to be here, but is not; she therefore submits to necessity so far as skirts are concerned, and retains the dark colors and heavy materials of winter, but makes amends by combining with them summer polonaises—écru, light vert-de-gris, salmon, faded blue, and withered rose—which are worn over black, brown, or iron gray skirts of silk or even velvet. It would be impossible, moreover, to do otherwise; and in thus fusing winter and summer styles, fashion only follows the example of the temperature, which on the same day requires the almost simultaneous use of furs, umbrella, and parasol.

The fashionable world is found concentrated at two very different points—the National Assembly, and the races, which have been brilliant and extremely crowded. The Assembly, when M. Thiers is to speak, or when it is hoped that he will speak, is the object of feminine ambition. The harder it is to secure tickets, the more eagerly are they sought. Men in general, and Frenchmen in particular, desire most that which it is difficult to obtain; and when it is not only difficult but impossible, the desire amounts to frenzy.

Will you go with me to one of these sessions? We have tickets signed by the president, M. Grévy, which secure us excellent places in his gallery on the right. We enter and take our seats on delectable benches, which seem designed for the express purpose of lessening the number of applicants for admission. We find ourselves in the theatre of Versailles, which has not suffered the least disguise, but which is very pretty. The orator is in the place of the first tenor. The president, M. Grévy, seated above the gallery, occupies the back of the stage, and commands the whole Assembly. When I say commands, I speak figuratively. The deputies, while discoursing loudly on the value of discipline, fail to strengthen precept by example. When M. Grévy, at the top of his voice, and the huissiers, passing through the aisles, have vainly shouted, "Silence, gentlemen, silence!" the president has recourse to his bell. But, alas! all the reprimands of M. Grévy, the summons of the huissiers, and the tinkling of the bell are impotent and useless. Conversation is not hushed for an instant, and one exclaims, "What disobedient scholars!" The galleries are crowded with ladies in elegant costumes—which I shall describe—and every one talks, as in the theatres of Italy, while the second-rate actors—I mean orators—are on the stage. When M. Gambetta takes the floor, though he is often interrupted, he is listened to; but when M. Thiers's little wizened head appears above the tribune, the Assembly is instantly hushed to profound silence, as if some fairy had touched it with her wand.

In the foremost row of seats next to that of Madame Thiers are some magnificently attired ladies, whose costumes may interest my readers. The first, who is evidently a foreigner, has a black crêpe de Chine dress, embroidered all over with roses, executed with silk in satin stitch embroidery. Her head is covered with a black lace mantilla, fastened with a cluster of roses.

The next costume is composed of a skirt of dark ash gray silk, trimmed with nine bias folds of the same material, bound on each side with withered rose crêpe de Chine. Polonaise of the same crêpe de Chine, trimmed with two rows of lace, one gray and the other rose; the first being set on the polonaise itself, and the other on the edge so as to fall over the gray skirt. Gray straw round hat, with a torsade of rose crêpe de Chine. Another lady—the sister, doubtless, of the first—wore the same dress in golden-brown silk and faded blue crêpe de Chine.

A plain rose Benares foulard dress was trimmed with two flounces, surmounted each with a ruche fringed half an inch on each side. Over dress of white challie, with alternate lustreless and satin stripes. The waist of the polonaise opened over the plain high waist of the rose foulard dress. The challie sleeves were very long and loose, and were slashed so as to show the close under-sleeves of rose foulard, which were finished at the wrist with a voluminous ruche, fringed on each side like those of the flounces. The over dress was trimmed with white woolen fringed guipure, and was looped on each side by large knots of pink ribbon with white centres, and mixed with white fringe guipure. White rice straw bonnet, trimmed with torsades and scarfs of rose tulle with branches of white syringa.

Under dress of maroon faye. Over dress of white faye, with wreaths of flowers embroidered

in white, flat, and lustrous thread. Fringe of the same thread, resembling silk. The over dress is draped with large bows of maroon and of white ribbon.

Under dress of plain maroon foulard. Over dress of rose sultane, opening in front over the under-waist and skirt from the throat to the hem, and trimmed all the way down with revers of brown velvet. The bottom is trimmed with a pleated maroon sultane flounce.

Polonaises are also made entirely of colored lace—gray over a blue, rose, or lilac dress, brown over écru or rose, and so on, according to the colors. A fringe of the same color edges the polonaise.

But the most remarkable of the dresses seen at the Assembly was that of Madame De B—, the wife of a deputy of the Right. Skirt of black faye, trimmed with seven narrow notched flounces. Under the notches of the flounces was set a narrow white lace. Each flounce was surmounted by a white binding. Over-skirt of white challie, trimmed with lengthwise bias folds of purple faye. The front of this over-skirt was rather short and rounded, and was trimmed with seven narrow bias folds, set on in curves to form a tablier. The sides and back of the over-skirt, on the other hand, were very long; the sides ended in a point, and the back breadth was rounded. The whole was trimmed with two purple bias folds two inches wide, which were edged on each side with black lace. The over-skirt was edged with the same lace, under which much wider white lace was set. Black straw bonnet, with white and purple torsade, purple poppies, and a white feather. Large black staff parasol, lined with purple.

Such is the present aspect of fashion. For the future are announced wadded coats with capes of various sizes; these will be long enough to reach the trimming of the skirt without concealing it, and will be buttoned, if desired, from the throat to the bottom, or else will be left half open. The sleeves will be double—one very long and full, and the other almost tight. These coats will be made of cashmere, cloth, silk, or velvet, and will be more or less trimmed with passementerie or lace. Passementerie will be worn next year in profusion on dresses and wrappings. The coats we have mentioned will be loose, or adjusted by a belt, and will take the place in cool weather of the polonaise, which has been too generally adopted, and which has been found too convenient to be given up on the approach of the autumn. EMMELINE RAYMOND.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A SERIES of intensely hot days followed the opening of the Boston Peace Jubilee. The audience was large and enthusiastic, but wretchedly hot. One gasping individual asserted that the Coliseum was like the fiery furnace into which Shadrach and his friends were thrust, but that the exact temperature could not be ascertained, since the mercury had all run out at the upper end of the thermometer. Was it ever so hot in old Rome when 90,000 spectators gathered in the ancient Coliseum? How many actually jammed into the modern Coliseum on any one day it might be difficult to decide, if the estimate is based on such confusing information as the following concerning the orchestra: "They pour in and fill up the vacant places till, from floor to topmost tier, from the conductor's stand to the top of the organ, it is a solid mass of human beings, twenty thousand strong—men and women, cornets and ophicleides, trombones and trumpets, flutes and clarionets, violins and viols, basses and double basses, drums and anvils, filling all the space." We never before supposed that trumpets and drums were classed as "human beings." But grand music and a most enthusiastic audience may be credited to the Jubilee. It is said that when Herr Strauss was on the way from New York to Boston he was informed that Verdi's "Anvil Chorus" was to be a number on each day's programme, and that a hundred anvils were included in the properties for its production, while the orchestra, etc., etc., would participate. He was so shocked at the bare thought of the tremendous racket all the combination would produce that he exclaimed, with undisguised horror, "Mein Gott! I wish I had not come." But it is asserted that the wonderful effect of this performance entirely reconciled him to the noisy style. The good people of Boston consider that the whole entertainment has been a marked success, and that every body has been well pleased with it except their "critical visitors from New York," and in reference to them they say, magnanimously, "When we take into consideration how averse New York is to aught approaching noise or excitement, we should not judge her harshly."

There are now four buildings on the summit of Mount Washington—the Tiptop and Summit houses, a large stable, and the railroad station. In a corner of the latter building is an apartment for the officer who takes charge of the United States Signal Service at this point. Last winter, at one of those periods when all communication with the world below had been cut off for days, the only companion of this officer, a soldier detailed for this service, died suddenly of paralysis. For two days and two nights the living and the dead inhabited this dreary mountain alone. At last, in response to telegraphic signals, a relief party succeeded in scaling the mountain. The Mount Washington Railway has proved a decided success; and this year a great rush of visitors is expected.

All travelers abroad know that in many countries women are employed to attend to gates at railroad crossings, to wave signal flags, etc. A good story is told of a brave signal-woman on the railway from Italy to France through Mont Cenis. On May 21 the passengers in the train from Turin, via the Mont Cenis Tunnel, passed safely through it and the following one—that of St. Martin—when their attention was directed to a woman running toward the train and waving a red flag. The ground was covered with deep mud, the rain was pouring in torrents, and, in her haste to meet and arrest the train, the woman was seen to stumble and fall twice.

The engine-driver was fortunately able to obey the signals and to pull up, and then the woman, unable to speak, pointed to a bridge not more than a hundred yards in front of the train. Here a stream, swollen by the rain into a powerful torrent, had brought down masses of stones and earth from the mountain-side, and swept away the bridge. In a few seconds more, had it not been for the presence of mind and bravery of this poor woman, the train with its living freight would have been hurled into the mass of debris, and probably precipitated into the rushing river beneath. Only a few minutes before, a train going toward the Mont Cenis Tunnel had passed safely over the bridge. But in these few minutes the work of destruction had been accomplished. The signal-woman had observed the commencement of the breaking up of the bridge. She knew that in a very brief time another train was due from the opposite direction. She hesitated not a moment; she waited not to indulge her curiosity, nor was she paralyzed by fear; but quickly she saw what was the only thing to be done, and with all her energy she set herself to the accomplishment of her purpose, which fortunately did not fail. The name of this brave and faithful woman is not recorded; but her conduct is worthy of the highest commendation and long remembrance.

In the recent street cleaning, which included two hundred and fifty-three miles of streets, 14,126 cubic yards of dirt and 9371 cubic yards of ashes were removed. It would be supposed we could all breathe freer.

The appearance of Jubilee pocket-handkerchiefs, wildly yavering in applause, was very trying to journalists; they could not find an original and sufficiently expressive simile. Two thousand and forty-three likened them unto a snow-storm, twenty-five were reminded of "storm-driven spray," thirteen thought of a waving wheat field, and an enthusiastic Southerner indulged in pleasant reminiscences of cotton plantations.

The future Empress of China is undergoing a careful training in the etiquette of court life. For three years the looms of Nankin, Hangchow, and Canton have been engaged on silks and satins for the bridal trousseau. They are just completed, at a cost of nearly a million and a half of money. The emperor has imported a pair of elephants to assist at the ceremony, in which the bridegroom, who has the sun for his emblem, goes forth in a car drawn by elephants; the bride represents the moon, and is to be borne to her palace in a palanquin composed entirely of pearls.

On the first day of the Jubilee the Metropolitan Horse Railroad Company, of Boston, took the sum of \$5000 in car fares.

A fertile country that of Colorado! The sheep there have long wool, in which plenty of dust accumulates during the summer. When the grass goes to seed the wind carries the seed into the meshes of the fleece. Then in winter, when the rain falls, it is said that the dust turns to mud, the grass seeds sprout, and thousands of sheep may be seen traveling about in verdure clad, and with their fodder on their backs! What kind of cloth does that sort of wool make?

Let all rheumatics live on asparagus. It is not a bad medicine, and is pronounced a sure cure for rheumatism and gout, if not chronic; and even if chronic, relief is experienced from the use of it.

"Coronation" sounded grandly in the ears of the Jubilees, although, with sundry reports (of cannon), one could but feel that it was a novel method of honoring the Prince of Peace. One wielder of the pen gives this version of the performance: "All hail the power of Jesus' name," shouted the choir; "bang" went Gilmore's cannon. And at the close it was, "And crown (bang) him Lord (bang) of all" (bang, bang, bang, bang, bang).

One of the most satisfactory features of the Jubilee concerts was the singing of the chorus of colored people. The singers from Fisk University were remarkable not only for the vivacity and excellence of their performances, but also for the unassuming and modest manner in which they conducted themselves amidst the honors showered upon them.

A recent visitor in London, speaking of Madame Taglioni, says:

"A few evenings since I was introduced to a handsome, comely old lady, somewhat slender in form, though having a broad forehead and a large head, very quietly though elegantly dressed, with a certain precise neatness about her that suggested a maiden aunt of the old school. Her manner was quiet and rather retiring, but full of grace and a certain dignity. This quiet old lady was Madame Taglioni, the great danseuse, whose triumphs at one time sent Europe half wild with frantic admiration. I confess that I had thought she was dead long since. She never appeared on the stage within my memory. Yet she is only sixty-eight years old, and does not look nearly so much. One can easily see by glancing at any of the many pictures and statues of Taglioni in her triumphs that dancing was an art in her time; that it ranked with poetry and sculpture; that it was living beauty, grace, and gladness. Something of the influence and the memory of that extinct age seemed to surround the gentle and graceful old lady whom I saw in the Kensington drawing-room the other evening."

A wee Boston lady was busily engaged the other day in administering to the wants of a sick doll, and when asked by her mother what was the matter with it, she replied that it "had got the Coliseum."

Jubilee Days, a daily illustrated paper, made its appearance on the memorable June 17, and enjoyed a brief but brilliant existence. It was a small folio of four pages, half of which was devoted to comic illustrations, and the remainder of the space was devoted to advertisements and witty personals and editorials.

The seventeen-year locusts have appeared on Long Island. It does seem as if the creatures come oftener than once in seventeen years. They emerge in some localities from holes in the ground in the form of grubs, take to themselves wings, screech lustily, and devour every green thing.

(Continued from No. 27, page 447.)

TO THE BITTER END.

By MISS BRADDON,
AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"BUT IF THOU MEAN'ST NOT WELL."

For a few minutes he could hardly say any more than this, trying all the while to soothe and comfort her, as if she had been a frightened child—waiting very patiently until that violent emotion had worn itself out. Then he lifted her face tenderly, and looked at her.

"Why, Grace," he said, with a shocked look, "how sadly you are altered!"

"Am I?" she asked, smiling faintly. "I have not been very happy lately—"

"Has anything troubled you, my sweet one? has any thing been going wrong at Brierwood?"

"Oh no, no, it is not that. They are all well, and we have hopeful letters from my dear father. Only—"

"Only what, Grace?"

"I am so foolish, so wicked. I could not help being miserable. I thought I should never see you again."

"And was that thought enough to make you unhappy, dearest?"

"Yes."

"And to see me again, and to be with me, and to be my own forever, would that be happiness?"

The soft eyes looked up at him—oh, so tenderly!

"You know that it would."

He bent down and kissed her.

"Then it shall be so, Grace," he said, softly.

"But, oh! you know it can never, never be!"

There is the other—the lady you are to marry."

"That lady shall not come between me and this faithful heart," he answered, holding her in his arms, and looking down at her with a proud, happy smile. "Were she ten thousand times the woman she is, she should not part us, Grace, seeing that you are true to me, and that I love you with all my strength."

"True to you!" she murmured, sadly. "I have lived for nothing except to think of you since you went away."

"And I have made it the business of my life to forget you, Grace, and have failed dismally. I made a vow never to look upon your face again; but the sweet face has never left me. It has followed me by day and night; and at last, after so many wasted struggles, I come back just to see you once more, hoping to find you false, Grace—asked in church with some stalwart farmer—so that I might be disenchanted, and go away cured of my folly. Are you false, Grace? Is there any red-cheeked young farmer in the case?"

"A farmer!" the girl cried, contemptuously.

"If Sir Francis Clevedon asked me to be his wife, I should refuse him for your sake."

Hubert Walgrave gave a little start.

"Sir Francis Clevedon!" he said. "What fancy puts that name into your head?"

"It was the name I used to think of oftener before I saw you," she answered, with a smile.

"I suppose every woman has her hero, and Sir Francis was mine. I have never seen him in my life, you know."

Mr. Walgrave's face, so bright before with a lover's triumph, had clouded over at the sound of the Clevedon name.

"You have never seen him? I have no ground for jealousy, then, I suppose? I dare say he is a very good-looking fellow; for Fortune rarely measures her gifts when she is in the giving mood. Nothing is too much for her favorites. But we won't waste our talk on him, Grace; we have sweeter things to think of. My own, my dearest, is it really true that you love me, that this pale changed face has grown wan from sorrow for me?"

"There has been no other reason," she said, shyly.

"And you are my own, Grace, all my own?"

"You know that I am," she answered, looking up at him with clear, candid eyes, that smote him to the heart with their innocence, "if—if you are willing to sacrifice those prospects you spoke of, and to give up the rich lady."

"My beloved, there is hardly any thing in the world I would not surrender for your sake."

"And you will marry me?" she asked, falteringly, the pale face covered with a burning blush. Even in her little world she had learned enough to know that all love-making, such as this, does not tend toward marriage. Every village has its stories of broken faith and man's dishonor; and there had been such stories to be told of Kingsbury, even within Grace Redmayne's brief experience.

"I will do all that a man of honor should do, dearest. I will do every thing that a man can do to make you happy, if you will only trust me."

"You know that I can not help trusting you," she said, "I love you so much."

"Then it can not be too soon, darling."

"What?" she asked, with a puzzled look.

"Our union."

"Oh no, no; it must not be soon. It is too great a sacrifice for you to make. You might regret afterward; and it would break my heart to know that I had come between you and the things you value. And then there is my father—dearly as I love you, I could do nothing without his knowledge."

"What, Grace! is this your boundless love? Am I to be secondary to a father? Think how very little old Capulet stood for, when once Juliet was in love with Romeo."

Grace smiled a little at this appeal. They had read "Romeo and Juliet" together one long summer afternoon in the orchard; and her lover had taught her to appreciate the beauties of the 'ext

with a fuller comprehension than she had ever brought to it before.

"But I think Signor Capulet was rather a disagreeable kind of father," she said. "Mine is so good."

"My pet, I have no doubt he is as good a fellow as ever breathed; but he is at the antipodes, and I have a horror of long engagements. Life is not long enough for that kind of delay. Rely upon it, Romeo's and Juliet's was the true philosophy—wooded and won to-night, and wed to-morrow."

"Remember how fatal their marriage was!"

"*Abis omen.* We will try to resemble them in nothing but the fervor of our love, our utter trustfulness in each other. And now let us talk seriously. Take my arm, dear, and let us walk on a little way. Mild as the afternoon is, you are shivering."

He drew her shawl closer round her, pressed the little hand under his arm, and walked gently on, looking down at her.

"What a lucky fellow I was to meet you here just now!—promiscuous, as my servant says. I took a fly from Tunbridge to Kingsbury, and walked on, meaning to invent some excuse for presenting myself at the farm as I came along. But I need not do that now: it will be wiser, on the whole, that I should not appear at Brierwood. We can arrange every thing, you and I, darling, in half an hour, and carry out our plans afterward, without arousing any one's suspicion."

The girl looked at him wonderingly; and then little by little, overcoming her objections one by one as they arose, he unfolded his scheme of their future.

He was prepared to make great sacrifices for her love—he did not define them; but to declare his marriage with her would be to blast his prospects. She would hardly desire that, he was sure.

"Oh no, no, no," she faltered, piteously; "but my father—you will place me right with him?"

"Of course, darling; but your father is a long way off now. There will be time enough to consider that difficulty when he is on his homeward voyage. We need only think of perplexities to be overcome in the present, and those are not many. You must be very secret, darling, very brave, and come away from Brierwood quietly some morning—say this day week. That will give me time for my preparations, and yours need be of the slightest order; for you can bring no more luggage than you can carry in your own hand. I will sleep at Tunbridge on the previous night, and meet you with a fly at Kingsbury at eight in the morning, in time for the nine-o'clock train to London."

"To London!" echoed Grace, with a little shiver. "Are we to be married in London?"

"My dearest, every thing is possible in London; there is no place like London for keeping a secret. But don't imagine that I am going to mew you up in a smoky city. I shall find a pretty nest for my bird somewhere in the suburbs between this and Wednesday."

The whole scheme seemed fraught with terror to Grace. She loved him—oh, so fondly! but even her love could hardly conquer her fear of that dim future. To leave the old familiar home—all the world she knew—and go forth with him an alien from her kin! If the marriage was to be secret, they might believe she had gone away to dishonor; and the thought that she should stand disgraced in the minds of her kindred was more than she could bear.

"I may tell my aunt and uncle that I am going away to be married, may I not?" she asked.

"Yes, darling; I will place no fetter upon you there; but remember, they must know nothing till you are gone. You can leave a letter behind you telling them that you are going to be married, but not mentioning my name. They shall be enlightened by-and-by."

And thus by slow degrees, and with much tender pleading, he won her consent to his plan. She could not contemplate it without a strange terror—that rising early in the dim wintry morning, to creep like a criminal from the home of her childhood. But to be with him for ever and ever, with no more parting! She looked back at the sorrowful months of severance—the dreary, dreary days in which she had mourned him as one dead; and cried, with a sudden gush of tenderness,

"What is there that I would not do for your sake? Oh yes, yes, I will come!"

"Spoken like my own brave girl! You remember that line I marked in your Tennyson—'Trust me all in all, or not at all?' You shall never repent your confidence, my sweetest. And we shall soon bring the roses back to those poor pale cheeks. Do you know, Gracey, this dull farm-house life was killing you?"

They parted at last, after settling every thing—parted because Grace dared stay no longer, and would have, as it was, a lost hour to account for in the best way she could to her aunt. This was Thursday, November the 4th; on Thursday, November the 11th, Grace was to slip out of the house quietly at seven o'clock, at which hour her uncle would have finished his breakfast and gone out on his rounds of inspection, and her aunt would be busy in the dairy. She was to slip quietly away by these very lanes. The distance to Kingsbury was an hour's walk at most; and by the turnstile that divided the lane from the road that skirted the common she would find her lover with a vehicle ready to spirit her off. It would be safest for him not to come nearer Brierwood than this, or he would have willingly spared her the lonely walk in the chill winter morning.

Even after her graver objections had been met and conquered, Grace did not yield her consent to this arrangement without some feeble womanly protest upon the subject of wedding-clothes.

"To come away like that!" she said, "without any luggage, without any thing! It seems dreadful. When my old school-fellow, Amy Morris, the doctor's daughter, married, she had

three great trunksful of clothes. I saw the dresses—oh, so many! And she was six months having things made. And then there was her wedding-dress—white silk. What am I to be married in, Hubert?"—her voice trembled a little as she pronounced his Christian name; it was almost the first time she had so addressed him—"what am I to be married in, Hubert, if I come away like that?" she asked, shyly.

The question, so innocently spoken, stung him to the quick. It is a hard thing for a man to feel himself a scoundrel, and yet hold firmly to the purpose which he knows is infamous.

"My dear love," he said, after a scarcely perceptible pause—interval enough for a whisper from his better angel—"do you think I should love you any better for three boxes of clothes, or for the finest wedding-gown a French milliner could make you? Remember that story of patient Griseli I read you one day. It was in her utter lowliness and humility that fair young wife seemed sweetest to her stern husband. I will love you as her knight loved Enid, dear, in a faded silk. Burden yourself with nothing next Thursday morning. It will be my delight and pride to buy you all manner of prettinesses—from ivory-backed brushes for that beautiful hair, to glass slippers like Cinderella's, if you choose: though the commentators tell us, by-the-way, that the famous slipper was made of ermine, and that the glass shoe, so dear to our childhood, is, like Falstaff's babbling of green fields, only a printer's error."

He spoke lightly, anxious to conceal feelings that were by no means of the lightest, and won a faint smile from Grace Redmayne, to whom his most trivial remark seemed the very essence of cleverness. She would come. All her doubts and fears and little difficulties resolved themselves into that one question, "What is there in the world I would not do for your sake?"

It was dusk by the time the business was settled. They had walked on to Kingsbury, where Grace gave her aunt's message to the family grocer, while Mr. Walgrave waited for her outside the shop. This being done, he walked back with her through the lanes and fields till they were very close to Brierwood, talking of the future all the time—that future which was to be a very bright one, according to Hubert Walgrave. In sight of the old farm-house, where lights were gleaming from the lower windows, they parted.

"Only for a week, darling," he whispered, as he kissed the pale cold face.

She did not answer him; and he felt that she was shivering.

"My dearest girl, be brave," he said, cheerily. "It is not such a hard road to happiness, after all; and it shall be no fault of mine if your future life is not all happiness."

CHAPTER XVII.

Beyond his reach.

NOTHING happened to prevent Grace Redmayne's elopement; and having once given her promise, she had no thought of breaking it. Her fate was sealed from that moment in the lane when she said, "I will come." Perjury to him was a crime she could not contemplate. Yet throughout the intervening week she keenly felt any little kindness, any show of interest or motherly care, from sharp-tongued Aunt Hannah, and was moved to tears more than once by her uncle's rough tenderness.

She was going from them almost forever, she thought. It was hardly likely that Mr. Walgrave—who was a proud man, she fancied, despite his friendly ways at Brierwood—would allow his wife to associate much with her homely kinsfolk.

"He will not part me from my father," she said to herself. "That would be too cruel. But I don't suppose he will let me see my uncle and aunt very often."

She suffered bitterly during that brief interval—suffered sharp agonies of self-reproach, feeling herself the vilest of deceivers. If the time had been longer, she could hardly have borne up against all this mental misery and held to her promise. Perhaps Mr. Walgrave had foreseen this when he made the time so short. She could neither eat nor sleep under this burden of secret care—spent her nights in watching for the morning, her days in a strange unsettled state; wandering about the farm in the chill November weather; creeping in and out of the rooms—touching familiar things absently—wondering when she would see them again. The piano which her father had given her—the dear old piano which she had been so proud of possessing as her very own—would her husband let her send for that by-and-by, when they were settled? Not the finest grand that Erard or Broadwood ever made could be so precious to her as this clumsy old cottage, by a nameless manufacturer.

Their marriage was to be secret, he had told her; but what did that mean? Secret so far as his world was concerned, she supposed; not secret from hers. He had given her permission to say what she pleased to her aunt in her farewell letter; therefore there was no secrecy insisted upon there. And by-and-by, when their honeymoon was over, he would bring her to Brierwood to see her aunt and uncle, perhaps. She brightened at the thought. How proud she would be to appear before them, leaning on his arm! how proud they must needs feel to see her married to a gentleman! and would it not be a pleasant surprise for her father, on his coming home, to find his darling had achieved such high fortune?

So in a strange flutter of doubt and fear, lightened now and then by brief flashes of hopefulness, the days went by until the cheerless morning-which was to see Grace Redmayne's farewell to Brierwood. On the previous night she made no attempt to rest—what rest had she since that meeting in the lane?—nay, had she ever

known pure and perfect repose after that fatal hour in which she first loved Hubert Walgrave? She had her small preparations to make, and trifling as these were, in her fluttered and nervous state of mind, they occupied a long time. She packed a carpet-bag with the things which seemed most essential for her to take. She had no elaborate traveling-bag bristling with silver-gilt lids and stoppers, like a small battery of guns, such as Miss Vallory considered indispensable for the briefest journey. Her chief treasures were a huge work-box and desk, inlaid with brass, which had belonged to her mother, and had been esteemed very costly and splendid articles in their time. These she left behind her with a sigh of regret. How many little girlish treasures—shreds of ribbon and morsels of lace, carnelian necklaces and silver bodkins—she had hoarded in the secret recesses of these receptacles! She fancied she would have made a more dignified entrance into her new life armed with that desk and work-box, nor had she the faintest suspicion that the brass-inlaid mahogany boxes were splendors of a by-gone age.

There was her wedding-dress to prepare, too, in the quiet hours of that long night, when the rushing and scuffling of mice behind the wainscot seemed awful in the deadly stillness of the house—the dress which, in her perfect innocence and trustfulness, she fondly hoped to wear standing before God's altar to be made Hubert Walgrave's wife. It must needs be the same dress in which she traveled, since he had forbidden her to cumber herself with luggage. She laid it out on the bed with dainty care—a turned and somewhat faded silk, which her father had bought her for a birthday present three years ago, and which had never been deposed from its proud position as her "best" dress—a garment to be worn upon half a dozen fine Sundays in the summer, and at about half a dozen small festive gatherings in the winter. It had been a bright peach-color—a *mauve*, Richard Redmayne had called it—when new, but had been toned down by midsummer sunshine and long laying up in lavender. She had sewn her choicest pieces of thread lace—hair-looms and yellow with age—on the neck and sleeves, and she had taken out a little white crape shawl of her mother's to wear over her shoulders. This, with her summer bonnet, trimmed with a new white ribbon which she had bought by stealth, would not be so bad, she thought. A large shepherd's-plaid shawl would cover this festive attire during the journey, and a black veil would subdue the brightness of the new ribbon on her bonnet. She was pleased to think that she had planned every thing so well.

She had her letter to write after this, and that labor was not an easy one. She knew nothing of where she was going, or at what church she was to be married; or whether it was to be on the day of her flight or the next day. After many ineffectual attempts, she wrote, briefly:

"DEAREST AUNT HANNAH,—Pray do not be angry, or let Uncle James be angry with me. I am going away to be married to a gentleman. We are to be married in London; but as our marriage is to be kept quite secret for the present, I can not tell you any more yet a while—I dare not even tell you his name. I shall write to my father by the next mail, to beg his forgiveness for having taken this step without waiting for his consent. God bless you, dearest aunt, and all at Brierwood! Forgive me for my many faults and short-comings in the past, and believe me to be ever and ever your grateful and affectionate niece,
"GRACE REDMAYNE."

She dressed herself by candle-light, a little while after the ancient eight-day clock on the stairs had struck five. Oh, what a sweet face that was which the old-fashioned looking-glass reflected! What a pale wild-rose-like beauty, and how little of earth there was in it! The next morning, at the same hour, there was to be a change upon the fair girlish face, and even less of earthliness.

It seemed a long walk from Brierwood to Kingsbury through the white fog of that November morning. A year ago and Grace Redmayne had seldom known what it was to flag or tire upon that familiar journey; but to-day, with a thick mist brooding over the landscape, and with the confusion in her own mind, it seemed to her as if she were going through a strange country. Once she stopped by a little gate, and put her hand to her head for a moment or two, trying to collect her thoughts, and to overcome the dream-like feeling which made every thing appear unreal.

"Am I really going to meet him—really going to be married?" she said to herself, "or am I walking in my sleep?"

At last she came to the turnstile by the common, fully believing that the walk had taken her three hours, and fearing that her lover would have lost patience and gone away, leaving her to return to Brierwood ignominiously, in the face of that farewell letter.

No, he was standing by the turnstile, and received her joyously with outstretched arms and a bright smile.

"My sweetest, you are better than punctuality itself!" he exclaimed. "You are a quarter of an hour before the appointed time."

"What!" she cried, bewildered, "isn't it very late?"

"No, Gracey, very early—a quarter to eight. I was here half an hour too soon."

"It seemed so long," she said, with a wondering look, "I thought I should be hours too late."

"You were nervous and excited, darling. You have brought your carpet-bag too, in spite of all I said, and much too heavy for those fragile arms to carry. Come, dear, you had better jump in at once. There's a nasty drizzling rain."

There was, and Grace had been walking through the rain for the last ten minutes without being aware of the fact. The fly from Tunbridge was waiting. Mr. Walgrave handed her in, wrapped

her tenderly in a fleecy carriage rug that was the very essence of warmth, and they drove off briskly along the soft miry road. It was not a bright morning for an elopement: the white mists had slowly melted away, leaving a gloomy landscape, blurred with rain, under a low dim sky; but for Grace it was a journey through fairy-land—the Tunbridge express an enchanter's car rather than a common earthly conveyance. Was she not with him? And he was so kind and tender, so thoughtful, so anxious for her comfort!

Even though London Bridge was a somewhat dirty and dispiriting place to arrive at, the girl's spirits did not falter. All fear, all doubt, had vanished out of her mind, now she was with him. He was so good, so noble! Who could be base enough to doubt him?

It was only ten o'clock when they alighted at London Bridge. Hubert Walgrave put Grace into a cab, gave some brief direction to the cabman, and they drove off in a northwesterly direction.

"Are we going to drive straight to the church?" Grace asked, wondering whether she would be able to take off her veil and outer shawl, and arrange her bonnet in the vestry.

"No, dear; I am going to show you our house first, and to say a few serious words to you."

His face was turned a little toward the window as he spoke.

"Our house!" she cried, with childish delight: "are we really going to have a house?"

"Well, yes, dearest; we must live somewhere, you know. We are not like the birds of the air, and as I can not leave London at this time of year, I have set up our household gods in the suburbs. I think you will like the nest I have chosen, Gracey dear."

"How can I help liking it, if you do?"

"A true wife's answer!" he said, smiling at the bright spiritual face.

Her heart thrilled at the word.

"Your wife," she murmured, softly. "How sweet the name sounds!"

"Yes, darling; it has been a sacred name ever since the days when Eve bore it—yet there was neither church nor law to give it to her. It is a word of deeper meaning than narrow-minded bigots think."

The speech might have alarmed another woman in so dubious a position as Grace Redmayne's; but over her pure mind it passed like a summer breath across deep water, without leaving a ripple.

"You were never in town before, were you, Grace?" her lover asked, lightly. It was not time yet for that serious talk he had spoken of just now.

"Once only; father brought me, and we went to see the Tower and Madame Tussaud's."

He pointed out churches and buildings as they passed. They seemed to be a long time in the streets, and as they went through Gray's Inn Lane, by King's Cross, and the wild wastes beyond—which formed at that time an arid desert of newly begun railway arches given over to desolation and bill-stickers—Grace hardly saw the metropolis in its most dignified aspect. She wondered a little that country people could be so delighted with London; but after passing the architectural splendors of Kentish Town, where the highest development of the builder's art was manifest in corner public-houses, they began to ascend Highgate rise, which Grace thought pretty, and something like the outskirts of Tunbridge.

They stopped at a cottage on the very top of the hill—a toy dwelling-place of the Gothic order—with tiny mullioned windows below, and miniature oriels above; just the kind of house to delight a girl of nineteen, unawakened to the consideration of coal-cellar, wash-house, and dust-bin, or to the question whether the architect had so placed his kitchen that the smell of the dinner must needs pervade the drawing-room. It was one of those bewitching habitations which look ravishing in a drawing, and concentrate in a small compass all possible inconveniences of domestic architecture.

Mr. Walgrave dismissed the cab, and took Grace and her carpet-bag across a few square yards of garden into a tiny hall, and then into a drawing-room—such a drawing-room! Grace clasped her hands and looked round her with a cry of rapture.

Her lover had not been idle during his week of preparation. He had sent in hot-house flowers enough to fill a small conservatory, and to make the little room a positive bower. He had bought things with a man's reckless hand. One of the small sofas was loaded with silk-mercer's parcels; one of the side-tables was heaped with perfumery, hair-brushes, fans, diamond-cut scent-bottles, little French slippers with big cherry-colored bows, boxes of pale lavender gloves; every thing piled up pell-mell, and the papers that had enveloped them thrown in a heap into a corner of the room.

"You see I have not forgotten you, Grace," he said, opening one of the silk-mercer's parcels, and showing her half a dozen dresses—such dresses as she could hardly have imagined out of a fairy tale. "Of course there are no end of things I did not know how to buy; but you can drive down to the West End this afternoon and select those for yourself."

"How good you are to me!" the girl cried, standing by with clasped hands, while he unfolded the glistening silk dresses one after another, and flung them in billows of brightness at her feet—blue, rose, peach, maize, pearly gray, not a useful color among them, chosen with a man's eye for mere prettiness in the abstract.

She stood like Margaret looking at her jewels in the cottage chamber, and with the tempter by her side.

"Oh, how lovely, how lovely! But, oh, please stop, you are spoiling them!" she cried, agonized by his clumsiness.

He trampled ruthlessly on the silks, and took her to his breast and kissed her.

"My dear one, it is you who are lovely!" he whispered; "do you think I shall admire you any more for these paltry auxiliaries? But it is

worth all the silk dresses in Regent Street to see the light in your face as you look at them."

She disengaged herself from him gently. "Hubert," she said, pointing to a clock on the mantel-piece, "isn't it time for us to go to the church? I have heard my father say that people can't be married after twelve o'clock; but I suppose in London it's different."

"London means liberty, Grace. People who live in London hold themselves accountable for their actions to their own consciences, not to their next-door neighbor."

He glanced behind him to see that the door was shut, went over to it, even, to convince himself of the fact, and then came back to Grace with a sudden seriousness in his face and manner.

He took both her hands, and looked down at her gravely and tenderly.

"Grace," he said, "I am going to put your affection to the crucial test. You pretend to be very fond of me, and I think you are; but, after all, you are little more than a school-girl, fifteen years my junior, and the love may be shallow—only a fancy, perhaps, at best."

"No, no, no!" she cried, vehemently, "it was no fancy. I was breaking my heart when you came to me."

"Now, Grace, God knows I love you as dearly as ever man loved woman, and that I am ready to make any reasonable sacrifice for your sake; but—"

He paused, checked by a sudden huskiness, perhaps arrested also by something in the face looking up at him, which whitened to the lips.

"But what?" Grace Redmayne asked, slowly.

"I can not marry you. Your home shall be as bright a one as wife ever had, your lover as devoted as ever husband on this earth. Nothing but the empty form shall be wanting; and our union must needs be all the more sacred to me because it will be consecrated by a sacrifice on your part. I will love you all the days of my life, Grace, but I can not marry you."

She looked at him fixedly, with wide-open eyes that seemed to him to grow unnaturally large, and then change to a lighter color as she looked. Her white lips moved, as if she tried to echo his words in sheer amazement; but no sound came from them but a little choking cry, with which she fell heavily to the ground.

Hubert Walgrave remembered the scene of the viper in Clevedon Chase. He knelt down and raised her gently, with her head upon his knee, calling loudly for help.

The domestic offices were not remote, and it is possible that the newly hired servants were lurking a little nearer than their legitimate abiding-place. A young woman rushed into the room, shrieked, glanced at the heap of tumbled silks, jumped at once to the conclusion that her master and mistress had been quarreling, and then began the usual cabalistic formula in fainting cases. Without any effect, however. Grace Red-



"BUT MY FATHER—YOU WILL PLACE ME RIGHT WITH HIM?"

mayne lay like a statue, white and cold, with her head upon her lover's knee.

"She is in the habit of fainting in this way," Mr. Walgrave said, nervously; "it's constitutional. But I think you'd better send for the nearest doctor. Quick, quick! Good God, woman, what are you staring at!"

The house-maid fled to the cook, whom she dispatched in quest of a surgeon. Mr. Walgrave lifted the statue-like form with a great effort, and placed it gently on the sofa. He knelt down and laid his hand above the heart. Great Heavens, what an awful stillness! He bent his ear down to the girl's breast and listened, but could hear no sound; and in a sudden terror rushed to the bell, rang violently, and then came back to fling more water over the pallid face.

It was something worse than pallid. What was that cold bluish shade which crept over it as he looked?

He had not long to wait the answer to that question. The local surgeon came in, pushed him aside unceremoniously, and stooped down to examine the patient.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, after the briefest scrutiny, "a case of heart-disease. She is dead!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WEIGHING THE BABY.

WHEN weighing the baby, not yet a month old, That first tender darling, more precious than gold, How often fond parents a glaring mistake Are known to record as a parent could make!

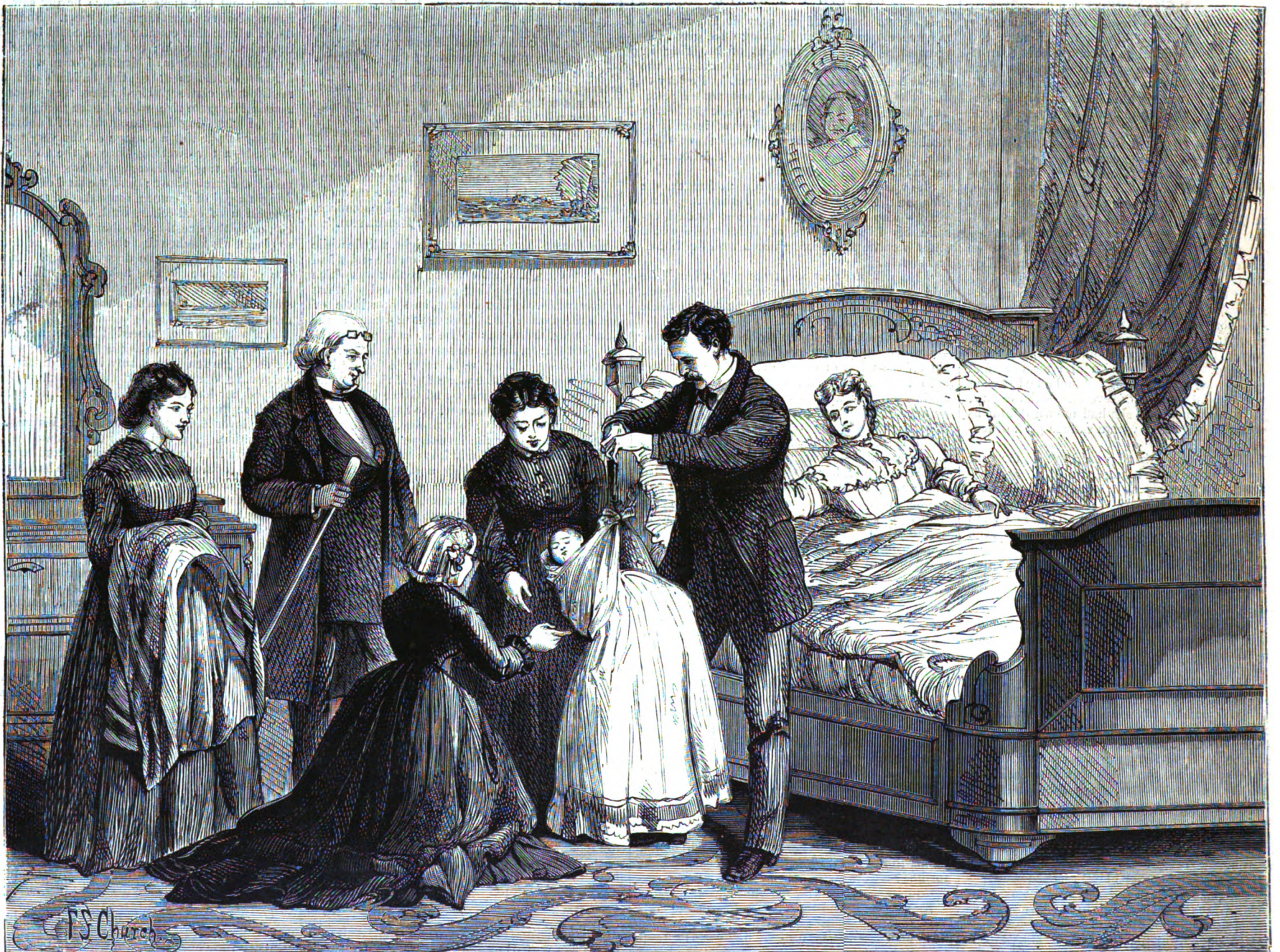
Oh, oh, the first baby! Who ever did spy Such soft rosy cheeks, and a forehead so high? Do, Grandpa dear, hold him! How heavy the weight! Do weigh him! I know he will weigh more than eight.

Was ever before such a dear little nose! Did ever the sunlight kiss such tiny toes! Oh my! Did you ever! Such soft pearly ears! And the blue, sparkling eyes, filled with bright crystal tears!

There! Carefully lay him within the tin tray. Did ever that balance so precious gem weigh? Half breathless, they listen to hear the sad fate—No record is truer—"He weighs only eight."

Ah, what a sad error, all errors above, To weigh in a balance a bundle of love, With dimples and tear-drops of dear baby boys, And reckon their value in avoirdupois! Now bring the true balance, and weigh again fair; Weigh love and the smiles and the bonny brown hair; As gold, silver, rubies are weighed by fair men, The light boy of seven will weigh nearly ten.

How stupid to weigh love like gewgaws and toys, With dumb pigs and poultry by avoirdupois, While pearls of the ocean, and silver and gold, By Troy are computed, when purchased and sold! Should babies at first be like Anak so tall To easily span this terrestrial ball, We'd balance each darling by smiles and a tear: It's love and sweet kisses that make baby dear.



WEIGHING THE BABY.



MODESTY.

MODESTY.

To kiss a pensive, modest maid
A prudent man would never dare;
Yet of one hurried look I'd have
His unsuspecting soul beware,
And warn him of those subtle snares
That circumvent one unawares.

When strolling down some sylvan glade
Suppose a damsel debonair
Should meet him; through ambrosial leaves
The light streams on her rippled hair;
He knows there's danger, feels afraid,
Yet ne'ertheless looks at the maid.

And notes, but in a simple way,
A glimpse of ankle, unconcealed;
And then perchance a glowing bust,
Divinely moulded, half revealed;
He slightly bows, then on his way
With happy mien would pass—yet stay.

Those scarlet lips, that sweetly curve
Like Cupid's bow, deserve a glance:
She smiles, the bow is bent, and Love
Hath pierced him with a charmed lance;

Then he, fond youth, while still amazed,
Beholds her veiling eyelids raised.

The dazzling flash of those dark eyes
Is as the fatal light that gleams
Upon a rapier's point; half dazed,
Poor Benedict, like one that dreams,
And led by Cupid's sly suggestion,
Drops on his knees and "pops the question."

POSTAGE IN OLDEN TIMES.

IN the days of heavy postage no one had the slightest scruple in cheating the revenue. Persons leaving home, whether for inland or foreign travel, were importuned by friends to carry letters for them to other friends. An idea prevailed that if the letters were carried "open"—that is, unsealed—there was no infraction of the law, and that consequently no penalty could be exacted. This was a popular error. The law, moreover, was evaded in another way. A newspaper was sent by post in an envelope; inside the latter a long epistle was often written in invisible ink, generally milk. When this was dry

the writing could not be seen. By holding the paper to the fire the writing came out in a sepia color, and the law was broken. The post-office authorities discovered this pretty trick, and parties were threatened with prosecution; but as the receivers invariably protested that they did not know who the senders were, it was almost impossible to obtain a conviction. Senders, indeed, grew a little nervous, and many changed their method of conveying information in spite of the law. In place of writing in milk on the covers of the newspapers, they made slight dots in ordinary ink under such printed letters as suited their purpose for conveying intelligence. This was troublesome for both sender and receiver, and it was, therefore, used only for brief messages. The postal tax pressed most heavily on the poor, but the ingenious poor discovered means to evade it. For instance, a son or daughter, in town dispatched a letter to parents in the country, who were too poor to pay the postage. The parents declined to take such letter in, which they had legal right to do. Returned to the General Post-office, the letter on being opened was found to be a blank sheet of paper. The fact is that parents and children had agreed to send these blank

sheets as indications that all was well with the sender; the receiver got that much of news, and had nothing to pay for it. The letter was never taken in unless a particular mark was on the cover, which intimated that something of importance was to be read within.

Heavy postage made long letters. As the receivers paid the postage, they naturally expected their money's worth. Often a sheet of Bath post, or even of foolscap, was crossed and recrossed, and not a hair-breadth of the paper was left without its line. A letter then was written bit by bit, day after day, till the whole was completed. It was, in its way, a newspaper or a book; it was sent all through the branches of a family; it was lent to friends; it even went to mere acquaintances; and strangers made extracts from the choicest parts of it. Miss Mitford refers to one of these epistles, which was written by a lord who had been traveling on the Continent, and it was a clever, sensible, and instructive document. She borrowed it for the purpose of copying the contents, to accomplish which cost her six mortal hours, which the lady did not think were ill spent.

Instances occur now and then where a joke

has been played, the fun of which was to make a man pay heavy postage for very unnecessary information. When Collins, the artist, was once with some friends around him, one of them resisted every attempt to induce him to stay to supper. He withdrew, and the friends in council over their banquet resolved that the sulky guest should be punished. Accordingly on the following day Collins sent him a folded sheet of foolscap, in which was written: "After you left we had stout and oysters." The receiver understood what was meant, but he was equally resolved to have his revenge. Accordingly, biding his time, he transmitted in a feigned hand to Collins a letter in which the painter read only, "Had you?" Therewith the joke seemed at an end; but Collins would have the last word. He waited and waited, till the thing was almost forgotten, and then the writer of the last query opened a letter one morning in which he had the satisfaction of finding an answer to it in the words, "Yes, we had." We can not dismiss this part of the subject without expressing our regret that we are unable to remember the name of that British admiral who, after achieving a glorious victory at sea, dispatched a letter to the Admiralty in which there were only these or similar words: "Beat the enemy; took, sunk, burned, and destroyed ships named in the margin." Terrest of admirals!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. M. E. W.—Swiss muslin is much used for young girls' dresses. A polonaise and ruffled skirt is a popular fashion for Swiss muslin. Sailor collars are worn with blouse waists; also a standing collar, with points turned over in front.

Mrs. M. J. S.—Make your black silk by Dolly Varden suit pattern, or else the plain Marguerite. Trim with your lace and bias bands of silk.

An ORANGEITE.—Your sample is goat's-hair. Pearl buttons are used on Dolly Varden calicoes. Braided wraps will be worn again, but embroidery will be most fashionable. Braid your garment before lining it. Hoods will be much worn next season. If you use black cashmere, mix fine jet beads with the braiding. If you get colored cashmere, braid with soutache of a darker shade, and have some wider braid in the pattern. Jet galloon, jet fringe, and embroidery will probably be the most fashionable trimmings next winter.

C. H. E.—Deep kilt pleats are two inches wide. Dm. B.—Get darker blue, or else striped blue and white, for the kilt skirt and vest of the girl's suit. The basque sleeves and upper skirt should be plain blue. A pearl gray cashmere talma would be more stylish than one of white delaine.

JENNIE.—Use the Marguerite Dolly Varden polonaise for gray poplin to be worn over black alpaca.

CORA.—Your sample is very good Japanese poplin. JENNIE S.—Your sample did not reach us. The samples sent you answer for a variety of materials.

F. J. E.—Make your black alpaca by plain-basque suit pattern sent you, and trim with side pleating. For the dotted alpaca use the Marguerite Dolly Varden Polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. V. Bind the alpaca with black silk, and put black gros grain bows down the front.

Mrs. E. F. B.—You will find a pattern of demi-trained skirt with suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 27, Vol. V.

Mrs. H. G.—Line only the waist and sleeves of your grenadine polonaise. Hem the ruffles. Use green gros grain ribbon for bows. The lining should be high-necked.

MISSISSIPPIAN.—Make your tarlatan with demi-train ruffled to the waist, a short apron, and a low infant waist, or else a low-necked postillion-basque.

Mrs. H. A. P.—We can supply you with back numbers of the *Bazar* containing directions for making point lace. The braid costs \$1.50 for a piece of about a dozen yards.

MARION DE L.—Make a white nansook by Marguerite Dolly Varden pattern, and trim with side pleating. Black thread lace hats, with high crown and narrow sloping brim, are fashionable.

ROSE.—The "Bazar Book of Decorum" will be sent by the publishers, prepaid, by mail, on receipt of \$1.—We know nothing about the physician you mention, and can not undertake to vouch for any one.

C. H. K.—A gentleman takes his hat with him into the parlor when making a morning call.

A SUBSCRIBER.—It will be prudent for a lady who is staying alone at a hotel to confine her conversation with the clerks and attendants to necessary inquiries, and to make no acquaintance with the guests. A lady, if seated, is not required to rise when a gentleman is presented to her. The "Bazar Book of Decorum" is especially designed for persons in the ordinary walks of life. Your other questions are irrelevant. Common-sense will readily suggest to you the answers.

SMITH.—The value of old books depends on so many circumstances—such as the rarity, size, particular edition, binder, etc., as well as the temporary demand—that it would be impossible for us to give you an idea as to the value of your volume. You had better consult a book collector. Brunet's bibliography will afford you valuable information concerning old books, and is standard authority. It is written in French.

MARIE C.—We never heard the most frenzied aristocrat claim that the blue blood in his veins was any thing more than an unmixt pedigree, which was supposed to carry with it certain qualities, noble or otherwise, transmitted from generation to generation; nor do we think that even he would claim that this same *sanguis azul* differed materially from the life-current of the nearest plowboy. Nevertheless, the aristocracy of birth is not altogether to be despised. Hereditary transmission of qualities being admitted, one would more readily bow to the inheritor of Humboldt's name than Rothschild's millions. But the only true aristocracy is that of intellect.—We do not know of any place where a lady can find a certain market for superfluous fancy articles.

EMMA B.—The "Ugly Girl" articles found in late numbers of the *Bazar* contain all the information we can give about cosmetics.

LAGORDA.—Fashion, like the trades, has technical terms of its own, which are chiefly French, and which no one ever thinks it necessary to translate. For instance, a certain silk becomes known in the market as *faille*, and another as *gros grain*; *douffant* is considered a more elegant expression than *bunchy*, and dress-makers agree to call an apron a *tablier*. If you wish to make a serious study of this phraseology, which varies daily, we can only commend you to the dress-makers and dry-goods merchants for instruction.

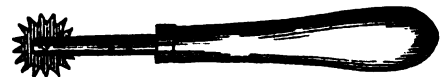
FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—MARY CARMAN, Farmer Village, N. Y., has used 15 different patent sewing machines in family sewing; none does such beautiful work, fine or coarse, as the Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch, or is so readily changed from one kind to another; has sewed with one that has been in use 16 years, without a cent for repairs, and has the same needles that came with the machine, with two others in use 10 years, each without repairs. She has supported a family of three, sometimes earning \$4.00 per day, or \$1 in an evening. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[Com.]

THE NEW WILSON UNDER-FEED SEWING MACHINE is a perfect lock-stitch machine, making a seam alike on both sides, and is adapted to every grade and variety of family sewing. It does to perfection embroidery, hemming, cording, braiding, fine and coarse sewing of all kinds, with less machinery and complications than any other machine in use, and is sold at two-thirds the price of all other first-class machines. Sale-room, 707 Broadway, N. Y.; also for sale in all other cities in the U. S.—[Com.]

COLGATE & Co. are the originators and sole manufacturers of the popular *Cashmere Bouquet Soap*. Its shape, finish, fragrance, and purity placed it at once in the front rank of toilet soaps. It equals any and is excelled by none, American or foreign.—[Com.]

THE American Institute awards the premium to *Electro Silicon* as being the best article for cleaning and polishing Silver, Plated Ware, &c. Sold by Jewelers, Druggists, and Grocers. COFFIN, REMINGTON, & Co., Agents, 9 Gold St., N. Y.—[Com.]

BURNETT'S COCOALINE gives luxuriance to the hair.—[Com.]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, the well-known, reliable, and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations of the Face. Prepared only by Dr. E. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists.

MRS. C. C. THOMSON,

Will purchase any thing required for personal wear or household use, at five per cent. upon cost of article. Information in regard to styles, with circular, upon application. If samples are wanted, inclose eight Postage Stamps. Is permitted to refer to Rev. O. B. Frothingham; E. O. Flagg, D.D.; J. E. Cossart, with Arnold, Constable, & Co.; C. C. Merchant, with A. T. Stewart & Co.; G. Haven Putnam, of G. P. Putnam & Sons. Mrs. C. C. THOMSON, 341 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

JEFFERS, 1179 BROADWAY, LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES AT POPULAR PRICES.

A. SELIG,

Successor to S. M. Peyser, 813 Broadway, Importer of Zephyr Worsted; Silks for Embroidering; Embroideries on Canvas and Leather—Slippers, Cushions, Light Screens, Suspenders, Stripes for Oriental and Camp Chairs. Also, *Quipure and Point Laces*, and materials for making the same. Novelties in Fringes, Gimps, Buttons, Ornaments, and Laces. Fringes and other Trimmings made to order. All kinds of stamping done. Monograms and Crests designed and embroidered in gold, silk, or worsted, in artistic style, at the lowest prices.

Daniel D. Youmans, IMPORTER OF ENGLISH HATS, 719 and 1103 BROADWAY, N. Y.

LADIES' RIDING HATS.

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' HATS in every variety.

THE MIGHTIEST CONQUEST of the AGE is the absolute subversion of biliousness, intermittents, remittents, rheumatism, and dyspepsia, by WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS.

MOTHERS,

NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS FARINA, THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE. O Extensively used and recommended by the most eminent physicians. Sold by Druggists and Grocers.

H. ASTIÉ & CO., Sole Agents, 15 South William Street, New York. INFANTS.

LADIES Send for Circular giving description of the most wonderful discovery in the world for beautifying the complexion. Freckles and Moth Patches removed in ten days. Warranted. Address Mrs. SHAW, 341 6th Ave., New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

The popularity of *McClintock & Strong's Cyclopaedia* having become general, now that its importance is universally acknowledged, and the inducements offered to Agents being liberal, experienced and successful canvassers are daily applying for an opportunity to sell this and other valuable publications of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. There is some desirable territory not yet assigned. For further particulars, address AVERY BILL, Care Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs, of six first-class makers, including Waters', at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

REED & BARTON, MANUFACTURERS OF FINE ELECTRO-PLATED TABLE-WARE.



This illustration represents a new design of Swinging Water-Set manufactured by Reed & Barton. The swinging stand enables the person using to pour water from the Pitcher without being compelled to lift it. The Pitcher is made with one of their patent seamless linings; the Goblets and Bowl are lined with gold, and are finished in the "frosted" style of finish which is so popular, and so appropriate for a Water-Set. Reed & Barton manufacture all their Ware of a very fine white and pure alloy, and plate them heavily with pure silver.

The product of their works embraces every variety of Table-Ware, such as TEA, DINNER, AND WATER SETS, CAKE BASKETS, FRUIT STANDS, ICE PITCHERS, &c.

They pay especial attention to the manufacture of Spoons and Forks, which they manufacture of a very fine quality of nickel silver, and plate with pure silver.

They also manufacture the alloys of which their goods are made, thus having the whole process, from first to last, under their own supervision.

They are the oldest manufacturers of this class of goods in the United States, their Factories having been established at Taunton, Mass., in 1824.

SALESROOMS, AT THE FACTORIES, and 2 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.



A HARVEST OF DIAMONDS

Has rewarded the toil of certain lucky adventurers under the burning sun of Africa; but what is the value of the rarest gem that ever glittered in crown or turban when compared with that of a medicinal remedy that cures dyspepsia and biliousness, restores the appetite, regulates the disordered bowels, and tones and invigorates the whole vital system? Science has bestowed upon the world this estimable gift in

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT, which is to all other preparations of its class what the diamond is among jewels, and, when foaming in the goblet of the fevered invalid, as bright and sparkling. Sold by all druggists.

HARPER'S GUIDE TO EUROPE For 1872.

Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East: being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. PEMBROKE FETTERIDGE, Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book," "History of the Paris Commune," &c. With more than Ninety Maps and Plans of Cities. Eleventh Year. Large 12mo, Leather Tucks, \$5.00.

The new edition of this popular HAND-BOOK OF TRAVEL contains the following Maps and Plans of Cities, etc.: The Alhambra; Ancona; Antwerp; Atlantic Steamers, Routes and Distances; Augsburg; Austria; Belfast; Berlin; Bologna; Bonn; Bordeaux; Brussels; Cairo and the Pyramids; Carlsruhe; Coblenz; Cologne; Cork; Dresden; Dublin; Edinburgh; Egypt and Northern Nubia; General Map of Europe; Ferrara; Florence; The Uffizi Gallery, Florence; France; Frankfurt; Genoa; Germany; Glasgow; Northern Part of Great Britain; Southern Part of Great Britain; Great Western Railway, Liverpool to London; Greece and the Ionian Islands; Hamburg; Ireland; Italy; Jerusalem; Plan of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem; Lakes of Killarney; English Lakes; Plan of London; Environs of London; Madrid; Mantua; Marseilles; Mayence; The Mediterranean and Coasts; Metz; Milan; The Moselle, from Coblenz to Trèves; Munich; Naples; Museo Nazionale, Naples; Environs of Naples; Nice; Nuremberg; Palermo; Palestine; Paris; Plan of Paris; Environs of Paris; Pesth and Ofen; Pisa; Pompeii; The Emperor's Garden, Potsdam; Prague; The Rhine, from Basle to Baden; The Rhine, from Baden to Coblenz; The Rhine, from Coblenz to Düsseldorf; Modern Rome; The Forum, Rome; Ancient Rome; The Vatican, Rome; Russia; St. Petersburg; Spain; Stockholm; Strasbourg; Sweden; Switzerland; Thebes; Trieste; Turin; Turkey in Asia; Turkey in Europe; Venice; Verona; Versailles; Vienna; Wales.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of \$5.00.

WEBSTER'S PATENT BUTTON-HOLE WORKER,



The most perfect Button-Hole Worker invented. So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can without it. It does away with pricking the fingers, straining the eyes, and with imperfect and irregular - worked button-holes.

They give universal satisfaction. Ladies who use them say they are worth their weight in gold. Sample worker, with full directions for use, sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents. Local and traveling agents wanted for this and other useful articles. Address GEO. DAVIS, 91 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

LUNDBORG'S NEW PERFUME, ARCADIAN PINK,

The most beautiful and natural Perfume of the age! Entirely original, and made by no other perfumer.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, &c.



ODD-FELLOWSHIP Exposed. This powerful order stripped of its secrets. Every one can know all there is to know. A large book, full-page engravings. Secrecy required of all who buy it for 25 cents. Sent prepaid by HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

AGENTS WANTED.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. STINSON & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

AT JACKSON'S
FAMILY
MOURNING STORE,
Cor. Broadway & Waverley Place.
Closing out the entire stock of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS at a great sacrifice.
IRON GRENADINES, just half price.
CRAPE CLOTH, 50c.; worth 80c.

CAUTION!

All genuine
Liebig's Ex-
tract of Meat
bears the sig-
nature, in
blue ink, of
BARON LIE-
BIG, the in-
ventor, across
the label.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

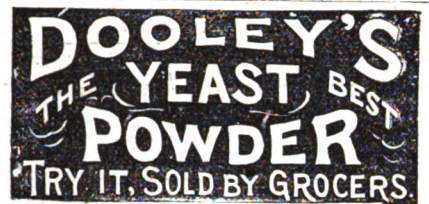
This Extract is made under Baron Liebig's control, and guaranteed from the finest Beef. Physicians, in prescribing, and purchasers will please take notice and ask for the Extract with Liebig's signature, thus:

Frederick Liebig

J. MILHAU'S SONS, Sole Agents,
183 Broadway & 15 Dey St., N. Y.

B. M. COWPERTHWAIT & CO.,
(Established 1807),
155 CHATHAM ST., NEW YORK.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, BEDDING.
BARGAINS FOR CASH.
Payments received in installments if desired.



MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key-
Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples, and
full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

Cut Paper Patterns

OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
IN
HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are fitted with the greatest accuracy, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.		
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER.....	No. 5	
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK.....	" 11	
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 15	
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 17	
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old).....	" 23	
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old).....	" 25	
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old).....	" 27	
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 29	
BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, AND KNICKERBOCKERS (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 31	
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old).....	" 33	
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt).....	" 35	
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 37	
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER.....	" 39	
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 41	
GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP.....	" 43	
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 45	
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt.....	" 47	
WATTEAU MANTLE, with 3-Pleat Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 49	
MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 51	
WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt.....	" 53	

Vol. V.		
DOUBLE-BREADED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 2	
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER.....	" 4	
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers).....	" 6	
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 8	
DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT.....	" 11	
SLEEVLESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postilion, and Walking Skirt.....	" 13	
MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT, with Cape.....	" 15	
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Dolly Varden Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 20	
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 21	
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER.....	" 23	
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 25	
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old).....	" 27	
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt.....	" 29	
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 31	

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for \$2.00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

BAZAR**Cut Paper Patterns,**

For Ladies, Misses, Girls, and
Children of Both Sexes.

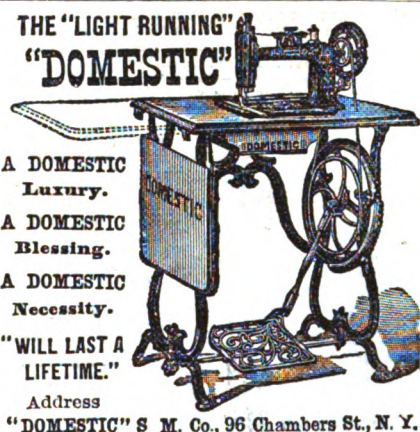
The great design of the proprietors of the Bazar Patterns is to furnish cut paper patterns of every description, and for every size, at a moderate price. These patterns are intended to be the most perfect, the most practical, and the most economical ever produced in this country, and so arranged as to be easily understood by those not accustomed to making their own garments. We avoid as far as possible every form of extravagance in cutting up material, at the same time combining all that is desirable with fashion and good taste. Our business will be conducted in a spirit of progress. Every pattern we issue will be the product of the ablest and most experienced gentlemen dressmakers in the country, all under the supervision of Mr. Moschcowitz, a gentleman who stands at the head of his profession, and who is unquestionably the ablest dressmaker in the United States. What Worth is to Paris, Moschcowitz is to New York—the highest authority on all matters pertaining to fashion. We have carefully prepared a catalogue of 28 pages, containing over two hundred figures, showing the leading fashions of the day. From this catalogue may be selected patterns of every description and of every size, ranging from 30 to 46 inches bust measure; also for misses from 10 to 16 years of age, and for children of both sexes under 10. On receipt of postage stamp, the above catalogue will be sent to any address free of charge. In this catalogue will be found a list of two valuable premiums, both of which are offered to subscribers for *Harper's Bazar*. One subscriber will get at least one of these premiums, and we confidently assert that, for liberality and magnitude, the premiums offered to each and every new subscriber for the *Bazar* have no parallel, an offer in which thousands of families will be benefited, and will, we trust, be the means of adding much to the comfort and economy of every household. We are confident that this premium will be hailed with delight by every lady in the land. For terms to Agents, or for catalogues, address

JAMES M'CALL & CO.,

543 Broadway, New York.

Important to Ladies.—Read the following extraordinary offer: The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co. manufacture and warrant two different Sewing Machines, one called the **ELLIPTIC**, the other called the Wheeler & Wilson. The Elliptic Machine excels in many important points. It is so light that a child can run it with ease; or an invalid, whose strength is sufficient to walk about the house or to do the work of a child ten years old, can sew all day without being over-fatigued. It is impossible to convey by language a tithe of the merits belonging to this deservedly popular Machine. To see it perform the different operations, such as hemming, felling, gathering, embroidering, tucking, cording, frilling, quilting, fringing, etc., it seems more like a thing of life than a machine moved by the will of the operator. It has adjustable gauges for every description of work, and can be changed in a moment to suit any material, coarse or fine. The economy of the Elliptic Machine in a family is almost incredible—with one, a good operator can do the work of twelve hands. A breadth of a skirt can be sewed in less than a minute; a gentleman's fine shirt can be made in three hours; or a child's dress, with many tiny pleats, in less time than the hands can fold them—in fact, every description of sewing is reduced from a question of hours to one of minutes. We make the following offer: Any person in the United States desiring one of these celebrated Machines can buy one and pay for it in work (not sewing) furnished at their own home. The work is pleasant and profitable, and can be accomplished by any lady, old or young. We send circulars on receipt of stamp. Address

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.



THE "LIGHT RUNNING" "DOMESTIC"
A DOMESTIC
Luxury.
A DOMESTIC
Blessing.
A DOMESTIC
Necessity.
"WILL LAST A LIFETIME."
Address
"DOMESTIC" S. M. Co., 96 Chambers St., N. Y.

Library Edition OF MISS MULOCK'S WORKS.

12mo, Cloth, \$1 50 per vol.

The complete set, 17 vols., in neat case, \$25 00.

Hannah.—Olive.—Ogilvies.—The Head of the Family.—John Halifax.—Agatha's Husband.—A Life for a Life.—Two Marriages.—Christian's Mistake.—A Noble Life.—A Hero.—Studies from Life.—The Fairy Book.—Unkind Word.—Mistress and Maid.—The Woman's Kingdom.—A Brave Lady.

Harper's new edition of Mrs. Mulock-Craig's works is so desirable for the library that it must have a general circulation among families. Her stories are so genuinely good, so free from gilt-edged vice and namby-pamby goodness, so noble and whittely pure, yet so fresh and interesting, that it is cause for gratitude they are published by the house which insures their most general distribution throughout the country.—*Correspondence Cincinnati Times and Chronicle.*

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of their works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

J. B. SMALL,

Mfr and Designer of

CUT PAPER PATTERNS

For Ladies, Misses, Boys, and Children's Garments,
ALL AGES AND SIZES.

The qualities which recommend our Patterns over all others are as follows:

First.—Our Patterns are of different sizes, enabling a large as well as small person to obtain a Pattern which will require little or no variation.

Second.—Each garment is fitted in cloth, and made to fit perfect, before the different sizes are graded.

Third.—Each Pattern has a label with picture of garment, and full instructions how to cut, make, trim, amount of cloth and trimming required, and size.

Fourth.—Our Patterns are not cut by a CHART OR DRESS MODEL; and no Pattern can be correct unless the garment is fitted in cloth, and submitted to an actual test.

Fifth.—Our Ladies' Patterns of Outside Garments are in nine sizes, 30 to 46 inches bust measure; no odd sizes; plain waist, in nineteen sizes, 28 to 46 inches bust measure. Misses' Garments, nine to fifteen years, seven sizes. Children's Garments, nine to eight years. Boys' Coats, Vests, and Pants in various styles, from three to fifteen years.

Sixth.—All the difficult parts in each piece of the Pattern are notched and punched, so that the garment can be put together by the most inexperienced.

We warrant every Pattern we sell to be the exact size printed on the label, and the garment, when made, will be exactly like the picture given with the Pattern, if proper attention is followed to our printed directions. Our Patterns are all of the latest styles; and two weeks in advance of any others. Our prices are within the reach of all. Twenty-five cents is the highest price for any Pattern. Prices ranging from ten to twenty-five cents.

We supply HARPER & BROTHERS with all the suits of Cut Paper Patterns given in each issue of the *Bazar*, and they have been sent to all parts of the United States and Canada; and we have yet to hear of the first case where they have failed to give entire satisfaction.

Illustrated Summer Catalogue sent to any address on receipt of stamp to prepay postage.

Agents will be supplied with our Patterns on reasonable terms.

Any of the Patterns specified in the Catalogue can be procured at the Salesroom, or sent by mail, postpaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price, size, and number of Pattern.

Please write your Name, Town, County, and State very plain.

J. B. SMALL,

543 Broadway, corner Bleecker St., N. Y.

A full assortment of our Patterns can be had at any of the following Branch Offices:

FAGAN & CONKLIN, 2904 Third Avenue, Harlem, N. Y.—WILLCOX & GIBBS S. M. CO., 76 Court St., Brooklyn: 55 Fourth St., Brooklyn, E. D.; 142 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. General Agents for New England States; 1 Martin Hall, South Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.; 1 Union Block, Church St., Burlington, Vt.; 575 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; 270 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio; 20 Water St., Newburgh, N. Y.; 68 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.; 113 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.; 303 North Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo.; 67 Dauphine St., Mobile, Ala.; 543 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.; 373 Main St., Memphis, Tenn.; 111 Church St., Nashville, Tenn.; 171 Fourth St., Louisville, Ky.; 5 Cedar St., Newark, N. J.—KETCHAM & CAIN, 1027 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn.—MISS JULIA DENIER, 655 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn.—PRICE & CO., 15 North Charles St., Baltimore, Md.—SAMUEL WHITE, 221 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.—WM. A. COLTER, 4400 Butler St., Pittsburgh, Pa.—CHAS. BAUM, 408 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

MADAME FOY'S CORSET SKIRT SUPPORTER

Is acknowledged **THE BEST ARTICLE** of the kind ever made. Numerous Testimonials in its favor are being received from all parts of the United States.

LADY AGENTS WANTED.
HARMON, BALDWIN, & FOY,
Sole Manufacturers,
New Haven, Conn.
ARNOLD & BANNING, New York;
D. B. FISK & Co., Chicago,
Agents.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!! WITH A NOVELTY PRESS!

The best ever made for the purpose. The most valuable addition to the **Business Office**; the most efficient instructor in **Schools**; the most fascinating and instructive amusement in the **Family**; and is unsurpassed for the use of **AMATEUR AND REGULAR PRINTERS.** Send for descriptive and illustrated Pamphlet to BENJ. O. WOODS, MANUFACTURER, 349-351 Federal & 152 Kneeland Sts., Boston; WM. Y. EDWARDS, 543 Broadway, N. Y.; KELLY, HOWELL & LUDWIG, 917 Market St., Philadelphia; J. F. EDWARDS, 120 N. Sixth St., St. Louis; A. C. KELLOGG, 53-55 S. Jefferson St., Chicago—Manufacturers' Agents.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year.....\$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year.....4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year.....4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, \$10 00; or any two for \$7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR will be supplied gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS at \$4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for \$20 00, without extra copy.

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the new and old one must be given.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, \$500; Half Page, \$250; Quarter Page, \$150—each insertion.
Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, \$2 00 per Line; Outside Page, \$4 00 per Line—each insertion.
Harper's Bazar.—\$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, \$1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

ROBERTS BROTHERS'**New Summer Books.**

MIRRO. A Provençal Poem. By Mistral. Translated by Miss Preston. Price \$3 00. Says Mr. Howells, in the *Atlantic*: "If any reader of ours is at a loss what to read on the loveliest day in summer, let us counsel him to read 'Mirro'."

THE ROSE GARDEN. A Novelle. Price \$1 50. "A very charming love story of French country life." "A most enjoyable book, and sure to find many delighted readers."

SIX OF ONE BY HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER. Price \$1 50. This is the so-called "half dozen's novel" written by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Miss Lucretia Hale, F. W. Loring, F. B. Perkins, and E. E. Hale.

Our books may be had of all book and news dealers, and are sold on all cars and steamboats; or will be mailed, postpaid, by the publishers.

ROBERTS BROS., Boston.

Harper & Brothers' Latest Publications.

HARPER'S GUIDE TO EUROPE. Harper's Handbook for Travelers in Europe and the East: being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. PENNACOCK FRANKLIN, Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book," "History of the Paris Commune," &c. With more than Ninety Maps and Plans of Cities. Eleventh Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Tucks, \$5 00.

LORD KILGOBBIN. A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

THE DESERT OF THE EXODUS. Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings; undertaken in connection with the Ordnance Survey of Sinai and the Palestine Exploration Fund. By E. H. PALMER, M.A., Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. With Maps and numerous Illustrations from Photographs and Drawings taken on the spot by the Sinai Survey Expedition and C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake. Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$3 00.

A GOOD INVESTMENT. A Story of the Upper Ohio. By WM. FLAGG, Author of "Three Seasons in European Vineyards," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

THE STUDENT'S GREEK GRAMMAR. A Grammar of the Greek Language. By Dr. GEORGE CURTIUS, Professor in the University of Leipzig. Translated under the Revision of the Author. Edited by WM. SMITH, LL.D., Classical Examiner in the University of London, and Editor of the Classical and Latin Dictionaries. For the Use of Colleges and High-Schools. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00.

IS IT TRUE? Tales, Curious and Wonderful, collected by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Being Vol. IV. of *Books for Girls*. 16mo, Cloth, 50 cents.

A SMALLER ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST, from the Earliest Times to the Conquest by Alexander the Great. Including Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phœnicia. By PHILIP SMITH, B.A. With Woodcuts. 16mo, 516 pages, Cloth, \$1 00.

ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1871. Edited by FERNAND F. BAIRD, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. 12mo, Cloth, \$3 00.

ALBERT LUNEL. A Novel. By the late LOUIS BROUHAAM. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

ROLFE'S SHAKESPEARE. Shakespeare, edited, with Notes, by WM. J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of Cambridge High-School (The Merchant of Venice.—The Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Julius Cæsar). Illustrated. 4 vols., 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents each; or bound in one volume, handsomely ornamented, \$3 00.

A BRIDGE OF GLASS. A Novel. By F. W. ROBINSON, Author of "True to Himself," "For Her Sake," "Carry's Confession," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

TALMAGE'S SERMONS. Sermons by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00.

HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD DICKENS.

OLIVER TWIST. With 28 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1 00.

MARTIN CHuzzleWIT. With 50 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

TYERMAN'S WESLEY. The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodist. By the Rev. LUKE TYERMAN, Author of "The Life of Rev. Samuel Wesley." Portraits. Complete in 3 vols., in a Box, Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$2 50 per vol.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of their works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.

LADIES!
Dr. Kennedy's Hair Tea
Will prevent the hair from
falling out, and preserve
its health and beauty. Sold by
Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

PRICE \$290.
You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 Octave Pianos for \$290? We answer—It costs less than \$300 to make any \$600 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per cent. profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant Five Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to 300 Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories. U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, New York.

FACETIÆ.

A bright little girl, having been desired to write a sentence introducing the word "carrion," presented the following to her teacher:
"Bad children often carrion in church when they ought to be quiet."

MELANCHOLY RESPONSE.—"What would you do if mamma should die?" asked a lady—with whom we have the honor of an intimate acquaintance—of a little three-year-old girl that we wouldn't take a thousand dollars for. "Well, ma'am," was the melancholy response, "I s'pose I should have to beat myself."

AQUATIC INTELLIGENCE.—Mrs. Partington was heard to express the hope that the result of the international boat-race would be a glory to the empire on which the sun never sets.

A GALLANT SCHOOL-BOY'S TOAST.—"The girls! May they add charity to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply genial affections, divide time by industry and recreation, reduce scandal to its lowest denomination, and raise virtue to its highest power!"

We hear a great deal about labor reform, but there seems to be a greater need of reforming some of those fellows who don't labor.

A countryman was visiting a large town, and had his attention attracted by the glittering sign of the Andes Insurance Company. He looked at it long and intently, and then broke out in a joyful exclamation: "Well, I knowed old Andy would be at something afore long! I tell yer, they can't keep him down: no, they can't!" and walked on.

GEOLOGY FOR JACKASSES.

Folks talk of the Crust of the Earth; Its strata which outmost lie.
A Fool reflects, chuckling with mirth, This world, then, 's a pudding or pie:
Vesuvius, at seasons, lets out The gravy within it has got,
And that being lava, no doubt, Inside that the meat is all hot.

SANDY'S LEAP.—An astonished person is an object either of pity or levity. An instance occurred on a Scotch ferry-boat illustrating surprise as the result of stupidity, and coming under both classifications. The boat was slowly leaving the landing-place, and as the ropes were being thrown off a man rushed hurriedly down to secure a passage. He gathered himself for a tremendous leap, and, springing, landed far upon the deck of the boat. It was as much as a full minute before he could stand erect, and then, turning, his comical expression was explained by his words, "Eh, mon, what a leap!" The boat was then about seventy feet out, and the child of Caledonia, in his simplicity, believed that he had leaped the opening.

Our friend Miss Trimmer is looking for a site for a young ladies' school. There are many sights about wholly unfit for young ladies' schools.

GIVING 'EM FITS.—A man arriving home at a late hour a little worse for too much supper, and hatless and coatless, was asked by his indignant spouse, "Where's your hat and coat?" "Sent 'em, my dear (hie), to the Chicago sufferers." We fear the Chicago sufferer who got those clothes must have found them too tight.



REAL EDUCATION.

A POLITE AND EASY BEARING TOWARD THE OPPOSITE SEX (TEMPERED, OF COURSE, WITH PROPRIETY AND DISCRETION) CAN NOT BE INCULCATED AT TOO EARLY AN AGE. IT IS THEREFORE RECOMMENDED THAT WHENEVER AN INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES HAPPENS TO MEET AN ACADEMY FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN, THEY SHOULD ALL BE FORMALLY INTRODUCED TO EACH OTHER, AND ALLOWED TO TAKE THEIR WALKS ABROAD IN COMPANY.

Our butcher says no one can beat his steaks. Unfortunately our cook is obliged to.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

Weather was made for conversation—indeed, it is its chief necessity.

A calculation has been put forth by an eminent actuary that three out of every five conversations open with a remark on the weather. He was engaged two years, in all weathers, in collecting data for this computation. His sufferings were greatest in the bad quarter of an hour before dinner.

The ancients thought much of the weather. The Greeks had a Temple of the Winds, an anticipation of the Meteorological Bureau, and their most popular comic author called one of his dramatic pieces "The Clouds."

One of the most remarkable phenomena connected with the weather is the number of persons who are constantly endeavoring to raise the wind. They are more numerous than that other class of people—a considerable one, no doubt—who are always looking out for a rainy day.

Many persons are so much taken up with the weather that they are continually in the clouds.

With all the discoveries science has made, we are yet very far from knowing what the clouds exactly contain, so many things are still *in nubibus*.

There are two kinds of dew. The one prevails in the early morning, and leaves its traces on the feet; the other makes its appearance mostly at night, and affects the head. There is a difference of opinion among philosophers about morning dew, but a remarkable unanimity as to mountain dew.

Music has been composed on the weather; for instance, the well-known glee, "Hail, Smiling Morn!" (Note the sly allusion to the fickleness of our climate.)

There are four quarters of the wind, consequently

there ought to be two halves, but nothing is known of them at Washington.

Every information about ice can be obtained of any eminent confectioner or fish-monger.

There is a want in literature—there is no good biography of the Clerk of the Weather.

No poultry show can be considered complete without a collection of weather-cocks.

In Northern countries they call their dances in the winter snow-balls.

The weather was very dismal in the Dark Ages.

MENTOR AND TELEMACHUS.

UNSUCCESSFUL OAR. "I say, Muscles, how do you account for my breaking down?"

TRAINER (reproachfully). "Oh, wery easily, Sir. Yer would read while yer wos in course of trainin', and I always told yer that books and literatoor and them things spiled the 'ands, and was death to a good eddication."

A MINER'S LAMENTATION.—"Vein! vein! give ore."

AFTER ALL, A MATTER OF OPINION.

CHEMIST. "Well, here's the two draughts. This one's for your goodman, and the other's for the cow. If you haven't money enough to pay for both, you had better take one."

WIFE. "Well, well, as you say; so I think I'd perhaps better take the bottle for the cow."

A young man of a fast turn, and looking like any thing but a doctor, complains that all his tradesmen are determined to give him the title of Dr., but they put the Dr. after his name instead of before it.

An Illinois editor thus sarcastically speaks of the marriage of a professional brother in Indiana: "He stepped upon the hy-meneal platform, adjusted the fatal noose, and was swung off into that unsilent bourne whence he can never return save by the Indianapolis or connecting lines."

One of our bachelor readers supposes a lady's 'bride-day' is that on which she first takes the rein.

A TIGHT FIT.—Delirium tremens.

THE SHORTEST SHIP IN THE WORLD.—Court-ship.

A sheriff who had a writ to serve ascertained that the defendant was dead, and tossing the paper over the wall of the cemetery, he made return upon the writ that he had left the summons at the last and usual place of abode.

A drunkard is generally a bad arguer, for the oftener he comes to the *pint*, the more incoherent he is.

If a sailor has been traveling on horseback, can it be said that he *roved*?

A lady who is remarkable for jilting her lovers is undoubtedly a *good miss*.

A GREAT MISTAKE.—Small coals (i. e., a grate mus' take small coals if it can't get large ones).

What is the quickest way to get a glass of half-and-half at a railway station?—Why, to 'all the porter, to be sure.

THE LAST MAN.—A cobbler.

When a man parts with his "stud," he often gives up the "ring" as well.

THE LION'S SHARE!—Do they (the jackals) say they don't share fairly, though?

A WATER PITCHER.—A fire-engine.

QUERY.—What relationship exists between a sea-song and a Nep-tune?

SKIPPING.—The papers report a curious case of a young girl being killed by trying how many times she could skip without stopping.

This should be a warning to readers who skip furiously, and who may arrive at the end, therefore, sooner than they expect!

About the best schism that a man can be guilty of is witticism.

The dispute as to the right Welsh word to be used for aquarium still continues. The latest authority says, "As the best Welsh word for 'aquarium' I beg to offer 'Pysgddangosfa.' Every Welshman can sound 'Pysgddangosfa,' he says. Happy Welshman!"

LOSING AND WINNING.

It never would be right Comparisons to lack:
We should not know a white Without the aid of black;
Then here, please, stick a pin,
And own how just my views;
For nobody could win,
If some ope didn't lose!

You never value wealth Unless you have been poor;
Enjoyment of good health Can bad alone insure;
The silence after din A deeper calm endues;
And nobody could win,
If some one didn't lose!

'Tis from the gloom of night That day its brightness steals;
And 'tis the mountain's height The valley's depths reveals;
And virtue out of sin Doth worth to life infuse;
And nobody could win,
If some one didn't lose.

The argument is just, The moral very clear—
But somehow drop I must A small remark in here:
That surely Satan grins To see how each one chooses
To be the one who wins,
And not the one who loses!

ALWAYS TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

NEW MISTRESS. "That will do, then: my inquiries about you being satisfactory, I am willing to engage you."

NEW COOK. "Very well, ma'am, but I can't give you an answer till to-morrow, for my inquiries about you haven't been answered yet."



THE HOUR AND THE MAN.

VILLAGE SCHOOL-MASTER. "How many Minutes in the Hour?"
PRIDE OF THE SCHOOL. "Sixty, Sir."

V. S. "And how many Hours to the Day?"
P. S. "Ten, Sir, and Feyther say it oughter be Eight!"



SMALL THINGS AMUSE SMALL MINDS.

MR. AND MRS. JESSAMY ARE NOT GOING TO BE DONE OUT OF THE PLEASURE OF USING THEIR NEW GARDEN-HOSE JUST BECAUSE IT HAPPENS TO RAIN.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

Vol. V.—No. 30.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1872.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Ladies' Riding Habits and Walking Suit, Figs. 1-4.

Figs. 1 and 2.—**DARK GREEN CLOTH RIDING HABIT.** This riding habit is made of dark green cloth, and consists of trowsers, skirt, and basque-waist. The skirt and waist are cut in scallops, bound with bias strips of black gros grain along the scallops, and trimmed with steel buttons as shown by the illustration. White Swiss muslin chemisette, and straw round hat, trimmed with feathers and ribbon. To make the trowsers cut of cloth and muslin lining two pieces each from Figs. 44, 45, and 47, Supplement, having first joined on the pieces turned down in Supplement on Figs. 44 and 45, and cut one piece from Fig. 46. Having basted the material on the lining, join each front with one back of the trowsers from 23 to 24 and from 25 to 26, face each half of the trowsers with a strip of the material an inch and three-quarters wide, and from each : to * fasten the ends of a strip of cloth or muslin an inch and three-quarters wide and five inches and three-quarters long. Then join the back parts of the trowsers from 26 to 27, run the edges of the material together on the front edge of the left front of the trowsers, and set the front edge of the right front into a double fly according to the corresponding figures. Pleat the upper edge of the trowsers, bringing × on ●, and join it according to the corresponding figures with the belt, which is sewed up from 27 to 29, furnished in front with a button and button-hole for closing, and in the back, three-quarters of an inch from the middle, with an eyelet-hole each. Through these eyelet-holes run a narrow ribbon, the ends of which are tied together. The skirt of the dress is a yard and seven-eighths long and three yards and three-quarters wide at the bottom. The front and side breadths are sloped off slightly toward

the top, while the back breadths are straight. The top of the skirt is arranged in two pleats in front and gathered in the back. Face the bottom of the skirt with a strip of the material four inches wide, at the same time sewing in bits of lead or shot at regular intervals. For the waist cut of cloth

and shirting lining two pieces each from Figs. 48 and 49, Supplement, and one piece from Fig. 50. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 12, No. 1., of present Supplement. Baste the material on the lining, sew up the darts in the fronts, and join the back, side forms, and fronts according to the correspond-

ing figures. Arrange the back and side forms in pleats at the bottom of the waist, bringing × on ●. Cut the waist in scallops on the outer edge and along the armholes as indicated on the pattern and shown by the illustration, face it with a scalloped bias strip of silk an inch and three-quarters wide, bind it with a strip of gros grain, and sew on the remaining trimming as shown by the illustration. Furnish the waist with hooks and eyes for closing. Trim the sleeves to correspond with the waist, and sew them into the armholes along the straight line so that the scallops of the armholes fall loosely on the sleeves.

Fig. 3.—**GRAY PONGEE WALKING DRESS.** The skirt and waist of this gray pongee dress are cut in one. The trimming consists of ruffles of the material and of bias strips and bows of silk of the same color. Black velvet cravat and bow for the hair.

Fig. 4.—**DARK BLUE CLOTH RIDING HABIT.** This riding habit is of dark blue cloth; the trimming consists of bias strips of black silk reps and black reps buttons. White piqué vest. Collar with revers of Swiss muslin, and fine linen and lace jabot. High hat of black silk felt, trimmed with a blue gauze veil. For the vest cut of piqué and shirting lining two pieces from Fig. 51, Supplement, and of double shirting one piece from Fig. 52. Sew up the darts in the fronts, face the front edge of the right front with a strip of the material an inch and a quarter wide, and work the button-holes. Set the front edge of the left front into a double fly an inch and a quarter wide, furnished with buttons. Join the back and fronts according to the corresponding figures, and cord the vest on the neck, bottom, and armholes. To make the waist cut of cloth and shirting lining two pieces each from Figs. 53-55, and cut the revers collar in one piece from Fig. 56. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 12, No. 1., of the present Supplement. Having basted the material on the lining, sew up the darts



Fig. 1.—**DARK GREEN CLOTH RIDING HABIT.—FRONT.**
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 44-50.

Fig. 2.—**DARK GREEN CLOTH RIDING HABIT.—BACK.**
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 44-50.

Fig. 3.—**GRAY PONGEE DRESS.**

Fig. 4.—**DARK BLUE CLOTH RIDING HABIT.**
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 51-57.

FIGS. 1-4.—**LADIES' RIDING HABITS AND WALKING SUIT.**

in the fronts, sew up the back from 51 to 52 and from 53 to 54, and join the back, side forms, and fronts according to the corresponding figures. Arrange the waist in pleats at the bottom of the waist, bringing \times on \bullet , face the under edge with a strip of black silk two inches and a half wide, set on the revers collar according to the corresponding figures, and trim as shown by the illustration. Set on the cuffs, cut from Fig. 57, Supplement, and sew the sleeves into the arm-holes. Finally, furnish the waist with hooks and eyes for closing.

BLIND.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

He knows the summer comes, for now
The pleasant south-wind seeks his brow;
He hears the twitter and the song
Of building-birds the whole day long.
To him the violet odor blows;
To him the breath of budding rose;
And hint of the magnolia's bloom
To him forever in the gloom.

But not for him the dewy morn
Hangs heaven upon the idle thorn;
But not for him the splendid day
Dazzles the azure on its way;
And not for him the awful night
Wings upward her eternal flight.

But to be blind, and be like him
When far away these shadows swim,
While God's bright lilies to and fro
Shake softly all their gold and snow,
And first he satisfies his sight
At the great fountain of the light,
And sees in glory and alone
The emerald rainbow round the throne

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1872.

Charles Reade.

Wilkie Collins.

In the August Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will be commenced a NEW NOVEL BY CHARLES READE, entitled "A SIMPLETON: A STORY OF THE DAY."

A new novel by WILKIE COLLINS will also be commenced in the October Number of the MAGAZINE.

New Subscribers will be supplied with HARPER'S MAGAZINE from the commencement of CHARLES READE'S story, in the August Number, 1872, to the close of the Volume ending with November, 1873—making SIXTEEN NUMBERS—FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of a rich variety of Summer Suits for Boys and Girls from 2 to 17 years old; Ladies' House, Walking, and Evening Dresses; Swiss Muslin and Lace Over Dresses, Jackets, Fichus, Mantillas, etc.; Lingerie; Embroidered Stand-Covers; Clothes-Bags; Children's Skipping-Ropes, Reins, Bats, Balls, etc.; Work-Baskets, Chatelaine Belts, Ties, Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc.

THE NURSERY.

THE influence of the dwelling upon the moral and physical well-being of man is admitted to be very great. Derangement of health, both of body and mind, perversion of sentiment, corrupt habits, and vicious conduct, disease, and even death can be directly traced to the structure, position, and circumstances of the human habitation. The more or less thickness of a wall, or the kind of material of which it may be built, the superficies of a window, the height or width of a door, the calibre of a chimney, or the course of a waste-pipe is often a controlling agent in settling the fate of man. The destiny even of the great, with all the protection of state officiousness and power, is made, at times, to submit in humiliating submission. We have seen the heir to a throne prostrate for months on the edge of the chasm of death, and a whole people in an agony of anxiety, with no nobler cause for princely suffering and danger and national trouble than the blunder of a joiner or the carelessness of a plumber's man.

It is more essentially the young who are affected by the influences of their habitual dwelling. The advanced in life are not only less susceptible, from the tougher structure and the diminished sensibility of maturity, but are not so constantly exposed, since they can withdraw themselves at their will, or by their daily pursuits are withdrawn from the habitation, while children, and especially infants, are necessarily more confined to it.

There is no part of the house, consequently, which demands such scrupulous regard, as to its appropriateness for living, as the nursery. This term we use in the ordinary sense of an apartment for young children. It is made occasionally a sleeping-place, though this we think objectionable, and

prefer to restrict it entirely to its other obvious uses. Being essentially, then, the daily habitation of infants and young children, the nursery should conform in all respects to the acknowledged laws which govern the health of infancy and childhood.

The room, in the first place, should be sufficiently large to admit of the freest movement of the young, for it is essential to the mobile child that it should have opportunity of full play for all its limbs and muscles. Large extent of space, moreover, is necessary to the free circulation of air, for the renewal and abundant supply of which there should be adopted the best possible means. These should be permanent, and more or less independent of the occupants of the apartment. While a goodly number of windows is desirable, reliance should not be made upon these only for ventilation. In severe weather people are so apt to consider what may conduce to their temporary comfort and convenience in preference to that which is advantageous to their health that they will, in order to avoid a puff of wind or a sprinkle of rain, deprive themselves of the pure breath of life. By means of movable ventilators fixed in the upper part of the room, or one of the higher panes of glass, there may be obtained a free supply of fresh air, and such a circulation secured as will prevent all stagnation of the atmosphere or retention of its impurities. Dangerous draughts, too, will thus be avoided.

The position of the nursery should be such as to give it as much of the daily sun as possible. Solar light is almost as essential to life as air itself. Without it most animals, and even plants, dwindle, become diseased, or die. The familiar process of the gardener in cultivating celery, by which he buries the plant as far as possible in the earth, has no other purpose than to deprive it of light, and thus render the vegetable pale and delicate. The result, however highly appreciated by the artificial taste of the epicure, is none the less a morbid one, and the whiteness and tenderness of the favorite esculent are as much symptoms of disease as the pallor and weakness of the rickety child. In fact, the same cause—the deprivation of light—produces the same effects in both. Miners who spend their days beneath the surface of the earth, and people who live in under-ground apartments or darkened abodes, have always pale complexions and weakened bodies. The growth of the young and the development of their vigor are arrested by habitual confinement to habitations from which the light of the sun is excluded. The physician is so well aware of the effect of the solar rays upon health and strength that it is a favorite prescription with him to order the weakly and sick to be directly exposed to them. It is the practice, on every clear warm day, in the child's hospital of Paris, to arrange the little patients in successive rows upon a broad structure of wood inclined toward the sun, and let them bask for hours together in its vivifying rays. The result is found to be excellent; and there is no tonic in the pharmacopœia which will compare in efficacy with that great natural invigorator, the sun.

The nursery, then, must by all means be as sunny as possible. All basement and under-ground rooms are consequently quite unfit for the habitation of the young, and the old too in fact, and should never be used for the purpose. The nursery windows should be numerous, and kept free from heavy curtains, blinds, and all obstructions to the entrance of the sun's light.

The furniture should be as scanty as convenience will allow, and all sharp edges and projecting points studiously kept out of reach of youthful heads and limbs, so provocative of cuts, bumps, and bruises. The floor must have no carpets, which, with their flossy structure, are absorbent and retentive of impurities, and on the least agitation give rise to clouds of dust and floating flocks of wool, very irritating and injurious to the delicate lungs of children. The best for cleanliness and health is a floor painted or coated with boiled linseed-oil, from which any dirt or impurity of whatever kind can be instantly removed, and all moisture soon dried up. Painted or colored walls are preferable to papered ones, for their surface can be constantly cleansed and renewed as may be necessary in case of contagion or other requirement.

While a certain simplicity should characterize the nursery, it should by no means be entirely bare of ornament. The color of the painted walls should be of a warm tone. A subdued pink or lively salmon is a good tint, and variety might be given to the broad surfaces by the addition of a few lines or simple figures of frescoing. Pictures should never be absent from the child's apartment; they are not only essential means for educating the young, but serve as daily refreshers of the youthful spirits; and the joyousness of the whole life is greatly dependent

upon the vivacity of childhood. As we have before said: "Colored pictures, of a striking, objective character, large and distinct representations of animals—dogs, horses, and elephants—cheerful scenes of the fields and farm-yard, and groups of ruddy boys and girls playing and merry-making, should be so hung on all sides as to attract the sight and animate the spirits of the little inhabitants of the nursery."

We are no great believers in the benefits of didactic teaching of morals and religion to the very young, and we doubt the efficacy of forcing into their memory grave saws and sour texts; but it may not be amiss to keep before their eyes a few sacred injunctions and well-accepted sayings, as "Honor thy father and thy mother," and "Cleanliness is next to godliness," etc., which, however, should be cheerfully printed in illuminated letters, and distributed tastefully about the room.

Children are not generally so inclined to self-destruction as the fears of their anxious parents lead them to believe. They have ordinarily at a very early age the instinct of life sufficiently strong to impress them with a sense of the necessity of taking a good deal of care of themselves. The liveliest baby is not always seeking to elude the mother's grasp and dash its brains out on the hard floor, the most agile harlequin of a boy is not constantly on the look-out for the opportunity of leaping through the third-story window and impaling himself upon the pikes of the iron railing below, and the most inflammably tempered girl not always ready for martyrizing herself by the side of the back-log. Accidents, however, will happen; so it may be well to put nurse on her guard, to bar the windows with a triple row of iron or strong wooden stanchions, and to fence in the fire-place with a substantial fender.

As children are not only by nature noisy, but as it is essential to their health and full development of their strength to cry, to bawl, and to romp, they should be allowed to use their lungs, voices, and limbs to the fullest possible extent. All crabbed bachelors, therefore, and irritable old maids and others likely to interfere with these especial privileges of infancy and childhood, should have their apartments as remote as possible from the nursery.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Pinching the Feet.

MY DEAR CLARENCE,—We modest folks of the English race take pride in declaring that there are two words which describe the most precious facts, and which are peculiar to our language. There is no equivalent for them in other tongues, and consequently the unfortunate people who are not born English know nothing of the things themselves. The words are home and comfort. We English folks alone, is our proud assertion, have a home, and know how to be comfortable. That comes of living upon an island. London is essentially and representatively English, and as there is nobody so intensely insular as the Englishman, so there is no cockney like the Londoner. He is born within sound of Bow bells, and the bells of Bow are heard around the world—that is to say, the only world worth considering. The Londoner lives in a "two-pair back;" sees the dingy opposite houses when the fog permits; goes to a chop-house for his solitary dinner, or has it served in the dark family dining-room; eats a crumb of Stilton with his beer; reads the *Times*; looks loftily at his neighbor as he picks his teeth; and rises with a profound conviction that England is the head of the world, and that he is every inch a Briton.

To a man who travels about the world, and sees many nations and various dispositions, there is a fine humor in this British assumption, which we inherit, of an exclusive sense of comfort. He passes from the sanded, beer-smelling chop-houses of London to the cafés of Paris. He sees the lively Frenchman sipping his coffee and chatting briskly to his neighbor, and shrugging his shoulders and grimacing—the figure of enjoyment; and he smiles to think that the saturnine Briton, chewing his chop alone in his gloomy cell, arrogates to himself a superiority of comfort. The Parisian cockney is, indeed, very different from his London brother, and each would be very uncomfortable in the other's way. Yes, indeed; but that is the very essence of cockneyism to suppose that your way is the only way, your city the only city, your comfort the only comfort.

The Briton, wrapped against the rigor of his climate in coat and muffler and heavy shoe, is comfortable; but is he more so than the Spaniard or the Italian in his broad-brimmed straw hat, his cool linen garments, and his low shoes, clad as becomes the Southern heat? I was thinking of it the other day as I was rolling along in the train, and

observed two young men who sat near me. One was an American; the other, I think, a Cuban. Of the two, which do you fancy seemed to show the finer sense of comfort? My eyes rested upon one point. The American wore shoes that pinched his feet to make them look small. The Cuban wore well-fitting shoes upon his small feet. The latter, of course, was comfortable; the former was very uncomfortable. It illustrated the general impression which is made upon many travelers of our race. They have always heard that we monopolize comfort. Experience gradually shows them that other nations are as comfortable as we. Let him compare the mere comfort of a New England village or of a small town with that of a small German city!

I was very much amused by the torture of my young fellow-citizen: amused because the torture was so wholly voluntary and unnecessary. The day was beautiful, the landscape lovely; and there were young fellow-travelers of his of the other sex, to whom he was courteous in his agony. But what difficult courtesy! what absurd agony! The malice of the situation was that the young women could not see those feet that were undergoing such suffering for no purpose whatever except to be seen. It was a cruel and a ridiculous situation. And this was one of the race which has so nice a sense of comfort! As he remarked the grace and fluency of his Cuban companion, and knew that he was totally unconscious of having any feet whatever, I suspect that he committed murder in his heart, or at least assault and battery with intent to kill. There are fellow-men who, under such circumstances, take off their shoes. I have often seen it done. I have seen travelers gravely remove their shoes in a crowded car, as if it were their dressing-room or chamber, and sit in what is well called their "stocking-feet." Why do they stop there, I wonder? If all the common proprieties are not to be respected, why not outrage them altogether? But my young fellow-citizen would have perished rather than have sat in his "stocking-feet" in the presence of those adorable ladies.

When he passed me at a certain station, where he meant to alight for a moment, to ease his agony, I suppose, I remarked to him in a whisper that I had seen much worse cases. He looked at me with a countenance that was not a benediction, and said nothing. I was grave, but I imagine that he knew what I meant. When he returned I whispered again, "Better feet than character." He glanced at me sidelong, but he still saw only a grave face; and he could not think me a lunatic, for I had said feet, and his own were aching. But as he stopped I continued: "I wouldn't do it. It really is useless. The difference between the natural size and that of the shoes is very considerable, and it certainly isn't worth the pain." That good young man smiled in reply. "I believe you're right," he said. "It is intolerable; and I vow that I won't pinch my feet any more."

I wish we could all say so, and then do so. The doctors say that there are very few feet which are not squeezed and pressed out of shape. I confess that I suffer from squeezing my feet, although not those upon which my body moves. Thus I find myself, perhaps, in a company whose conversation falls in a direction that I do not like, and which ought to be checked. But I like to agree. Every body likes to agree. It is disagreeable to differ. Here is my young friend, who knows that small feet are *comme il faut*. They are admired, they are "aristocratic" in the novels, they are "genteel" among the unenlightened, who compose so much of society. Unhappily nature has gifted him with splay-feet. He does not wish to disturb the social harmony with monsters of any kind. Therefore he conforms by pinching his feet. He is a very foolish fellow. Certainly he is, but not half so foolish as I am, who pinch my spiritual feet, as it were, and force myself to conform to a strain of conversation which I despise.

Or, still more seriously, I find that the general tone of religious thought and conviction around me is different from mine. I know that mine, perhaps, would be totally condemned if it were known, and that I should be considered to be not only a wicked but a dangerous old fellow. Now my honest views are as sacred as any body's, and they are none the less so because others do not agree with them. If they do not like mine, neither do I like theirs; so that matter is disposed of. If they can show mine to be wrong, I will admit it. But how can I admit mine to be wrong merely because they agree in condemning them? There was Galileo, you know. Nevertheless I begin to pinch my feet. I squeeze into the shoes of conformity. I grieve and pain my conscience, and go limping about so as to be in the fashion. I want to have feet as small as any body's. I don't wish to be remarked. I prefer not to introduce monsters into the

company, and I put my character to useless torture.

It is useless, but it is none the less injurious. My young friend can not squeeze his feet without seriously hurting them. The bones and muscles will not be tormented and deranged without harm. They will revenge their wrongs by distortion and disease. And so when I pinch my spiritual feet, when I wear the iron shoes of conformity instead of the natural size of conviction and honesty, then conviction and honesty revenge themselves—I become both false and timid. I have less desire of truth, and, at the same time, less perception of it. My mind and conscience dwindle and wither. I become a meaner man, and solely because I am not brave enough to wear shoes that fit me.

The idea of comfort which the English race cherishes is indeed noble. In dress it is ease, grace, adequacy, and propriety. In society it is freedom and originality. In thought and in action it is liberty and justice. But all this, you see, is only giving every thing full play. The coat shall not pinch the arms; the shoes shall not pinch the feet; manners shall not pinch wit and wisdom; forms and creeds shall not pinch the conscience; laws shall not pinch liberty. No squeezing, no dwarfing, no bonds, no pinching the feet. My dear young friend in the tight shoes, give your feet freedom, and give your body and soul the same. Nature, when she gave you a large foot, did not mean that you should wear a small shoe. When God gave Galileo insight into celestial laws, he did not intend surely that he should wear ecclesiastical blinders over his eyes. The Divine design surely was that the feet of his genius should move painlessly, and with all their natural force, through space. Poor Galileo tried to pinch his feet. He agreed to squeeze them into the shoes of ecclesiastical fashion. But when Mrs. Grundy disappeared he slipped them out again. That was when he said of the globe, "Let them say what they will, it does move." And it was when he slipped his feet out, not when he pinched them in those Chinese shoes of conformity, that Galileo was greatest! Don't pinch your feet, dear Clarence, and I will try to practice my own preaching.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

EVENING DRESSES.

WITH the arrival of midsummer low-necked dresses are seen in the ball-rooms of fashionable resorts; but a decided preference is shown for the high surplice corsage with Marie Antoinette drapery and half-long antique sleeves. This is not only true of rich failles and satins, but also of the diaphanous tulle and tarlatans. These are made with heart-shaped waists and basques of silk, covered with the transparent material of the dress. The fashion of ruffling the skirt to the waist behind and to the knee in front, and wearing an apron tunic, is considered the best style for ball dresses.

A fancy for white dresses again prevails, and almost all colored dresses are combined with white in some way. Chambéry gauze, grenadine, and embroidered Swiss muslin are the white fabrics most seen. Pretty and effective dresses are obtained by entirely covering skirts of sky blue, faded-rose, écarle, or Nile green with pleated flounces of transparent white gauze. The corsage is of the silk plainly covered with gauze. Ladies somewhat advanced in years use black tulle flounces on pearl, buff, or réséda silks. A soiled dress may be freshened and made very stylish by the use of such trimmings.

Dinner dresses have invariably high postilion-waists, with folded drapery of lace or silk on the bosom. A youthful and pretty dress to be worn at Newport is of white silk dotted about with stars of bright violet purple. The demi-train has a deep flounce, trimmed with two narrow ruffles of purple silk, bias, gathered, and piped with white. The heading is two standing frills, one white, the other purple, both pleated, and held by a shell ruche. The apron-front overskirt has a very bouffant back. The basque is a graceful postillon, with Marie Antoinette revers and sabot sleeves.

RIDING HABITS.

A black habit and hat with scarcely any relief of color is the riding costume that finds most favor this season. The illustrations given on our first page furnish ample designs for cutting and trimming. A well-fitted habit without trimming is preferable to one elaborately ornamented. Ladies' cloth and English water-proof are the best materials for equestriennes. Black straw hats, shaped like the beaver hat, are worn for summer rides. Long-wristed riding gloves of undressed kid, closed without buttons, are in good taste, and are pleasant to wear in warm weather.

FANS AND CHATELAINES.

Fans are conspicuous this season by reason of the convenient fashion of wearing them suspended from a chataleine. This chataleine is a slight chain ten or twelve inches long, finished with a hook at each end. The long flattened hook is passed over the belt on the right-hand side, the fan is fastened to the other end, and is worn hanging when not in use. Chataleines may be had in plated silver or gold, oxidized

silver, or in real metal; prices range from \$2 to \$15; jet chataleines are used in mourning. Instead of chains, ladies make many fanciful chataleines of passementerie cord or of ribbon. These are merely a long loop, with the fan-handle strung on one end, while a butterfly bow fastens the other end to the belt, and conceals the fastening of the belt when a buckle is not used. Gay ribbon chataleines are worn with white suits, black or brown velvet with costumes of batiste. Lovers of the unique choose fans of horseshoe shape, with sticks lengthening toward the centre. Sticks with square or pointed ends are newer than curved sticks. The full half-circle fan, with sticks of even length and ample sweep, are also in favor. The choice this season is for fans of fragrant Russia leather for general use—for the house, church, traveling, and, indeed, on all occasions except those where full dress is required. Red and black leather are both used, the former being most popular. A line of gilt borders each stick, and a passementerie band is attached to hold the sticks together. Black Russia leather, very smooth, and with lines of silver, is chosen for mourning. From \$7 to \$9 is the range of prices for Russia fans. Fans of canvas, like that used for traveling-bags, are new this season. They are mounted with ribbon and sticks of red Russia leather. Price \$7.50. Similar mountings with reddish-maroon faille are seen in French fans. Tortoise-shell is also in vogue this season. Fans of plum-color or of écarle faille with carved sticks of dark shell are among the novelties. A fan of plain sticks of tortoise-shell costs \$30; those elaborately carved, with rococo mountings of Bohemian garnets and turquoises, are far more expensive. The prettiest cheap fans are those of enameled wood, with silk of dark shade, such as lapis blue, plum-color, and sage green: price \$1. Dolly Varden fans are of black lacquered wood, with gay colors painted on as a border. The prettiest fan to be placed about the house convenient for general use is the isinglass fan, transparent and white, or else made gay with Japanese pictures: price 30 cents. Full-dress fans are carved sticks of yellow ivory, forming the entire fan, or else they are mounted with faille of palest tint, or white, and covered with lace. One especially handsome is of Nile green faille, with a cover of fine Valenciennes.

NECK-TIES AND SCARFS.

Black lace barbes worn as neck-ties are very stylish at present with those white and pale dresses that are accompanied by bows and sashes of black velvet. These barbes are much worn with the standing English collar of white linen. This collar is the caprice of the moment, adopted as if in perversity when the supply of frills and ruffs had just been completed.

The Watteau tie is also very popular. This is of pale tinted ground with broad diagonal stripes of many colors, like a Roman bar, but of much fainter shades. It is of bias twilled silk, and costs 75 cents with plain ends, pointed and hemmed, or 85 cents with tasseled ends. India silk ties of solid color, that sold formerly for \$1, are reduced to 65 cents. A long narrow scarf of black net, either plain, dotted, or with Spanish figures, is worn in the street with both morning and afternoon costumes, by ladies in mourning as well as by those dressed in the gayest manner. It is three-eighths of a yard wide, and from six quarters to two yards long; it may be merely knotted low down on the waist in front, or laid in flat folds and held there by a bow, or else lapped like a fichu. For deep mourning it is made of plain black net, with crape folds laid across the edges; these cost \$4.50 or \$5; for lighter mourning they are of black tulle hemmed and tucked. Spanish blonde, with polka dots, stars, leaves, or sprigs, is greatly in favor for such scarfs with ladies not in mourning. This is edged with a heavy figured Spanish lace neatly appliquéd, and the scarf costs from \$4 upward. The Spanish lace so much used at present is only an imitation, yet the designs are so pretty that it is worn by ladies of wealth; the real Spanish blonde is seldom brought to this country. Very pretty Spanish lace for trimming veils and scarfs is sold for 50 or 60 cents. The newest lace scarf is wide enough to be thrown over the head, and is arranged after the fashion of the Spanish mantilla.

GENTLEMEN'S HATS.

High-crowned sailor hats of Mackinaw straw are chosen by gentlemen for summer wear. The brim curls up and is widely bound with ribbon; blue and light brown ribbon bands and bindings are given the preference over black by young men. The real Baltimore Mackinaw, though a coarse-looking braid, is fine and soft; being made without stiffening, it is not injured by rain, and will endure almost as much crushing as a felt hat. The various qualities of these hats cost from \$2.50 to \$7. English hats of fine Milan braid have high sloping crowns, and are shown in black, brown, gray, and white. The prices range from \$6 to \$15. Middle-aged and elderly gentlemen wear high square-crowned hats of English straw: price \$12. The sailor hat so popular for boys is rivaled by the "Tourist" of soft Milan braid. This is shaped like the Tyrolienne of two years ago, with high sloping crown sunken at the top. Price \$4 in brown, blue, or black straw.

SUMMER SUITS FOR GENTLEMEN.

The midsummer suits worn by gentlemen are of Scotch Cheviot, reefing sack, vest, and pantaloons being cut from one piece of cloth. This goods is all-wool, with well-defined twill, yet it is of such light quality that it is cooler than linen. Cheviot suits of creamy white and of pale gray with bluish tinge are selected for day wear at the watering-places. Dark gray Scotch mixtures, with almost invisible lines of white, are

chosen for general wear, business, and traveling. For afternoon drives and other semi-dress occasions the suit consists of vest and pantaloons of white duck, with Newmarket coat of dark blue or black cloth. Extra vests to be worn with various suits are of white duck or Marseilles, striped with hair lines of blue or black. These are cut very long, and may be either double or single breasted. Young gentlemen of fanciful tastes wear vest buttons of rose coral or of the dark blue lapis lazuli.

The neck-ties worn at present are of thin grenadine, held together at the throat by a ring, or else tied in the pretty "classic" knot, which is merely the sailor's knot made of folds. The standing English collar, with the corners of the front broken back as if by accident, is universally worn. Two-buttoned gloves are in favor with gentlemen.

For information received thanks are due to Mesdames SWITZER (successor to Madame DREDDEN); and BERNHEIM; and Messrs. SCHMAUDER; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; W. R. BOWNE; and D. D. YOUNG & Co.

PERSONAL.

THE death of Dr. NORMAN M'LEOD, of Glasgow, takes away probably the foremost man in Scotland. At his funeral Dr. ROBERTSON, by command of the Queen and the royal family, placed on the coffin three wreaths of immortelles. The first, from her Majesty, bore the inscription, "A token of respect and friendship from Queen VICTORIA;" the second, "A token of respect from Prince LEOPOLD;" the third, "A token of respect from Princess BEATRICE." Dr. M'LEOD was distinguished for his heartiness and good sense, and a certain adroitness in not giving personal offense. Practically nearly all the crown patronage in Scotland was exercised on his advice. He was a delightful companion in society, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and observation, keen, shrewd, and witty, with that kind of wit which every body understands, and which brings people closer together.

During a recent trial in Michigan the judge interrupted a lady witness by remarking that her testimony was irrelevant. The lady raised her head, and with a look of injured innocence inquired, "Well, Sir, am I telling this story, or are you?" She continued the narrative.

A daughter of ex-Congressman "Richellen" ROBINSON, of Brooklyn, won the highest honors of the graduating class at St. Joseph's Academy, Emmetsburg, Maryland, a few days since. She appeared in six out of thirteen pieces on the programme, played the only solo on the harp, took first premiums in music, and wrote the farewell poem for her class.

Dr. EVANS, the American dentist, of Paris, is soon to be attached to the medical staff of the Prince of Wales, in London. The doctor has a fine way of ingratiating himself with royalty.

With two exceptions, Mrs. MARY CHASE BARNEY, who died a few days since in Baltimore at the age of eighty-eight, was the only surviving offspring of all those who signed the Declaration of Independence. She was the daughter of SAMUEL CHASE, one of the signers, who subsequently became a judge of the United States Supreme Court. She was on intimate terms with all the Presidents and their families, from WASHINGTON to LINCOLN, excepting JACKSON. She wrote a life of Commodore BARNEY, her father-in-law, and was a frequent contributor to current literary publications. Her father received many honors while in Congress, and afterward from his State, which sent him as commissioner to England to recover funds invested in the Bank of England. He was instrumental in recovering for the State on this account \$650,000. He was appointed in 1788 Chief Justice of a newly established criminal court in Baltimore, and in 1791 Chief Justice of the General Court of Maryland. In 1794 he caused the arrest of two popular men as leaders of a riot, and they refusing to give bail, the sheriff was apprehensive of a rescue in case he took them to jail. "Call out the posse comitatus, then," said the judge. The reply was, "No one will serve." "Summon me, then," said the judge; "I will be the posse comitatus; I will take them to jail." Such was the father of the deceased.

Mr. and Mrs. WILLARD, who have kept the Troy Female Seminary for thirty-five years, have resigned, unable, on account of defects in the old building, to compete with school buildings that are fitted up with "modern improvements." The school itself was established by Mrs. EMMA WILLARD fifty-two years ago.

Professor J. H. SEELYE, of Amherst College, started on the 12th of June for a trip around the world. He was accompanied by S. R. BONKELL, of Worcester, who went with him to Japan and India as special correspondent of the New York Times and Herald, Philadelphia Inquirer, Washington Chronicle, and Boston Globe.

Mr. THOMAS ALDRICH, a resident of Boston Common, or "Preferred," we don't know which, observed in a late number of *Jubilee Days* that "The leader of the Pope's Quire, being indisposed, and packed in a wet sheet, the place of the Quire will be supplied at the Jubilee by Miss VINNIE REAM." This same young man, alluding to the approaching marriage of Mr. AUGUSTE ROUZAUD to Miss NILSSON, says, "She takes her August in July." And after recovering from this the same reckless person has the hardihood to "drop into poetry" in the following order, namely:

"Says Hezekiah to his Maria,
"Meriah Jane," says he,
"I'm goin' down to Boston town
"Tew see that Jubilee."
"Oh, Hezekiah!" exclaimed Maria,
"A moment stricken dumb."
"Oh, Hezekiah!" exclaimed Maria,
"You'd better stay ter hum!"

Two daughters of ELBRIDGE GERRY, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, are still living in New Haven.

The different agents and arbiters now taking stock of our affairs *versus* England amuse themselves at Geneva, when at leisure, much after the manner of ordinary mortals. Mr. ADAMS hermitizes in the shady retirement of his antique chateau on the shores of Lake Lemán; Count SCLOPIS pays occasional visits to the Princess CLOTHILDE, who lives in the charming

environs of Geneva; M. STAMPELLI associates in the most homely manner with his compatriots; Lord COCKBURN is the least known—because the most difficult to see—of all the five arbitrators. The directors of the Swiss and French telegraph are rendering very valuable assistance in accelerating communication between the Commissioners and their governments.

The sons of the late ISAAC PLATT, editor of the Poughkeepsie *Eagle*, have bought that journal from the estate, and will continue its publication. The *Eagle* is one of the most respectable journals in the State, and a power in the region round about Poughkeepsie.

A musical critic expressed a doubt whether Madame — filled the last Coliseum as PAREPA filled the first, and added, "Very few articles sing with such *embonpoint* as PAREPA."

We forbear to give the name of the person who advertises in one of our dailies that boarding for the summer can be obtained at "a large and shady brick gentleman's in the country."

General and Mrs. Thumb, Commodore NUTT, and MINNIE WARREN have just returned from a trip around the world, which it has taken them three years to accomplish. They have been to California, Japan, China, Australia, the East Indies, and thence, via the Suez Canal, back to England; traveling 55,000 miles, and giving entertainments every where without losing a single day or missing a performance by illness or accident. The General had already made a fortune, but he returns with another, and goes to enjoy it for a time in his new and beautiful residence in Middleborough, Massachusetts, the birth-place of his wife. In the fall they propose a little tramp through our restored Union.

At the banquet given in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the 1st of July, to the band of the Grenadier Guards by the English residents of that city, several clever speeches were made by clever men, but none more "pat" to the occasion than that of our old newspaper friend, General SCHOUTER, formerly Adjutant-General of the State, and for many years editor of the Boston *Atlas*. Few men in Massachusetts are more familiar than he is with her history from the day in which those emigrant people landed from that wonderful punt, the *Mayflower*, down to the days of GILMORE, and that is saying considerable.

Madame PESCHKA-LEUTNER is not only the finest concert-singer we have yet had from abroad, but fine-looking and very winning in her ways. She is a brunette, plump, fair, and thirty-three, and took wonderfully when she sang in Brooklyn.

Mrs. GRATZ BROWN is said to be a lady of fine presence and of very sweet and gracious manner. It is related of the Governor that he married purely for love. On one occasion, when strolling out of town with two or three members of the Missouri Legislature, he first saw his wife, who was at the moment occupied in swinging on a gate in front of a country farm-house. They have six children living, the eldest being only fourteen, and five of them girls.

Mr. STRAKOSCH has had the good fortune to secure SIGNOR CAMPANINI to support ADELINA PATTI in her engagement in this country in 1873. Signor CAMPANINI is said to be the most remarkable tenor at present in Europe, and quite the equal of MARIO, having voice, power, dramatic ability, youth, and good looks.

When the Prince and Princess of Wales were in Paris the Prince visited Mrs. JOHNSTON, of Baltimore, who is temporarily in Paris. Mrs. JOHNSTON, when Miss HARRIET LANE, did the honors of the "White House" for her uncle, President BUCHANAN, when the Prince visited the United States, and was also with Mr. BUCHANAN when he was minister to England, and is always most kindly remembered by the Queen and other members of the royal family.

Mr. SAMUEL A. WAY's superb gift to the needle-women of Boston will send his name well down into history. Besides this large collection of Egyptian antiquities is to go to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts through the liberality of Mr. CHARLES GRANVILLE WAY, himself an artist, to whom, before death, his father gave the collection. This was formed originally by Mr. ROBERT WAY, of Scotland, before the days of spurious imitations, now so common. The catalogue contains 1084 numbers, in addition to 36 Egyptian, Greek, and early Christian lamps, and 37 Arabic glass coins of the tenth century, the latter spoken of as unique. The general collection contains 123 objects in bronze, 214 in stone, 1000 scarabs of all sizes and metals, 267 objects in wood, and numerous objects in glass and terra cotta, porcelain, and precious stones. There are seven human mummies in painted cases, and an infinite number of mummied cats, dogs, jackals, birds, snakes, etc., etc. The collection contains no large statues or sarcophagi of basalt and granite; "but," says the Boston *Advertiser*, "neither Paris, London, Turin, Berlin, nor Leyden offer in their Egyptian museums a more instructive or comprehensive series of the smaller religious and domestic objects made by the ancient dwellers in the valley of the Nile."

It has been the felicity of Miss KELLOGG to be received at Buckingham Palace by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

FRANZ ABT, up to last year, had received only \$20 from the copyright of his popular song, "When the Swallows Homeward Fly." The composer should have seen his countrymen of the chorons, orchestra, and band in the great refreshment-room at the Boston Jubilee, and witnessed how the swallows flew there—fifty kegs a day!

JOHN DERRINGER died in Indiana recently at the age of one hundred and seven. He walked from Indiana to New Orleans five times before the introduction of steamboats.

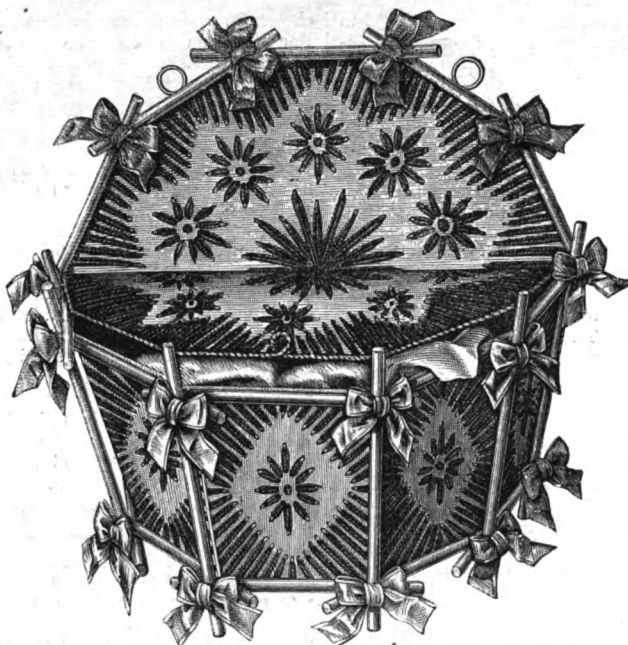
Senator SPRAGUE says to the trustees of Brown University, "I will give you \$100,000 worth of land for a new site for your college." That's doing it up brown.

The Empress EUGENIE has a fine collection of water-color drawings, now on exhibition in London, though not offered for sale. It is composed of works of the most eminent painters of the French school.

Forty thousand dollars is the sum that Madame ROUZAUD (at present NILSSON) will receive for warbling opera in St. Petersburg from November to February next. Her engagement is with M. MERELLI, and he makes no doubt that she will sing right Merelli for the desired rubles.

Gray Linen and Cane Basket for Dust-Cloths.

This basket is made of card-board and gray linen, ornamented in point Russe embroidery with brown zephyr worsted, and fastened in a frame of cane bars. To make the basket cut, first, of card-board and double gray linen for the back and bottom one piece each from Figs. 29 and 30, Supplement. For the front cut five separate pieces—the two side pieces from Fig. 31, and the remaining three pieces from Fig. 32. Leave a quarter of an inch extra material for the seams on the outer edge of all the pieces of linen. Bind the pieces of card-board all around with a bias strip of gray linen an inch and a quarter wide. On the card-board pieces cut from Figs. 29, 31, and 32 baste the corresponding pieces of outer material, work the point Russe embroidery with brown zephyr worsted as shown by the illustration and partly indicated on Figs. 29 and 32, Supplement, passing the needle through the material and card-board, and overseam the lining in place. Having also covered the bottom on both sides with the material, overseam all the parts together on the outer edges according to the corresponding figures. For the frame of the basket cut of thin cane or bamboo five bars, each four inches and a half long, to border the back; for the front take five bars each four inches and a half long, five bars each four inches long, and six bars each five inches and a quarter long; the latter form the lengthwise bars. In all the bars cut out a piece half an inch from the ends, tie the bars together there with gray thread as shown by the illustration, cover the tied ends with bows of brown silk ribbon half an inch wide, and fasten the basket in the frame as shown by the illustration. To make the lid cut of card-



GRAY LINEN AND CANE BASKET FOR DUST-CLOTHS.
For pattern and design see Supplement,
No. VI., Figs. 29-32.

box-pleats, bringing \times on \bullet , and trim it, as shown by the illustration, on the pleats with separate tatted figures, and on the remaining outer edge with connected tatted figures. Each of these figures consists of four-rings, each of which counts 8 ds. (double stitch), 3 picots separated each by 3 ds., and 8 ds.; the connected figures are fastened together by picots. Sew the pocket trimmed in this manner on the apron cut from Fig. 84, according to the corresponding figures; sew the crochet points on the outer edge of the apron, and set the gathered ruffle, which is two inches and a half wide, on the under side. For the points crochet on a chain stitch foundation of the requisite length always alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) on every fourth following foundation stitch, then 4 chain stitches, 1 slip stitch on the third, 1 sc. on the second, and 1 short double crochet on the first of the 4 chain stitches. Set the top of the apron into a double belt an inch wide, which is then backstitched through on the sides with red cotton, and trimmed on the outside with tatted figures. Gray linen tapes tie the apron.

Collars in Genoese Embroidery, Figs. 1 and 2.

BOTH corners of these collars are

worked in the favorite Genoese embroidery on cambric or nansook with fine guipure cord and fine white thread. The manner of working in Genoese embroidery is shown in *Harper's Bazar*, Vol. V., No. 5, page 85, Fig. 3. Instead of overseaming the cord, it may be sewed on with button-hole stitches; run a thread along the outlines of the design figures, however. Having finished the embroidery, set the corners of the collar on a

ket cut of thin cane or bamboo five bars, each four inches and a half long, to border the back; for the front take five bars each four inches and a half long, five bars each four inches long, and six bars each five inches and a quarter long; the latter form the lengthwise bars. In all the bars cut out a piece half an inch from the ends, tie the bars together there with gray thread as shown by the illustration, cover the tied ends with bows of brown silk ribbon half an inch wide, and fasten the basket in the frame as shown by the illustration. To make the lid cut of card-



Fig. 1.—COLLAR IN GENOENSE EMBROIDERY.

board and gray linen one piece from Fig. 29, Supplement, but only from the top to the straight line on the pattern; the card-board and linen, however, should be folded along this line, and thus cut of double material. Then cut a slit along this line in the card-board, cutting through half its thickness; bind the card-board all around with a bias strip of linen, baste the piece of linen

Fig. 2.—MANNER OF MAKING TWISTED-WORK CLOTHES-LINE.

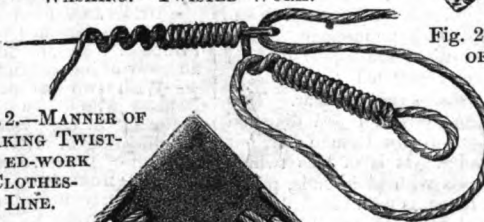


Fig. 2.—COLLAR IN GENOENSE EMBROIDERY.

binding of cambric or fine linen of the requisite length.

Clothes-Line for Fine Washing, Figs. 1 and 2. Twisted Work.

Lines of this kind are readily and easily made of various kinds of material. When made of knitting cotton they are suitable for clothes-lines, curtain bands, etc.; made of worsted, they may be used for trimming curtains, furniture, cushions, children's skipping-ropes, etc. The cord consists of three separate twisted strands, which are wound together as shown by Fig. 1. To make each strand take a ball of knitting cotton and a single thread somewhat coarser than the cotton on the ball and half as long again as the cord is required. Pass this thread through the eye of a long darning-needle or tape needle, and tie it together with the wound knitting cotton. Wind the latter loosely on the needle, as shown by Fig. 2, until the needle is almost entirely covered, push the windings close together, draw through the needle and thread, and continue in the same manner until the thread is wound closely through its



Fig. 1.—BAG FOR CLOTHES-PINS AND FINE CLOTHES-LINE.—[See Page 493.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 87-89.

GRAY LINEN CLOTHES-PIN APRON.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 84 and 85.

on the side of the card-board furnished with the slit, and sew the middle (slit) of the card-board from the uncovered side, on the back, along the straight line on Fig. 29, in doing which pass the needle through all layers of material. Lay the lid in a fold along the seam so that both halves come together, sew up the cover over the card-board, and edge the lid with thin red worsted cord, of which form a loop at the same time in the middle of the front for the handle of the lid. Two brass rings fastened at the top of the back serve to hang up the basket.

Clothes-pin Apron.

This apron is of gray linen, and has a pocket set on which

is trimmed with tatted figures of red cotton, and is edged with crochet points and a gray linen ruffle ornamented with similar points. To make the apron cut of gray linen one piece each from Figs. 84 and 85, Supplement, and backstitch a hem on the pocket, Fig. 85, along the outer edge a quarter of an inch wide on the under side with red cotton. Arrange the top of the pocket in

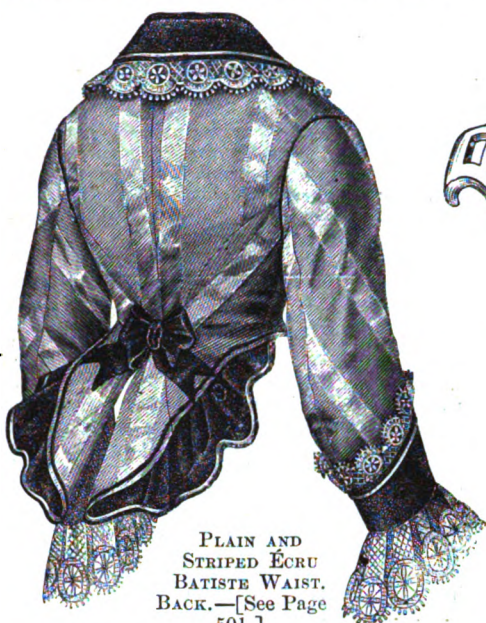
QUARTER SECTION OF DESIGN FOR ROUND CUSHION.—SATIN AND HALF-POLKA STITCH EMBROIDERY.

full length. In working, care should be taken that the windings are very loose and even, and that the thread does not become untwisted; in order to prevent the latter always wind the thread around the needle from the back toward the front, as shown by Fig. 2. Having made three such strands of the length required, twist them together and fasten the ends carefully.

Knitted Dish Screen.

This screen is designed to protect dishes from flies at the table. It is knitted with gray thread, lined with white net, and furnished with steel hoops, which are covered with brown carriage leather. In the middle of the top and on the under edge of the dish screen set leaf trimming of brown carriage leather. Begin the knitting, which should be very loose, from the middle, working on medium-sized steel knitting-needles a foundation of 8 st. (stitch), and close it in a ring. Then knit 60 rounds, going forward, of always alternately one round knit plain, one round purled.

In the 3d round begin the rows of holes which serve to widen the knitting and through which the hoops are run, taking up the next horizontal thread after each st. and knitting it off as a st. in the following round. Thus eight holes are formed, which are repeated after every three rounds; of course in doing this the number of stitches between the holes is at the same time increased by 1 st. each in every fourth following round. The holes should alternate; therefore they should be worked in one round of holes after and in the following round of holes before that st. beside which they are to come. After the 60th round knit one round all plain, in which work a horizontal row of holes, taking up the next horizontal thread after every 3 st. for each hole. Knit 32 rounds more, always alternately one round knit plain, one round purled; in every fourth following round the vertical rows of holes are continued in



PLAIN AND STRIPED ÉCRU BATISTE WAIST. BACK.—[See Page 501.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 58-66.



Fig. 1.—WHITE PIQUÉ CAPE WITH HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 81-88.

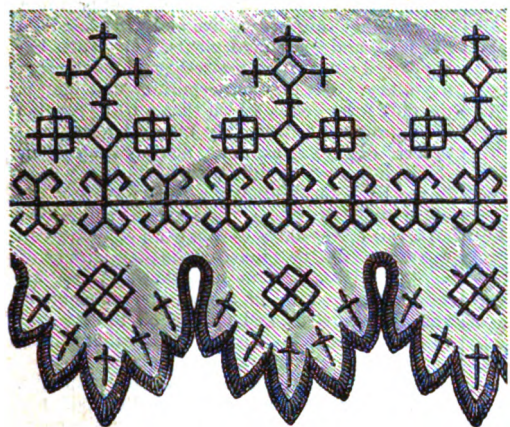
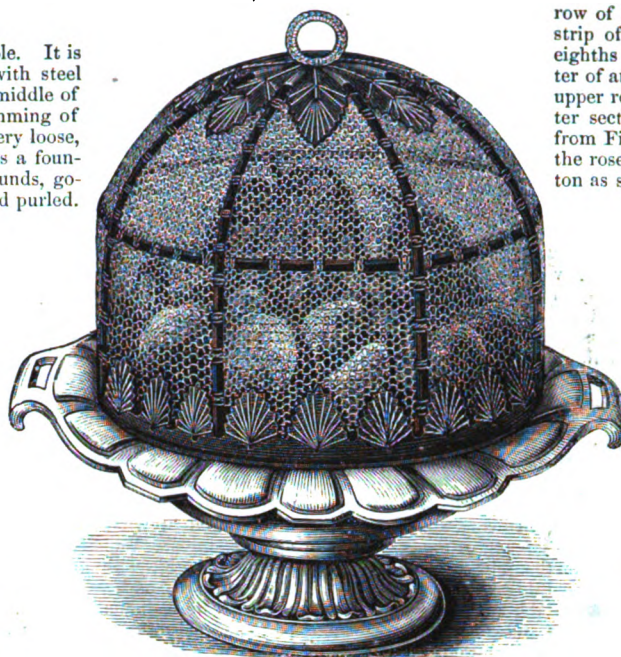
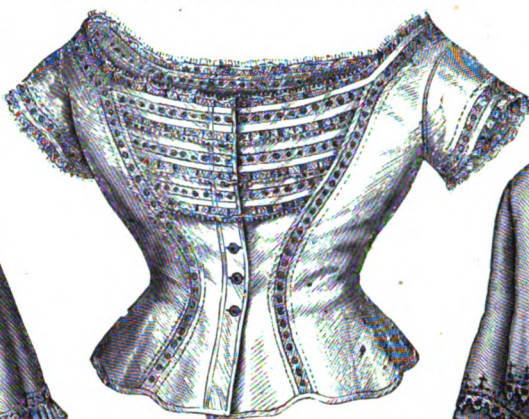


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF RUSSIAN EMBROIDERY OF PIQUÉ JACKET.

a straight direction; the number of stitches should not be increased in these rounds, therefore 2 st. are always knit off together before forming a hole. After finishing the knitting run in four steel hoops, each twenty-three inches and a quarter long and three-eighths of an inch broad, covered with brown carriage leather, as shown by the illustration, so that they are crossed in the middle of the top of the screen, and fasten a similar hoop thirty-four inches and a half long in the horizontal



KNITTED DISH SCREEN. For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 33 and 34.



EMBROIDERED MUSLIN CORSET COVER.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 76-80.



Fig. 2.—FOUNDATION OF CLOTHES-PIN BAG.—FULL SIZE.—[See Page 492.]

Fig. 1.—PIQUÉ JACKET WITH RUSSIAN EMBROIDERY FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 73-76.

ery with saddler's silk in different shades of one color, and with twisted gold cord, gold bullion, and gold thread. The parts worked in satin stitch are underlaid with cotton or worsted, as are also the vines of the design, which are worked with gold bullion. Instead of gold bullion, fine beads may be used. For the five leaves of the middle flower figure stretch gold threads as shown by the illustration, and braid through them with gold

row of holes in the knitting. Face the under edge of the screen with a strip of double stiff linen thirty-four inches and a half long and seven-eighths of an inch wide, on both sides of which hem in a steel hoop a quarter of an inch wide. Next make the carriage-leather trimming. Cut the upper rosette in one piece from Fig. 33, Supplement, which gives a quarter section of the rosette, and cut the lower edge trimming in one piece from Fig. 34 of a length to suit the circumference of the screen. Fasten the rosette and edge trimming on the screen with long stitches of gray cotton as shown by the illustration and indicated on Figs. 33 and 34, Supplement, sewing on the edge trimming in the manner of a binding. Finally, line the screen with white net, and in the middle of the top fasten a brass ring covered with gray cotton, which serves for a handle.

Tapestry Design for Chairs, Door Hangings, etc.

This border is suitable for ornamenting chairs, door hangings, etc. When set together with plush strips it is used for rugs, window cushions, and tidies. It is worked on canvas in cross stitch with zephyr worsted and filling silk in the colors given in the description of symbols.

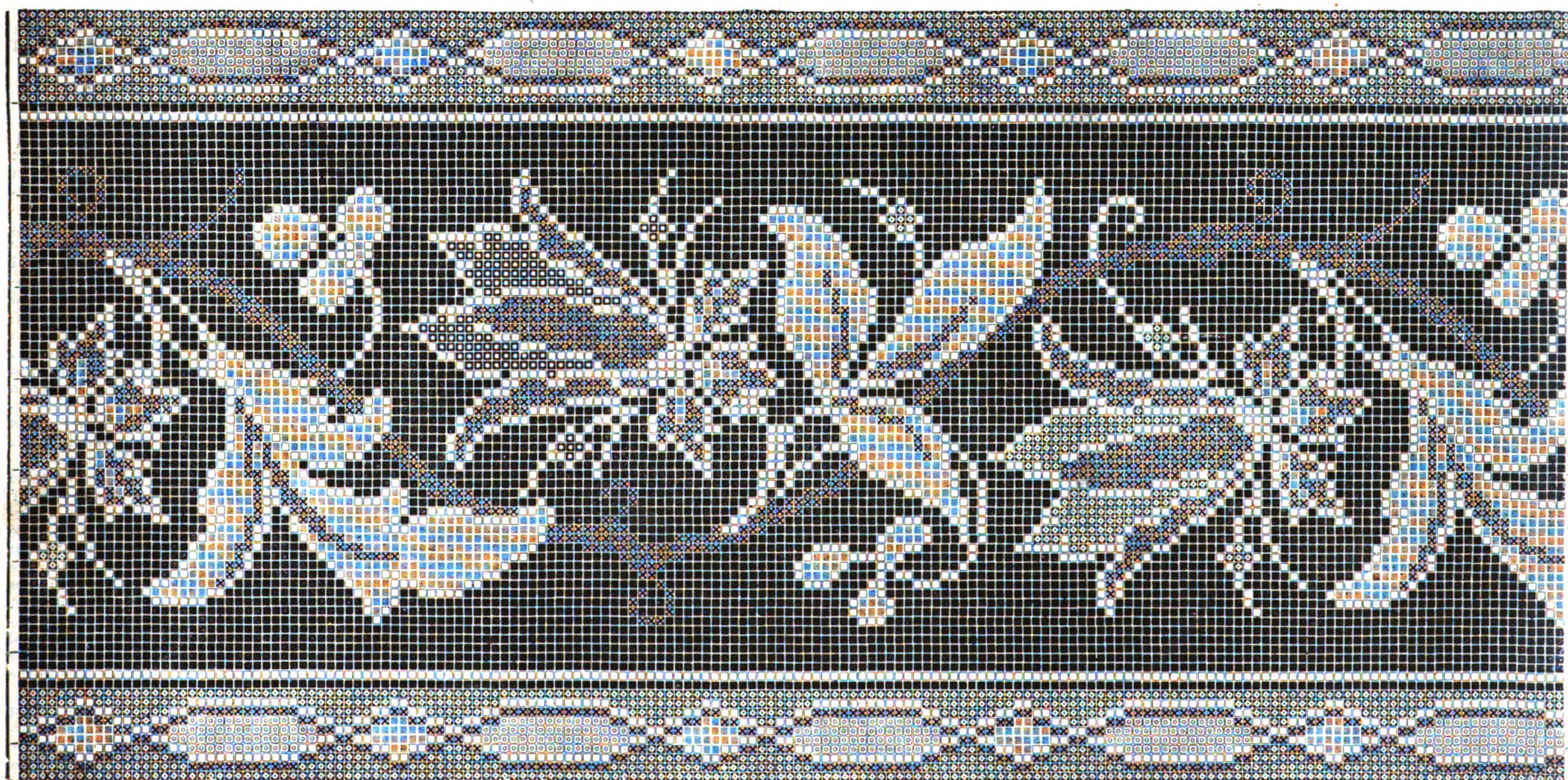
Design for Round Cushion. Satin and Half-polka Stitch Embroidery.

See illustration on page 492.

This design, of which the illustration shows a quarter section in full size, is suitable for sofa and chair cushions, etc. It is worked on a foundation of dark velvet, satin, or cloth in satin stitch embroidery.



Fig. 2.—SECTION OF TRIMMING OF GIRL'S PIQUÉ CAPE.—FULL SIZE.



TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR CHAIRS, DOOR HANGINGS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ■ Dark Green; ■ Medium Green; ■ Red; ■ Brown; ■ Blue; ■ Maltze Silk.

thread; border them on the outer edge with twisted gold cord. Directions for working in gold and silver embroidery were given in No. 29, Vol. II., of *Harper's Bazar*.

LOVE'S IMPOTENCE.

SHE was the fairest, gentlest thing
That ever bore the weight of pain;
To-day I laid her in her grave,
There where the west winds weep and rave.
My child, thou shalt not weep again.

Oh, what is love that can not shield,
Or spare its love a single woe!
Silent, I watched the deadly strife,
The world's great pain, and her young life,
And, helpless, could not ward a blow.

It was not in the open field
Of earthly pain and poverty,
For there her hand I could have led,
And held my shield above her head,
To save my little one, or die.

(Continued from No. 26, page 468.)

LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND
"JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XVII.

A HAPPY NIGHT.

THE Captain of the *Fancy*, coming out of the streets where there was little light, into a small room where there was less, could see nothing of the occupants but shadowy outlines, and had to take it for granted that he had brought himself to anchor in a friendly port. He appeared to have no doubt upon the point; but then it belonged to his profession to be confident in danger as in safety, and to be able to steer amidst rocks with a bold heart. So, like a true seaman, he kept his own counsel. If he had any evidence to guide him to a satisfactory assurance other than his sense of sight might have afforded him, he did not show acknowledgment of it. But there being no sun, he could not take an observation; the darkness in the room was like a fog at sea. He may have had other evidence; voices that were familiar to him may have been one. As on the ocean, when night usurps the place of day, and not an hour of the twenty-four brings a glimpse of sunlight, peculiar murmurings of the solemn waters whisper to the skillful ear warning of danger or assurance of safety. But what familiar voices could he have heard in this humble room in crowded Soho, seeing that he was Captain of the *Fancy*, and had just come ashore? And yet he seemed to consider himself quite at home, although he and those in whose presence he found himself could not distinguish each other's faces.

He had a gruff and kindly voice, had the Captain of the *Fancy*, and he wore rough blue trousers, and a rough pea-jacket, and a rough cap. But notwithstanding that every thing about him outwardly was as rough as rough could be, it is not unreasonable to assume that he had a kind heart and a gentle spirit. Otherwise he would scarcely have been here on his present errand, where there were no freight charges to receive—nothing but the overflowing gratitude of a poor little child, who had never had a doll, and who had lived contentedly upon the thought of one for a long, long time past. Unsubstantial payment this, but evidently sufficient in the Captain's eyes, as his conduct proved. He could not have been more in his element on the ocean than he showed himself in this dark room, in which he had set foot for the first time on this summer evening.

It was a peaceful evening, and every thing in the narrow street was in harmony with it. The window of the room in which he stood was open, and there were flowers on the sill. There were flowers also on other window-sills in the street, in pots and boxes, and he saw on the opposite side, in a room which was lighted up, a woman covering a bird-cage, in which doubtless a pet canary sang during the day. Harmonious influences these: a weird contrast to which was to be found in a labyrinth of curiously-shaped thoroughfares a few hundred yards away, in a very tangle of dwarf streets and alleys, where the glare of light dazzled the eye and bewildered the senses. A strange scene indeed, but so frequent and common in the great city as to possess no novelty to the accustomed gaze; affording no food for reflection to any but those whose hearts are in their eyes. Poor people were there in shoals, bargaining and eking out their small means to the best advantage: trucks and barrows, filled with the commonest and meanest necessities of life, so choked the spaces as to render straight walking an impossibility. Hoarse-voiced men were bawling out inducements to intending purchasers, who stood debating and reckoning up before making the bold plunge. Some of the barrows were presided over by pale-faced women as nervous and anxious-looking as many of the timid ones who bargained for their wares. Here a foreigner, having made his purchase, hurried away with hanging head, as if what was hidden beneath his coat was something to be ashamed of, or was so precious that it needed swift lodgment in his garret before he could consider it safe. Here lingered a hungry man, looking and longing, or a cunning beggar who, by the counterfeit misery on his face, drew pence and half-pence from others needier than himself. But what was given was given ungrudgingly and with earnest sympathy. Here stood an old man and a little girl with a basket on her arm. The old man was sliding some

coppers and two or three small pieces of silver in the palm of his hand, calculating what it would buy for the Sunday dinner, and the girl was looking up into his face with a pleasant light in her eyes—a light which it was not hard to see often warmed the old man's heart. He was a long time before he decided, and when he had made up his mind, the foolish fellow jeopardized Monday's necessities by purchasing a picture-book and a bunch of flowers for his little granddaughter. Commerce, as represented in the market, did not show to advantage. It was a shabby and second-hand institution: from the damaged fruit and vegetables (which wore a frayed appearance) to the old clothes, patched and mended, and the second-hand boots and shoes (should it not properly be second foot?) with an excruciating polish on them, like paint on the cheeks of age to hide the ravages of time. Art was not neglected; for here was a second-hand book-stall, and here an inverted open umbrella, the interior of which was lined with prints and engravings torn from old books, marked up at a "penny apiece, and take your choice." The roar of voices from this busy mart came to the Captain's ears, subdued, and, sounding like the soft lapping of the sea, added to the peacefulness of the quiet street.

How it was that Lily's grandfather asked, "What ship?" when the stranger announced himself as a Captain, he could not have explained. But it may be rightly surmised that it was prompted by his sympathy with Polypod, and by his gladness that she was not to be disappointed. When Lily heard the Captain's voice—which must surely have been unfamiliar to her, it was so gruff—she relinquished Polypod's hand, and softly went to her seat. There are some moments which are very precious to us; now and again in our lives visions of pure happiness come, and indistinct and undefinable as they are, we forget all else for the time, and with awe and gladness resign ourselves to influences which fill the present with peace and joy. Such times are the stars in our life's record, and the memory of them never dies.

Polypod, standing by the Captain's side, exclaimed, with tearful joy,

"I'm the little girl."

"And I'm the Captain," was the reply, almost merrily given.

"I knew you would come!" (Her voice was so full and rich that it was a pleasure to hear it.)

"Felix said you would, and he saw you such a long way off. You have brought her!"

"Yes; here she is in my arms, little one. Dressed."

"In what?"

"Maude silk, I think she told me."

"Oh!"

A volume of words could not have expressed more.

"Hold hard!" cried the Captain, as he heard the scraping of a match against a box, and guessed that it was intended to light up. "Let us talk in the dark a bit."

He knew that there were two persons, an old man and a little girl, present besides himself, and the momentary flash of the match as it was drawn across the sand-paper did not reveal to him a third, for Lily was sitting in the darkest shadow of the room, and he was not looking that way. The old man readily assented to the proposition to talk in the dark a bit, and the shadows of the peaceful summer night lay about the room undisturbed. But the Captain, appearing to consider that his proposition was too abruptly made, and scarcely justifiable, he being a stranger and almost an intruder, added immediately,

"That is, if you have no objection, and if you will pardon me for suggesting it."

"No apology is necessary," replied the old man, "from one accredited as you are, and coming on such an errand."

"It's a Captain's fancy," said the stranger.

"And it's yours by right, as Captain of the *Fancy*," observed the old man, in a gentle and courteous tone.

"You are kind enough to say so. Of all the hours of the twenty-four I love that the most during which the day steals away to the other side of the world. There's no time at sea so pleasant as night, when it is fine and balmy, as this summer's night is, and when you can look over the bulwarks into the water, and see it wake into living light as the ship sails on. Then, when the moon rises, the heavens, as well as the water, are filled with glory; though, for the matter of that, they are always filled with natural beauty, whether it is dark or light."

He spoke like a sailor, heartily, though gruffly, and it almost seemed as if the salt of the sea had got into his voice, and had given it a flavor. So the old man thought, evidently, and thought the flavor was of the pleasantest (but there could be no mistaking that), for he encouraged the Captain to proceed by asking,

"How's the moon to-night, Skipper?"

Thus showing that he had read of the sea, or at some time of his life had traveled on it.

"Tis a new moon to-night, and we shall see it in an hour, pure and clear and bright—like truth, like modesty, like virtue, like the heart of an innocent maid, like any thing that is good."

Almost a poet as well as a Captain. But what else could be expected from one who commanded the good ship *Fancy*? The old man rubbed his hands in satisfaction, and being drawn still closer to the new-comer by the sympathy that dwells in kindly natures, further encouraged him by remarking,

"You know all about the moon, Skipper?"

"Not all, but something; sufficient for my purpose; and about the stars also. I ought to, for they're the sailor's friends."

"Yes," responded the old man; "they are nearer to sailors than to us. They are more than visible signs at sea—they are testimony. On land we glance at them carelessly, regardless

of their beauty and of the lessons they teach. I never traveled much myself; but a generation ago I knew one—"

Here, however, the old man paused, as if he were being drawn on by the attractiveness of the theme to speak at greater length than he deemed proper, or as if this were not the proper time to relate personal experiences. But the Captain of the *Fancy* said, in a tone of the deepest interest,

"Proceed, Sir, I pray. You knew one—"

"Who passed an adventurous life, and who, being wrecked, floated on a spar on the wild sea for three days and three nights, being happily picked up then by a passing vessel. What you said just now about the stars brought him to my mind. He was alone, and but for the stars, which were like companions to him, he would have relinquished his hold of the spar, and bade good-by to life. 'Hope on,' the stars said to him; 'do not despair. You are not forsaken.' The sight of them gave him courage to persevere and to suffer, and they taught him the lesson that, however lonely, however forsaken, however utterly wretched a man may be in the world, the future contains for him a revelation in which there is much goodness and sweetness. Which is surely true. For this beautiful world, with all its wonders, was not made in vain; and we, the highest form of intelligence it contains, have not played out the parts allotted to us when the curtain drops upon our lives. The poet says truly that the grave is not the goal of life, and only the utterly selfish man can believe that it is the be-all and the end-all. This friend of mine was almost a skeptic before he had the good fortune to be wrecked; but the stars taught him differently. They instilled a kind of faith into him. If a dark night had come, when he could not have seen his consolers, he might have despaired; but he was saved, happily. You say right. The stars are the sailor's friends."

Polypod found this dialogue so entrancing that, eager as she was to ask questions, she did not interrupt it. Taking advantage now of the pause that followed she asked of the Captain,

"How did you find us out?"

"Very easily, my lass. My friend Felix directed me."

"Where's Felix?"

"You will see him soon. Did you think I was not coming?"

"I knew you would come. I told Snap so, and every body. Are you Felix's brother?"

"No, my lass. What makes you think so?"

"You speak like Felix; and yet your voice is different. Where have you been to with your ship?"

"The *Fancy* sails all over the world, and under it, and in the middle of it, for that matter."

"I want to know! How can a ship do all that?"

"My ship can, and does, little one."

"Are you a wizard, then, as well as Felix?"

asked the pertinacious little maid, who was in her glory asking questions, and nursing the doll, which was enveloped in silver tissue-paper.

"Being Captain of the *Fancy*, I may say, Yes. Else how could I see into the heart of a little girl when I was so many miles away, and how could I know that she was waiting and hoping that father's ship would come home?"

Then, to please the child, the Captain told of some wondrous voyages he had made in the *Fancy*; spoke of mermaids and coral reefs, and wonderful lands across the seas, where it was always summer. According to his reckoning, life contained no sorrow; and "Oh, how I should like to be there! Oh, how I should like to see!" murmured Polypod, as the bright pictures were presented to her young mind. Even the old man, who had tasted the bitterness of experiences, listened in approval to the utterings of the Captain of the *Fancy*, divining, perchance, the motive which prompted them. Lily said no word; but when the Captain came to the end of one of the prettiest flights of the *Fancy*, Polypod exclaimed, with enthusiasm,

"Oh, Lily! isn't it beautiful?"

Whereupon, singular to say, the Captain's eloquence suddenly deserted him. Somewhat of an awkward silence followed, broken by the old man asking, in an amused voice, whether Polypod did not want to see her doll? The child answering, "Yes, yes!" eagerly, the old man lit the lamp. They all looked with curiosity at the Captain, who, however, had found something exceedingly interesting in the street, and as he was looking out of window, they could see only his back. When he turned to them, as he could not help doing presently, he had a very red face, yet there was a sly gleam of humor in his eyes as he advanced to the old man and said,

"It was only for Polypod's amusement, and for my own selfish pleasure, that I sailed under false colors, Sir. I did not expect to find myself here."

Unwinding a large handkerchief which was round his neck, and which partially hid his face, he presented himself to them in his proper colors. When Polypod discovered that Felix and the Captain were one, her delight may be imagined. She ran out of the room, and called her mother excitedly, and then ran back and jumped into Felix's arms, forgetting even her doll for the moment. Mrs. Podmore coming down stairs, and being informed of the part that Felix had played, said aside to Lily, in a tone of complete admiration, "Well, she never! But it was just like him. She never saw such a gentleman in all her born days!"

The old man shook hands with Felix, and bade him heartily welcome, and Lily also in her gentle manner, and in two or three minutes they were as much at home together as if they had known each other all their lives. Then came the important ceremony of unwrapping the doll, and revealing its glories. Its reputation as the most beautiful doll that ever was seen was firmly

established in a moment. Polypod gazed at it in mute ecstasy, and worshiped the giver with all her heart and soul. The great longing of her heart was satisfied, and she was supremely happy. She was allowed by her mother to sit up later than usual in honor of Felix; but the excitement of the day proved too much for her, and after a little while she fell asleep with the doll in her arms.

The others sat by the window, and the old man and Felix, finding in each other much that was congenial, talked unreservedly of many matters. It seemed to be tacitly understood that the painful incidents which had occurred on the day of the funeral should not be spoken of, and no reference was therefore made to them. Lily took but little part in the conversation; she sat and listened with a soul in harmony with every thing about her. It was very seldom that her grandfather had the opportunity of enjoying a quiet hour with a nature which so nearly resembled his own. Both he and Felix evidently loved to look at common things from almost an ideal point of view, and the most ordinary matters, as they conversed upon them, were occasionally invested with bright bits of color which matter-of-fact and prosaic minds would have utterly failed to see. Once only was Lily's mother referred to: the reference arose from a remark made by Felix concerning the singular peculiarity in the room that nearly every thing was on casters. The old man explained that it originated from his daughter's sickness.

"Every little noise fretted her," he said, "and as I had learned turning in my young days, I amused myself by making small wheels to whatever I laid hands on, so that it could be moved about without noise. It was not quite an idle whim, therefore; it has occupied my time, which otherwise would have hung heavily, and I have really grown to believe that it could be made to serve many useful purposes. The man who first conceived the idea of a wheel was a great benefactor. Civilization," he added, with a pleasant laugh, "would be at a stand-still without its wheel."

One thing leading to another, in the course of conversation they found themselves presently conversing upon deeper than mundane matters. They had been talking of the comparative value of creeds, and the old man said,

"Faith is every thing. So long as a man believes—if his belief be associated with any thing that is pure and good in itself—it matters little what it is. To me it is the worst kind of arrogance, the worst kind of intolerance, for a man to say, 'Believe as I believe, or you are lost.'"

"And those who don't believe?" suggested Felix.

"Degrade themselves. We are but part of a system, they say, and we live and wither and die like birds and beasts and plants. Our parts being played out, we perish utterly, and make room for others. Do they ever consider that man is the only form of life which seems to be capable of improvement, that only man advances, improves, discovers, acquires, and that all other things in nature are the same now as they were in the beginning?—that the sun rises as in the olden time, that the seasons are the same, that all forms of vegetable life show no change in all these centuries, that beasts make their lairs as of yore, and birds their nests?—that all these, according to the laws of nature, are sufficient for and in themselves, and that of all the wonders that fill the earth, man is the only one that thinks, aspires, thirsts to know, and conquers?"

In this strain they talked until nearly midnight. Long before their talk was over Polypod had been taken to bed so fast asleep that she could not even wake to kiss Felix. She smiled as he kissed her, and Mrs. Podmore thrilled with joy as she gazed, in thankful, full-hearted admiration, on the beautiful face of her child as she lay in her arms. Unclouded happiness rested in Polly's face, and rested also in the hearts of all present, old and young.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BEATING OF THE PULSE.

BEING thrown upon his own resources, Felix employed his time in looking about him—not in the most industrious fashion, it must be confessed, but after the manner of one who was entirely independent of the world, and who had merely to make up his mind which of the many good things by which he was surrounded would be most suitable to a young gentleman in his position. The weapons with which he was armed to fight the battle into which he had thrown himself were trustfulness, simplicity, and faith in human nature. These weapons are good enough, in all conscience, in themselves; but we are not content nowadays, as we were of old, to fight a fair fight, man to man. Torpedoes and other infernal weapons have come into fashion; and a man, unless he be crafty, has but a small chance of victory when he throws down his glove.

One of the first things Felix did when he came into London to conquer it was to make himself comfortable. He established himself in a capital hotel not half a mile from Soho, so as to be near his friends; for it may be truly said that the only friends he had in London lived in the little house in Soho inhabited by the Podmores and the Gribbles, and Lily and her grandfather. He found plenty of excuses for going there often: Gribble junior was an umbrella-maker, and Felix's umbrella was so continually out of repair that it became quite a source of revenue to the bustling frame-mender.

"What! another rib gone!" Gribble junior would say, with a look of astonishment, not suspecting that Felix had broken it purposely, so that he might have an excuse for calling at the house in the middle of the day; "it'd be cheaper to buy a new one, Sir."

But Felix protested that he would on no ac-

count part with so old a friend; and the repairs continued to be made, until not a particle of the original structure was left. There was no necessity for these small subterfuges on Felix's part, for after a time he was always welcome in that house, and his happiest hours were spent there. They all liked him; and as for Pollypod, her mother declared, in the pleasantest of voices, that she was as jealous as jealous could be, her little girl was that fond of him! All this was very agreeable, and Felix decided that his new career had commenced in the most satisfactory manner possible. His training had not been of such a nature as to cause him to value money or to be careful of it; and while he had it in his purse he spent it freely. He did not do so from recklessness, but from a largeness of nature (although he himself would have disputed it warmly and with a quaint logic), in the light of which small matters of feeling were ridiculously magnified, and the world's goods dwindled down to insignificant proportions. Therefore, while he had he spent; and it was fortunate for him that his tastes and desires were simple and easily satisfied, for he grudged himself nothing. The present being amply provided for, he had no fears and no anxiety for to-morrow. His nature was one which it was easy to impose upon, and he did not escape the snares set in the public thoroughfares for liberal hearts. The piteous eyes and faces of beggars that were raised to his appealingly were never raised in vain. When he was told that these were part of a trade, he refused to believe. Arrows tipped with doubt of human goodness glanced off from his generous nature, and left no wound behind. And yet, as will be seen, he was keen enough in some matters concerning which men who knew infinitely more of the world than he (priding themselves upon it) were blind. Speaking upon the subject to Lily's grandfather, the old man said,

"If you thought a man who begged of you was an impostor, you would not give."

"I don't know that," replied Felix; "I am selfish enough to think I should."

The old man smiled at this reference to one of Felix's pet theories.

"It does not so much concern them as me," continued Felix, with sly gleams. "I give to please myself. Is not that a selfish motive? Not to give would be to deprive myself of a gratification. I say to myself sometimes, almost unconsciously (but the sentiment which prompts it belongs to my nature, or I should not have the thought), 'Bravo, Felix! that was a good thing to do. You are not a bad fellow.'"

The old man was amused at this.

"The thought comes afterward," he said.

"But it comes," insisted Felix, as if determined to deprive the kind promptings of his nature of grace—"it comes, and that is enough. It is an investment. I give away a penny, and receive the best of interest. Pure selfishness, upon my word, as is every other action of our lives. But apart from this, I don't believe that these men and women are not in want."

"Ah, well," said the old man, looking in admiration at the animated face of Felix, "it is better to trust than to doubt. Suspicion ages the heart, and robs life of bright color."

Satisfied that he was spending his time profitably, Felix found life very enjoyable. He did not trouble himself about the past; the world was before him, and he was observing, and studying, and preparing himself to open his oyster. His hotel was in the Strand, and he soon became well acquainted with the phases of life presented in that locality. The streets were so full of life, and there was so much to see. The shops, the theatres, the conveyances, the streams of people flowing this way and that, a few smiling as they walked, some idling, some talking eagerly to themselves, unconscious of the surging life through which they take their way—each man perfectly engrossed in his own personality, each a world, the secret ways of which were known only to himself. He was soon quite familiar also with the singular variety of street shows which can there be seen daily: with the broad-shouldered, gray-haired Italian with his monkeys, who lives in Short's Gardens, where probably the dumb brutes are not so tenderly treated as strangers, who see them hugged to their master's breast as he walks along, might suppose them to be: with another monkey also, a poor little creature, who being pulled this way and that by a chain attached to his master's wrist, cowers on the pavement (generally at night) to the dismal moaning of an organ, upon whose grinder's face a ghastly smile forever sits, suggesting the idea that it must have been carved upon his features in infancy: with the melancholy-looking, straight-haired young man who plays operatic selections upon the spout of a coffee-pot and through the nozzle of a bellows, who selects the widest of the side thoroughfares for his entertainment, seldom commencing until a perfect ring of admirers and curiosity-mongers is formed, and who, while his island is being made, stands with an air of proud humility, as who should say, "I am the only and original player upon spout and nozzle in the kingdom; all others are counterfeit!" with the inconceivably maniacal Swiss quartette, who shout and caper, and produce hideous sounds from throat and wind-bag: with the Mongolian impostor, who sits upon a door-step uttering never a word, with a look upon his face as of one suddenly stricken with fatal disease: with the poor miserable woman, whose thoughts may soar upward, but whose eyes never see the sun, for her body is literally bent in two, who creeps almost daily along the Strand; and with many other forms of beggary, even less attractive than these.

What Felix saw in the streets were not his only studies; he read the newspapers carefully, and not seldom was he amazed at the inequality of things. He found it difficult to understand how, in one shape, a certain thing was held up

for public censure and condemnation, while in another shape precisely the same thing (in a worse form, perhaps) was quietly tolerated, and even admired. As thus: He read in the papers from time to time accounts of proceedings taken against the publisher and vendors of a weekly illustrated sheet, against which it was charged that it contained objectionable pictures. When he saw the illustrations he at once acquiesced in the justice of the proceedings, and decided in his own mind that they pandered to the worst taste, and were calculated to do much harm. But looking in many of the shop-windows in the locality of the Strand, he saw pictures infinitely worse in the effect they would be likely to produce than those which were published in the objectionable paper. The portraits and full-length pictures of nearly naked women, taken in every attitude that the lascivious imagination could suggest, and paraded conspicuously in these windows for public admiration, were worse, in their insidious badness, than anything that Holywell Street ever produced. There was no disguise of what are called "female charms" in the pictures; they were displayed to their fullest extent to feed the sensual taste, and neither art nor any useful purpose was served by these degrading exhibitions. On the contrary, they tended to mislead, in their incongruous mixture of worth and shamelessness. For here was an actor deservedly popular; here was a courtesan deservedly notorious; here were a statesman and a poet, whose names add lustre to the history of the times in which they live; between them a shameless woman, bold and lewd, and almost naked; above her, a princess, worthily loved, with her baby on her back, clasping the mother round her neck, a picture which the poorest wife in England feels the happier for looking at, so much of homely love and wifely virtue and sisterly kinship does it suggest; while below was paraded the painted face of a wanton, whose name is shame. In one window of a semi-religious kind, in which the frequenters of the May meetings at Exeter Hall might be supposed to gaze without fear of contamination, the very worst of these lewd pictures were displayed in the company of Bibles, and Prayer-books, and Church-services; an association which by any sophistry could not have been proved to be a good one.

In the study of these and other matters Felix found the time pass rapidly away. Something else passed rapidly away also—his money. Calling for his hotel bill one day, he found that, after paying it, he would have scarcely twenty pounds left. This set him thinking. If he continued to live in the hotel, he might not be able to pay his next bill, and the dishonor attaching to such a contingency caused him to resolve to adopt a more modest mode of living. The gravity of the position made him serious, but not for long. His idle days were gone—well, he was glad of it; he was tired of idleness, and longed to be up and doing. "If I were a rich man," he thought, "and could not get work without paying for it, I'd pay for it willingly, rather than be idle." Yes, it was time for him to set to work. He would first take lodgings in some cheap neighborhood, and there he would look things straight in the face. It is amazing what comfort is found in metaphor, until the time for action arrives. In making this resolution Felix worked himself into such a state of excitement that he really believed he had already commenced life in earnest. At first he thought of Soho, but very slight reflection induced him to forego the temptation of living in the neighborhood of Lily. "Whatever struggles I have," he thought, "I will keep to myself." Chance directing his steps to Vauxhall, he saw there numbers of bills in the windows announcing rooms to let. Seeing a decent-looking woman with a baby in her arms standing at the door of a house in which there was a first floor to let, he spoke to her, and asked her particulars. The rent for sitting-room and bedroom was very moderate, he found. Upon inquiry he found that there were other lodgers in the house, that indeed it was filled with lodgers. The landlady and her husband lived in the basement; a married couple occupied the parlors; and four or five persons, perfectly independent of each other, lived on the second and third floors. "You'll find us very quiet, Sir," the landlady said, looking with an eye of favor upon Felix, and wondering why so smart a young gentleman as he should desire to live in that poor neighborhood; "and you'll have no call to complain of the attendance." Felix, perfectly satisfied, pinched the baby's cheek, paid the first week's rent in advance, and received his latch-key. It was characteristic of him that when he left the hotel he was as liberal to the attendants as if he had been a gentleman of independent property.

When he was settled in his new lodgings he bethought himself of his promise to Martha Day, his father's housekeeper, to let her know his address in London. He had written to her from his hotel, and had heard from her there. As he wrote now, he thought, "If Martha knew how poor this neighborhood is, she would guess the reason of my moving; but she can not know much of London, and will not be able to learn anything from the address." He wrote his letter, and went out in the afternoon with the intention of posting it; but wandering about in idle humor, he forgot it, and at about nine o'clock in the evening he found himself at his street-door with the letter still in his pocket. He was about to put his latch-key into the lock when he remembered the letter, and he was turning away, thinking how stupid he was to be so forgetful, when the door was opened from within, and the very woman in his thoughts passed swiftly into the street. Martha Day! To see her in London, away from his father's house, with whose gloom her own joyless, gloomy manner was so thoroughly in unison that they might have been deemed inseparable, would have been surprise enough in itself; but to see her there, in that

house, so suddenly and strangely, was so great a surprise that for a moment he thought he had seen an apparition. When the first shock of the surprise was over, he looked after the woman, and saw her turn the corner of the street. Then he knew that he was not mistaken—it was Martha Day he had seen. He hurried after her, intending to speak to her; but when he turned the corner, he could not see her, and although he ran hither and thither, he could find no trace of her. Strangely perplexed, he walked slowly back to the house. Perhaps she had come there to see him; but how could she know he lived in that house, having been in it only a few hours? He questioned the landlady, but she could not enlighten him. She had seen no particular woman pass in or out of the house. There were so many lodgers, you see, Sir, that all sorts of strange people come in and out. Had any inquiry been made for him? he asked. No; how could there be, was the reply, when the landlady didn't know his name? That was true enough; he forgot that he had not given his name when he paid the week's rent in advance. Then he described Martha Day—her face with no trace of color in it, her eyes nearly always cast down, her hands nearly always hidden, her black dress and bonnet—and asked if the landlady knew her. No, the landlady never remembered to have seen her; and when Felix went up stairs to his room, the landlady thought it was singular that he should be so anxious about the woman—and not a young woman either, according to his description, she added, mentally.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]
THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

IT is not fair to reproach people with their misfortunes, though they may be of their own making, and laugh at them for the sorry plights their folly brings them to, and then leave them without a word of comfort or an effort to help them to remedy past mistakes. I am not going to prove one of these Job's comforters to my dreadful Americans, though, like the bitter friends of that patient patriarch, I am still "full of discourse." We have had a talk, then, about servants—cooks and maids and valets—and we have lamented together over the miseries and deceptions of the uninitiated ones who, like Mrs. X—, run their devoted heads unawares into many Parisian nooses; and we have agreed that for the future certain precautions are to be taken which will prove a safeguard to them against those enemies of the stranger and native alike—landlords and *fournisseurs*. Now let us turn to another phase of life, and see what alternatives remain to those who have not the combative element strongly enough developed to encourage them to buckle to the fight, and make head against the difficulties of keeping house in Paris on their own account. These timid souls naturally take refuge in hotels and boarding-houses. Those who can afford it choose the hotel, and the less wealthy turn to the boarding-house. I will deal first with the boarding-houses. When a man has a superabundance of the "trash called gold," he can manage any where and every where to make himself tolerably comfortable as far as the mere material part of life goes, and if he is well fleeced he is not so much to be pitied. The French say, truly, "A wound in the purse is easily healed;" and a greater moralist than ever France produced said, long ago, "Who steals my purse, steals trash;" but he who steals our peace of mind and body, our good name and social respectability, what shall we say of him? Now this theft is unfortunately too often committed in boarding-houses in Paris. An American family comes to Paris to see something of French life and manners, as well as French fashions. The latter can be seen in an easy stroll down the Rue de la Paix and the neighboring streets and boulevards, and it is quite optional whether the spectator allows himself to be carried away by temptation and yields to it, or quietly surveys the snares and pitfalls so tastefully prepared for her, and passes on philosophically, purse whole.

But how is the American family to see French society? Unless they bring letters of introduction to French families, they might just as well be in New York or the woods of the far West, for all they will see of the inner life of France. They may spend years, live and die here, and never get within the charmed circle of a bona fide respectable French household. You will tell me about Mrs. So-and-so, and scores of others who have come over here within the last ten years, and been at once received with open arms, and courted by Frenchwomen and married by Frenchmen. And this I shall not attempt to gainsay. I could name a long list of Americans married to Frenchmen, noblemen of course, who are living in the midst of the new world of the Faubourg St. Honoré, and in the severe and stately old world of the Faubourg St. Germain, and are well treated there; but how did they get into this earthly paradise? They paid their way into it, and a terribly long price most of them have lived to see it was that they paid.

During the days of the empire foreigners of all countries were welcome at court, but Americans especially. They had only to be rich and to dress well, and this was a sufficient passport to the welcome of the Tuileries. Many Americans were in the habit of receiving invitations to every fête, ball, concert, etc., that was given at the court, who, their countrymen assured the writer, would not be received in the second-rate drawing-rooms of New York. I know for a fact that one of these favored couples, a gentleman and his wife, who figured in the *monde élégant* of those pleasant court days, had driven a brisk boot and shoe trade for some years in one of

your American cities, and suddenly the husband made a lucky hit of some sort, and came off at once to enjoy it in Paris. You met them every where except among their own. Americans steered clear of them, and were much puzzled and not a little scandalized to see the happy pair who had taken their measure for boots a little while before figuring in the Bois and at the court balls as specimens of the gentry of the United States. I am not arguing, be it understood, against the principle of "win gold and wear it," or condemning the boot and shoe maker for having grown rich and enjoying his money in the way he wished; only I want to explain how it is that he succeeded where so many of his well-born and well-bred countrymen failed. He was rich, and his wife dressed magnificently. He bought fine horses, and if he had had a daughter to marry, he would have had bids for her from the best names in the old Faubourg. But the court was not France; it can even hardly be said to have been French, for if you eliminate the foreign element—American and Russian chiefly—you will find that the crowd that gathered round the throne of the graceful and brilliant empress, who formed its centre of attraction, will be sensibly diminished. Those, therefore, who were rich could get to court, and those who had daughters to marry and large *dots* to give them were sure to have plenty of aspirants to choose from. Whenever you saw a rich American you were certain to see her surrounded by a group of *Français ruinés*, as they were called by the court set—young men, or *ci-devant* young ones, who had had some money and spent it, or had never had any, but had a good roll of debts to show, and whose sole business in life was to catch an heiress. This was more easily done among foreigners than among French heiresses. Good marriageable young men are scarce in many countries, but nowhere so scarce as in France, and there are always plenty of wise French mothers on the look-out for steady sons-in-law to whom their daughters' happiness and money may be safely trusted. It is seldom that an article good enough for home consumption is left long enough unclaimed to be snapped up by foreign competitors. As a rule, therefore, the Frenchmen who sigh at the feet of American heiresses are the refuse of the home market. I may mention, too, that every American girl who dresses well is set down as an heiress.

But I began with boarding-houses, and have wandered away from them. The foregoing remarks are, however, only a prelude to my subject. Those who can not afford to go to hotels, and make a great effect with equipages, dress, etc., which would insure them notice and the reputation of wealth, which opens French doors to strangers in Paris, go to boarding-houses. They fancy that if that does not open the front-door to them at once, it will, at any rate, pave the way to this—it will open some pleasant side-door by which they can slip into nice French society with much less expense, and which will answer their purpose quite as well. Never was there a greater mistake than this. No French people, I do not say of position, but of ordinary social respectability, ever go to *pensions*; they are only frequented by persons in the rank of retired shop-keepers, or else by the *demi-monde*. This is so well known that a French lady would not like to be seen visiting in a *pension*; and most assuredly she would not take her unmarried daughter with her if she did consent to visit any one there herself. The *maitresse de pension* in Paris is recruited from a class of women with whom it is not our province to deal. There are exceptions, as there are to every rule, but they are rare ones. There are a few *pensions* in Paris conducted by women of respectability and unblemished character, but they are either English or Americans. The English who frequent boarding-houses are generally safe company enough, as regards both character and respectability, but not socially of so good a class as American habitués. Among English people it is merely looked upon as *infra dig.* to stay at a boarding-house, but it is in no way compromising from a more serious point of view. You are not likely to come upon swindlers or interesting couples whose marriage-certificate would not bear close investigation. The French whom you meet there would be pretty sure to resent as unpardonably indiscreet any allusions to these little details of their private life. The men who live at *pensions* are, nine out of ten, sharpers on the look-out for rich men or women whom they may decoy into some devouring gulf of speculation—a twenty per cent. profit concern, or else marrying men on the watch for a rich wife. Their only chance is, of course, among the English and Americans, and I grieve to say they too often find among our benighted countrywomen ready victims to their wiles and arts. It is a fact within the knowledge of the writer that this class of adventurers have scouts out at the various *pensions* to give them timely notice of the arrival of every new-comer that seems likely to prove a desirable prey to their schemes. They set to work on the unconscious victim, and if they succeed, the scout and the *maitresse de pension* get share in the spoils in the shape of a percentage on the girl's fortune. Sometimes the conqueror tries to shirk payment, and then there is a row, the upshot of which is that he is generally forced by law to keep his promise. One of these disgraceful bargains was disclosed not long ago, and made the topic of gossip in Paris salons for nine days. We wonder what the feelings of the wife must have been on discovering how she had been started and hunted down and caught and haggled over by her devoted French lover and his friends. I will give an instance of the boarding-house husbands in my next letter. The subject is a prolific one, and I shall inflict a good deal of scolding, advice, and useful information on you about it.

COMET.

ÉCRU FOULARD DRESS.

THIS écre fouldard dress consists of a double skirt, square-necked waist with puffed sleeves, and belt with basque. The sleeve puffs are held together on the inside by means of bands of the material. The trimming consists of bias strips of écre fouldard, which are ornamented in embroidery with écre silk, and of gathered buff guipure lace. Planted Swiss muslin chemisette, and collar of pinked black silk ruches.



Fig. 1.—BLACK GROS GRAIN FICHU.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII, Fig. 86.

ERYPHINA'S CHILD.

By MRS. MULLOCK-CRAIK.

[We commend to our young readers this charming story, selected from Mrs. MULLOCK-CRAIK's new volume of fairy tales, "Is It True?" just published by HARPER & BROTHERS, and which, we scarcely need say, contains many others of equal interest.]

IN old times, when there were good kings as well as bad, mild-tempered and gentle women as well as sour and peevish ones, there lived a good king of Vannes, who had a daughter called Eryphina. She was as sweet as new milk fresh from the cow; no one had ever seen her angry, and the worst people became better when they were near her. The king loved nothing in the world so much as his daughter Eryphina.

Unfortunately the princess was as beautiful as she was good, and the fame of her beauty had spread to all parts of the world. When she was only sixteen, Commore, Count of Cornouailles, sent an embassy to the King of Vannes to demand of him his daughter in marriage.

"Give me thy daughter," said Commore; "and though I am lord of the country where the black wheat grows, she shall never want for white bread and meat; she shall be both rich and happy."

The King of Vannes had doubts as to the happiness, whatever the riches might be. He knew that the count was a powerful prince, whose coffers were full of gold, and his land well stocked with cattle; but he knew also that he was cruel to his subjects, that he was twenty years older than the little Eryphina, and that he had already had four wives, who all died without children, and without its being known what had killed them. Besides, the prospect of such a marriage frightened Eryphina beyond measure. She wept so much that her father determined to keep her at home. So he said to the envoys of the count, "I thank your master for the honor which he has done us by wishing for our alliance; but my daughter is still too young to think of marriage; she desires to remain with me."

The ambassadors withdrew in the greatest alarm, for they knew that this refusal would enrage their master exceedingly. And indeed they had no sooner delivered their message and explained why they appeared before him without the princess than the terrible sword of Commore sprang from the scabbard, and the three envoys lay dead at his feet. Then he sent back this message to the king of the white country:

"Prepare thy arms and thy soldiers for battle, for I will make war against thee in all my might, unless thou give me thy daughter in marriage."

The King of Vannes was a brave man, and these defiant words of Commore's did not increase his desire to give him his dear daughter—his Eryphina, who had never heard a harsh word since she was born. He called his subjects to arms, and in all parts of the country of Vannes the people made themselves ready for battle. They came forward willingly, unlike the people of Cornouailles, who never went to war except from fear of their lord. They all knew Eryphina, and every man was ready to give his life for her, while the women staid at home and wept.

The soldiers of Commore had set out on their march, when a holy monk, named Veltas, who had often preached both in the country of Vannes and the kingdom of Commore, came to seek Eryphina in her father's palace.

"What is this?" he said to her. "Shall a baptized Christian woman allow the men of two countries to kill each other for her sake—to die, perhaps, in mortal sin, and to go straight to everlasting punishment? Even if it be true that Commore is wicked and cruel, of what importance is the happiness of one woman for a few years on earth, compared to the eternal welfare of so many Christian souls?"

Poor Eryphina trembled as she heard these stern words. Her fear of Commore was so great that she grew pale at the very sound of his name. But the holy man, without heeding her, continued:

"Here is a ring as white as milk. If you marry the Count of Cornouailles, and if the time should ever come when your life is in danger, it will immediately become as black as iron: then send it to the king your father, and he will come and deliver you. It is your fate to marry Commore. My daughter, fight no longer against the will of God."

Eryphina dared not utter a word. She looked at the ring shining on her finger—the fatal ring that was to warn her of unknown dangers, at which she trembled beforehand, and then she knelt down before the holy monk, who accepted her mute submission, and gave her his blessing:

"May the great God of heaven and his only son Jesus Christ bless you in life, and after death receive you into Paradise!" said Veltas, as he hastened away to stop the march of the soldiers of Commore.

The king at first tried to shake Eryphina's resolution; but the poor child had made a vow to Our Lady to offer herself up as a martyr in order to prevent the massacre of so many helpless souls; and the King of Vannes, who knew that he was less powerful than his enemy, was obliged to submit. His daughter must be sacrificed that his people might be saved. It is sometimes a hard thing to be a princess.

Commore was in high good humor when he arrived at the court of the King of Vannes. Satisfaction in having obtained the object of his desire, Eryphina's great beauty and sweetness, the riches displayed during the marriage festivities, all combined to soften the ferocity of his temper. Although he had seen thirty-five summers, he was still handsome and young-looking; he was very tall, and so strong that he could lift an ox by his horns; and his eyes were bright and fine, but full of fire. The king, who had conceived a very bad opinion of his future son-in-law, was agreeably surprised to find him so gay and handsome, and began to hope for the best.

After the marriage festival, which lasted three days, during which a hundred oxen and three hundred sheep were killed and distributed among the people, Commore took his young wife home. St. Veltas blessed her as she departed. "Paradise is yours," he said; "but you must first endure the sufferings of earth."

Eryphina trembled, and raised her eyes to heaven. She had made her sacrifice, and regrets would come too late.

For some months all went well. The young countess often asked herself how Commore could have been called cruel. He was always kind to her; and as he was very clever, he found

a hundred ways of amusing his young wife, so that she hardly regretted the country she had left. Every day some new pleasure awaited her: every day rich presents assured her of her husband's love. She quite lost the habit of looking at her ring, as she had done continually at first.

"What danger could threaten me while Commore is near me?" she said, forgetting that it was Commore himself of whom she had been formerly afraid. The people of the black country no longer knew their lord.

"He must be either ill or bewitched," said his nearest attendants, "for he has ceased to care for blood." When any one was unfortunate enough to displease him, and his eyes began to flash, a word from the countess would soften his wrath.

and procure for the culprit churches and monasteries of fered up prayers to God for Commore had given a large to build a monastery, and countess. When she spoke—for she was ashamed of the—he shook his head. "We a grave look; and when he



ÉCRU FOULARD DRESS.



PLAIN SWISS MUSLIN JACKET.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 27 and 28.



Fig. 1.—GRAY SILK WALKING SUIT.—BACK.

For description see Supplement.



FIGURED SWISS MUSLIN JACKET.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 23-24.

punishment. In all the country the people of life of Eryphina.

to St. Veltas on which often came to visit the timidly of her happiness had formerly expressed to suffer," he said, with beyond the threshold

of the castle he repeated to himself in Latin these words of the prophet: "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" He had no faith in the new-born mildness of Commore.

After some time the management of his affairs called the lord of the black country to a distance. His wife wept, and begged that she might go with him. "No," said Commore; "amuse thyself in my absence; thou wilt be absolute mistress of every thing here, and I will soon return to thee."

"I will never leave the castle in thy absence," said the countess. "How could I amuse myself when thou art far away?"

On his return the count found his wife looking pale from long confinement to the house; but she blushed with pleasure and

confusion as she met her husband and showed him the work she held in her hand—a small cap of silk tissue trimmed with silver lace.

"This," she said, looking down—"this will be for my little baby."

Commore's eyes flashed angrily; then, shuddering, he left his wife without a word, without an embrace.

Now for the first time Eryphina saw in her lord's face the terrible look which made him so much feared. She threw herself trembling at the foot of her crucifix, and her eyes sought involuntarily for the silver ring, half hidden among the many costly rings with which her husband had loaded her fingers. She hardly knew it again: it had become quite black!

Eryphina, who was naturally timid, stood petrified with terror at this unknown danger with which she was threatened. At the banquet which she prepared for him her husband sat silent and gloomy, and she was as pale as a white rose. When night came she could not sleep under her tapestry curtains. At midnight, as she lay awake, the hangings which covered the walls of the room shook as if blown by the night wind, and one by one four pale shadows appeared gliding noiselessly to the foot of the bed where she lay.

Half dead with terror, she looked at them, but could not speak. The first, pale, with livid lips and long fair hair, said, in a low voice,

"I am Dalmat, Commore's first wife."

The second, who had marks of discoloration on her throat, said, in a dull, muffled voice,

"I am Finlas, the second wife of Commore."

A bloody wound yawned on the bosom of the third:

"I am Haik," she said, "the third wife of Commore."

The fourth, whose face bore marks of blows, said,

"It is I, Mola, the count's last wife before thee."

Then all four spoke together.

"It is thy turn now," they said. "It was foretold him that his first child would kill him. We have all paid with our lives for this prophecy."

Eryphina raised herself up in bed. Maternal instinct gave her courage. It was not herself alone she had to save, but the child that God might send her. Could she save it? She murmured between her trembling lips,

"I must fly; but how can I fly?"

"Take this poison which killed me," said the pale shade with the livid lips. "Take this rope which strangled me," said she of the discolored throat. "Take this dagger which

stabbed me to the heart," said the form with the gaping wound. "Take this stick which broke my skull," said the fourth wife of Commore.

Eryphina rose, but she could not utter a word to her ghastly predecessors, who disappeared silently as they came. No sooner were they gone than the unhappy countess hastened to the window and let herself down from the tower by means of the rope which Finlas had given her. With



Fig. 2.—BLACK GROS GRAIN FICHU.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 86.

2.—GRAY SILK WALKING SUIT.—FRONT.
For description see Supplement.

PLAIN SWISS MUSLIN JACKET.

For description see Supplement.

the poison which had killed Dalmat she silenced the great dog that wandered about the court-yard. And when she started on her journey, in the dark night, to find her way back to her own country, she was armed with the dagger which had stabbed Haik and the stick with which Mola had been killed.

As she proceeded painfully on her way, stumbling over the stones on the road, catching hold of the trunks of trees, she heard overhead a rustling of wings, and by the first faint streaks of daylight she recognized her favorite falcon that she had brought with her from the kingdom of Vannes.

"Falcon, my good falcon," she said to it, "thou canst go faster than I to the place where my heart would be; carry this ring to my father, who will see that I am in danger, and will hasten to help me." And cutting off with the dagger a lock of her hair, she fastened the ring round the neck of the falcon, which flew away as fast as if it understood the extremity of its mistress.

Meantime Commore had risen early, and had gone to seek for his wife. She was nowhere to be found; and when he saw the rope tied to the window and his dog lying dead in the yard, his eyes flashed fire. Eryphina's women and the sentinels at the gates trembled as they looked at him. He called for his horse, and rushed after the fugitive, stopping, however, from time to time to search for traces of the small feet. He dashed across the forest, and very soon came to a thicket whence proceeded the cry of a child. He sprang from his horse with a bound, pushed aside the branches with his strong arm, and discovered Eryphina, pale and terrified, hiding in her arms a new-born infant, whose feeble cries she was in vain endeavoring to stifle. Commore's sword flashed for one moment in the air, and the next instant his wife's head rolled into the brush-wood, dyeing the green leaves with her blood. Then shuddering, and never looking behind him, he remounted and returned to the castle. He had forgotten the child. It lay safely concealed in the dead woman's arms.

It was a fête day when the falcon arrived at the white country. The subjects of the King of Vannes crowded all the squares and market-places, for St. Veltas had come to bless a new church. The king sat in the banquet-hall, with the monk by his side, and all his great men around him. They feasted and made merry, yet always as became Christians in the presence of a holy priest. The falcon flew in at the window, and stationed itself on the table in front of the king.

"What is this?" said the king. "Here is the falcon that my daughter Eryphina took with her when she left me. Ah, holy father, you did well to prevent a war between our two countries. No one has suffered on her account, and Eryphina is happy."

"Do not be too sure of that," said the monk, as he examined the falcon. The faithful bird had brought back its mistress's ring; it was quite black—Eryphina was in mortal danger!

The king rose hurriedly. Not waiting for his attendants, but ordering them to follow him, he mounted his horse and galloped off, St. Veltas following by his side on his accustomed mule. This creature, without seeming to hurry itself, neither lost breath nor looked fatigued; yet, fast as the good war-horse went, the priest's gentle mule kept pace beside it. The saint and the old soldier went their way together in search of their beloved Eryphina.

The king galloped across the forest, without looking either

to the right or to the left; St. Veltas said his prayers, and asked unceasingly for help from God. Suddenly both the horse and the mule stopped before a thicket, from which a plaintive cry escaped—a strange, hoarse voice, which repeated without ceasing the same words:

"Consecrated ground for me, and for my child the waters of baptism!" With these mournful accents mingled the feeble cry of an infant.

The king trembled beneath his cuirass, but St. Veltas made his way into the thicket. There, at his feet, lay the body of Eryphina, the severed head uttering the words that they had heard, the infant still clasped in the dead mother's arms.

The king, who had followed the monk into the thicket, was so overwhelmed with grief and rage that he could not utter a word; but the priest's voice sounded in the silence.

"Rise up, dead as thou art," he cried, "and come to the castle of the count, thy husband, that thou mayst convict and punish him for his crime."

As he spoke, Eryphina rose; the pale head returned to its place. She took her child in her arms, and went along with the monk and the king.

The castle of Commore was closed, and well guarded with soldiers; the count himself was on the ramparts, disguised, as if he feared discovery, in the dress and arms of a simple squire, with the visor of his helmet lowered. As the travelers approached the gates, St. Veltas called to the sentinels in a loud voice,

"I demand to see the count." But no one answered, for so their master had given orders. The soldiers continued their rounds, and the pretended squire soon found himself face to face with his enemies. Deep ditches and high walls sheltered him from the arm of the avenger, and he felt himself safe from discovery behind his visor, but he could not take his terrified eyes away from the sight which met them—the dead Eryphina walking, with her living son in her arms. Suddenly the child slipped down from her breast. To the amazement of all, the feeble infant, two hours old, stood upright on its feet, and, pointing an accusing finger to its father, "Behold him!" it said distinctly, in a soft strange voice; then, stretching out its small hand, picked up from the ground a handful of sand and threw it against the ramparts. In an instant the walls gave way, the gates flew open, the chains were broken, and the towers, shaken to their foundations, fell to the ground, burying every one that was within in their ruins.

"Alas! the innocent have perished for the guilty," exclaimed the good King of Vannes. But St. Veltas knelt down before the pile of ruins, and making the sign of the cross, said, "God has executed justice on the murderer, and taken the innocent to His eternal arms. Look there!"

He pointed to Eryphina, who lay stretched on the ground—a corpse, only a corpse, once more. But there was a smile upon the quiet mouth, and the hands, as if there had been life in them still, held fast her babe.

"God is above all; we do not understand His ways," said the good priest. "Let us bury the dead and baptize the living." And, lifting up the child, now again helpless as a new-born babe, he placed it in its grandfather's arms.

THE ROSE AND THE THORN.

We're better to have some poetry
In these dull hearts of ours—
To see a holiness in the sky,
A glory in the flowers.

For life is dreary, and hearts are weak
That toil through the summer day;
And those who see with a poet's eye
Are the better for the ray.

There is plenty of care around our path
To sadden the hearts of all;
Let us look at the sunbeams ev'rywhere,
And the roses on the wall.

For here there are showers as well as shine,
And darkness as well as light;
But the rainbow follows the rainy cloud,
And the dawn of morn the night.

And if we bear lightly the world's dull cares,
And take the joy as it comes,
Our hearts will be all the happier,
And we shall have brighter homes.

LOTTIE'S SUMMER TRIP.

"LOTTIE, Lottie!" "That is Harry calling," said Lottie Gordon, settling herself back in her arm-chair, "and I don't mean to answer him. He can come here if he wants me. I hate the very sound of my name this dreadful weather. I am sick of myself and of this hot, horrid town. I feel absolutely vicious; it's not a bit strange the dogs get rabid. I believe I could bite a tenpenny nail in two myself." And then the gentle speaker set her small white teeth together with a little click, as if she felt the iron between them. "I don't know the size of a tenpenny nail," she continued; "but I suppose one would be about as large as my little finger." With that Lottie tried the teeth gently, very gently indeed, on that unoffending member. "No wonder they muzzle the dogs these midsummer days. I think it would be well to muzzle the girls who can't leave town. It will not do at all to bite my own finger. I might give myself hydrophobia, and then I should race around and bite and foam at the mouth, and they would be obliged to smother me between two feather-beds—all for my own good, of course—and to put me out of my misery; but I am quite certain I shouldn't

like it. It is too bad to run such risks, all for want of a little money. I wish papa was a bear, or even a bull—for those are the two creatures that manage to get all the money—and then we might have a chance to do as other people do."

"Mamma wants you," interrupted Lottie's little brother, running into the parlor, where she was seated, and out again in a moment.

Lottie rose rather slowly from her chair and stood a moment before the mirror.

"Oh," she sighed, with a lingering look, "what was the use of learning this new way to do my hair, when there is not a soul to see it, and it does suit me so well!" It "suited" her very well indeed, if one could judge from the charming picture she made as she stood daintily touching up some refractory locks.

Lottie was rather quick-tempered, and not disposed to be amiable in very hot weather; but she looked a little better pleased now, as any one would after a peep at that fair face.

"Lottie dear!"

"Yes, mamma, I am coming," was the answer.

"Your sister wants you, my dear, to read to her; and when she is tired I wish you would hear Harry's lesson."

"Can't Harry have a holiday this hot weather, he hates his lesson so?"

"I think I know who hates it still more," said Mrs. Gordon, smiling. "I am afraid if Harry had a holiday all the hot weather, he would forget every thing he knows."

"I wish I could forget every thing I know," said Lottie, sotto voce, "and then I need not read those stupid books Annie dotes on. I hate goody books. When I read a novel I want a down-right love story. I do wish Annie would get well. I believe it's only a question of nerves with her, after all."

"Do be careful to-day, it is so bad for your sister to be worried and excited."

"I was really sorry yesterday, mamma," said Lottie, very contritely; "but Harry was so cross, and, indeed, Annie was tiresome; but I was well punished, for that meddling old doctor came in just as I dashed Harry's book across the floor, and he actually ordered me out of the room. I almost felt like throwing another book at him. I shall keep out of his way to-day. Indeed, mamma, I will be very careful," said Lottie, resolutely, remembering yesterday's mortifications and the fact that she had been banished from her sister's room the greater part of the day, which had only given her more time to think of the trip she was not to take, and of the uselessness of learning new ways to dress her hair.

"I hear papa just going out," she said, "and must run down and give him a kiss. He is a dear old thing, if he isn't a bear, and hasn't money enough to take us all to the sea-shore." She pinned a gay flower in her father's coat, and stood throwing kisses after him until he was out of sight. Then for a moment, as her eyes fell on the "long unlovely street," she grew restive, shut in among the dingy houses. But she had not far to look for a pleasant sight—only next door, where, on the broad white marble steps there stood a group of bright-eyed, rosy-lipped children.

Lottie closed the door with a little sigh, then went to her sister's room, resolving to be patient and amiable under every provocation. She waited on Annie gently and noiselessly, bathing her head and changing her pillows, and then without a murmur seated herself with the despised "goody" book in her hand. She had been reading for some time, when the maid opened the door and said, "The doctor, Miss Annie."

"Oh dear, I would not see that fussy old doctor for all the world!" exclaimed Lottie, who was aware, from past experience, that the doctor would probably make some irritating remarks about yesterday's proceedings. She sprang from her seat, and dashing out of the room, rushed straight into the arms, not of good old Dr. More, but into those of his handsome son Charley, who had come to see Annie in his father's place.

"O—h!" exclaimed Lottie, recoiling from the collision.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, clutching at the railing to maintain his equilibrium.

"Ah, certainly!" said Lottie, a little breathlessly. "Why, I nearly knocked you down! Please excuse me. I was running away from—Dear me!" she said, checking herself in her explanation.

"You were running away from whom?" asked Charley, with an amused smile.

"Well," she said, a little recklessly, "I was running away from your father. He always tries to keep me in order, and I don't like it." With that Miss Lottie darted down the steps, waiting for no answer; and the young doctor stood, for a moment, before going to Annie, looking after the flying figure which had flashed past him so unceremoniously.

While Mrs. Gordon, Annie, and the doctor held their consultation, Lottie, still somewhat breathless from her rapid flight, was standing at a front window, peeping through the slats in the shutter at the jaunty little carriage in which Dr. Charley visited his patients, admiring his spirited brown horse, which was pawing so impatiently at the dusty cobble-stone, and tossing his well-shaped head and flowing mane, just as an acknowledged beauty might toss her bright locks—much as Lottie tosses hers on occasion.

"As if I cared for Charley More!" she said to herself. "Besides, it's quite true about the old doctor; he meddles so it fidgets one dreadfully. I suspect Master Charley doesn't like it himself."

Lottie never left the window until she saw Charley in his seat and the carriage whirling away round the corner. Then she went back to her sister's room, and heard that Dr. More had left town for a week, and that Charley was com-

ing every day to see Annie until his return. "Well," she thought, "that will be a break in the monotony of these long hot days. I don't suppose he will try to keep me in order. We shall quarrel if he does, that's all."

Lottie busied herself waiting on Annie while she planned a charming toilette for the next day. Her favorite dress and ribbons should be donned for the young doctor's sake. Smilingly she performed the duties of nurse and companion while she thought of the utter wreck she intended to make of his heart.

When the morning came she diplomatized about the reading, cunningly arranging to have it deferred until after the doctor's visit, that she might be free to waylay the unsuspecting youth on his arrival. She had not waited long when she heard the rolling of swift wheels, and a sudden rush and clatter on the stones beneath the windows. That was Charley, of course, but she must run and take a quick look to make sure, and then a last peep in the mirror to be certain that the pretty dress was all right. The dress was all right, and she herself was all right, looking as bright-eyed and rosy-lipped as the children next door; but, alas! she was a thought too long in satisfying herself of these facts, for suddenly, over her head in the mirror, she caught a merry glance, and close to her ear she heard a pleasant voice saying, "Is it a pretty picture, Miss Lottie?"

"Much prettier than the one before me now," answered Lottie, turning quickly, and facing the bold intruder who had come in half a moment too soon.

Charley laughed at this childish retort, although it was rather sharply spoken, and said, by way of reply, "It seems that we are destined to surprise one another."

"Surprises are rarely agreeable," said Lottie, as she recalled with what violence she had rushed against him the day before.

"Must I apologize for surprising you while dressing your feathers?" said Charley, still smiling.

Lottie grew fiery red at this remark. She had already felt very peacocky at being caught in the act of spreading her plumage, and now she answered, hotly:

"You must do exactly as you choose. If you ask my advice, I think you had better go to Annie: she doesn't like to be kept waiting;" and then she turned her back and walked away from Charley and the obnoxious mirror.

"I see that I must apologize in earnest," said the doctor, gravely. "Pray pardon me for interrupting the interesting study in which you were engaged."

As he said this he bowed and walked out of the room, thinking that she was a vain, ill-tempered little creature, but confessing, also, that with so fair a face, she had some excuse for vanity.

Lottie, left alone with her fine "feathers," was in a very proper frame of mind for the biting in two of that tenpenny nail to which she had seemed to think, on a former occasion, it would be a relief to apply her incisors. "He is just as bad as I am," she said at last. "Interesting study, indeed! I always knew I ought to be muzzled, but so should he, if I had my way. If any one so much as shows his teeth, I always must 'snap' at him. But he is no better."

The brown horse was pawing away at the stones, and, no doubt, tossing his head, but Lottie would not take even one look at him. She ran up stairs and tore off the pretty dress, jerked the whole complication of plaits and rolls and curls. She hunted out her dingiest dress and put it on, after twisting all her bright locks into a wild-looking knot at the back of her head; then she made a face at herself in the glass, and said, "You are a pretty object to be caught simpering at yourself in the parlor mirror!"

Her toilette completed, there was nothing to do but to go back to her sister's room, where she took Annie's pet chair and sat rocking herself violently backward and forward with the most reckless indifference to the invalid's nerves. Annie, however, had revived an old trouble, and did not notice her. She was begging her mother to have a villainous daub of a portrait, which she thought disfigured her room, taken down from the wall.

"It is so heavy," said Mrs. Gordon, "that I scarcely know who to get to move it. Ellen would be sure to do some mischief if she attempted it."

"Mamma, I am sure Ellen and I can do it," said Lottie, suddenly. "If she will bring the step-ladder, we can take it down at once."

"No, Lottie, no; I would rather you did not touch it."

"Do let Lottie try; she and Ellen can do it," said Annie.

"Of course we can."

Mrs. Gordon yielded, and the ladder was brought.

"Go up on the ladder, Ellen, and we will hold it and help you with the picture as you let it down."

"Oh no, mamma," interrupted Lottie. "I am going up; my head is steadier than Ellen's;" and before her mother could remonstrate she was half-way up the ladder. She trod on her dress, and the ladder shook a little, at which Annie gave a gasp, and Lottie, forgetting her ill humor, laughed, and said, "That was nothing; your picture will be down in another moment."

The cord was tightly tied to the rather rusty nail from which the picture hung; and Lottie, working away at the knot, forgetting for half a second on what a deceitful eminence she stood, made an incautious movement, and the ladder tottered and fell with a crash, bringing Lottie and the picture down with it.

Lottie was stunned for a moment, but she had no sooner recovered consciousness than she commenced reassuring the others, "I am hardly hurt at all; I'll get up in a minute. The old picture is down at last, Annie!" She attempted to raise her arm, but grew deadly white again, and said, "I am afraid there is something wrong with my arm; I can't lift it."

Mrs. Gordon was alarmed at this, and she sent at once for the doctor. Not one of them remembered, not even Lottie, that Dr. More was out of town until Charley came into the room. The young doctor could scarcely believe that this pale-faced little lady was the tempestuous creature who had turned her back on him and invited him to leave the room so unceremoniously a few hours ago. He listened to the account of the accident while he examined her arm, cutting away without compunction one sleeve of the dingy dress, thus making it impossible for Lottie to go over again into sackcloth and ashes in that attire.

The white and rounded arm was unhurt, but the shoulder was swelled and inflamed, and, alas! the collar-bone was broken. Lottie bore the setting of that unhappy bone with the utmost heroism; and when the doctors had done with her and were leaving the room she slipped her hand into Charley's and said, "Forgive me for being so rude this morning."

The next day Lottie was better, but she was not allowed to move, at which she grew restless and indignant, and then excited, as she talked of the accident. "It was not my fault at all; if mamma or Ellen had not shaken the ladder, I should never have fallen. It is so ridiculous to break one's collar-bone. I am sure no one else ever did it. I didn't even know I had a collar-bone. I wish it had been my back, or even my neck. I wish, oh! I do wish I could have taken a summer trip. If I had been a hundred miles away, Annie's picture never could have broken my wretched collar-bone."

Mrs. Gordon tried to soothe her, and looked so anxious and troubled that Lottie grew penitent, and said,

"Oh, mamma, stoop down and kiss me, and I'll promise to be good;" and then she patted the soft little hands, so like her own, and went on: "Poor mamma, with two such tiresome daughters! There's Annie, with her troubles and her nerves, and here's good-for-nothing Lottie, with her temper and her broken collar-bone."

After this no offender was ever more contrite than Lottie, no patient more tractable, and no doctor more attentive. As the days went by Lottie seemed to grow prettier as well as more amiable and handsome. Charley was delightfully conscious of these interesting facts.

The break so earnestly desired by Lottie in the monotony of the long hot summer days has come, and she begins to suspect that she has made a conquest; she does not speculate about her own feelings, but is simply happy, now that she is well enough to sit at the open window and listen for the sound of those light-rolling wheels, which she fancies she recognizes among the throng sweeping that crowded thoroughfare.

Charley came one day, as he had often done before, with a great bunch of flowers; and Lottie's charming little nose sniffed at them delightedly, and her pink cheek was held against them most tenderly while she thanked him, all unconscious that a sharp thorn was nestling among the blossoms.

After a while the young doctor stood up, smiling, and said, taking the flowers in his hand, "Do you know this one?" pointing to a deep purple flower which was the crowning beauty of the bouquet.

"No, I do not," she replied, looking very amiable and unsuspicious.

"You should know it: it is nearly akin to you."

Lottie, seeing nothing but a compliment in being thought "akin" to so rare a flower, waited smilingly for the explanation.

"It is called the passion-flower," said Charley, wicked Charley, very slowly.

The revulsion of feeling was too great for Lottie. The words had scarcely left his lips when she seized the flowers from his hand and dashed them out of the open window. They flew far and wide as they fell, and were greeted by shouts of delight from the merry children playing underneath the window; some they gathered up, others were left to wither in the sun; and one, a little later in the day, was waved aloft in triumph. The flowers gone, Lottie sat reddening and trembling, indignant and ashamed, her face buried in her hands, and listened to the merry shouts beneath the window, until suddenly her two hands were taken possession of by another pair so much stronger than her own that it was useless to resist them.

"Forgive me, do forgive me! I meant it for a jest."

"It is quite true," she said, half sobbing: "if I am like any flower at all, it must be that one."

"You are like the girl I love," he whispered, still holding the trembling hands. The girl he loved sat very still: she felt no inclination to draw her hands away; but that did not satisfy Charley for more than a minute.

"I love you, Lottie," he said; "and if you do not mean to love me a little in return, I shall certainly go out of the window after the flowers."

Lottie did mean to love him all her life long, and in another moment she had told him so; and they must have gone on a long time telling one another their wonderful secrets, for it was hours before Charley, with a most radiant face, left the house.

On the sidewalk he stooped and picked up a fast-fading flower, which still showed its royal color, and putting it to his lips, wafted a kiss to a certain window, behind whose curtains stood blushing little Lottie.

Lottie took her summer trip after all, with Charley for a traveling companion; and she will

doubtless take one every year, for her husband says, with his most solemnly professional air, that he would not be answerable for the consequences if he kept his wife in town during the "dog-days."

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Plain Speaking among the Peers.—Bertie's Retort to Alfred.—Special Juries and Common ones.—Sir Richard Wallace and the Hertfords.—Mr. Watson's "Contemplation."

WE are just now greatly agitated by a question which you in America have, at all events, "got settled," as Mr. Carlyle calls it, whether for good or ill—namely, that of vote by ballot. Our House of Lords having very unwillingly passed the second reading of the bill, are endeavoring to emasculate it by certain amendments, which would have the effect of abolishing secret voting altogether; nay, so far as lies in their ability, they have done it; but, happily, the House of Commons have power to declare alterations made "in a certain place"—by which name they always speak of the Upper Chamber, just as though it were Gehenna—to be null and void; and it is to be hoped they will have the pluck to do it. In the mean time, however, our hereditary legislators are once more standing in an attitude of obstinate resistance to the popular voice—a position which prompts some persons, who, though not of liberal opinions, are grateful for small mercies, "to thank God we have a House of Lords."

The scene in that august assembly on the debate in question was very significant. The Duke of Richmond—a fourth-rate person in intelligence, but of the first importance as to influence—was openly accused of political despotism. (It is the fear, of course, that the influence of rank and wealth may suffer that is at the bottom of the opposition to secret voting, let the arguments against it be what they will.) This rebuke was administered by no less a person than the Lord Chancellor—Lord Hatherley, of whom it was said by the Lord Chief Justice Cockburn that "he teaches in a Sunday-school, and hasn't a vice." Then up rose the Marquis of Bath, on whom the same satire can certainly not be passed, and observed that, whereas all lord chancellors within his experience of that House had been civil and of good behavior ("ordering themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters"—the hereditary peers, he meant), this Lord Hatherley was given to being uncivil. Whereupon a fourth lord, on the ministerial side, got up and said that since the noble marquis had been absent from that House for twenty years (which he has been, and not for the most virtuous of reasons), he was not likely to know much about it. All this is not very edifying; but it pleases society to find that the Lords have still "a kick in them," and especially that they kick one another.

About this same Ballot bill there is a little story concerning our heir-apparent. When the competitive examinations first came in, the Duke of Edinburgh, who is sharp, at least by comparison with his elder brother, had observed, "How lucky for you, Bertie, that kings are not chosen by competitive examination!" But when the bill for secret voting passed, "Bertie" retorted on the duke, who is unpopular by comparison with every body, "How lucky for you, Alf, that princes are not chosen by secret voting!"

Next to the ballot, what is most occupying our mind just at present is the question of special juries, out of attending which it is the endeavor of many otherwise good citizens to get, when summoned to the court of our lady the Queen by a certain vaguely menacing notice, which ends with "whereof fail not." Considering that there are tens of thousands of good and capable men who are desirous of earning their guinea a day for attention to this duty, it is held abominable that the law should compel those to serve who can only do so to their loss. Many humorous stories are told of the devices resorted to to avoid attendance. One gentleman gave the man who served the summons upon him five pounds, for which he undertook not only that he should not be called upon that session, but never again. Being curious to see how this excellent end was to be effected, Mr. Robinson (as we will call him) went down to the court-house to witness the proceedings. In the list of jurors occurred, of course, his own name, "John Robinson," which was called twice without reply. At the third calling a gentleman in mourning apparel arose from one of the back benches, and in a tone of deep feeling informed his lordship that Mr. John Robinson was "gone to another tribunal—in fact, dead, my lord."

"Poor fellow! scratch him out," said the judge. A person of less exalted rank than Mr. Robinson once favored me with his experience as a common juror.

"I never served but once," said he, "and never mean to serve again, for the following reasons: On the first trial, when we retired from our box we couldn't get unanimous now, and it was with the utmost difficulty that a verdict of 'not guilty' was arrived at by our united intelligence. 'Not guilty, do you say?' observed the judge, with irritation. 'That is a strange conclusion, gentlemen, to come to, in my poor opinion, and speaks better for your hearts than your heads. Prisoner at the bar, you are discharged; and let me tell you, you have had a very narrow escape.' This was not complimentary to us, the jury; and on the next trial we took great care not to err upon the side of mercy. We found the fellow guilty upon all the counts. 'Guilty!' said the judge, more angrily than before. 'You astonish me very much, gentlemen, by your decisions. Prisoner at the bar, being found guilty of this heinous crime, your sentence is to be imprisonment until the Court rises for luncheon.' After luncheon we got a third case; and since we evidently

could not give satisfaction by attention to its merits, we tossed up—heads for guilty, tails for not guilty; and it came down tails. 'Not guilty!' cried the judge, in a terrible passion. 'Prisoner at the bar, you are discharged. Gentlemen of the jury, you are also discharged; and I hope the sheriff will be more judicious in his next selection of persons to discharge so important an office than he has been in this.'

This judge must have been hard to please; but, no doubt, our common jurymen do sometimes usurp his office so far as to be very "trying" themselves. Not long ago a jury brought in a verdict of *not guilty* so manifestly in the teeth of the evidence that the judge sent them back to reconsider it. They returned with a verdict of *guilty*, but recommended the prisoner to mercy. "Upon what ground?" inquired his lordship. "Because," replied they, "we are not quite sure that he did it." Being again sent back to their private room, they stuck to the same verdict, "*Guilty, but recommended to mercy.*" "Not upon the same ground, I hope?" said the judge. "No, my lord; this time we do think he did it, but that his wife was as bad as himself."

The fashionable world in London is regarding with interest the rehabilitation of Hertford House, so long left desolate by its former lord, who lately, as you may remember, died, unmarried, in Paris, leaving the great bulk of his enormous wealth to his natural son, Richard Wallace, who has since been created a baronet. Sir Richard served in the French army, supported ambulances at his own expense, and fed thousands of poor Parisians during the siege. He now returns to his own country, which he has already benefited by the donation of a priceless picture, and proposes to make Hertford House a rival, in its wealth of art, to our National Gallery. This illegitimate *nouveau riche*—as I dare say some folks contemptuously call him—shows well, indeed, by comparison with the race of noble but selfish ancestors from whom he springs. The last two marquises of Hertford are drawn to the life in the late *Queen's Messenger*, a newspaper devoted to gross satire, and what is worse, to the gratification of personal animosity, but, for all that, containing some portraits of our governing classes the truth and power of which have never been excelled. The editor of it, Granville Murray, to whom the public was indebted, without knowing it, for that very striking series of sketches called "The Roving Englishman," was himself, it is said, a natural son of the late Duke of Buckingham, and was brought up (or at least kept in ignorance far longer than he should have been) under the impression that he was the legitimate heir. Disappointment and chagrin are supposed to have made him ultra-democratic, but he certainly made use of his intimate acquaintance with our nobility to whip them not with whip-cord, but scorpions. On the other hand, one of these horsewhipped him; actions for libel swamped his paper, and Mr. Murray was outlawed.

Talking of crimes, there has been a "Contemplation" (as he calls it) upon the death of his wife discovered in the carpet-bag of the Rev. John Selby Watson, which deserves to rank with Drelincourt's "Reflections on Death," or Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs." Future generations will read it, doubtless, with edification—certainly without the least suspicion that it was written by the reverend gentleman after he had himself made an end of poor Mrs. W. with the butt of a horse-pistol. I only regret that this curious contribution to criminal literature is too long for extract.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

NOWHERE is well-bred courtesy, or the lack of it, more observable than in traveling. On the steamboat and in the cars the quiet observer easily detects those who have been educated under refined influences, or those who, without special cultivation, are possessed of native politeness. It is not education alone, nor wealth, nor high social position, nor costly trappings that make one a pleasant traveling companion. There must exist a kindness of feeling toward strangers, a general recognition of equal rights in the comforts and conveniences provided for the public, and a quick discernment of the needs of others. The gentleman who spreads out his luggage on a couple of seats in the cars, and persistently reads his newspaper, determinately unconscious that others who have paid as much as he has are looking in vain for a seat, is as truly ill-bred as the country girl who noisily eats her pint of peanuts, scattering shells on seat and floor, utterly regardless of the annoyance she gives her neighbors. In this democratic country we travel in public conveyances too much as if they were our own private carriages. How often the eleventh and twelfth passengers in a city omnibus, who know they have full claim to a seat, are discomforted by the outspread garments, the immovable attitudes, and the blank faces of those who happen to have entered the stage before them! Common civility demands that a movement be made to give room until the complement is filled out; afterward courtesy and generosity will often prompt to attentions which justice may not require. It is surprising how much the comfort and pleasure of any journey, whether long or short, is enhanced by those little nameless courtesies which are offered instinctively and unofficially to strangers by refined, well-bred travelers, and by persons in whom native tact and delicacy almost make up for lack of the educating and refining influences of good society. Summer journeying in crowded boats and cars is a test both of patience and politeness. Thrice happy they who pass nobly through it, for their own sake, for the comfort of companions, and for the reputation of poor human nature in general.

The "Dickens Dictionary" will be a curiosity in its way. It is a duodecimo of nearly 500

pages, and contains an alphabetical list of Dickens's short stories and novels, with date of publication; outlines of the incidents in each of the novels proper; a classified list of the principal characters in Dickens's works; an index of stories, incidents, persons, and places; and extracts from biographies of Dickens, which are explanatory of some point in various stories.

Pink was the prevailing color worn at the great Jubilee ball—pink, combined with laces and various kinds of thin white material. There was no stern demand for full evening dress, however. Ladies wore short dresses, and gentlemen appeared in morning or evening costume indiscriminately. Elderly ladies wore their own gray hair (doubtless with divers additions), and young ladies did as well as they could to follow the fashion thus set, by abundantly powdering their own and their adopted locks.

The trip to the Yosemite Valley is now much easier than it was last year. The distance by stage has been much reduced, and new stages are provided, with comfortable seats and extra springs. Hotel accommodations have also been improved. One of the largest hotels in the State, outside of San Francisco, has just been completed at Merced. It is a finely constructed frame building, having a frontage of 115 feet, by 105 feet in depth, and contains 150 bedrooms, all having extra high ceilings, marble wash-basins, hot and cold water, gas, inside blinds, etc. The house has abundant bath-rooms, and "all the modern improvements." There is a dancing-room 80 by 60 feet in size, a good-sized billiard-room, and nothing seems to have been overlooked in providing this luxurious resting-place for Yosemite tourists. The hotel is appropriately called "El Capitan."

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," says the poet; nevertheless we are constantly seeking that knowledge which, if it may not be called folly, certainly takes the romance out of many things in this world. For example, the innocent soda-water drinker quaffs the foaming fluid, flavored with "fruit sirup," in the full belief that he is partaking of something which is the result of horticulture. It is only in rare cases, however, that the sirups offered to customers are genuine. The basis of most of them is butyric ether. Pure fruit sirups are not obtained easily at all times; chemical compounds are much cheaper, and probably few customers would appreciate the difference between them. An analysis of "strawberry" sirup showed it to contain nitric ether, acetate of ethyl, ferromate of ethyl, butyrate of ethyl, salicylate of methyl, acetate of amyl, butyrate of amyl, and glycerine. Other kinds contain quite as many ingredients.

Dr. Dio Lewis gives the following advice to a dyspeptic, with the promise of a cure if it is faithfully followed for three months:

1. Rise early, dress warm, and go out. If strong, walk; if weak, saunter. Drink cold water three times. After half an hour come in for breakfast.
2. For breakfast eat a piece of good steak half as large as your hand, a slice of coarse bread, and a baked apple. Eat slowly. Talk pleasantly with your neighbors. Read the cheerful comments of loyal journals. Avoid Copperheads as you do hot biscuits and strong coffee. Drink nothing.
3. Digest for an hour, and then to your work. I trust it is in the open air. Work hard till noon, and then rest body and mind till dinner. Sleep a little. Drink water.
4. For dinner (two or three o'clock) eat a slice of beef, mutton, or fish as large as your hand, a potato, two or three spoonfuls of other vegetables, and a slice of coarse bread. Give more than half an hour to this meal. Use no drink.
5. After dinner play *anacorda* for an hour. Now for social, for pleasant games. Have a good time.
6. No supper. A little toast and tea even, for supper, will make your recovery very slow.
7. In a warm room, bathe your skin with cold water, hastily, and go to bed in a well-ventilated room before nine o'clock.

The earthquakes at Antioch, Aleppo, and other places on the Syrian coast have so much alarmed and excited the minds of the people that, when some slight shocks were recently experienced at Beyrout and Latakia, large numbers left their houses precipitately, and camped out in the fields outside the walls.

In Southern Russia there is a religious community, numbering about fifty thousand, who were invited by the Empress Catherine II. into her dominion to escape a threatened military proscription in Prussia. They were guaranteed freedom of worship and exemption forever from military service. Recently the Russian government has decreed that the entire male population of that country, between certain ages, shall be subject to military duty during the time of war, and this community are threatening to leave the country. Whether Russia will permit them to do so remains to be seen.

A Cincinnati lady recently brought from Europe a full-blooded Esquimaux dog. This pet, during the first two weeks of his residence in the lap of luxury, is said to have torn up \$500 worth of lace curtains, gnawed holes in all the carpets in the house, ruined all the upholstery, scratched the gilding off the mirror and picture-frames, smashed unrecorded quantities of glass and crockery ware, frightened half the children of the neighborhood into fits, exterminated the cats for half a dozen blocks, and made night continually hideous by his propensity for baying the moon. Notwithstanding these diversions, he does not find sufficient scope for his pent-up energies, and is continually pining for his far-off Northern home.

Long Branch has one advantage over many sea-side resorts—its roadways are excellent, extending in every direction along the shore, and also inland. Ocean Avenue is broad and level, is smoothly graded, and kept well watered. It is the fashionable evening drive, where may be seen many elegant turn-outs. Nothing—unless it be a sea-bath—is more exhilarating than a drive on the bluff, in full view of the restless waves, and breathing the fresh sea-air.

The loss of a nose may be painful, but it is not a fatal catastrophe in the present state of science. This is the way to make a new nose: A small place is opened upon the arm between the elbow and shoulder. The arm is then brought up to the stump of the nose, which is

inserted in the cavity previously made. The arm is next tied to the head, and allowed to remain in that position until the nose and arm grow together, which ordinarily occurs in less than a month. Another amputation then takes place, which leaves plenty of good flesh sticking to the nose; and this, when trimmed, is a nose as good as—better, sometimes, in point of symmetry and beauty than—the individual ever possessed before.

A writer in an English magazine thus expresses himself in regard to American courtesy:

"It would be absolutely impossible to find twelve American gentlemen in an omnibus on a wet day some of whom would not make room for a woman—and do it with grace, as if they had a pleasure in the doing of it. They would always prefer even that a man should come in and stand on their toes, with his umbrella dripping over them, than that he should be left out in discomfort. . . . However, we have in London rules and regulations as to complements which are conspicuous for their absence in New York. It is outrageous the way in which they fill their omnibuses and cars—exactly like the carts one sees in London streets filled with calves—not only with all the sitting and standing room taken up, but with men hanging on to the platforms, and that under no necessity of exceptional pressure, but as an every-day occurrence. One is apt to hear in this country unfavorable comments on American manners, and it is true that they may often be found not altogether consonant with the highest grace or finish; but a stranger may travel from Maine to California, and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, with very tolerable certainty that he will never encounter the slightest willful impoliteness unless he himself gives occasion for it."

Not long ago the telegraph brought us the intelligence of a dreadful flood at Vellore, British India. Detailed accounts have now been received, and show the violence and extent of the calamity. One thousand lives were lost, about two thousand people left houseless, and many more utterly destitute of necessities of life. The flood was the result of a cyclonic storm and deluge of rain. Early in May the storm commenced, and for two days it poured incessantly, the water streaming out of the clouds as if "in bunches." Shortly after the rain ceased the whole town was startled by the sudden descent of what seemed to be a sea of water, which swept like a storm-wave over the whole cantonment, entering the very windows of some of the houses, and driving the occupants to the roofs or upper stories, covering the road to a depth of five feet, and carrying every thing that could not resist its force before it. Its approach was so sudden that there was no time to make preparations for escape. A confused roar of rushing waters, accompanied by the crashing of walls and trees, was heard, and people looked out of their houses to behold their compounds covered with water, and their very lives threatened by the rapidly rising flood. The cause of the flood was soon surmised. The flood waters had come from some of the large irrigation tanks situated on higher ground a few miles out of Vellore. They are all connected with one another, and the supposition is that the higher tank went first, and brought down all the others like a pack of cards. Altogether forty tanks in the neighborhood burst their bands. What the volume of water was that came rushing down on the lower part of Vellore may be imagined when we say that the flood is stated to have been a mile in width, and eight or ten feet in depth in the main channel.

USEFUL RECIPES.

ROMAN PUNCH.—Take two pounds of best loaf-sugar; beat fine the peels of three oranges; then add the juice of eight or ten oranges, one quart of water, and lemon juice in such proportion as to give a dash of acidity without making positively sour. Now pass through a thin cloth. Whip up the whites of four eggs, and mix in well. To ten punch glasses add half a tumblerful of rum. Freeze it, and serve up in punch glasses set around the table, or set it on the table in an urn or pitcher after the company are seated, and let each person help himself. Roman punch comes in just after you commence the meat dinner, or after you remove the meats—like Champagne, and to take the place of sangaree—not as a dessert, or with dessert.

FROZEN SANGAREE.—Nothing can be more refreshing at the dinner-table in hot weather than claret or port wine made into sangaree with proportions of water, sugar, and nutmeg as taste shall direct, then frozen, with the addition of a few whites of egg beaten to a froth. Send to table exactly as you would Roman punch.

CURRENT SHERB.—Fill a stone jar with red currants, stripped from their stems. Place the jar in a kettle of water. Let the water boil around the jar until the juice is well extracted. Let it drip then through a flannel jelly-bag. To each pint of clear juice add a pound of white sugar and half a gill of best brandy. Cork up tight. Use as a summer beverage, mixed with ice-water.

COCOA-NUT CANDY.—Grate up fine the meat of two cocoa-nuts. Put in a kettle, with four pounds of pulverized white sugar, the beaten whites of two eggs, and the milk contained in both nuts. Stir together over the fire until you discern an appearance of the candy turning back to sugar. Take off immediately, and pour into a buttered dish, little moulds, or make it into round cakes, as you prefer. If you like a part to be pink, just stir in the least bit of pokeberry jelly after you remove the candy from the fire.

TO BOIL A HAM.—This is ordinarily esteemed so simple a process that most housekeepers will esteem such a recipe superfluous; but in our judgment half the bacon eaten is underdone, and therefore salty, tough, and, in a word, unpalatable. It is always best to wash a ham the evening before the day you wish to have it cooked, and let it soak in water all night. If you wish it for a two-o'clock dinner, put it on the fire by five o'clock in the morning, in an abundance of water to cover it well. Keep it slowly boiling until you are ready to dish up your dinner. You may ascertain if it is sufficiently done by the readiness with which the bone on the under side may be removed. If it comes out easily, the ham is done. You may remove the outside skin or not, as you choose. Some epicures think a ham ruined if either skinned or cut until perfectly cold, esteeming it so desirable to retain all the juices. If time allows, the prettiest way of serving up ham is to take off the skin after being thoroughly boiled, to grate bread-crumbs thickly over the top, and brush the whole over with the yolks of eggs. Now put in an oven and brown nicely.—*Remark:* If during the process of boiling it be found necessary to add more water, be sure that it is boiling, for cold water will inevitably render the meat tough.



AT THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

AT THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

By REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

Look up, little baby, that way is heaven;
The moon's white face
Shines out from the cloud like a soul just shriven
With tenderest grace.
The blessed stars are looking with pity
Right down on you:
If men and women in this great city
Were merciful too!

Long in the hiding-place I waited
For you to come;
With the bitter draughts of sorrow sated,
My soul was dumb;
But a baby's hand unloosed the cerements
That held love fast,
And the old dull pain in the new endearments
Was stilled at last.

But now, they tell us, the joy is over;
For your sake, dear—
That the world may never the shame discover—
I leave you here.
Where the candle burns behind the curtain
The cradle waits;
And care and comfort for you are certain
Within these gates.

O soft little hand, whose smooth caresses
Still search my face!
O far-looking eyes, whose mute addresses
Have won Heaven's grace!
O sweet red lips, that have drawn the sorrow
From out my heart!
You are mine to-night! but to-morrow—to-morrow!
Nay, do not start!

These feet, when they totter, some hand shall steady,
Not mine—not mine!
Round somebody's neck these arms so ruddy
Shall learn to twine.
In the solemn twilight I see you kneeling
At somebody's knee.
O baby, I need you, for my soul's healing,
To pray for me!

Look up, little baby! this is your mother!
Once more—once more!
I must not tarry; the feet of another
Are at the door.
O pitiful Christ, my poor heart breaketh
To drink this cup!
Yet this, my child, whom the mother forsaketh,
Wilt Thou take up?

Stay! Let me look through the parted curtain.
My child is there!
All round the room, amazed, uncertain,
Her blue eyes stare.
'Tis a motherly face that beams above her,
As all may see.
God love you, woman, because you love her—
What! crying for me?

Quick! open the door! give me back my baby!
Hush, dear! don't cry!
You are kind, dear people, and good, it may be;
A sinner am I;
But God gave me, and not another,
This child from heaven.
He will require of me, the mother,
What He hath given!

Come, innocent one! our cross we'll carry,
Our shame despise;
For He who faints not, neither is weary,
Will hear our cries.
We'll take His staff and lift our burden
With strength divine;
For a mother's love shall be your guerdon,
And your love mine.

PICNICS.

PICNICS are not likely to fall into disuse so long as there are young people in the world, or old people who prize a day's leisure and enjoyment in the fresh air of the country. Modern civilization has so irresistible a tendency to encourage the growth of great cities that such crowded hives of hard-working people as Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds, Newcastle, Glasgow, Paisley, and Dundee, in the Old World and New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Boston, Chicago, and others, in the New, would be little better than suffocating prisons if the toiling people could not now and then make their escape, to feel their feet on the grass, see the blue sky above their heads, and breathe the fragrant air blowing freshly around them, scented with the odor of the new-mown hay. But more than all, the crowded marts of commerce and manufacture need, and must have, more frequent outlets and holidays for their people than all the other cities combined. Their parks, though they are called lungs, are not sufficient for the purpose of healthful respiration. The industrious and the overwrought people, or such of them as are not too deeply sunk in squalor and the apathy that grows out of it, are compelled by sheer necessity every now and then to lose sight altogether of streets and houses, and to go further afield for needful air that will freshen and revive

their lungs. And thanks to the railways, aided by co-operation and management among themselves, the picnics of the working and middle classes increase every year in number and in volume, and spread themselves over a great extent of the beautiful country that stretches around these cities. The picnic derives its name from France, where, however, it is not much practiced. The Parisian Frenchman finds more enjoyment in his café or restaurant than in the free air of the open country and the sights and sounds of nature. The London Englishman, having no elegant café to resort to, betakes himself, when he has a chance, to the road-side inn in Kent, Surrey, or Hertfordshire, or to Brighton for nine hours at the sea-side. The picnic differs from the mere excursion in the fact that the main part of the enjoyment consists in the lunch or dinner upon the grass, or under the shadow of trees, or upon the sea-beach—any where except in a covered room; and that each member of the party is expected to contribute something toward the feast and the expense. There is considerable doubt among etymologists as to the origin of the word. "In theory," says Doctor Scadding, quoted in Wheatley's "Dictionary of Reduplicated Words in the English Language," "picnic has taken the place of coterie in its etymological sense, suggesting an al fresco repast on cold fowl, or similar contributed victuals." A picnic, however, was something more spiritual in its primary association. It appears to have been a sort of tournament of wit, a gentle passage of repartees, of retorts counter and polite, in which it was "tu me piques—je te niques." In other words, if one person "pique" another by saying a smart thing, the person addressed "niqued" it by saying something better. If this were the original idea, which is doubtful, it would never have answered in England, where the wit of the Anglo-

Saxon, if such a thing can be said to exist, is apt to take the rude and vulgar form of what is called chaff; and where it would be much easier for the participants in the festival to contribute bread, beef, salt, or mustard than the Attic salt of conversation. In Mr. Wright's "England under the House of Hanover," 1848, the origin of the word is referred to the commencement of the present century, when, he says, "A society of private, or, as they termed themselves, dilettante actors, was formed in London, and assumed the name of the Picnic Society, from the manner in which they were to contribute mutually to the general entertainment. That old meteor of London fashion, Lady Albina Buckinghamshire, is understood to have been the originator of the scheme, in which, besides the performance of farces and burlettas, there were to be feasts and ridottos, and a variety of amusements, each member drawing from a silk bag a ticket which was to decide the portion of entertainment which he was expected to afford."

LADY'S VISITING TOILETTE.

SKIRT of white foulard, sprigged with egg-lantine and green leaves, and trimmed with a puffing of the material edged on each side with a pleated ruffle half a yard from the bottom. Polonaise of very pale gray foulard, with wide red-purple stripes, edged with a pleating of purple foulard and a wide frill of white lace. A narrow white lace frill forms a heading of the puffing. A pointed hood of white foulard, trimmed with white lace and white silk tassels, is set on the polonaise. White chip bonnet, trimmed with large purple roses and green leaves, and tied with purple ribbon strings. White silk parasol, edged with white lace. Lemon-colored gloves.



LADY'S VISITING TOILETTE.

White Piqué Walking Suit with Batiste Flounces.

THIS white corded piqué suit consists of a double skirt and basque-waist, trimmed with folds of the material an inch and a half wide, embroidered batiste insertion an inch and three-quarters wide, and box-pleated batiste flounces seven-eighths of an inch and five inches and a quarter wide. The over-skirt, which is closed in front with buttons and button-holes, is draped, as shown by the illustration, with a wide, rounded band of piqué. This band, furnished with a seam in the back, is cut in one piece with the fronts of the waist, and is trimmed with batiste flounces and embroidery.

Bag for Clothes-Pins and Fine Clothes-Line, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 492.

THE clothes-pin bag and the case for the line, which is joined with the bag, are of gray linen, ornamented in point Russe embroidery with red worsted; the case is interlined with card-board and fastened in a frame of thin cane bars. Cut, first, for the case of card-board and double gray linen (this forms the material and lining) one piece for the bottom from Fig. 87, Supplement, and six pieces for the rim from Fig. 88, leaving half an inch extra material for the seams all around each piece of linen. Having bound each piece of card-board with a bias strip of gray linen seven-eighths of an inch wide, baste the outer material on one side of the six

cover of the case, which at the same time forms the bottom of the bag, cut one piece of card-board from Fig. 89, Supplement, and cut a slit along the middle line, only separating the card-board to half its thickness, so that it remains in one piece. Then cover both sides of the card-board with gray linen, sew through it along the slit with gray cotton, and join it with the bag so that the slit of the card-board comes on the outside. The bag consists of a piece of linen thirty-two inches and seven-eighths long and sixteen inches and a half wide, which is ornamented, as shown by the illustrations, with foundation figures of red zephyr worsted, button-hole stitched in scallops on the upper edge with red worsted, and furnished seven-eighths of an inch from this with button-hole stitched slits for running in a cord, and sewed up on the ends. The seam made by joining the bag with the bottom is covered with red worsted cord. Finally, overseam the bag, together with the case, on three sides of the case, and furnish each of the free corners with a band of elastic ribbon on which a brass ring covered with red silk is fastened. To close the case these rings are drawn over the points of the nearest bars of the frame.

SHAKESPEARE'S HANDWRITING.

IT is nothing less than marvelous that a man who wrote as Shakespeare wrote—and, altogether, no other man ever wrote like him; that a poet, the author of such plays and such poems; that a man possessing so many friends and admirers, with whom his correspondence must have been extensive, should not have left a single line behind him traced by his own hand. Of all his poems and plays

there does not exist a page, a line, a single word, in manuscript. All Shakespeare's manuscript plays could not have perished in the fire which destroyed the Globe Theatre. The author must have made little account of them himself; but how great would our estimation be of a single act of any one of Shakespeare's plays in his own handwriting! We have just now got among us a parallel to the tulip mania. Thousands of pounds are

PLAIN AND STRIPED ÉCRU BATISTE WALKING SUIT.—[For Waist see Page 493.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI, Figs. 58-66.

BLACK GROS GRAIN AND BLACK GRENADINE EVENING DRESS.

[For Waist, see Page 493.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII, Figs. 67-72.

pieces designed for the rim, and work the foundation figures, as shown by the illustrations, in point Russe embroidery with red zephyr worsted, passing the needle through the card-board and material. Then sew the lining to the pieces of card-board, and overseam them together and with the bottom according to the corresponding signs, having first covered the bottom on both sides with material. Edge the parts with but-

POMPADOUR FOULARD POLONAISE.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II, Figs. 14-17.

WHITE PIQUÉ BASQUE-POLONAISE.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I, Figs. 1-13.

ton-hole stitches of red zephyr worsted on the outer edge and along the seams, in doing which only pass the needle through the outer material. Then cut of thin cane or bamboo six bars six inches long each, six bars four inches and a half long each, and six bars two inches and a quarter long each (the latter form the vertical bars), cut out a piece in each of the bars half an inch from the ends, and tie them together there with gray cotton as shown by the illustration. Fasten the frame thus formed on the case, winding red worsted on the bars as shown by the illustration, and in each winding draw the thread through the button-hole stitches on the outer edge of the case; cover the gray cotton at the joining points of the bars with several layers of red worsted. For the

Figs. 1 and 2.—BUFF PONGEE AND BROWN GROS GRAIN DRESS WITH BASQUE-WAIST.—BACK AND FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III, Figs. 18-22.

WHITE PIQUÉ WALKING SUIT WITH BATISTE FLOUNCES.

willingly paid for a picture which the same number of shillings would once have purchased. Rather let us say that the shillings were given for the picture, and that the pounds by thousands are given for the painter's name. Well, what would not be willingly paid (for the sake of Shakespeare's name) for the original manuscript, say, of "Hamlet?" There would be a fierce fight among competitors for any famous passage. We fancy that the lines beginning with "The quality of mercy is not strained," or those that open with "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?" or with "She never told her love," and hundreds of others, would not be had for guineas covering each letter. What a contention there would be for the first love-letter, or for any love-letter, which the poet wrote to Anne Hathaway, or, indeed, for any letter addressed to any one! A costly holograph! Alas! there are neither lines nor letters. All that has been saved of Shakespeare's

handwriting is confined to a couple of signatures of his name to certain deeds, and in those subscriptions the name is spelled differently. Even the forgers have not dared to produce a letter by Shakespeare.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. W. N. G.—The Egyptians were wont to set a grinning skull at the head of their tables, whence comes the expression, "A skeleton at the feast." We believe that Dickens invented the one in the closet. It is certainly rude to ask a person his age; though we have heard that those excellent people, the Moravians, are in the habit of inscribing their friends' ages in memorandum-books, which are read from time to time, to promote digestion, at the breakfast-table. We do not vouch for this story, but suspect that, if true, it has a tendency to lessen the popularity of the sect.

Duquoy.—In introductions the gentleman is always presented to the lady; for instance, thus: "Miss Smith, allow me to introduce Mr. Jones." The lady's permission should first be obtained, and the office can only be performed by a mutual friend. When the sexes are the same, the inferior should be presented to the superior, or the younger to the elder.

BITTER-SWEET.—We can send you *Bazar* No. 27, Vol. II., containing descriptions of embroidery stitches, and *Bazar* No. 24, Vol. I., with directions for making Point Russe stitch.

Mrs. E. A. H.—Organdies are made with high-necked lining, or else without any. The Loose Polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V., is the best model for you. Trim with ruffles of the same.

A CONSTANT READER.—A Watteau polonaise, or else the Loose Polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V., will be handsome for your suit of two shades. Make the skirt and sleeves of the darkest shade, the polonaise and flounces of the lighter goods.

Mrs. S. B. W.—Dip your black lawn into a pail containing very weak gum-arabic water, and it will be sufficiently stiff if ironed when quite damp. Crape vells are worn with solid black goods only.

SEMA.—A black silk dress to be worn in September should be ruffled to the waist, and instead of a regular over-skirt, should have merely an apron fastened high behind on the tournure. The waist is a postilion-basque. An illustration in *Bazar* No. 45, Vol. IV., will give you further information about this costume. A lace sacque or a cashmere mantle is the proper wrap. A trained dress of lavender, sage green, or pale brown silk will be suitable for a quiet wedding, and useful afterward. If you want an inexpensive white dress, get grenadine or organdy.

Mrs. J. C. P.—Girls of fifteen years wear their back hair braided, and the front lightly frizzed. A costume of striped mohair or batiste will be suitable for traveling in July. Pearl gray gloves are worn for visiting, church, and the theatre; for receptions and other full-dress occasions white or the palest tints of buff and flesh-color are used. A solitaire stone ring, usually a diamond or pearl, is selected for an engagement-ring; the wedding-ring is plain gold.

C. A. S.—The Loose Polonaise Suit described in New York Fashions of the last number is the best model for your Victoria lawn suit.

Mrs. J. N. G.—Use the Loose Polonaise Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V., for your lawn. Trim with gathered ruffles of the striped selvedge.

AN INQUIRER.—Pearl, pale écar, or ashes-of-rose silk is more appropriate than Nile green for a wedding dress.

MATTHE.—We know of no way of restoring the color taken out by perspiration.

Mrs. H. G. T.—Both French and box-pleated blouses look well made of Swiss muslin. Make kilt-pleated skirts, shirt waists, and jackets for your boy of three years.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.—For information about thin polonaises read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V. The waist of a black grenadine polonaise and the sleeves should be lined throughout with silk, or else worn over a silk corsage. Grenadine kilt pleating should be straight and without lining.

JOHN.—The patterns sent you are suitable for your own and your little girl's linen dress. Braid or ruffle the little dress.

A "BAZAR" ADMIRER.—Harper & Brothers are publishing a cheap edition of Dickens's works at from 50 cents to \$1 a volume.

ZEPHYR.—Make a Marguerite vest-polonaise of your court train. Let the vest, sleeves, and ruffles on the skirt be of the new silk of different shade.

CARRIE.—Married ladies do wear Watteau bows.

A. K.—Your idea about the black silk and grenadine is good. You should, however, have a high-necked waist to your silk. Use the Loose Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V., for your grenadine. A plain dress of the brown silk worn under a brown linen or batiste polonaise would be a very neat suit. Make a loose sacque of the black silk garment for your daughter.

J. K.—Kilt skirts for boys are made straight and without lining. The pleats are of the same width from top to bottom, and are pressed flat without sewing. Two and a half or three widths of piqué are put in a kilt skirt.

EDITH DORSET.—A polonaise of flax gray batiste or of gray silk-pongee would be handsome worn over your plum-colored silk. The Loose Polonaise pattern in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V., is your best model. The mesh and neck-tie should be plum-color. Get solid-colored green silk and ruffle your green dress to the waist, or else wear a polonaise of black Spanish net or of white muslin.

Mrs. N. W. N.—Your sample is armure poplin. Make it with a Marguerite polonaise, and trim with bias bands and fringe. An English water-proof suit in winter, and a beaver mohair or a thick gray linen in summer, would be suitable for your business suit. A good Paisley shawl can not be bought for \$30. Your black moiré is entirely out of fashion. The black velvet circular is probably the talma cape now in vogue, and will not require alteration. A ponce or a batiste polonaise would serve with several dresses.

M. S.—You can attach the trained over-skirt to the under-skirt by bows. Trim the over-skirt with ruffles, or else merely a hem or facing. Make your buff piqué by Marguerite polonaise pattern, and trim with leaf points bound with white or brown. Make muslin dresses with box-pleated blouse and simple over-skirt, merely hemming the skirts. For grenadine use the loose polonaise pattern. For a traveling dress get gray mohair or ponce.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.—Get darker brown silk and ruffle your dress. Another shade of drab or brown would trim a dress like your sample better than stuff of contrasting color. For hints about summer outfits read New York Fashions of *Bazar* Nos. 27, 28, and 29, Vol. V.

L. Q. Z.—Buff linen is not as fashionable as the darker flax gray and brown. Braided linen suits are worn by children, but are not popular for ladies.

HEATHEN.—Read Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge" to find out all about Dolly Varden.

M. E. R.—Your sample is percale. Make by Marguerite polonaise pattern, and trim with side pleating.

A. C. D.—We have suggested Swiss muslin ruffled to the waist, an apron, and a basque for a graduate's dress. Your gray silk will be prettiest trimmed with ruffles of itself instead of white. Make by Plain-basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V.

A CONSTANT READER.—A demi-train ruffled to the waist and a short basque trimmed with your lace is the best design for your evening dress of corn-colored silk.

FANNIE.—The suit of last summer need not be altered. Get a Swiss muslin or gray batiste polonaise to wear with your silk. Make it by the Loose Polonaise pattern shown in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V. Braid your hair in plaits of three tresses and wind it around your head.

PORTIA.—Your sample is serge. Make it by the loose polonaise pattern. You will find directions and the quantity required in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V., in which the pattern is illustrated.

A. L. P.—Make your water-proof cloak by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. IV.; the darkest side is the right side.

TROUBLED READER.—A polonaise of gray or of blue grenadine with inch-wide stripes, or else a gray foulard or ponce polonaise, would be pretty with your blue silk skirt.

F. D. M.—Your sample is English grenadine. The box-pleated waist, apron over-skirt, and kilt-pleated skirt are not too old for a girl of fifteen, and are suitable for your material. Braid your hair in a single thick plait, and let it hang down like a Chinaman's queue.

A YOUNG LADY.—Your sample will make a Dolly Varden suit.—It is proper to have *Miss* printed on your cards.

AN ORPHAN.—A white Victoria lawn, with black belt and jet jewelry, is a very appropriate house dress for a lady in deep mourning.

SINOLATE.—Kilt pleating like your sample should not be lined. The lower edge should be hemmed, and the pleats caught by a tape on the wrong side just above the hem.

M.—A box-pleated blouse, apron-front over-skirt, and a deep flounce on the lower skirt is a pretty model for a linen suit. If the two skirts are scalloped and needle-worked, they will look well.

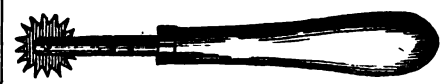
MERIT IS ITS OWN SUCCESS.—Superior merits and capabilities, cheapness in price, and ease of operation, have placed the New Wilson Under-Feed Sewing Machine far in advance of all other machines in the market. The public shows its approval of all that it is and does by purchasing the machines as fast as the company can possibly manufacture them. There is no test of a sewing machine ever yet inaugurated but what has been used in the Improved Wilson, and in every case it has come off ahead of every other machine in use. No pains or expense is spared in the material used in it, or the workmanship of its construction, to make the Wilson every way the best, most pleasant, and most durable sewing machine in existence. It costs but \$50, and is sold on easy payments. Salesroom, 707 Broadway, N. Y.; also for sale in all other cities in the U. S.—[Com.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—J. A. H. ARELL, Warsaw, N. Y., bought a Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine in 1857; used it 9 years in stitching clothing that eight hands prepared, and since used in family sewing, with not a cent for repairs. It runs now like magic, with no signs of wear. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[Com.]

ASK YOUR GROCER for Dooley's Yeast Powder, the best Baking Powder for preparing Biscuits, &c. Depot, 69 New St., N. Y. At retail by all grocers.—[Com.]

COLGATE & Co. are the originators and sole manufacturers of the popular *Cashmere Bouquet Soap*. Its shape, finish, fragrance, and purity placed it at once in the front rank of toilet soaps. It equals any and is excelled by none, American or foreign.—[Com.]

WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA is one of the best medicines in use.—[Com.]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, the well-known, reliable, and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations of the Face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists.

MRS. C. G. PARKER Makes PURCHASES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION for ladies, at a moderate charge. Samples sent on receipt of 25 cents. Refers, by permission, to Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., 713 Broadway; Mr. James McCall, 543 Broadway; Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., New York City. For Circular (free), address Mrs. C. G. PARKER, 713 Broadway, New York City.

JEFFERS, 1179 BROADWAY, LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES AT POPULAR PRICES.

MRS. C. C. THOMSON, Will purchase any thing required for personal wear or household use, at five per cent. upon cost of article. Information in regard to styles, with circular, upon application. If samples are wanted, inclose eight Postage Stamps. Is permitted to refer to Rev. O. B. Frothingham, E. O. Flagg, D.D.; J. E. Cowart, with Arnold, Constable, & Co.; C. C. Merchant, with A. T. Stewart & Co.; G. Haven Putnam, of G. P. Putnam & Sons. Mrs. C. C. THOMSON, 341 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO., Broadway, cor. Nineteenth Street, N. Y.,

Will continue to offer the BALANCE of their

SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

SUMMER SILKS,

SUMMER UNDERGARMENTS,

SUMMER HOSIERY,

TRAVELING-DRESS MATERIALS,

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S OUTFITTINGS,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

PARIS-MADE SUITS,

LINEN, LAWN, AND PIQUE SUITS,

&c., &c.,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

A COMPLETE Sacrifice OF IRON GRENADINES, Warranted Pure Silk and Wool.

50 CENTS, 60 CENTS, AND 75 CENTS;

FORMER PRICE,

90 CENTS, \$1 00, AND \$1 50.

8-4 WIDE, \$1 25, \$1 50, AND \$1 75;

FORMER PRICE,

\$2 50, \$3 00, AND \$3 50.

JACKSON'S MOURNING STORE, Corner BROADWAY AND WAVERLEY PLACE.

Daniel D. Youmans, IMPORTER OF ENGLISH HATS,

719 and 1103 BROADWAY, N. Y.

LADIES' RIDING HATS.

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' HATS

in every variety.

GREAT HUMAN HAIR Sale!

Every lady should embrace this opportunity at once, and purchase from the only hair importer in the United States who retails at wholesale prices.

First quality, fine, even, full length, and warranted not dyed, clean hair.

14 inches long, \$1 30 an oz.	24 inches long, \$3 40 an oz.
16 " " 1 55 " "	26 " " 3 90 " "
18 " " 1 90 " "	28 " " 5 00 " "
20 " " 2 45 " "	30 " " 5 80 " "
22 " " 3 00 " "	32 " " 6 85 " "

No charge for weaving or making up.

The above are the same prices I charge hair-dealers.

CHARLES V. PECKHAM, Importer of Hair, 687 Broadway, near Amity Street,

[Established 1843.] New York City.

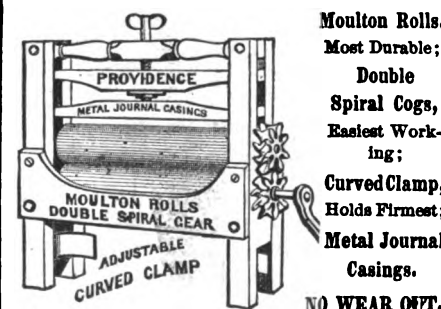
Send color by mail. Will send hair, C.O.D., by express, with privilege of examining; or, to save express charges, will send by registered mail, prepaid, on receipt of post-office money-order, or money in registered letter. Correspondence answered by inclosing two 3c. stamps.

NO ALCOHOL enters into the composition of Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS. That curative is not offered for medicine. Nothing but invigorating, purifying herbs give them their wonderful powers to cure.

MOTHERS, S NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS FARINA, Y THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE. O Extensively used and recommended by the most eminent physicians. Sold by Druggists and Grocers. H. ASTIE & CO., Sole Agents, 15 South William Street, New York. R INFANTS.

LADIES Send for Circular giving description of the most wonderful discovery in the world for beautifying the complexion. Freckles and Moth Patches removed in ten days. Warranted. Address Mrs. SHAW, 341 6th Ave., New York.

Providence Wringer, NEW 1872.



PROVIDENCE TOOL COMPANY, 11 Warren St., N. Y., and PROV., R. I.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF THE NEW YORK INFIRMARY, 128 Second Avenue, N. Y. Winter Session begins 1st of October. For particulars, address the Secretary, EMILY BLACKWELL, M.D.

B. M. COWPERTHWAIT & CO., (Established 1807), 155 CHATHAM ST., NEW YORK.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, BEDDING. BARGAINS FOR CASH.

Payments received in installments if desired.

J. B. SMALL, Mfr and Designer of CUT PAPER PATTERNS

For Ladies', Misses', Boys', and Children's Garments,

ALL AGES AND SIZES.

The qualities which recommend our Patterns over all others are as follows:

First.—Our Patterns are of different sizes, enabling a large as well as small person to obtain a Pattern which will require little or no variation.

Second.—Each garment is fitted in cloth, and made to fit perfect, before the different sizes are graded.

Third.—Each Pattern has a label with picture of garment, and full instructions how to cut, make, trim, amount of cloth and trimming required, and size.

Fourth.—Our Patterns are not cut by a CHART or DRESS model; and no Pattern can be correct unless the garment is fitted in cloth, and submitted to an actual test.

Fifth.—Our Ladies' Patterns of Outside Garments are in nine sizes, 30 to 46 inches bust measure; no odd sizes; plain waist, in nineteen sizes, 28 to 46 inches bust measure. Misses' Garments, nine to fifteen years, seven sizes. Children's Garments, one to eight years. Boys' Coats, Vests, and Pants in various styles, from three to fifteen years.

Sixth.—All the difficult parts in each piece of the Pattern are notched and punched, so that the garment can be put together by the most inexperienced.

We warrant every Pattern we sell to be the exact size printed on the label, and the garment, when made, will be exactly like the picture given with the Pattern, if proper attention is followed to our printed directions. Our Patterns are all of the latest styles, and two weeks in advance of any others. Our prices are within the reach of all. Twenty-five cents is the highest price for any Pattern. Prices ranging from ten to twenty-five cts.

We supply HARPER & BROTHERS with all the suits of Cut Paper Patterns given in each issue of the *Bazar*, and they have been sent to all parts of the United States and Canada; and we have yet to hear of the first case where they have failed to give entire satisfaction.

Illustrated Summer Catalogue sent to any address on receipt of stamp to prepay postage.

Agents will be supplied with our Patterns on reasonable terms.

Any of the Patterns specified in the Catalogue can be procured at the Salesroom, or sent by mail, post-paid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price, size, and number of Pattern.

Please write your Name, Town, County, and State very plain.

J. B. SMALL, 643 Broadway, corner Bleeker St., N. Y.

A full assortment of our Patterns can be had at any of the following Branch Offices:

FAGAN & CONKLIN, 2904 Third Avenue, Harlem, N. Y.—WILLCOX & GIBBS S. M. CO., 76 Court St., Brooklyn; 55 Fourth St., Brooklyn, E. D.; 143 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. General Agents for New England States; 1 Martin Hall, South Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.; 1 Union Block, Church St., Burlington, Vt.; 678 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; 270 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio; 20 Water St., Newburgh, N. Y.; 68 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.; 113 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.; 308 North Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo.; 67 Dauphine St., Mobile, Ala.; 548 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.; 378 Main St., Memphis, Tenn.; 111 Church St., Nashville, Tenn.; 177 Fourth St., Louisville, Ky.; 5 Cedar St., Newark, N. J.—KETCHAM & CAIN, 1027 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn.—PRICE & CO., 15 North Charles St., Baltimore, Md.—SAMUEL WHITE, 231 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.—WM. A. COLTER, 4400 Butler St., Pittsburgh, Pa.—CHAS. BAUM, 408 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

A SELIG, Successor to S. M. Peyser, 818 Broadway, Importer of Zephyr Worsted; Silks for Embroidering; Embroideries on Canvas and Leather—Slippers, Cushions, Light Screens, Suspenders, Stripes for Oriental and Camp Chairs. Also, *Gutture* and *Point Lace*, and materials for making the same. Novelties in Fringes, Gimps, Buttons, Ornaments, and Laces. Fringes and other Trimmings made to order. All kinds of stamping done. Monograms and Crests designed and embroidered in gold, silk, or worsted, in artistic style, at the lowest prices.

WEBSTER'S PATENT BUTTON-HOLE WORKER, The most perfect Button-Hole Worker invented. So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can without it. It does away with pricking the fingers, straining the eyes, and with imperfect and irregular - worked button-holes. They give universal satisfaction. Ladies who use them say they are worth their weight in gold. Sample worker, with full directions for use, sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents. Local and traveling agents wanted for this and other useful articles. Address GEO. DAVIS, 91 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year.....\$4 00

HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year.....4 00

HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year.....4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, \$10 00; or any two for \$7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers at \$4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for \$20 00, without extra copy.

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the new and old one must be given.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, \$500; Half Page, \$250; Quarter Page, \$150—each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, \$2 00 per Line; Outside Page, \$4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—\$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, \$1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

BAZAR

Cut Paper Patterns,

For Ladies, Misses, Girls, and
Children of Both Sexes.

The great design of the proprietors of the Bazar Patterns is to furnish cut paper patterns of every description, and for every size, at a moderate price. These patterns are intended to be the most perfect, the most practical, and the most economical ever produced in this country, and so arranged as to be easily understood by those not accustomed to making their own garments. We avoid as far as possible every form of extravagance in cutting up material, at the same time combining all that is desirable with fashion and good taste. Our business will be conducted in a spirit of progress. Every pattern we issue will be the product of the ablest and most experienced gentlemen dressmakers in the country, all under the supervision of Mr. Moschcowitz, a gentleman who stands at the head of his profession, and who is unquestionably the ablest dressmaker in the United States. What Worth is to Paris, Moschcowitz is to New York—the highest authority on all matters pertaining to fashion. We have carefully prepared a catalogue of 28 pages, containing over two hundred figures, showing the leading fashions of the day. From this catalogue may be selected patterns of every description and of every size, ranging from 30 to 46 inches bust measure; also for misses from 10 to 16 years of age, and for children of both sexes under 10. On receipt of postage stamp, the above catalogue will be sent to any address free of charge. In this catalogue will be found a list of two valuable premiums, both of which are offered to subscribers for *Harper's Bazar*. One subscriber will get at least one of these premiums, and we confidently assert that, for liberality and magnitude, the premiums offered to each and every new subscriber for the *Bazar* have no parallel, an offer in which thousands of families will be benefited, and will, we trust, be the means of adding much to the comfort and economy of every household. We are confident that this premium will be hailed with delight by every lady in the land. For terms to Agents, or for catalogues, address

JAMES M'CALL & CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

Important to Ladies.—Read the following extraordinary offer: The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co. manufacture and warrant two different Sewing Machines, one called the *Elliptic*, the other called the *Wheeler & Wilson*. The *Elliptic* Machine excels in many important points. It is so light that a child can run it with ease; or an invalid, whose strength is sufficient to walk about the house, or to do the work of a child ten years old, can sew all day without being over-fatigued. It is impossible to convey by language a tithe of the merits belonging to this deservedly popular Machine. To see it perform the different operations, such as hemming, felling, gathering, embroidering, tucking, cording, frilling, quilting, fringing, etc., it seems more like a thing of life than a machine moved by the will of the operator. It has adjustable gauges for every description of work, and can be changed in a moment to suit any material, coarse or fine. The economy of the *Elliptic* Machine in a family is almost incredible—with one, a good operator can do the work of twelve hands. A breadth of a skirt can be sewed in less than a minute; a gentleman's fine shirt can be made in three hours; or a child's dress, with many tiny pleats, in less time than the hands can fold them—in fact, every description of sewing is reduced from a question of hours to one of minutes. We make the following offer: Any person in the United States desiring one of these celebrated Machines can buy one and pay for it in work (not sewing) furnished at their own home. The work is pleasant and profitable, and can be accomplished by any lady, old or young. We send circulars on receipt of stamp. Address

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.DOOLEY'S
YEAST
POWDERIS THE
STANDARD BAKING POWDER
AND THE
BEST AND CHEAPESTARTICLE PREPARED
FOR MAKING ELEGANT
Biscuit, Cakes,
Rolls, Dumplings,
Bread, Pastry &c.In ¼, ½, 1 and 5 lb. Cans.
Actual Net Weight,
(GROCERS SELL IT.)
DOOLEY & BROTHER
Manufacturers New York
ESTABLISHED 1858.

LUNDBORG'S

NEW PERFUME,

ARCADIAN PINK,

The most beautiful and natural Perfume of the age!
Entirely original, and made by no other perfumer.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, &c.

Are You Musical?

If so, be also prudent. Do not throw away money on high-priced publications when you can purchase 10 or 20 pieces of excellent sheet music, arranged for the Piano, for one dollar. Call or inclose stamp for new catalogue. BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, 439 Third Avenue, New York.

SATISFACTION to all who send 75 cents for the "Star-Spangled Banner." **GUARANTEED** the "Prang" Chromo worth \$1.50 is given FREE to every subscriber, and money refunded to all not perfectly delighted with it. Address "Banner," Hinsdale, N. H.



THE PEOPLE HAVE CHOSEN.

The experience of years has convinced an intelligent public that for all ailments involving weakness and irritability of the stomach, obstructions in the bowels, a morbid condition of the liver, and nervous debility, TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT is the surest, safest, and swiftest remedy. Not merely agreeable, but absolutely delicious to the palate, it also possesses four medicinal elements which have never been united in the same happy proportions in any other preparation. It is the gentlest and most painless of cathartics, a wonderful tonic, an unexceptional alternative, and a certain corrective of all impurities which may exist in the blood or other fluids of the body. Decline all imitations of the genuine article. Sold by all druggists.

HARPER'S
GUIDE TO EUROPE
For 1872.

Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East: being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. PEMBROKE FETTERIDGE, Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book," "History of the Paris Commune," &c. With more than Ninety Maps and Plans of Cities. Eleventh Year. Large 12mo, Leather Tucks, \$5 00.

The new edition of this popular HAND-BOOK OF TRAVEL contains the following Maps and Plans of Cities, etc.: The Alhambra; Ancona; Antwerp; Atlantic Steamers, Routes and Distances; Augsburg; Austria; Belfast; Berlin; Bologna; Bonn; Bordeaux; Brussels; Cairo and the Pyramids; Carlsruhe; Cologne; Cologne; Cork; Dresden; Dublin; Edinburgh; Egypt and Northern Nubia; General Map of Europe; Ferrara; Florence; The Uffizi Gallery, Florence; France; Frankfurt; Genoa; Germany; Glasgow; Northern Part of Great Britain; Southern Part of Great Britain; Great Western Railway, Liverpool to London; Greece and the Ionian Islands; Hamburg; Ireland; Italy; Jerusalem; Plan of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem; Lakes of Killarney; English Lakes; Plan of London; Environs of London; Madrid; Mantua; Marseilles; Mayence; The Mediterranean and Coasts; Metz; Milan; The Moselle, from Coblenz to Trèves; Munich; Naples; Museo Nazionale, Naples; Environs of Naples; Nice; Nuremberg; Palermo; Palestine; Paris; Plan of Paris; Environs of Paris; Pesth and Ofen; Pisa; Pompeii; The Emperor's Garden, Potsdam; Prague; The Rhine, from Basle to Baden; The Rhine, from Baden to Coblenz; The Rhine, from Coblenz to Düsseldorf; Modern Rome; The Forum, Rome; Ancient Rome; The Vatican, Rome; Russia; St. Petersburg; Spain; Stockholm; Strasburg; Sweden; Switzerland; Thebes; Trieste; Turin; Turkey in Asia; Turkey in Europe; Venice; Verona; Versailles; Vienna; Wales.

"Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East" keeps pace with the age. It puts forth its leaves annually, and grows in bulk and increases in accuracy with each successive issue. The volume for 1872, just published, is an improvement on that for 1871, which was remodeled, rewritten, and enlarged. The contents of the volume are some years later than those of any hand-book of travel published in Europe. To Americans on what used to be called the grand tour this handsome and comprehensive, but not cumbersome, volume will be of the greatest use. Indeed, others will profit by it, for it sells largely in London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and the leading cities of Italy. It gives the information, and much more, which is spread over a dozen of Murray's red-covered books. Our advice to intending tourists is very practical: Take "Harper's Hand-Book," and read it carefully through; then return to the parts relating to the places you have resolved to visit; follow the route on the maps, and particularly study the plans of cities. So you will start with sound pre-knowledge which will smoothen the entire course of travel.—*Philadelphia Press*.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of \$5 00.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!!
WITH A NOVELTY PRESS!

The best ever made for the purpose. THE most valuable addition to the Business Office; the most efficient instructor in Schools; the most fascinating and instructive amusement in the Family; and is unsurpassed for the use of AMATEUR AND REGULAR PRINTERS. Send for descriptive & illustrated Pamphlet to BENJ. O. WOODS, MANUFACTURER, 349-351 Federal & 162 Kneeland Sts., Boston; WM. Y. EDWARDS, 543 Broadway, N. Y.; KELLY, HOWELL & LUDWIG, 917 Market St., Philadelphia; J. F. EDWARDS, 120 N. Sixth St., St. Louis; A. C. KELLOGG, 539-55 S. Jefferson St., Chicago—Manufacturers' Agents.

LADIES!

Dr. Kennedy's Hair Tea will prevent the hair from falling out, and preserve its health and beauty. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

The popularity of *McClintock & Strong's Cyclopaedia* having become general, now that its importance is universally acknowledged, and the inducements offered to Agents being liberal, experienced and successful canvassers are daily applying for an opportunity to sell this and other valuable publications of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. There is some desirable territory not yet assigned. For further particulars, address

AVERY BILL,
Care Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

5 MYSTERIOUS PICTURES FREE.

Wonderful, Unique, Puzzling, Odd, Strange. Send stamp for postage to ADAMS & CO., Boston.

\$10 per DAY to AGENTS, Lady or Gent. W. E. MANSON, Bombay, Flin Co., N. Y.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. STINSON & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

Cut Paper Patterns
OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
IN
HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADUATED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are fitted with the greatest accuracy, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, SO AS TO BE ADJUSTED BY THE MOST INEXPERIENCED. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.	
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER.....	No. 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK.....	" 11
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 17
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old).....	" 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old).....	" 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old).....	" 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 29
BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, AND KNICKERBOCKERS (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old).....	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt).....	" 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 37
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER.....	" 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP.....	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt.....	" 49
WATTEAU MANTLE, with 3-Pleat Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 50
MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 52
WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt.....	" 52

Vol. V.	
DOUBLE-BREADED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER.....	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers).....	" 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 8
DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT.....	" 11
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postilion, and Walking Skirt.....	" 13
MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT, with Cape.....	" 15
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Dolly Varden Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kill-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER.....	" 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old).....	" 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt.....	" 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 29

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for \$2.00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS,

481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred Pianos, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Waters', at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key-Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples, and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

PRICE \$290. You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 octave Pianos for \$290? We answer—It costs less than \$300 to make any \$600 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per cent. profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant Five Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to 300 Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories.

U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, New York.

CHARLES LEVER'S NOVELS,

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Few men of our generation have more innocently and unpretendingly given a greater amount of amusement: and this has latterly been mingled with much sensible talk and instruction, pleasantly conveyed, as befits an experienced, clever man grown old in a busy life.—*Nation*.

A Day's Ride. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.
The Brambleighs of Bishop's Folly. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.
Barrington. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
The Daltons. 8vo, Paper, \$1 50.
The Dodd Family Abroad. 8vo, Paper, \$1 25.
Gerald Fitzgerald. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.
Glencore and his Fortunes. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.
Lord Kilgobbin. Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.
Luttrell of Arran. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.
The Martins of Cro' Martin. 8vo, Paper, \$1 25.
Maurice Tiernay. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00.
One of Them. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
Roland Cashel. Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, \$1 25.
Sir Brooke Fosbrooke. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.
Sir Jasper Carew. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
That Boy of Norcott's. Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.
Tony Butler. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.
The Set complete, 5 vols., Cloth, \$15 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

Harper & Brothers'
Latest Publications.

1. **HARPER'S GUIDE TO EUROPE.** Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East: being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. PEMBROKE FETTERIDGE, Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book," "History of the Paris Commune," &c. With more than Ninety Maps and Plans of Cities. Eleventh Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Tucks, \$5 00.

2. **LORD KILGOBBIN.** A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

3. **THE DESERT OF THE EXODUS.** Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings; undertaken in connection with the Ordnance Survey of Sinai and the Palestine Exploration Fund. By E. H. PALMER, M.A., Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. With Maps and numerous Illustrations from Photographs and Drawings taken on the spot by the Sinai Survey Expedition and C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake. Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$3 00.

4. **A GOOD INVESTMENT.** A Story of the Upper Ohio. By WM. FLAGG, Author of "Three Seasons in European Vineyards," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

5. **THE STUDENT'S GREEK GRAMMAR.** A Grammar of the Greek Language. By Dr. GEORGE CURTIUS, Professor in the University of Leipzig. Translated under the Revision of the Author. Edited by WM. SMITH, LL.D., Classical Examiner in the University of London, and Editor of the Classical and Latin Dictionaries. For the Use of Colleges and High-Schools. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00.

6. **IS IT TRUE?** Tales, Curious and Wonderful, collected by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Being Vol. IV. of *Books for Girls*. 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents.

7. **A SMALLER ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST,** from the Earliest Times to the Conquest by Alexander the Great. Including Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phœnicia. By PHILIP SMITH, B.A. With Woodcuts. 16mo, 316 pages, Cloth, \$1 00.

8. **ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1871.** Edited by SPENCER F. BAIRD, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00.

9. **ALBERT LUNEL.** A Novel. By the late LORD BROUGHAM. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

10. **ROLFE'S SHAKESPEARE.** Shakespeare, edited, with Notes, by WM. J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of Cambridge High-School. (The Merchant of Venice.—The Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Julius Caesar.) Illustrated. 4 vols., 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents each; or bound in one volume, handsomely ornamented, \$3 00.

11. **A BRIDGE OF GLASS.** A Novel. By F. W. ROBINSON, Author of "True to Himself," "For Her Sake," "Carry's Confession," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

12. **TALMAGE'S SERMONS.** Sermons by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00.

13. **HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD DICKENS.**

OLIVER TWIST. With 28 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1 00.

MAWTHIN CHUZZLEWIT. With 59 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

14. **TYRMAN'S WESLEY.** The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. LUKE TYRMAN, Author of "The Life of Rev. Samuel Wesley." Portraits. Complete in 3 vols., in a Box, Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$2 50 per vol.

15. **LIBRARY EDITION OF MISS MULOCK'S WORKS.** 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50 per vol.

Hannah.—Olive.—Ogilvie.—The Head of the Family.—John Halifax.—Agatha's Husband.—A Life for a Life.—Two Marriages.—Christian's Mistake.—A Noble Life.—A Hero.—Studies from Life.—The Fairy Book.—Unkind Word.—Mistress and Maid.—The Woman's Kingdom.—A Brave Lady.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of their works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.



MUSIC AT HOME.

LADY OF DISCRIMINATION. "Thank you, Mr. Chanticleer, for that most charming Song!"
 AMATEUR BARYTONE (much pleased). "Yes—poor Thing—Arthur Sullivan, you know."
 LADY OF DISCRIMINATION. "Yes! Have you ever heard Mr. Santley sing it?"
 AMATEUR BARYTONE. "N—No!"
 LADY OF DISCRIMINATION (ineffably). "Ah!"

[Amateur Barytone retires, extinguished.]



NOT QUITE READY. (The organ has just begun to play.)

MAMMA. "Have you found the Place, Darling?"
 DARLING. "Not yet, Ma!" (To organist, at the top of her voice.) "Please 'top a minny; we isn't ready yet!"

FACETIÆ.

"This is George the Fourth," said an exhibitor of wax-work for the million, pointing to a very slim figure with a theatrical crown on his head.

"I thought he was a very stout man," observed a spectator.
 "Very likely," replied the man, shortly, not approving of the comment of his visitor; "but if you'd a been here without victuals half so long as he has, you'd a been twice as thin."

A FASHIONABLE LADY'S FULL DRESS.—Much the reverse.

A gentleman at an evening party in the far West, observing another gentleman eying his umbrella, stopped the proceeding thus: "You handle that umbrella, you touch that umbrella, you even look at that umbrella, and I'll ram it down your throat—and then spread it!"

NAVAL ETIQUETTE.—A ship may answer her helm, but not her captain.

SEASONABLE LITERATURE.—We notice a new book, called, "In Quest of Coolies." Some days that have come in (will the series last?) suggest that a pleasant little sequel might be published, for the use of thirsty people, under the attractive name, "In Quest of Coolers."

"Two heads are better than one," as the hair-dresser said.

OUR OR SOARS.—Her numerous friends and admirers will be glad to hear that Mrs. Partington is better. She has been inconvenienced lately by an affection of the diagram.

Killing time must mean instant execution.

A showman, in the State of Maine wanted to exhibit an Egyptian mummy, and attended at the court-house to obtain permission.

"What is it you want to show?" inquired the judge.
 "An Egyptian mummy more than three thousand years old," said the showman.

"Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the judge, jumping to his feet: "and is the critter alive?"

When is a great man not a man?—When he's a gr(e)ater.

MATRIMONIAL MEM.—A woman with a quick temper should not marry a dilatory, easy-going man. Such a slow match must lead to a blow-up in the end.

A well-bred dog generally bows to strangers.

ADVICE TO OLD MISERS.—"Do you wish," said Mr. Hunkes, "that your loss should be sincerely mourned by your surviving relations? Then leave all your property, Sir, to somebody else."



"A CHIEL'S AMANG YE TAKIN' NOTES."

CRITIC FROM THE COUNTRY (on a bench in the Park). "How the Women can dress themselves up such Frights I don't know. If they only knew what they looked like from the Back!"

They are growing their own poets out in Colorado, or seem, at least, to have entered upon this field of cultivation. One of the poetasters writes thus, after a course of apple-dumpling diet:

"Is it where the cabbages grow so fast
 That they burst with a noise like the thunder's blast?
 Is it where through the rich, deep, mellow soil
 The beets grow down as if boring for oil?
 Is it where the turnips are hard to beat,
 And the cattle grow fat on nothing to eat?
 Is it where every thing grows to such monstrous size
 That the biggest stories appear like lies?
 Tell me, in short—I would like to know—
 Is this wondrous land called Colorado?"

Answer of the Muses in a chorus:

"You're right, old boy, it is."

Another, a female Colorado poet, writes of her first-born as followeth:

"Tiddy ickle tootsey tum,
 Why does it such faces make?
 Is a pin a-sticking in it?
 Has it got a tummic ache?"

Why are blacksmiths always wicked men?—Because they are given to vice.

A Newburg damsel has framed the verdict a jury gave in her favor in a suit for breach of promise of marriage, and has hung it conspicuously in her parlor as a frightful warning to all triflers.

The dragon-tree of Teneriffe, represented in the *Gardener's Chronicle* of June 8, is supposed to have attained the age of 6000 years. If it could only begin, "From information I have received!"

What's the difference between a man cutting the end off his nose and a boy who has just learned a task?—One lessens his nose, and the other knows his lesson.

A polite mayor flatteringly wrote in the passport of a lady of title, a little aged and coquettish, who had but one eye: "Eyes dark, fine, soft, and expressive—one was almost too much."

At a party the other evening a young lady was standing in a draught, when an elderly gent in the law, and a bachelor, stepped up and remarked, "Miss —, I will protect you from the draught by standing between you and it."

She replied, "Do you promise always thus to guard and protect me?" Through his proverbial gallantry he responded, "I do."

Extending her hand, she remarked, "Dear Sir, you will remember this is leap-year."

The man in the law was for a moment nonplused, but finally he succeeded in saying, "You must ask my mother."



WORKING-MAN. "Ain't you going to send that Boy of yours to School, Bill?"
 BILL. "Oh, will I? He went one Day, and when he came Home he told me it was repress'ble to get Drunk! Think I'll have P'renta Feelin' outraged, an' all the sweet an' 'oly Union of 'Ome 'Faction broken up by Swells teachin' of him? Come an' stan'a Pint!"



HAPPY THOUGHT—DIVISION OF LABOR.

"A—look here, Miss Bonamy! S'pose you Look at the Pictures, while I confine my Attention to the Catalogue? Get through the Job in half the Time, you know!"

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 31.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1872.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

LADY'S SUMMER BALL DRESS.

THIS exquisite dress is especially suitable for balls and hops at watering-places and the sea-side. The trained skirt is of white silk, trimmed on the bottom with scallops of the material. The over-skirt is of white gauze, edged with a pleating, and trimmed with a puffed tablier of the material. The front of the over-skirt is short; the back is nearly as long as the train of the silk skirt. Low, pointed waist, with short sleeves of white silk, trimmed with folds of gauze. Bows of broad black ribbon are set on the shoulders and on each side of the over-skirt. A cordon of bright colored flowers, scarlet poppies, yellow and blueasters, daisies and buttercups, with green leaves, extends on each side from the waist to the bottom of the over-skirt, and clusters of similar flowers trim the shoulders and bottom of the over-skirt, and are worn in the hair. White gloves and fan. Black velvet necklace with gold medallion.

IMITATION STAINED GLASS.

IN medium-class dwellings there are often back-windows with disagreeable outlooks that might be advantageously embellished were it not for the cost. But if some cheap method can be found by which the same effect can be produced at one-fifth of the expense of the genuine articles, it is surely worth while to study the subject a little—a subject which will certainly be found popular, and will repay the trifling outlay many-fold.

First choose such designs as may suit your taste and the style of the window. If it is to be in geometric figures, let the drawing be made on unsized white paper, to suit the dimensions of the panes of glass intended for decoration, the lines being drawn with pen and ink. A very simple wood-cut, printed on clear paper, will answer very well as a design for central panes.

Get a glazier to cut for you the panes of glass of the exact sizes required, and having cleaned them thoroughly, so as to be free from grease or spot, lay them quite

flat upon a table, and give them an even coat of white dammar varnish, leaving them to get nearly dry—slightly sticky. When in this state, lay on the papers containing the drawings, with the picture next the varnish, and press them firmly all over, so that they may adhere in every

part. As soon as they are well fixed, apply warm water until the paper is entirely saturated, using a towel to absorb the superfluous moisture, and with the fingers rub off the paper very carefully until nothing is left but the design, showing clearly upon the groundwork of

transparent varnish. Of course there must be a very thin film of paper remaining; but this can be rendered entirely transparent before beginning to paint by using a little bleached linseed-oil, well rubbed in.

It is now ready for painting, and oil-colors in tubes are to be used, applied with fine sable brushes, such as are used for landscape painting. For reds, use crimson lake and rose madder; for purple, the same, with Prussian blue added; blue, Prussian blue; yellow, yellow lake; green, Prussian blue with yellow lake; dull or brownish-greens, the same with burnt or raw sienna added; for shading use asphaltum or the siennas; and when merely a deeper tint is called for, give a second coat of the same color. To paint faces, figures, or landscapes will require some knowledge of painting, as the design is merely sketched before you, and all will depend upon the manner in which the details are carried out. If it is a landscape, it will be well to paint it entirely out to the edge of the glass; but if a face or figure, a ground color must be selected, and the groundwork covered with it, following carefully the outlines.

Geometric figures, or any similar medallion designs, are very easily done, requiring no artistic skill whatever beyond the laying on of the colors smoothly, keeping the various parts distinct in their own colors.

When these paintings are entirely dry they are to be put into the painted side next the glass of the window itself, so that the painting will really be between two panes of glass. A glazier may now be called in to put them in properly, unless some one in the house can do it as neatly; and when it is in place it will be almost impossible for a visitor to detect the secret of your window, while years of washing will not injure the colors. Many a poor church might thus be supplied with windows at a small cost, and designs made expressly for the purpose can be procured from dealers in artists' materials. The effect thus produced is almost as beautiful as that of the rich stained glass windows that diffuse a dim, religious light through costly cathedrals.



LADY'S SUMMER BALL DRESS.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1872.

Charles Reade.
Wilkie Collins.

In the August Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will be commenced a NEW NOVEL by CHARLES READE, entitled "A SIMPLETON: A STORY OF THE DAY."

A new novel by WILKIE COLLINS will also be commenced in the October Number of the MAGAZINE.

New Subscribers will be supplied with HARPER'S MAGAZINE from the commencement of CHARLES READE'S story, in the August Number, 1872, to the close of the Volume ending with November, 1873—making SIXTEEN NUMBERS—FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be published the Fifth Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is sent out gratuitously in Monthly Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of a rich variety of Summer Suits for Boys and Girls from 2 to 17 years old; Ladies' House, Walking, and Evening Dresses; Swiss Muslin and Lace Over Dresses, Jackets, Fichus, Mantillas, etc.; Lingerie; Embroidered Stand-Covers; Clothes-Bags; Children's Skipping-Ropes, Reins, Bats, Balls, etc.; Work-Baskets, Chatelaine Belts, Ties, Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc.

LOVERS VERSUS HUSBANDS.

"THERE'S a difference in men, but husbands are pretty much of a muchness," says somebody who has had one or more. Now if any one could solve the problem why husbands are in most cases so totally different from lovers, together with a remedy for the remarkable change wrought by the marriage ceremony in the constitution of man, though he might suffer as much as GALILEO at the hands of the vulgar, yet he would finally be classed among the benefactors of the race. The truth is that the lover and husband have scarcely a point of resemblance; indeed, a careless observer might mistake them for distinct genera, but hardly for a development of the species. It is wonderful, the metamorphosis through which a lover passes as soon as he becomes a Benedick. Then, it was his delight to enjoy every leisure moment at the side of his sweetheart, to share every pleasure with her, to turn aside every annoyance; whatever she did or said was the only thing to do or say; if she wore a new panier or ribbon, his quick eye detected it, and never panier had such grace, never ribbon "shone so fair;" if she inveighed against cigars or billiards, he took the cue; her will was the law of the Medes and Persians, her opinion his standard of excellence, her behavior his criterion of fine manners; why, if his pet mustache offended her, he cut its acquaintance. All very fine, as far as it goes, but why shouldn't it go all the way? How does it happen that the stock of lover-like attentions runs short as soon as he becomes a husband? How would it have been if the engagement had gone on a year or two longer? Would the stock have held out, do you think? Or is it of elastic quality, warranted to stretch through an engagement? Is it like the balls of silk in the fairy story, which grew the larger the more you wound from them, but diminished sensibly if you put them to no use? Or is it that the average man has only so much of good nature and self-forgetfulness at command, and it stands to reason if he exhausts the supply before marriage there must be a famine afterward? Then why doesn't he economize? Why does he lavish every thing—endearments, consideration, attention—on this brief season, and leave Dulcinea to subsist ever after upon the innutritious husks, the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table? Is it possession that blunts the edge of appreciation, that robs beauty of its birthright, that finds spots on the sun, and quenches "the light that never was on sea or shore?" If to marry is to lose one's ideal, wouldn't it be well to remain single and keep it, since an ideal is a sort of amulet which insures happiness and preserves from a thousand snares? This change has got to be so general, in a greater or less degree, that people seem to imagine it

belongs to the nature of things. The good wife very wisely refuses to confess that her husband is no better than the rest; she looks rather through a magnifying-glass at the faults of Mr. Jones over the way, and thanks her stars that Corydon's are fashioned after a different pattern. It seems almost preferable that he should spend his evenings abroad than to sit at home in shirt sleeves; that he should dine at the club, than to mistake his knife for his fork at the family board. She would rather have Corydon, maugre his imperfections and short-comings, than any other without them—only where has vanished that ineffable atmosphere which they breathed together in the perfect days of courtship? If she had known Corydon then as she knows him now, would he have satisfied her? He doesn't beat her, to be sure, nor swear at her, nor mix arsenic with her food, nor make love to his neighbor's wife; and then somebody says, "Too much sweetness is unwholesome for steady fare;" but if it was wholesome at one time, why not at another? and how does it happen that so many survive its effects? And is the post-nuptial treatment intended for a tonic, expected to act in the capacity of an antidote? If Sacharissa's society was heaven on earth before she belonged to him, how does it fall out that, as soon as heaven is won, he prefers almost any other place under the sun? Of course no one expects him to leave his counting-room, his office, or workshop to sit at her feet and discourse of poetry and affinity; but one certainly expects him to show the same zeal for her happiness that he professed when she had it in her power to find it elsewhere. We believe that it is no more than a man's Christian duty to find his pleasure in his home, to share his aims, his satisfactions, his trials there; to spend his evenings in that domestic seclusion which to be loved needs only to be experienced; and the one who lacks the appreciation of homely happiness loses the sweetest flavor that life offers. In fact, it seems a little odd that the very things upon which the lover doted the husband overlooks and neglects. Once he would not have thought it possible for Sacharissa to walk abroad alone after dark, to be seen in public without a protector; it would have seemed a sacrilege for any one to find fault with her, to address her angrily; once to die for her sake was only second to living for the same sweet sacrifice; once her shawl or sun-shade was too great a burden for her to suffer; indeed, it was ecstasy for him to be allowed to wait upon her by inches. Now she may run up and down stairs for his coat, his handkerchief, his hat-brush, and half a dozen other articles in succession, and perhaps you will say that he is only receiving interest on his capital invested; but having accustomed her to so much, is it fair to disappoint her with so little consideration? Is it reasonable to withdraw the capital and yet to exact the interest? Now she may go from Dan to Beersheba alone: are there not plenty of policemen and street lamps for public protection? Now she may walk the floor half the night with the baby, if such a course will insure quiet; and then he wonders why she looks more worn than when he first knew her, and why she has lost the sprightliness of manner and the coquettish air that once enslaved him. Doesn't he know that the power to please grows with pleasing—that even the loveliness of the rose borrows something from the eye of the beholder? When smiles and coquetry and all the arts of fascination have failed to carry the day, who is brave or wise enough to keep up the pretty farce? Fortunately there are enough husbands in the world who nourish reminiscences of "love's young dream" to maintain the reputation of the race, and may their tribe increase!

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Pot and Kettle.

MY DEAR EVERARD,—I preached the other day, if I remember correctly, a short sermon upon pinching your feet, in which were introduced some remarks upon cockneyism. We all laugh at it, and we sometimes laugh at the laughers. It is very droll to hear the Pot abusing the blackness of the Kettle; and when I hear Tom, who is out at elbows, laughing at Ned, whose toes plainly appear at the end of his shoes, I can only exclaim, "My dear Pot, restrain yourself until you have darned your coat!" He usually darts me in reply, but my advice is good, nevertheless. Indeed, it is so good, and so generally applicable, that I am conscious either of making myself a nuisance by reminding every body of their dilapidated toes or elbows, or else of seeming to be recreant to my duty. There are times in which every body who does not seem to be out at elbows seems to be out at toes. And my old college friend Cutter used to say, and I suppose still says, that although he hears a great deal of old families and of the best families, of Norman descent and of

blue blood, yet that he knows of two families only, the Pots and the Kettles, and that there is an endless family feud between them.

Cutter was a very clever man, destined for the church. But, for some reason which his friends did not very well understand, he never went into the pulpit. He went on from year to year in what was called "a sort of literary way"—editing books, and translating and writing articles, and smoking pipes, and saying sharp things, which were repeated with a smile—a kind of humorous cynic, whom every body liked and half feared, but as true to his friends as the magnet to the pole, for instance. Nobody understood exactly why he had never preached, for he was always moralizing in a pungent way, and every body was sure that his preaching would have been very spicy. But when he was asked plumply why he did not enter the profession, he replied that it was because he did not see that the absurdity of Pot's calling Kettle black was any less because it was done solemnly and in a surplice.

"I must," said Cutter, "be either the Reverend Doctor Pot or Brother Kettle, and I see nothing to choose between them. I am a poor miserable sinner, who goes morally staggering and stumbling through life, and who am I that I should gravely warn my fellow-sinners not to stumble or stagger? Suppose that I preach upon the enormity of telling lies; don't I know that I am not truthful? Or I denounce vanity; but am I not vain of the manner in which I do it? Even dear old Parson Adams said, with immense complacency, that his best sermon was upon vanity. Or I exhort my hearers to wrestle with Satan in every form, and to subdue every groveling appetite. Very well; I have no groveling appetite. My blood is cool. Tobacco makes me sick. I can't drink spirits. Cards tire me to death. My temper is naturally good. I don't like to be idle. I've a healthy appetite, and no wish to gormandize. My mind is sound in a sound body. Who am I, I say, that I should exhort fellow-sinners not to wrestle with Satan? In the midst of it I should see Goatby, or Principle, or Fuddlestone, or Poker, or Hotspur, or Sybaris, or Bloater in the pews, and I should know perfectly well that their only feeling was one of indignation and scornful protest that literally I did not know what I was talking about. And it would be true. What do I know about the temptations which are eating their souls out—yes, and what of the desperate struggles which they wage with them?"

"You remember," Cutter says to me, "Cologno, the daintiest, dapperest coxcomb in college, and how he took a fancy for politics and public speaking, and being invited to address a meeting in a town full of hard-working men, how he went oiled, curled, perfumed, exquisite; and waving his ringed white hands and mopping his face with an embroidered cambric handkerchief, began, 'Labor, my friends, not luxury, is the crown of life.' I have no wish to play Cologno. I am not good enough to exhort other people to be good, and if I have any virtues, they are natural, not acquired. It is very easy for people who hate horses to denounce horse-racing as a criminal waste of time; but it doesn't seem to me so useful as it is easy. Or I, whom a thimbleful of liquor makes deadly sick, reel off a string of tawdry rhetoric about the worm of the still, and am considered a good man. Why, Bachelor, what is virtue but the instinct and the resolution to trample Satan under foot: not to talk about it, especially when he is not present, but to grapple him when he appears, and try at least to master him?"

"And there in the gutter lies old Tipticus, with vacant eye and maudlin tongue; unable to stand; reason dethroned; at whom Pharisaicus and the rest of us look in horror as we pass by, and shrug our respectable shoulders and raise our virtuous eyes and thank Heaven that we are very much otherwise. Well, for my part, I have little doubt that he is a more virtuous man than I. He was born with that fatal fire in his blood. He burns at times; he is consumed with that frenzied desire. But how he has struggled and fought and prayed! How blastingly conscious has he been of the horrible degradation! How awful remorse and utter despair have seized his soul, and he has cried out in the agony of that strife with Satan! He has been overpowered; but is it strange? The intensified passions of ancestors, and a weakened power of resistance, have been his wretched inheritance. He has done, I verily believe, all that he could do, and the devil has mastered him. He has wrestled for life, and with all his soul, and has fallen. I stand straight without turning a finger. Have I shown a more virtuous will than he? And if that spectacle does not deter beginners from the bowl, do you think my talk would? With your permission, good Mr. Bachelor, this pot feels considerably blacker than that kettle."

I don't think that Cutter exhausts the

philosophy of preaching in such remarks; but it is easy to see his drift and his feeling. You observe that he does not approve the fall nor defend it, but he respects the struggle. Then I suppose he thinks that the habit of exhortation to virtue very easily becomes a mere form. In fact, what he wants is reality. He knows, as well as the rest of us, that there is a noble and an ignoble life; that there are generosity and charity and moral heroism as well as meanness and moral cowardice. And it is his perception of the wide extent of insincerity that gives the sting to his tongue. He sees that our fellow-men are eager to

"Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to."

and he roughly generalizes it under the name of Pot and Kettle. Old Gripus is not extravagant, and he rates Scatter roundly for his spendthrift tendencies. But Gripus is miserly, and starves his soul as well as his body. Which is the more edifying, says Cutter, Archbishop Gripus lecturing Scatter, or Scatter, D.D., laughing at Gripus?

Yet it seems to me that Cutter has not escaped preaching by avoiding the pulpit. When he insists that there are but two great families in the world, Pot and Kettle, and illustrates and fortifies his remark, what is he doing but preaching a sermon upon humility, and exhorting us all to charity? You and I, for instance, my dear Everard, go to the theatre, and as we look at the house between the acts we see Sparkler in a faultless shirt bosom, twirling his mustache and sitting by the side of Simple Susan without speaking a word, conscious that to be with him, the heir of one of our very first families, is quite glory enough for her. I observe that you are very indignant, and the more you remark that Simple Susan seems to be delighted with Sparkler's silent society, the more wrathful you become, and you express to me your opinion that Sparkler is a contemptible coxcomb, always curling his detestable mustache. It was only the other evening at the tea-party at Mrs. Muffin's that I heard Sparkler remark, as he watched you talking with Jane Grey, and twisting the button on your coat, "What a conceited ass Everard is, talking book with Miss Grey and twisting that devilish button!" According to Cutter, you belong to the great house of Pot, and Sparkler is of the Kettle family.

Or if you ever read the newspapers, or permit yourself to mingle in political discussions—and if you do not, you disgrace yourself as an American—you have often observed how profoundly devoted to principle and patriotism is the great party of Outs, and how anxious they are, for the sake of humanity and all the great virtues, that the Ins should be defeated. The Ins, according to the orators of the Outs, are such a host of corruption, they are so venal, so selfish, so unscrupulous, so audacious, so contemptuous of right and justice and law, so tyrannical, so ignorant, so abominable, that we may justly expect the Divine wrath to visit the world with another deluge unless the Ins are put out and the Outs are put in. But if you incline your ear to the eloquence of the Ins, you learn that the Outs are the refuse of creation, solely intent upon success that they may fatten and batten upon the good things of power, and that their triumph would be the surrender of every hope and interest of mankind to unsparing destruction. 'Tis the great struggle between Pot and Kettle, says the cynical Cutter.

Still, I repeat, he did not exhaust the philosophy of preaching, and the worst of his vein is that he seems to make no distinction between one thing and another. I should be very sorry to think that you and Sparkler were equally coxcombs, or that it made no difference who governed us. Alfred may be a bad cook, and suffer the cakes to burn, while Nero would turn you off a neat omelet; but I vote for Alfred, nevertheless. I do not understand Cutter to mean by his Pot-and-Kettle philosophy that naught is every thing and every thing is naught, or that every thing is equally good and equally bad. Oh no! It is a gentle reminder that a Pharisee is a very poor type of man. It is an exhortation to remember that we are all very human, and to spare each other's little failings; to reflect how easy it is to sneer, and to learn the moderation that springs from the consciousness that while we ridicule we are ridiculed.

I have never forgotten the comical spectacle of a certain professor on an April-fools' Day walking solemnly across the yard at St. Switchem's Academy for Boys, unconscious of the paper tail with which we had decorated his coat skirts, and winking at us while he slyly attached a similar tail to the skirt of a fellow-professor. Each respected teacher smiled pleasantly at us as he regarded the ridiculous appendage of the other, while the school broke out into such a roar of laughter as I am sure was never before

heard. Do you never reflect, Everard, that you may be sporting a tail of which you are unconscious, but which others see with inexpressible fun? And I think Cutter really means no more than that you should quietly ascertain whether you are decorated in that manner before you proceed to adorn a fellow-professor.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SUMMER FOULARDS.

THE soft foulards so long popular in France begin to find favor here. Among the choicest imported costumes are those of Tussore and Persian foulard in pure colors and exquisite designs. Some of the most effective dresses prepared for the watering-places are foulards with lapis blue, slate, or plum-colored grounds with white dots, or else sprinkled with small Japanese figures in white. These are made up with abundant drapery, and trimmed with self bands, flounces, and fringe; similar suits reported from abroad have the polonaise and flounces bordered with English embroidery. Pale buff and white foulards, strewn with chintz figures, and the stripes of two shades, are not so much admired as those of deeper hues. Parisian ladies are wearing costumes of foulard combined with *écru* batiste or with black *grènadine*. A model among these has a skirt of lake blue foulard, with a deep pleated flounce headed by a band of blue and white embroidery; the overskirt is of *écru* batiste, bordered with a band or hem of blue foulard embroidered with white; the basque is of foulard, with a vest of batiste. The reverse of this toilette is also made—for instance, the skirt and waist are batiste, the tunic and vest are foulard. Foulard skirts are trimmed to the waist with alternate pleatings of black *grènadine* and gathered ruffles of foulard. Bias bands of faille are also used effectively for trimming foulard dresses.

FRENCH MUSLIN DRESSES.

Chroniclers of French fashions are enthusiastic over the fresh and dainty muslin dresses prepared for summer wear. Those of solid color, trimmed with lace, are most admired. A suit of Sèvres blue muslin has four or five narrow flounces edged with Valenciennes. This is the woven Italian lace that closely resembles hand-made Valenciennes. The loose polonaise, like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V., has bias puffs and ruffles around it. The sash is of soft thick blue faille, scalloped on the edges, and needle-worked with floss. Other muslins, designed for a season only and not intended to be washed, are combined with silk in the most elaborate manner. A toilette designed for dinners at country houses is of faded-rose muslin, with alternate flounces of muslin and faille to the waist, a ruffled muslin tablier, and a postilion-basque with faille vest and long jabot of Valenciennes lace. A lovely dress for breakfast and matinees in the country has just been completed for a handsome matron. It is of white organdy with half-inch stripes of black, interlined with white. The demi-train has trimming to the knee, made up of puffs, box-pleated and gathered ruffles, all cut bias, and edged with white and black guipure lace. The over-skirt has the apron front carried far back, and edged with a puff and ruffle. The back of this skirt is ornamented by a black sash-ribbon, beginning high on the second seam on the right side, where it forms two loops, while the third end crosses the back as if catching it up to form a puff, and is finished by a bow on the left side seam. The waist is a lined basque with duchesse sleeves, trimmed with a puff of lawn, guipure lace, and small black bows.

POLKA-DOTTED GRÉNADINES.

Polka-dotted black *grénadines* are preferred even to the stripes so popular this season. An afternoon and carriage dress of this beautiful material is part of most summer outfits. One just completed has a demi-train with two deep flounces, straight and gathered, with a side pleating and gathered ruffle laid on the edge of each flounce, and an elaborate *ruche* for heading. The over-skirt is trimmed far back on the sides, while immediately behind is a large puff, from beneath which fall sash loops of black faille. The basque has Marie Antoinette revers of faille and ruffs of Valenciennes. A great deal of soft yellow Valenciennes is worn as jabots, ruffs, and under-sleeves of these black dresses. A second black *grénadine* has flounces to the waist edged with a light fluffy fringe laid over *écru* guipure lace. The hat worn with such suits is black tulle without dots, and ornamented with dead leaves, or else birds' wings of bluish-green hue.

FLANNEL POLONAISES.

For the sea-side and for mountain tours the modistes are making polonaises of flannel, either solid gray, white, or checked with black, or else woven in basket checks all of one color. They are made very plain, without trimming, are worn with a belt, and are lapped or double-breasted, and ornamented with two rows of large white buttons down the front. They cost from \$25 upward. A skirt of black alpaca or of black or brown silk completes the costume.

The peasant blouse is a similar garment worn at the sea-side in France. It is of cashmere, either olive, vert-de-gris, or other mongrel tint. It buttons in one, and is worn with a belt fastened with a clasp of the oxidized silver now so much in vogue. The skirt is plain faille.

FRENCH FANCIES.

A novelty quoted in French journals is the *peplum* drapery, a kind of scarf-sash and fichu

that takes the place of an upper skirt. It is put on around the waist, where it forms a basque; the lapels are then thrown over the shoulders like a fichu, and joined together behind under a bow of ribbon. It is especially pretty when made of China crape the color of the dress, and trimmed with fringe.

Parisienne have abandoned all bright and positive colors in favor of what are called false colors, such pale negative tints as sage green, faded-rose, flax gray, pinkish lilac, and greenish-blue. These subdued shades are greatly admired by ladies of refined taste, and are especially becoming to those who are no longer young.

Belted blouses and loose polonaises with side sashes are very fashionable in Paris. Ribbons are conspicuous on the simplest muslin dresses, made in fanciful bows in the way described by the *Bazar* at the beginning of the season. The wide sash is arranged to raise the drapery at the back of the dress, and hang in drooping loops on one side. Narrower ribbons of the same shade trim the corsage and sleeves. *Moiré*, faille, and velvet ribbons are all used.

It is rumored that all plaited tresses and pendent curls are to be abandoned, and the hair is to be worn *à la Byron*, in short crisp curls all over the head. The drooping style of coiffure, so uncomfortable in warm weather, is already replaced by high Marie Antoinette chignons of puffs and braids.

The black lace fichus that are now worn on Broadway accompany most street dresses of Parisian design. Trimming passing down the middle of the back is a feature of stylish French dresses.

Broad-brimmed straw sailor hats, very large, and worn on the back of the head in true sailor style, are in vogue at sea-side resorts in Europe. They are of black or brown straw, with band and brim facing of faille. Two large feathers fall over the crown.

Chinese slippers of pale blue, red, or pearl-colored leather, with pointed toes turned up at the tip, are worn by Parisiennes in their country châteaux. These are for morning *négligé* only. Shoes with bars across the instep are chosen for day and evening. These make the foot look small, and are considered very dressy. They are made of kid or satin. Boots of buff linen are used for traveling, and buff leather boots for walking in the country.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Table ware of fine English glass, delicately etched and as clear as crystal, has a lighter effect than massive silver, and is displacing plate at the dainty feasts of summer. For the centre of the table there are low *épergnes* of thinnest glass, with lily-shaped branches filled with freshly cut flowers, and the whole is mounted on a mirror tray that reflects the beauty above it. Such *épergnes* cost from \$15 to \$25. Narrow low troughs of glass for small flowers are arranged in figures about the centre or at the corners, or as a floral border for the table. These are from 50 cents to \$1 each. Pitchers of etched English glass in classic shapes are used for water or wine; goblets, berry bowls, claret jugs, and carafes with stopples are also seen in the same ware.

For those who delight in color is the rare Venetian glass of pale blue or dark scarlet in vases of unique design, and goblets for hock or sherry that seem to have gold ground into them. Finger-bowls of Venetian glass are in harlequin sets, in pairs, or else all different.

Still rarer than these is a reproduction of the Bohemian glass in the shapes used in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Here are great jars, goblets, and drinking-cups of antique design made of this thin glass of Rhenish green, sea blue, or wine-color, decorated with hunting scenes, banners, and shields bearing the coat of arms of barons of the petty kingdoms of centuries ago. These are very expensive, and a single piece should content its possessor. Less elaborate are antique wine sets—decanter, goblets, and tray—enameled in bright colors: price \$30.

The handsomest fruit services are of rare old Dresden china. The plates cost \$10 apiece, and are decorated with exquisitely painted flowers, bees, and birds. Single pieces made eighty years ago have the pictures perfectly preserved, while the porcelain only is worn. Dainty little tea-pots of old Chelsea china come within the reach of people of moderate means, but the large Dresden vases of deep royal blue banded with gilt must be reserved for the moneyed folk.

Beautiful things in majolica are also shown for summer tables. These are berry dishes of bright leaf green, fanciful baskets for flowers, lemonade pitchers of enameled blue ware, plates of leaves for fruits, fish dishes, with the fish represented on the cover, and little tea-pots made to represent pine-apple cheeses.

REFRIGERANTS.

Among summer novelties is an ice pitcher of cedar or of oak, banded with silver, and lined with porcelain or silver. It costs from \$18 to \$22. Silver ice pitchers lined with wood, to give them strength and durability, are also new. Small tubs of plated silver for holding cracked ice on the table are \$7 50; plated ice tongs are \$5.

Among other seasonable inventions is the basket refrigerator—a large wicker basket with a zinc case inside, fitted up as an ice chest, with compartments for fruit, meat, wine, etc. This portable refrigerator is useful for picnics, fishing excursions, and for families living out of town who get their provisions from the city. It is fastened by a padlock, and costs from \$12 to \$25. The Spa cooler is arranged for holding siphons for mineral water or bottles of wine, or else milk for the nursery. The ice is below,

with a faucet for drawing off the water. It is of painted zinc, and costs from \$8 to \$12.

For information received thanks are due, for dresses, to Mesdames SWITZER; and BERNHEIM; for household articles, to Messrs. DAVIS COLLAMORE & Co.; NICOL & DAVIDSON; and ALEXANDER M. LESLEY.

PERSONAL.

MR. ABIEL JEWELRY, of Massachusetts, has buried three wives, and is still hale and hearty. He has just ordered from his regular grave-stone man a marble slab, which is to be supplemented with this complimentary line, "The best wife I ever had."

The DEFOREST medal of Yale College consists of a gold medal or a hundred dollars in money. This year Messrs. COB and HINCKES were pronounced to be equally entitled to it, and as they refused to draw lots, the cash is to be divided equally between them. This is the first time this course has been pursued.

J. H. CLAPP, of Augusta, Maine, has a copy of the Bible printed in London in 1672, which came to him from his mother's ancestors, the Hewes family. Each page is bordered and the columns divided by a red line ruled by hand. It is considered rare and valuable.

The ex-Emperor LOUIS NAPOLEON drew \$40,000 interest last May on coupons of United States bonds. This would give him \$80,000 per annum from that source alone.

President and Madame THIERS gave Lieutenant GRANT a cordial reception in Paris on the 4th of July, and asked the young man to remember them to his papa. The old gentleman also spoke in a handsome sort of way of ex-Secretary SEWARD and General BANKS.

VICTOR HUGO is at work polishing off Satan—a poem of that absurd name which he is about to publish.

When the *Herald's* Mr. STANLEY found that much-lost Dr. LIVINGSTONE, he did not at all gush about it, but merely walked up to him, as if making a morning call, and said, "This is Dr. LIVINGSTONE, I presume?" The latter, far from expressing any interest in the meeting, merely replied, "That is my name." And thus the great event was accomplished. LIVINGSTONE, by-the-way, is now fifty-five years of age, and has been "at it" since he was ordained a priest, in 1840, and went out as a missionary to South Africa.

Herr SARO and his brethren of the Kaiser Franz Grenadier Prussian band made a rather good thing of it at their two days' performance at Jones's Wood. The aggregate receipts reached \$18,000. It isn't every day that Dutch trumpeters and fifers pick up such a little sum as that. They never did before; never will again.

MR. SCUDAMORE is the author of that splendid system which enables one to send a telegram to any part of Great Britain at a uniform rate of one shilling for every twenty words. During the last two years 30,000 additional miles of wire have been put up in that country, the number of instruments increased from 3000 to 8000, about 3000 new offices opened, and the number of messages increased from seven to fourteen millions.

MACREADY, the eminent English tragedian, is not dead, as reputed, but hale and hearty at his residence, Cheltenham. He is seventy-nine.

Miss FOX is about to write a history of "Holland House." At Holland House lived ADDISON when he had married a countess; there, long before the roads and copees around had been swallowed up by the exorbitant city, CHARLES JAMES FOX retired from his political contentions for social enjoyment, not after the roistering manner of Crockford's and Carlton House; there ROGERS, the poet, writ epigrams, and RETNOLDS, the artist, displayed pictures: for all which see MACAULAY's gorgeous essay on the late Lord HOLLAND.

When the last reform bill was before the House of Lords, Lord LYTTELTON handed in an amendment that no one should be allowed the franchise who could not write his name in a legible hand. It was the duty of the clerk to read the amendment aloud to the House, but so badly had his lordship written it that for the life of him the clerk couldn't make it out.

Rev. STOWELL BROWN, one of the most popular Baptist ministers in England, comes to the United States about the 20th of August.

The young King of Siam, having returned to his own dominions, goes about making speeches in praise of European civilization and mode of life. His majesty had previously made a tour through the Indian provinces, delivering himself, according to the *Rangoon Times*, of "bewitching" addresses, and making himself excessively popular. This is one of the many tokens, from Arabia to Japan, of the softening of Asiatic prejudice against the Christian nations, and of the singular infusion and interblending of trades, social habits, and probably, in the end, of races, which has become more decided in this than in all former times. It is pretty clear that the whole system of Asiatic civilization—or barbarism—is destined to be revolutionized by the European and American systems, and indications thicken that the process will go on at an accelerating rate of speed.

GEORGE MACDONALD, the English novelist, whose works have been published by the HARPERS, comes to the United States in the autumn on a lecturing tour.

M. FAURE, one of the best barytones living, has accepted MAX MARETZK's tempting offer for an operatic campaign in this country. His voice is not only clear, rich, and sonorous, and managed in the most artistic manner, but his phrasing and diction are perfect, and he wins the sympathies of the audience by his admirable skill and method.

HON. JULIUS CONVERSE, the Republican nominee for Governor of Vermont, is seventy-three, and has been more or less in public life for the last forty years, having served in both branches of the State Legislature, and served two terms as Lieutenant-Governor. He is a genial, warm-hearted man, and noticeable for his gentlemanly bearing.

ISHAM HENDERSON, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, got \$50,000 with his bride, Miss YANDELL, and they have waltzed off to Europe to see how the honey-moon can be enjoyed "over there, over there."

KING SOLOMON beat GILMORE by more than 150,000 Solomonians at his grand Jubilee, but GILMORE beat the king in the size of his Temple. To give our city readers a fair idea of the size

of the Coliseum, cut off 150 feet in length by 100 feet in width from the lower end of Madison Square, and roof in the balance, and you have the superficial area of the Boston edifice.

MR. OLIVER S. LYFORD, who commenced life as a watchman in the Boston and Lowell dépôt, in Boston, and by diligence and faithfulness has filled various places of trust and honor upon Western railroads, has recently been appointed general superintendent of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, at \$10,000 a year.

A Washington letter-writer relates the following scene between Mr. SEWARD and Mr. TOOMBS when they were in the Senate. Mr. SEWARD had made a speech—something about the telegraph—when Mr. TOOMBS, of Georgia, rose to reply, and made a speech full of personal abuse of SEWARD. He wrought himself up into a rage, and lashed about in the most aggressive manner. He finished, and took his seat. As Mr. SEWARD rose from his chair every eye was bent upon him with the greatest anxiety. With calm, measured step he walked toward TOOMBS. It was noticed that his right hand was underneath the rear pocket of his coat; there was apprehension that he was concealing a pistol, and Mr. TOOMBS's friends crowded around him. When Mr. SEWARD reached him he drew out his hand, and opening his snuff-box, politely invited his adversary to take a pinch of snuff. "My God!" said Mr. TOOMBS, "Mr. SEWARD, have you no feelings?" "Take a pinch of snuff; it will soothe your agitation." He then returned to his seat, and, without any allusion to Mr. TOOMBS or his speech, made an able argument in favor of his measure, which he carried, as coolness and self-possession will always win the victory over hot temper and passionate invective.

MR. CHARLES SUMNER's concise advice to a friend in a certain case was to "stick." A noticeable case of stick is mentioned in a paper received by last steamer. Mr. WILLIAM MACKINTOSH died at Caignashee on the 1st of April last. His progenitors have occupied farms on the estate of the MACKINTOSH, in the braes of Strathdearn, for upward of two centuries, the farm at Caignashee being handed down in regular succession from father to son for 240 years. The present occupant, ALLAN MACKINTOSH, is in the eighth generation of those who have tenanted the farm.

The salary of the Prime Minister of Greece is stated to be larger than that of the Prime Ministers of Italy and Spain. The kingdom being deeply in debt can afford it.

The Rev. THOMAS DREW, late of Shepton-Mallett, England, has recently arrived at Wyliesburg, Charlotte County, Virginia, with a colony of English Congregationalists.

MISS MARY STEVENSON CASSETT, a young Philadelphia artist, has just finished an original painting, which all Parma is flocking to see in her studio in that city. Italian painters of reputation are warm in praise of the talent of the young lady.

President JUAREZ has appeared in an entirely new rôle in the Mexican Congress. On his motion an annual subsidy of \$21,500 has been voted for the support of the Italian opera. For a country so constantly engaged in civil war, and so hopelessly in debt, this looks encouraging. Imagine General GARFIELD, of Ohio, chairman of the Committee on Appropriations in the House of Representatives, rising in his place and proposing to the House an appropriation of \$20,000 a year for the support of Italian opera in Washington! How many minutes would it take to laugh him out of the House? And when would he be heard of again in Ohio?

MADAME PAULINE LUCCA, who sings for MARETZK next autumn, is of Jewish parentage, her real name being PAULINE LUCCAS. She made her *début* at seventeen in "Der Freischütz." Her husband, the Baron VON RAHDEN, a Prussian nobleman, was shot in the face and disfigured in the Franco-Prussian war, and his wife gave up an engagement to fly to and nurse him. He is said to be given to risking money upon uncertain events, and consequently has lost much of his wife's earnings at the gaming-table. She proposes to raise here sufficient capital upon which to maintain the family establishment hereafter. In person she is described as petite, with a rounded, graceful figure, large, dark eyes, and mobile face, whose expression varies with every shade of feeling. Her voice is a soprano of brilliant and sympathetic quality, and her talent thoroughly original, full of novel and startling effects.

Mrs. ROSS CHURCH (FLORENCE MARRYAT), whose novels are familiar to our readers, has become the editor of *London Society*, one of the best of the London monthlies.

Colonel THOMAS W. HIGGINSON, a notable New England literary man, and commander of the first black regiment raised during the war, was recently entertained at the London Century Club. He was introduced by TOM HUGHES, and the following resolution was moved by Lord HOUGHTON, and unanimously carried: "That the Anglo-American Association desires to express to Colonel HIGGINSON their sense of the services he has rendered to the cause of human freedom, and to wish him Godspeed as an unofficial messenger of peace between two nations." The colonel replied in a very graceful speech, full of amity, and expressive of the belief that, notwithstanding the late misunderstanding, the two nations would feel more firmly bound together in fraternal bonds than ever before—sentiments which were vigorously applauded. Verily, the two peoples seem to be really making a beginning, after all.

MADAME PATTI is to have \$8000 a month for singing at St. Petersburg next season; NILSSON, \$7000; MADAME VOLPINI, \$4500. NILSSON has just been paid \$1000 a night for twelve nights at Drury Lane, and PATTI \$8000 at Covent Garden. LUCCA is to have \$7000 a month, gold, and a benefit, during her coming engagement in the United States.

General BUTTERFIELD recently entertained the Count de Paris and a large party at dinner at the Grand Hotel, Paris, having among the guests the Marquis de Noailles, minister to Washington, General JOHN M. READ, consul-general, and several other notables. The count served a year on the staff of General McCLELLAN in 1861-62, with his brother the Duc de Chartres; and when they left the army their uncle, the Prince de Joinville, presented General BUTTERFIELD with a superb black charger.

Captain BURTON, the English traveler, has gone to Iceland with the purpose of producing a work upon its language and history.

Cashmere and Java Canvas Wall-Pocket, Figs. 1-3.

This wall-pocket is designed to hang at the head of the bed. It is made of card-board and blue cashmere, and is covered on the outside with white Java canvas, which is ornamented in point Russe embroidery with black silk in an open-work design. White cotton fringe an inch and three-quarters wide, blue twisted cord, and ruches and bows of blue silk ribbon an inch and a quarter wide, complete the pocket. Cut, first, of card-board for the front and back two pieces twelve inches long and eight inches



Fig. 1.—CASHMERE AND JAVA CANVAS WALL-POCKET.

on the bias, and ornament these pieces in Smyrna stitch with black saddler's silk at regular intervals of four (double) threads each in height and width, in doing which always pass the needle through both layers of material. After finishing the embroidery draw out the lengthwise and crosswise threads of the canvas between the Smyrna stitches, in doing which the open-work design shown by the full-sized illustration, Fig. 2, is formed. Instead of this design, that shown by Fig. 3 may be used: first work this design like Fig. 2, and then surround the canvas threads between the Smyrna stitches with four button-hole stitches of fine white cotton, as shown by the illustration. On the sloped outer edge join the front and back of the pocket with a soufflet of cashmere. This soufflet consists of a double

the front and flap, however, first baste a piece of Java canvas, each also cut

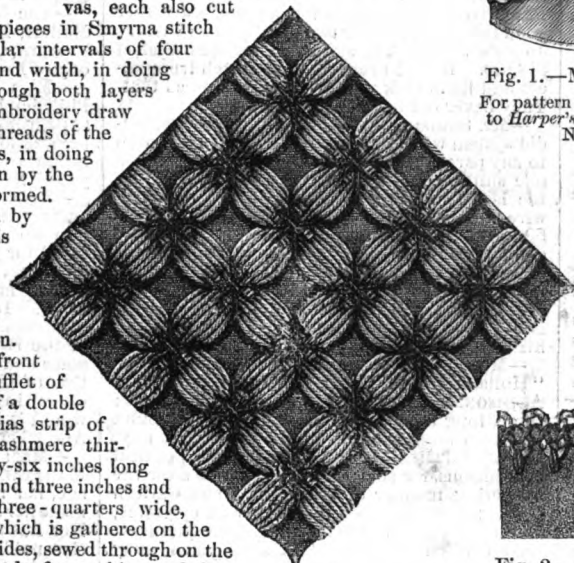


Fig. 2.—JAVA CANVAS FOUNDATION FOR WALL-POCKET.

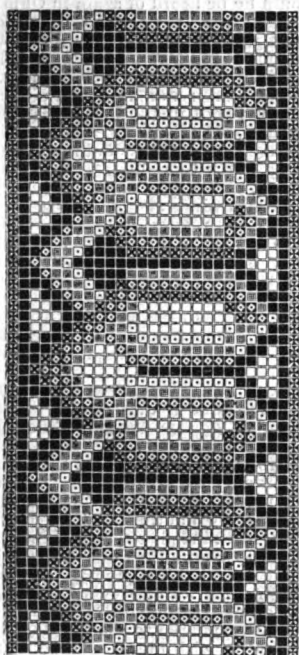


Fig. 1.—TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR KEY-POCKETS, NAPKIN-RINGS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Reddish-Brown; ■ Black; □ Red; * 1st (darkest), * 2d, * 3d (lightest), Fawn; □ Maize (silk).

en thirty-two inches and a half long and seven-eighths of an inch wide, fold it through the middle, hem in a piece of thick covered wire along the fold on one side, then also hem in a similar piece of wire on the other side, and fasten the ends of the strip together so that they overlap half an inch. Cover the hoop thus formed with linen, and on it closely wind small crystal beads strung on thread. Previous to this, however, bend the hoop in four rounded corners as shown by the illustration, so that two sides opposite each other are eight inches and a half long each, and two sides seven inches and three-quarters long. Then work with green filling

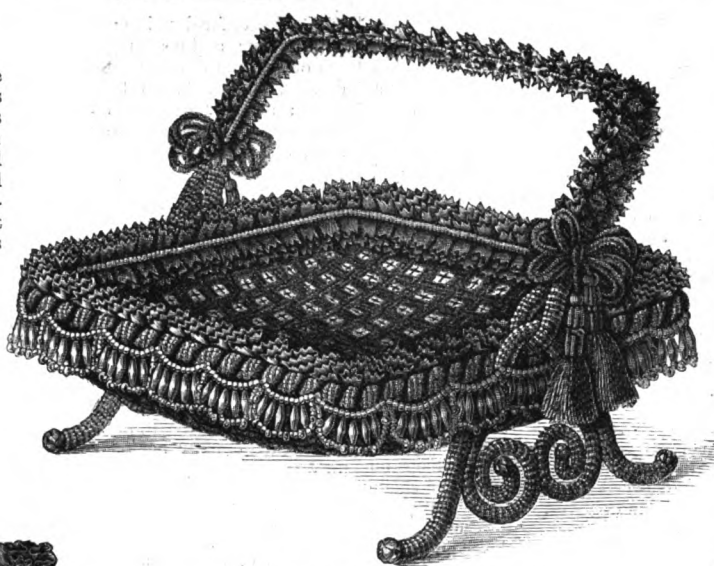


Fig. 1.—MATCH-SAFE.

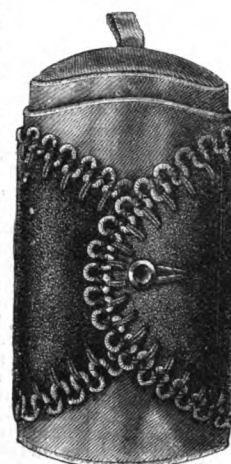


Fig. 1.—MATCH-SAFE. For pattern see Supplement to Harper's Bazar, Vol. V., No. 30.

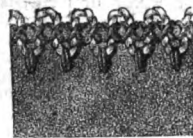
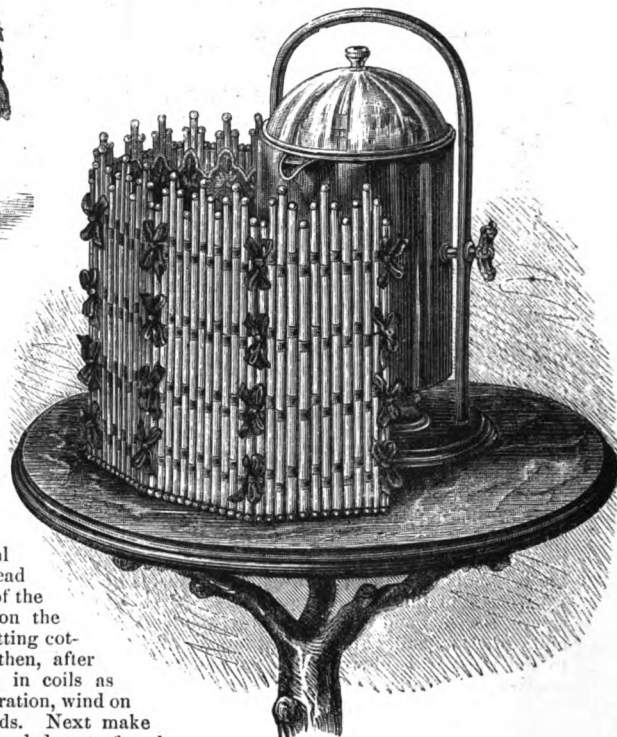


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF BORDER OF MATCH-SAFE.

inner coiled part a piece of wire seventy-two inches long, double it so that both ends come together in the middle of the wire, take up two large round crystal beads, push each bead on the end (fold) of the double wire, and on the wire first wind knitting cotton loosely, and then, after bending the ends in coils as shown by the illustration, wind on strung crystal beads. Next make the outer sloped beaded part of each foot of a piece of wire twenty-six inches



CANE WIND SCREEN.

long, similar to the part previously beaded, and fasten both parts together and on the beaded hoop of the basket, as shown by the illustration; cover the seam made by doing this with chenille wound crosswise on the hoop. For the fringe of string beads and cut oblong and round crystal beads first work on the upper hoop of the basket a number of scallops as shown by the illustration, each of which counts 26 string beads. To each of these scallops fasten fringe as follows: Fasten the thread to the third b. (bead), take up 4 string b., 1 round b., 2 string b., and 1 oblong b., slip the thread from right to left through the fifth following b. of the scallop and back again through the oblong b., * take up 2 string b., 1 round b., 2 string b., and 1 oblong b., slip the thread through the third following b. of the scallop and back again through the oblong b.; repeat three times

more from *; take up 2 string b., 1 round b., 4 string b., and fasten the thread to the fifth following b. of the scallop. The handle, which is nineteen inches and a quarter long and three-quarters of an inch wide, is worked, similar to the upper hoop of the basket, of wire and

stiff linen, covered with linen, and wound with crystal beads; the wires hemmed in on both sides of the stiff linen should project from the ends of the linen so that a loop may be formed of it at both sides of the handle, by means of which the handle is joined with the feet of the basket; the wire ends of each loop are not fastened until they are laid around the upper scallop of one of the feet. Set a pinked silk ruche an inch and a quarter wide, laid in double box-pleats, on the upper edge of the basket and on the handle as shown by the illustration, cover the seam on the inside of the handle with a piece of wire on which beads are wound, and trim the handle with chenille and silk tassels. To strengthen the frame both feet of the basket may be joined by a piece of wire wound with beads, which is fastened underneath the netted part.

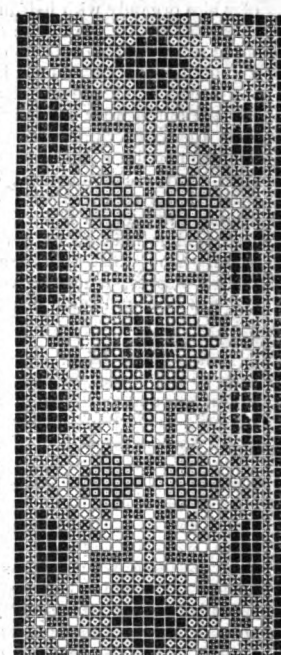


Fig. 2.—TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR KEY-POCKETS, NAPKIN-RINGS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ■ Red; ■ Reddish-Brown; ■ Violet; ■ Green; ■ White; * 1st (darkest), * 2d, * 3d, * 4th (lightest), Fawn.

Cane Wind Screen.

This wind screen is designed to be placed before the tea or coffee urn to protect the flame from draught in the open air. The original is in five sections, each of which consists of thirteen pointed bars of cane or bamboo trimmed with red beads and joined with red silk ribbon. Red cashmere lining completes the wind screen. For each section cut of cane three bars each eight inches and a half long, then six bars each eight inches long, and four



DESIGN FOR SLIPPER.—APPLICATION AND SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

bars each seven inches and three-quarters long; cut off each of these bars on the ends a quarter of an inch long, so that only the centre remains as a thin rivet, and in all the bars bore a hole one inch from the under end: each hole is bored through the middle of the bar in a straight direction. Above these holes bore through each bar three times more at intervals of an inch and seven-eighths, then string the thirteen bars of one part on red saddler's silk as shown by the illustration, so that they form three points on the upper edge. To do this slip a long thread once through each row of holes, carry it back, working a cross stitch on the gathering thread between every two bars, and then work a similar row of stitches in the opposite direction. By doing this oblong cross stitches are formed on one side of the bars (the wrong side of the screen). The bars thus joined are braided at both sides of the row of stitches, as shown by the illustration, with a piece of red silk ribbon a quarter of an inch wide and sixteen inches long, so that the middle of the ribbon comes on one side of the screen, while the ends of the ribbon project equally long from the other side of the screen; these ribbons afterward serve to tie the parts of the screen together. Dip the rivets of the bars in dissolved gum-arabic, and set on the beads. For the lining of the wind screen cut five pieces of red cashmere each six inches and seven-eighths long and three inches and three-quarters wide, folded on one side; sew the edges of each piece of lining together on the side, trim the pieces in point Russe embroidery with red sad-

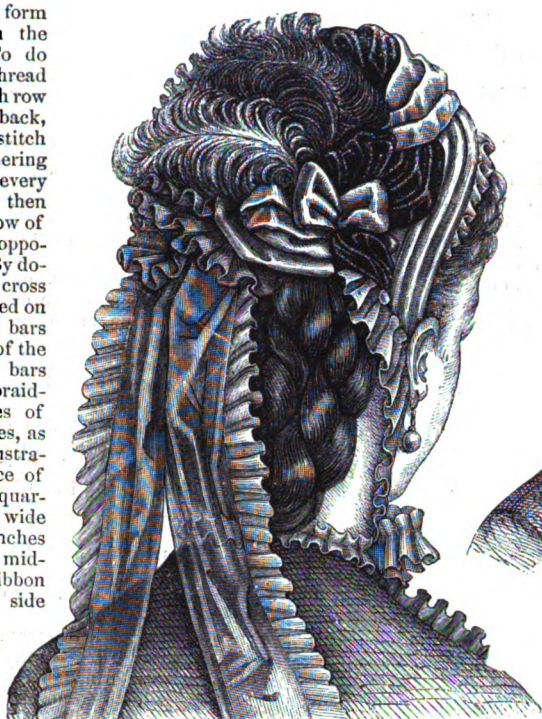


Fig. 2.—GRAY CRAPE BONNET FOR ELDERLY LADY.



Fig. 1.—MAIZE CRAPE HAT.

trimmed with ribbons of two different colors, such as brown and pink, brown and blue, etc. The hats shown by Figs. 5 and 6 are made of organdy and figured batiste, and are especially suitable for garden wear.

Fig. 1.—MAIZE CRAPE HAT. This hat is bound with black velvet on the outer edge, and trimmed with a puff, ruffles, and a scarf of crape, with corn-colored reps ribbon, a black ostrich feather, and a tuft of flowers.

Fig. 2.—GRAY CRAPE BONNET FOR ELDERLY LADY. The trimming of this bonnet consists of pleated strips and loops of black velvet, one light gray and one dark gray ostrich feather. A ruche of gray crape is set inside of the bonnet.

Fig. 3.—WHITE ENGLISH STRAW HAT. The trimming consists of bows and ends of brown gros grain ribbon and a brown feather. A ruche of brown ribbon is set along the inner edge of the hat.

Fig. 4.—BLACK CRAPE BONNET, bound with black gros grain and trimmed with bias strips, pleated strips, and rolls of black gros grain. Strings of black gros grain trimmed with rolls of the same. A black crape ruche is set inside of the bonnet. At the right side is a jet agrafe.

Fig. 3.—WHITE ENGLISH STRAW HAT.

Fig. 5.—WHITE ORGANDY GARDEN HAT WITH SPRAY OF FLOWERS. To make this hat cut for the crown of double stiff lace an oval piece ten inches long and eight inches and seven-eighths wide. Lay this piece in small pleats at regular intervals along the outer edge, so that it suits the size of the head (twenty inches and a half in the



Fig. 4.—BLACK CRAPE BONNET.



Fig. 6.—FIGURED WHITE AND LILAC BATISTE GARDEN HAT.



Fig. 5.—WHITE ORGANDY GARDEN HAT WITH SPRAY OF FLOWERS.

dlar's silk as shown by the illustration, button-hole stitch them on the outer edge, and cut away the projecting material. Sew the pieces of lining to the parts of the screen along the rows of stitches. Finally, join the sections of the screen, always drawing one ribbon end on one side of one part through the ribbon on the other side of the next part, and tie it in a bow with the other end; the sections of the lining are overseamed together on the sides.

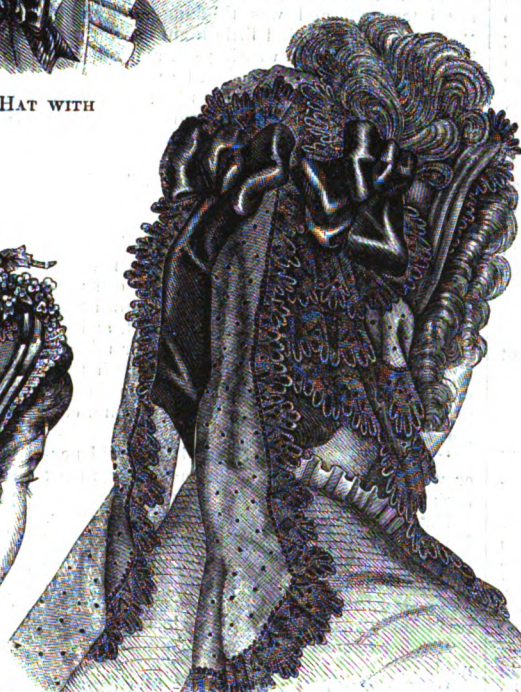


Fig. 7.—FIGURED BLACK LACE BONNET FOR ELDERLY LADY.



Fig. 8.—WHITE NEAPOLITAN BONNET.



Fig. 9.—LILAC CRAPE BONNET FOR ELDERLY LADY.



Fig. 10.—BRUSSELS STRAW HAT.

Summer Hats and Bonnets for Young and Old Ladies, Figs. 1-10.

THESE hats and bonnets are partly made of straw and partly of crape or tulle. The trimming consists of lace, long tulle scarfs, ribbons, feathers, and flowers. A favorite trimming for hats consists of ribbons in two shades of one color—as, for, instance, light and dark brown, light and dark green, etc.; some hats are also

original). Then cover the crown smoothly with white organdy. For the rim cut a strip of double Swiss muslin fifty-two inches long and seven inches and a quarter wide, which is sloped off on one side toward the ends to a width of four inches and seven-eighths. Into this strip sew a piece of covered wire twenty inches and seven-eighths long on the straight side, two inches from this sew in a piece of similar wire twenty-six inches long, two inches and a half from the latter sew in a piece of wire thirty-six inches long, and, finally, on the sloped side sew in a piece of wire forty-four inches and a half long. The strip is gathered by means of the wire as shown by the illustration. The ends of each piece of wire overlap half an inch long and are sewed together; sew up the strip on the ends and join the rim thus formed with the crown, and cover the seam with an organdy binding. Trim the outer edge of the hat on the inside and outside with a box-pleated organdy ruche an inch and a quarter wide each, and surround the crown with a wound pinked organdy strip three inches and three-quarters wide.

Fig. 6.—FIGURED WHITE AND LILAC BATISTE GARDEN HAT. Cut the crown of the hat of stiff lace, like that of the hat shown by Fig. 5, and cover it smoothly with batiste. For the rim of the hat cut an oval piece of stiff lace fifteen inches and three-quarters long and fourteen inches wide, in the middle of this cut out an oval piece six inches and seven-eighths long and five inches and three-quarters wide, and cover the rim thus formed with figured batiste on the inside and outside; in doing this at the same time fasten in covered wire on the outer edges. Join the rim and crown, cover the seam with a batiste binding, and surround the crown with a pleated batiste ruffle two inches wide, edged with lace half an inch wide. The seam of this ruffle is covered with a wound lavender batiste strip, which is tied in a bow in the back.

Fig. 7.—BLACK FIGURED TULLE BONNET FOR ELDERLY LADY. This bonnet is bound with black gros grain on the outer edge, and trimmed with rolls of the same. Bows with long ends of black gros grain ribbon and black ostrich feathers complete the trimming.

Fig. 8.—WHITE NEAPOLITAN BONNET, trimmed with bows and strings of wide pink gros grain ribbon; the ends of the bows are edged with knotted pink silk fringe. A spray of wild roses forms the remainder of the trimming.

Fig. 9.—LAVENDER CRAPE BONNET FOR ELDERLY LADY. This lavender crape bonnet is trimmed with rolls and pleated strips of lavender gros grain, black lace and black tulle scarfs, and with lavender lilac blossoms. Lavender strings trimmed with lace.

Fig. 10.—BRUSSELS STRAW HAT, trimmed with dark and light green ribbon, black lace, and green feather. Figured black tulle and lace veil.

Match-Safe, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 508.

This match-safe is made of card-board. Both the outer and inner parts are covered with brown silk on the outside and with brown glazed paper on the inside. The trimming on the outer part consists of a brown piece of velvet ornamented on the edge in embroidery with brown saddle's silk and gold cord. Cut of card-board one piece from Fig. 90, Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, Vol. V., No. 30, leaving an edge a quarter of an inch wide on one side. Cover this piece on the inner side with glazed paper, close it in a ring, pasting one side a quarter of an inch wide on the other side, and cover it with silk on the outside. Then cut of card-board one piece for the bottom from Fig. 91, Supplement, cover this piece with paper also on the inside, and paste it into the outer piece cut previously, according to the corresponding signs. Cover the bottom on the outside with a piece of graphite paper of the requisite size. Cut of velvet on the under side of which this paper has first been pasted, the trimming in one piece from Fig. 92, Supplement, and surround it on the outer edge with the narrow border, of which illustration Fig. 2 shows a full-sized section. Having worked the embroidery, paste the velvet on the outer part, observing the illustration, having first furnished the overlapping end with a loop of gold cord and a small bronze button. The inner part, designed to hold the matches, is also cut from Figs. 90 and 91 of the same Supplement, but somewhat smaller than the pattern; in joining both parts fasten in a small ribbon loop, which serves for a handle.

Tapestry Designs for Key-Baskets, Napkin-Rings, etc.

See illustrations on page 508.

Both designs are worked on coarse or fine canvas, in cross stitch, with worsted, silk, or beads, in the colors given in the description of symbols. These designs are also used for edges of twine canvas bags and foot-blankets.

Design for Slipper.—Application and Satin Stitch Embroidery.

See illustrations on page 508.

This design is worked on a foundation of light gray leather, cloth, or gray drilling. In application, satin stitch, half-polka stitch, and point Russé embroidery with saddle's silk in various bright colors, and with various pieces of velvet, satin, or cloth. The edging of the central figure and the flowers is worked with fine gold cord.

WERE THEY VAGABONDS?

IT is just the richest thing, the way my sister Bel got lost in Boston. She was so self-confident, too, for she had learned a great many of the ins and outs of the streets while attending school in that city, and it was after the lapse of only a year that she returned to visit her dear chum, Melicent Gay. So, of course, she needed no escort; and after writing to Melicent that she would arrive in the evening train, she suddenly determined to take one six hours earlier, so as to get in by daylight, walk up from the dépôt, and regale her eyes with a sight of the dear old Common, the picture stores, and the State-house. After emerging from the cars, and safely passing the vociferous hackmen, she suddenly remembered that she had not brought along Melicent's last letter, and as the Gays had just moved, it was of the first importance to

know their address, and this Bel had utterly forgotten.

"Never mind," thought my capable sister. "How well it is that I got here in the day-time! I will run up to Mrs. Moxon's first thing, and find out where the Gays live. I shall still get to Melicent's for tea, and to-morrow will be soon enough to send for my trunk."

Mrs. Moxon, a quiet old widow lady, was Melicent's aunt, and had been quite kind to Bel as a school-girl; so it was, no doubt, the best thing she could do to go there. She lived on Hollis Street. Bel walked slowly along, delighted to be in her pet city again, and looking into all the store windows as she passed, thinking what charming shopping expeditions she should go on by-and-by.

Here was a place where she could get a supply of decalcomanie. She must really stop to look at those odd designs and pretty box-wood knickknacks. Then what wonder was this, so brown and crumbly, the perfect representation of some picturesque old ruin? It was a "cork-picture," and kept Bel a long time studying it out. Then she came to a caramel store.

"I have not had a caramel since I left Boston," thought Bel, and going in, bought a pocketful.

She paused before surprising bargains in embroidery set up in a shop window; she dropped into a circulating library; a curiously carved bracket detained her, she lingered irresolute at the foot of a dingy pair of stairs which led, as a humble little case of show-work indicated, up to the den of some cutter in ivory; but this delight she determined to reserve for the future and Melicent. So, what with one pleasant delay after another, it was really almost sundown when Bel reached Mrs. Moxon's house. The kind old lady welcomed her cordially, and laughed when she heard what mishap had brought her there.

"Melicent lives in Crescent Court," she said. "You know where Crescent Court is, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Bel; "I know my way all around. I shall have to hurry, though, now, to get there by dark."

"Oh no, indeed! You must stay with me to tea," urged Mrs. Moxon. "I want to see you, my dear. Now do. You are tired, too, and need refreshment. I expect a young friend here this evening, who will be glad to see you safely to Melicent's. Indeed, I shall keep you till after tea."

"All right," said Bel, who rather delights in having her plans flexible—it brings her athwart such nice little surprises sometimes, she claims. So she took off her hat and staid to tea. It could not make any difference to Melicent, who would not look for her till the late train.

The young friend came early in the evening. Very uninteresting Bel found him, as she carelessly observed his plain face, plain dress, and slightly embarrassed manner. Her mind roved. She wondered if she should soon meet a certain Mr. Burns, a thorough city gentleman, whose acquaintance she had made the previous summer up in the country, where she had been visiting and he boarding. He had assured her he should call on her if she ever happened to be in town, and she had a neat little card all ready to post to him the next day, to let him know where to find her. She began to long to see Melicent. Mrs. Moxon saw her glancing at the clock, and said, presently,

"George, won't you do this young lady a favor, and give yourself a pleasure at the same time? I want you to escort her to my niece Melicent's. You know where she lives? Crescent Court? It is close by your boarding-place, and the horse-car will take you nearly there."

"I shall be very happy," he said, rising; and Bel began to collect her belongings.

But I doubt whether he was really very happy just at the moment to leave his kind old friend for a formal tête-à-tête with this stranger, who had hardly vouchsafed him five sentences during the evening. A quiet, restrained young man like Mr. Arnold could hardly feel at ease at the very first with a bright, critical girl like Bel, piquantly pretty in her spruce new traveling dress, and more than half conscious of it, eager for city culture and delights, and girlishly intolerant of things commonplace. Commonplace would be just her word for George Arnold, and it makes me laugh to think of the conventional, threadbare sort of conversation they sustained walking down the street and waiting at the corner for a car.

"A very pleasant evening."

"Yes; not too warm."

"And not too cool. I hope you are not chilly?"

"Oh no! Is that our car?"

"No; it is going the wrong way."

"To be sure. How stupid I am!"

Then there was a little pause of silence, till Mr. Arnold made some remark about the brightness of the street lights.

"Yes," said Bel, seized with one of her ideas; "and the buildings are so high that when you look up in the sky, you only see a narrow line of stars instead of the whole heavens, just as if there was a Washington Street up there, and a Hollis Street, and the stars were the street lights!"

To this unexpected play of fancy Mr. Arnold had evidently no reply ready; and while he stood thinking what to say, Bel on her part was considering how awkward these still sort of men are, and wishing that it were Mr. Burns instead waiting with her at the corner. How eloquently he would have talked about the stars and every thing else! What delightful moonlight chats they had had in that little rustic porch, up in the country, beneath the vines loaded with sweet midsummer bloom!

Mr. Arnold did not rouse her from her reverie, and it was not till she found herself involuntarily

changing her position that she began to wonder why they had to wait so long.

"Plenty of cars go the other way," said Mr. Arnold, "but none seem to be going in our direction. We have been here nearly half an hour," he added, consulting his watch.

"Oh, then something must obstruct the track," said Bel. "Once I saw eight cars waiting in a line for an hour because a horse of the first car had a fit. Suppose we walk? I'd just as lief as not."

"If you are not too tired," said he, hesitatingly.

"Oh, I am never tired!" she answered, in her impetuous way. "Melicent and I used to walk miles and miles and miles. I had a great deal rather; there is time enough; we shall still get there by ten o'clock, and she will sit up till I come, no matter what hour it is, for she knows the evening train is often late."

"We can at least walk till a car overtakes us," said Mr. Arnold, glad himself to be moving, and so off they started, in quite a friendly manner, Bel for the first time taking his arm. His step suited her, the cool night air was pleasant, the exhilaration of walking acceptable. But no car overtook them. By this time the stores were nearly all shut, but there were a number of people still on the street, and the lights were bright as ever. Bel was in good spirits, studying out her old landmarks through the disguise of night, and making a running commentary for Mr. Arnold's benefit. She might as well entertain him, she thought.

"There's a store where I had to wait for an hour once through a thunder-storm," she said. "It's a bird store, and you ought to have heard the parrots chatter. On the opposite corner, up in the fifth story, is the best place in the city to get tin-types. We girls had two dozen apiece, and changed round. Oh, look at these great glass windows! This is a picture store, and I bought a chromo here once—a chromo of one of Turner's paintings; a beauty, all full of golden haze. I wanted it so much because of what Ruskin says. You've read Ruskin? Yes? Then you know what I mean. How natural every thing looks, though I haven't been here for a year. I suppose it is all very familiar to you?"

"Not very," said Mr. Arnold, smiling, "since I never even saw Boston until yesterday."

"Then you don't live here!" exclaimed Bel, quite amazed.

"I intend to live here," said Mr. Arnold, quietly. "I have made arrangements to go into business here; but having arrived only yesterday, I don't know much about localities yet, only the street where I board, and State Street, and Scollay's Buildings, and the way to Mrs. Moxon's, who is an old friend of my mother."

"Oh, well, I am a good pilot," said Bel, laughing, "and I like the Boston streets. Some people make fun of them, but they are my admiration. It must be easy enough for any city to get itself up with straight streets, just so far apart, and then number them at that. But I think a city has decided genius that can make unto itself all kinds of streets—bent ones, winding ones, slanting ones, round ones, short and long ones, wide and narrow ones, and give every one a different name. Then there are the alleys. I delight in alleys, don't you?"

Mr. Arnold had not paid much attention to the subject of alleys, and confessed it.

"We are just coming to one now," said Bel, enthusiastically. "I remember it. It goes from Washington Street up into Tremont, and makes three turns, Mr. Arnold! It's quite a bright night, and so late I don't believe we should meet any one. Suppose we go through it, and give me the pleasure of introducing you to a regular Boston alley?"

"I really think I should like to make its acquaintance," said Mr. Arnold, who was becoming interested, and was thinking to himself, "What a busy, fanciful little brain it is!" His habitual reserve was wearing off, and entering into the spirit of the occasion, he traversed the alley with an appreciation that made Bel almost begin to like him. She wondered where he had lived; in the country, of course; but she put the question graciously:

"What town is your home in, Mr. Arnold?"

"Philadelphia."

"Oh!"

And now they passed Scollay's Buildings, and fell into a snare. Bel always charged it to the weird, changed look that even streets can wear by night; but, whatever the reason, down Sudbury Street they went instead of Court, at Bel's instance too, and only discovered their mistake by a subtle misgiving stealing over both their minds at last, which made Mr. Arnold look closely about him and find at last the name on a corner, Causeway Street.

"Oh, that is all wrong!" cried Bel. "I never was down here in my life, and how to get back I don't know!"

But Mr. Arnold was equal to the emergency. He carefully led the way, and after a time they triumphantly stood by Scollay's again. No more mistakes this time; they took their steps wisely, and at last turned into Crescent Court. But by this time it was nearly eleven o'clock.

"What number is the house?" asked Mr. Arnold.

"Why, she didn't tell me! She certainly didn't mention the number!" exclaimed Bel. "All she said was Crescent Court. Don't you know?"

"Not I!" he said, laughing. "I am not even acquainted with the family. This is a dilemma. What do we do next?"

"Why," said my sister, briskly, "Melicent is waiting up for me, I know, and I see only two houses with the lights still burning, so it must be one of them. We will inquire."

So they tried the first house, ringing the bell.

A drowsy servant told them the Gays did not live there, and, moreover, she knew of no such family in the court. They turned hopefully to the other house; but even as they neared it a carriage drove up, stopped, and a lady and gentleman alighted.

"Good-night, Jessie darling," murmured the gentleman. "I will call to-morrow." And then he re-entered the carriage, while the young lady ran up the steps, admitting herself with a door-key.

"No, don't ask!" said Bel, nervously, as Mr. Arnold was pressing forward to make inquiries. "It isn't Melicent. There is no Jessie. She wouldn't know, for they only moved a few days ago."

They turned away, Bel cold and trembling; for she had heard before that voice that said "darling," and even in the brief glance she could not mistake face or figure. It was Mr. Burns—her Mr. Burns! Now what of the sweet moonlight confidences, the budding romance? Bel became passive, and Mr. Arnold active. He went up to each house the entire length of the court on each side and examined every door-plate; but not one bore the name of Gay.

"How strange it is!" said Bel, feeling absolutely checkmated, when he announced this discouraging fact. "Here are Melicent and I dying to see each other, and only a brick wall between us, and yet I can't find her."

"I will ring at every door, and rouse up some one in each house, till I find her, if you say so," said George Arnold, willing to do any thing for her relief.

"Oh no, no!" exclaimed Bel. "We should have the whole neighborhood in a furor in ten minutes, and I should feel so ridiculous. No, you mustn't do that."

"I will ask this policeman," said he, seeing one at the corner; but the man only stared, and could give no information.

"What shall we do now?" asked Bel, rather helplessly for her, but Mr. Arnold was prompt.

"It is now a little after eleven," he said.

"We will go back at once, take a horse-car, and return to Mrs. Moxon's. You can stay there overnight, and find your friends to-morrow morning."

"I suppose that is the best thing to do," said Bel. "How Melicent will laugh when I tell her!"

And so they turned back out of the dark, silent court, making merry over their mishaps; for Bel had a little spirit left in her yet to enjoy her adventure, in spite of Mr. Burns's voice, and in spite of the weariness that began to steal over her.

When they reached Tremont and Washington streets again, it really did not seem nearly so late as it did an hour before, for now the theatres were just out, and gay throngs of people were passing, carriages rolling by, and parties filling up the refreshment saloons. They were fortunate in finding a car at once, and in getting seats, for it was being rapidly crowded with out-of-town people anxious to get home.

"I wonder what car it is?" said Bel, as it started. "It has blue lights, but I forget what place that means. It doesn't make any difference, though, as they all pass Hollis Street."

As the conductor came around, making his way with great difficulty among his "fares," Mr. Arnold told him their destination, that he might be sure to stop the car, but the man hardly seemed to attend to him.

"You needn't have spoken to him," said Bel, with an experienced air. "You see, he calls out each street as we come to it, so we shall be sure to hear when he says 'Hollis.'"

"So he does," said Mr. Arnold, "and I am glad of it, for I don't like to trust to recognizing the locality myself at this hour."

"Oh, I shall know when we come to it," she replied; but she was not much helped after all, for in one minute she was sound asleep. The poor girl was really tired, she had been through so much since sunrise that morning. Mr. Arnold was drowsy too, but he fought against it, and listened attentively whenever the conductor shouted the name of a street. Street after street was called, and every little while some one got out, but still Hollis Street was not reached. At last Mr. Arnold felt uneasy, and, going out on the platform, spoke to the conductor. He looked surprised.

"Why," said he, "you ought to have got out at Bennet Street—that's the same thing. It changes its name to Hollis after crossing Washington."

"But the cars go directly by Hollis Street," argued Mr. Arnold.

"Not ours. We used to, but now we go through Harrison Avenue. I am very sorry, Sir. We are more than half-way to Mount Pleasant; you had better go on to the end of the route and come back in the return car. We shall pass directly by Hollis Street then, and I'll promise not to forget you."

Mount Pleasant! Where was that? Mr. Arnold had not the least idea, and he could have lashed himself for letting such a blunder occur. Bel laughed when he aroused her and remorsefully described the new predicament.

"It is a night of adventures!" she said; "just one of the things it will always be fun to remember. We might as well enjoy it in the time of it. Oh yes, I know where Mount Pleasant is: a very pretty locality. I shall take pleasure in showing you the environs of the city, Mr. Arnold."

But when the last gay party of theatre-goers left the car, and they were rattling along by themselves, it seemed to grow all of a sudden so very late and lonesome. Mr. Arnold looked grave, and Bel felt a sense of forlornness, though the weirdness of the situation commended itself to her fancy, and she could not help wondering what would happen next.

It really seemed quite in the order of things, when the car stopped, to be told that it would not return under half an hour. The horses were led off, and the driver and conductor vanished with them.

"How bright it is!" said Mr. Arnold, raising a window. "The moon is up. Mount Pleasant by moonlight! I don't know but it is worth coming to see."

"I have read somewhere," remarked Bel, "that we never really know any scene, no matter how familiar, until we have seen it by moonlight. There is such a difference in the tone of the lights and shades. Now see how soft and dreamy the shadow of that tree is. It is like a tree in a vision."

"It is the time of restoration," said Mr. Arnold. "They say that the unsparing sun would disintegrate and crumble the proudest towers and monuments, if night did not come at intervals to relieve and preserve."

"Let us see if it will restore us," said Bel, lightly. "I have a fancy to take a little stroll in this lovely moonlight. It is really due to the occasion."

So they stepped out of the car, and wandered up and down the quiet road, looking at the pretty gardens and peaceful country houses, which seemed themselves to be at rest and asleep, like their inmates. Bel plucked a sprig of evergreen from a hedge for a souvenir. She had little to say now—it was Mr. Arnold's turn. He felt that the girl's cheerful spirits were flagging; and anxious to enliven her, he forsook entirely his usual silent habit, quoted bits of poetry, made witty speeches, invented odd conceits, and gave loose rein to fancy to while away the time, and succeeded so well that Bel wondered at her first low estimate of him, and thought to herself, concedingly, that he knew as much as any man she had ever met.

The horses returned, they re-entered the car, and were carried rapidly back into the city, for they were the only passengers. The first stop made was at Hollis Street, and landing, they found themselves on the same corner where they had waited so long earlier in the evening. They walked along in front of Mrs. Moxon's house. Mr. Arnold looked at his watch; it was two o'clock. He was about mounting the step to ring the bell, but my sister detained him.

"I have been thinking about it the last half hour," she said, nervously, "and I am really afraid to let you ring that bell, Mr. Arnold. It is so very late, and Mrs. Moxon is very old and feeble, and her friends are all careful never to give her any shock or trouble. It would startle and alarm her so to be roused up at this hour I am afraid it would make her ill, and if any harm should come to her for it I could never be happy again. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Arnold?"

Mr. Arnold allowed the force of all that she urged, but could see no alternative. He thought of a hotel; but it would hardly be pleasant for Bel to present herself at one at that hour, either alone or under his escort. Then there was his boarding-house; but he had hardly made his landlady's acquaintance yet, and the house was kept exclusively for gentlemen. Meanwhile Bel remained firm.

"I have made up my mind," she said, desperately. "I am going to finish the night on the Common! After all, what is it? In the course of my life I expect to join camping-out parties innumerable, to climb the Alps, to spend a week on the Highlands, to meet mishaps and adventures without end. There could not be an easier thing than this to begin with. It is after two o'clock; in four hours the sun will be up, and our troubles at an end. There are benches on the Common where we can rest. The only thing that embarrasses me is yourself, Mr. Arnold. It is an imposition to keep you trudging about with me in this way, when you might be comfortably asleep in your boarding-house."

But Mr. Arnold, who was already beginning to wish that he might journey through the whole of life with this bright little comrade, earnestly protested that it was no imposition, but a pleasure rather, and he would not for any thing miss seeing the adventure to its end. So Bel had her own way, as she always does, and the two moon-lit pilgrims turned their somewhat lagging steps toward the Common.

"Ah, this is peace!" murmured Bel, as they arrived there at last, and she sank down on one of the benches near the glimmering pond, and looked up at the spaces of sky through the trees. Mr. Arnold took a seat at her side, and drew her water-proof closer about her shoulders. They were both tired enough to enjoy the transient rest, part of the time in silence, and part in low-voiced conversation. But the quiet beauty and repose of the scene were soon disturbed. Bel discerned with a shudder two dark bodies lying prone and motionless beneath a tree only a few feet away, homeless vagabonds, who had found no roof to shelter them. Some men came strolling down the path with uncertain steps and gay, broken singing, returning from some late carousal. They loitered and stared rudely at the lady and gentleman on the bench, and again Bel was struck with a sense of something familiar as she unwillingly regarded them.

"We have seen one of those men before to-night," said Mr. Arnold, after they had passed on. "It was he who helped the young lady from the carriage in Crescent Court."

Good Heavens! Did men, then, go into haunts of debauchery with the words "Good-night, darling," still trembling on their lips? One did, it seemed, and "Henceforth," thought Bel, "he and I are strangers!"

Close upon the shock of this revelation a sober, respectable policeman came walking slowly by, and cast a look of grave scrutiny on our luckless pair which made Bel's cheeks burn. As soon as he was out of sight she sprang up.

"I don't want to stay here any longer," she

said, hurriedly. "Let us go out on the street again. Any thing is better than this!"

And taking Mr. Arnold's ready arm, she emerged under his guidance out upon Beacon Street. Very grand and lofty and unapproachable looked its stately mansions in the night. One could imagine what comfort and luxury, what generous hospitality and sympathy, might be within the walls; but it would be like storming a fort to try to get at them.

Bel began to think of herself pityingly. The pretty plume on her jaunty traveling hat drooped; her whole aspect became forlorn. She was terribly weary, though she would not acknowledge it. The morning before seemed ages away, she had done so much, been through so much, since then. Would she ever rest again?

"I wish I was at home in my own little bed," she thought, with real homesick longing.

The man's strength and cheerfulness shone out more and more as the woman's failed. To Mr. Arnold the hours seemed now too short, and day too near. Bel leaned dependently on his firm arm, and submitted to go whithersoever he led. They wandered over the State-house hill, their aching feet trod Mount Vernon Street and Hancock, they paused in the chill shadow of the gloomy reservoir, and realized how a homeless creature feels. To amuse themselves, they made their conversation grotesque, imagined themselves street Arabs, strolling gypsies, babes in the wood. The minutes glided slowly by, the very stars over their heads relieved each other on the watch, and sent new constellations out to look coldly down on them. They turned their steps again into another street, very narrow and long, so long that its perspective seemed to end like a needle's point.

"Why, I don't believe I ever was on this street before in my life," said Bel, wonderingly. "What is it?"

Mr. Arnold hunted up the name on a corner—Myrtle Street. There was a secluded, respectable air about it that pleased them, and not another wanderer but themselves abroad in it.

"Isn't the sky clouding over?" asked Bel, presently. "Suppose it should rain! Let us find the most protecting doorway there is, to have for an umbrella."

Some broad steps were soon decided on, with a covered entrance; and here Bel sat down.

"Rain or no rain, I'm tired out," she confessed, "and not another step do I take till morning. Mr. Arnold, I'm desperately hungry; aren't you?"

"A little," he acknowledged, laughingly. "If we had known we would have brought a lunch-basket."

Then Bel bethought herself of her package of caramels, and drawing them forth from her pocket, divided them fairly; and there these two unfortunates sat and merrily ate them up, on a stranger's door-step, in an unknown street of a labyrinthine city, at half past four in the morning.

After this there was a lull in the conversation, and when Mr. Arnold made his next remark he received no answer. Bel was sound asleep, within the shadow of the doorway, leaning against a pillar. He glanced at her a moment, and then, resting his head on his hands, he began to wonder if this George Arnold and the one of twenty-four hours before were the same person; life had blossomed out into something so new and strange since then.

He watched and waited there, alone with his thoughts, while the slow moments dragged along, watched and waited, until at last the gray light of dawn crept up the east. And now he heard the far-off street cars' subdued sound, the milkmen's wagons began to rattle, and two or three early boys, with unwashed faces, came whistling by. The sky grew momentarily brighter; it was time to awaken Bel.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, starting up as vivaciously as if she had never been sleepy at all. "Day has come, hasn't it! How thankful I am! And now let us go to Crescent Court at once."

They made their way cautiously and safely, taking the right streets and the right turns this time, and in fifteen minutes found themselves once more in the court, which was waking up. Windows and doors were beginning to open, and a few house-maids with unkempt hair were already out sweeping the pavements. Of one of these Mr. Arnold made inquiries.

"And sure you've come to the right place," she said; "this is the house himself lives in. Is this the young lady Miss Melicent ud be expectin'?"

"But the name of Darrow is on this door," said Mr. Arnold, hesitating.

"Indeed and it is; but they'll change the platter to-day."

"Oh, do let me go to Melicent this minute," said Bel, eagerly. "Which is her room? Third story, front? Then I'll run right up. Mr. Arnold, you have been a friend in need; I never can forget your kindness. Do call soon. Good-morning."

And away she flew up the stairs, leaving poor Mr. Arnold to make his lonely way to his boarding-house, where it is to be hoped he got a good hot breakfast and a chance to rest.

But Bel burst in upon Melicent, who lay dreaming among her pillows, and awoke her to such a hugging and kissing as only girl friends can indulge in.

"Such a time as I have had finding you!" she exclaimed, laughing and crying in one breath.

"Why, when did you come?" asked Melicent, in amazement. "Father and I went down to the dépôt to meet you last night, and watched every one that got off the train. I was so disappointed when you didn't come! We got home by ten o'clock, and I went straight to bed. Have you just come in an early morning train? You must have been traveling half the night."

"I have been traveling all night!" said Bel,

with a tragic air; and sitting down on the bed-side, she told the story of all her adventures through, to which Melicent listened with alternate shouts of laughter and bursts of sympathy.

"I never heard any thing like it in all my life; never, never!" she exclaimed. "What will poor dear Aunt Moxon say? Her favorite George Arnold too. I've not seen him yet; is he nice?"

"Nice! He's perfectly splendid!" said Bel, enthusiastically.

"Aha!" cried Melicent, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, "sets the wind in that quarter?"

Well, my story is done. I only undertook to tell how Bel got lost in Boston, you know. That was—let me see—three, four years ago, and she is Mrs. George Arnold now. Her husband is talking of buying a house, but they can hardly decide whether to purchase on Myrtle Street or out at Mount Pleasant.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WEST POINT is one of the most attractive of our summer resorts. It is not merely because its surroundings are delightful, situated as it is in the midst of picturesque mountain scenery, with one of the most charming rivers in the world flowing through the hills; but here are located the young cadets in whom are centered the proud and anxious thoughts of many parents, sisters, and friends. The discipline to which the cadet is subjected in the Military Academy is exact and rigid; but during the summer-time, when the annual June examination is ended and camp life has commenced, more recreation is allowed than at other seasons. The hotels are crowded with visitors, and the cadets see and enjoy much of the outside social life. They are released from severe duty during the latter part of the day and evening, and indulge in visits, walks, excursions, and the ever-exciting "hops." Hence it is that summer visitors from all parts of the country flock to West Point.

No candidate for cadetship is received under seventeen or over twenty-one years of age, except in a few extraordinary cases, where they are eligible up to the age of twenty-four. The academic course consists of four years, which are devoted to the thorough study of important branches. During all this time the cadet is expected to be obedient to the minutest requirement of the Code of Regulations. Demerit marks are given for what might seem trifling causes; but the rules for the promotion of order and personal cleanliness and neatness are very strict, and it is by them that habits are formed which are exceedingly useful through life. If the collar is not neatly put on, the shoes not properly blacked, the hair too long, or the bedroom not in the required order, the delinquent receives a demerit mark. How fortunate it would be if some, not cadets, could be forced into habits of neatness by demerit marks of some kind! A military school was first established at West Point in the year 1794, although for some years previously the matter had been under consideration. It was not, however, until 1802 that arrangements were made for establishing a proper military academy upon a firm foundation, and for years afterward it maintained only a feeble existence. About 1812 the importance of the matter began to be generally recognized, and Congress passed an act authorizing the establishment of the academy at West Point upon its present broad foundation.

Long Branch is now called the Summer Capital. It has seventeen hotels, and is lighted by gas. Some of the hotels charge only eight dollars a day for board!

Buffalo has one smart woman. She has this year raised \$2500 worth of strawberries from two acres of ground. He who has done better might appropriately mention the fact to the public.

Are laws inoperative at the sea-side and at fashionable watering-places? Otherwise, how is it that it seems to be no offense against the law to keep a gambling-house at some of our most frequented summer resorts?

A score or more of publishers—American and English—have sent letters to Dr. Livingstone, offering to issue the record of his last explorations. The doctor may make his fortune yet.

If the ordinary murderer is worthy of death, what penalty can be severe enough for a wretch who builds a barricade in front of an express train containing a thousand passengers? Yet this crime was committed in Illinois not long ago. Had it not been for the instantaneous action of the air brakes, one of the most awful of railroad disasters would have followed. Such would-be murderers should be properly cared for.

The new building of the Brooklyn Orphan Asylum now contains about 170 children. The asylum building cost \$210,000, exclusive of the lot. Water is carried to every floor, as is also gas. Steam is used for heating it in winter. It is one of the handsomest institutions of the kind in the country, and the whole arrangements are most comfortable and convenient.

In detailing his observations while watching the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, Professor Palmieri said: "I have analyzed the smoke which rises above the lava, and have been well roasted, but I discovered that it is soluble in salt-water." From this he inferred that at the depths of the volcano there was a communication between the sea and the fire during the terrible convulsions.

A resident medical officer is required for the Birmingham and Midland Hospital, England. It has been decided that lady physicians may offer themselves as candidates. This is the first appointment of the kind that has been opened to ladies in that country.

An innocent traveler who has just "done" Paris for the first time says the Parisians are the most sensitive people in the world. In

proof whereof he says he gave a waiter six-pence, saying, "There's something to have a glass with, old fellow." Upon which the waiter turned up his eyes, exclaiming, "To drink—never!" and placing his hand on his heart, burst into tears, and with broken accents faltered, "No, Sir; it shall be for my poor mother!"

Ill-fated Persia continues in unabated distress, resulting from the long-continued famine. Appeals for help have been made to the benevolent in this country.

The almond-tree seems to flourish in prolific California. If the story of one cultivator is true. He asserts that he has seven thousand almond-trees under cultivation now, and will transplant thirty thousand more this year! He estimates from forty to sixty pounds of soft-shelled almonds to each tree, from which a good income can be derived. The story is a big one; but then California is a big State.

The explorations of the United States Geological Survey will this year embrace a part of our "National Park," which has been reserved by Congress as a public pleasure-ground—a park of three thousand square miles, containing some of the finest scenery in the world.

It was so hot in New Hampshire not long ago that the lioness and baby lion belonging to a traveling menagerie died from excessive heat. The polar bear seemed utterly prostrated, but he managed to survive.

There was one pretty tableau on the stage of the Boston Jubilee. Madame Leutner had sung an aria from "Martha" to the accompaniment of the Prussian band. It was enthusiastically encored, and she good-naturedly gave the "Star-spangled Banner" in very good English. Immediately a large basket of flowers was seen at her feet, and a ring of jubilant applause filled the house. Herr Saro was leaving the stage, but Madame Leutner caught his hand and gracefully drew him back to share the honors with her. The whole thing was beautifully done.

A visitor to some of the wretched dens in the Fourth Ward of this city recently entered into conversation with a little girl about seven years old whom he found eagerly searching a garbage-barrel for morsels of refuse food which even the homeless dogs had left for something more tasteful, and was told that she had had nothing to eat for two days beyond what she had thus found. "My mother is over at the Island, and my father has been drinking with another woman down in that basement," she said.

"But have you no home?" "No, Sir. Father did not pay up the lodging-money on Saturday night, so I was turned out in the street."

"Where did you sleep then?" "Behind that corner soda-water fountain at the foot of the street, till about four o'clock, when the 'boss' came and pulled me out."

Such is the life of some of the poor children of our city.

"Cottage" trunks is the appropriate term now applied to the huge affairs which convey a lady's wardrobe to and from the fashionable watering-places of our country. A few days ago twenty of these mammoth vehicles were counted *in transitu*, all directed to a New York lady who is spending the season at Newport. No wonder summer recreation is fatiguing!

The Sacramento Union states that San Francisco received last year from Los Angeles orchards 1,739,000 oranges. This year the receipts were 4,000,000 up to the 26th of June, and the supply pretty well exhausted. Besides these there were 5,000,000 received from South Sea Islands and coast ports south of the Gulf of California.

The "City Fathers" of Newport have appropriated \$3000 toward watering the principal streets and avenues.

The hotels at Long Branch are all supplied with fire-extinguishers. How about the hotels at Saratoga?

In New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Cincinnati the reading-rooms of the principal public libraries are now open on Sunday. There is still a great diversity of opinion among good people in regard to the expediency of thus opening the reading-rooms. It is a matter which should be viewed from all sides, in the light of existing facts, and with unprejudiced minds. The recent report of Mr. William F. Poole, librarian, to the trustees of the Cincinnati Public Library, contains the following statement:

"It is a noticeable fact that many of that class of young men who have strolled about the streets on Sunday, and spent the day in a less profitable manner, are habitually frequenting the rooms and spending a portion of the day in reading. The deportment of readers on Sunday has been unexceptionable, and the rooms have been as still and orderly as on secular days. While some readers have called for religious books, the other classes of reading sought for have, in the main, been instructive and profitable. An experiment which was commenced here some sixteen months ago with forebodings in the minds of some excellent people has, by common consent, been acknowledged a success, and has been instrumental in forming public opinion on the subject."

The child violinist who performed at the Boston Jubilee was a five-year-old boy from Brooklyn, named Josie Lambert. His performances were very creditable, though his appearance in the Jubilee programme was criticised.

"Alfalfa," or Chili clover, has been introduced into California. It is remarkable for its luxuriant growth and extraordinary ability to withstand drought.

All do not know that lemons sprinkled with loaf-sugar almost completely allay feverish thirst. They are invaluable in the sick-room. Invalids affected with feverishness can safely consume two or three lemons a day. A lemon or two thus taken at "tea-time" is recommended as an entire substitute for the ordinary supper of summer, and will often induce a comfortable sleep through the night, and give a good appetite for breakfast.

Ladies' Summer Dresses, Figs. 1-7.

Fig. 1.—Double skirt of blue and white striped foulard, the over-skirt being trimmed with a gathered flounce of the material surmounted by folds, and the under-skirt plain. Blue silk jacket, trimmed with white lace, with two long tabs, separated in the back, and caught together at the bottom with a white lace bow. White chip hat, trimmed with pink roses and blue ribbon.

Fig. 2.—White piqué dress, with double skirt and basque, trimmed with kilt pleating and folds of the material, and needle-work edging. White straw bonnet, with *bleu ancien* strings, feather, and aigrette.

Fig. 3.—Lavender poplin skirt and polonaise, trimmed with pleating and folds of the material. The polonaise has wide revers in front, disclosing an embroidered chemisette. Lavender crape bonnet, with pale pink flowers and lavender tulle strings.

Fig. 4.—Écru batiste dress, trimmed with pleated flounces and folds. Black silk jacket with revers, open in front, and fastened with a large écru bow. Black and white Neapolitan hat, with écru ribbons, black velvet bands, and pink roses.

Fig. 5.—Pearl gray pongee skirt, trimmed *en tablier* with kilt pleatings and embroidered folds, which extend around the bottom. Vest-polonaise of the same material, trimmed with kilt pleating surmounted by bias folds. The skirt of the polonaise opens wide in front, and is draped far back, so as to show the tablier.

Fig. 6.—Black grenadine dress with basque, trimmed with a wide flounce of the material headed with a double ruche of broad black lace, divided by a green silk band, and loops of green ribbon. The basque is edged with wide black silk fringe. Green ribbon and wild flowers in the hair.

Fig. 7.—Vert-de-gris silk dress with double skirt and basque-waist. The under-skirt is trimmed with a wide kilt pleating, edged on each side with a fold and pleated frill, set on a quarter of a yard from the bottom. The over-skirt is edged with a gathered flounce, and draped with bows of a darker shade than the dress. Crape hat of the same shade as the dress, trimmed with ribbon and feathers of a darker shade, and white lace veil.

FOR THE UGLY GIRLS.
No. IX.

IS there such a being existing as a hopelessly homely woman? In the light of modern appliances study the faces and figures on a journey from the sea-board to the interior of the States, and confess that the number of repellent and fatally ugly women is few. On the railway I often amuse myself, in default of better things, by considering how the unlimited command of cosmetics and hygienic routine, besides correct taste in dress, would transform the common-looking women one sees into charming and even striking personages. In most of these cases all that is wanting is strength of expression and a clear complexion, two things with which no woman can be absolutely unattractive. The one is the sign of mental, the other of physical health, and no wonder nature makes them winning. To show what I mean, let us dissect some common faults and mention their antidotes. Nothing is more delightful than pulling our neighbors to pieces, especially when, as now, a just motive can be urged for it.

Christiana is over thirty—no reason in the least why she should not be as admired as a three days' rose, for the most beautiful woman I ever was infatuated with was over sixty. Yet nobody thinks of Christiana's looks, for the simple reason that she has given them up herself—thinks her unrefined skin can not be improved, nor the stiff, high carriage of her shoulders be dropped. The depth of her eyes and her really good color suffer in company of these defects. To judge how the remedies must be applied we must scrutinize her entire mode of living. Sunrise, in January or June, and she is not up! This will never serve our candidate for beauty. The first rays of the sun, the purity of early air, have as admirable an effect on the complexion as the noon rays on the webs of linen in the bleaching ground. By all means, if you must rob daylight for sleep, take the hours from ten to three, but see the fires in the east from out-of-doors, even if your head touched the pillow only two hours before. I don't believe in any special morality in getting up early, but mention it for its local effects on nerves and circulation of the blood. There is a tonic in the dew-cool air, a lingering of

night's romance that stirs while it soothes the blood like a fine magnetic hand. But getting up and staying in the house won't improve one's complexion. How much of her rose-and-lily face the English peasant woman owes to her walk to the reaping-field at daybreak is well known. From the first soft days of February and March there is nothing to hinder Christiana from reading her prayer-book or morning paper on the porch in sunlight, if she chooses, rather than to rake the dead leaves from the grass, sweep the steps, or do something to stir her lagging blood. If it is cold, let her plant herself at the sunniest window, sew, run her machine, lounge, and eat there, till she is no more afraid of sunshine than she is of any other blood relation. Our women want to copy French sense, and sit in the balconies and parks to do their work. When they lose the detestable vice of self-consciousness that saps American well-doing

thing more than mere warming through, and a great deal less than crisping. Now let at least a quarter of a pound of this browned and fragrant sacrifice be cut for this young woman—better if she eats half a pound—to be converted into Christian good humor and energetic work in the course of the day. One, two, three, four slices of fried potato withered in fat! And this is what some people call nourishment! Two baked potatoes of unimpeachable quality—poor potatoes are poison—and let each be the size of her small fist. Where are the tomatoes, the celery, the artichokes, salads, and sauces? She has tomatoes, three bits in a tiny saucerette, as if it held some East Indian condiment. There ought to be a saucer piled with them, or some savory vegetable delicately cooked; for breakfast ought to be next to the heartiest meal of the day. Take away that thin slip of toast; it makes one turn invalid to see it. What do you call this

found in it recommend it to any breakfast fancier. There is no use aiming at fine-grained complexions without the constant use of coarse bread at every meal. A slice of Graham bread at breakfast will not counteract the evil tendencies of incorrect diet the rest of the day. When you get your coarse bread, two or three large slices will not be too much at a meal. Such ought to be the breakfast of a young lady who wishes to have roundness of contour, unfailing spirits, and self-command, ready strength for walking, working, or study. Brain-work takes food as much as bodily labor. Between Mrs. O'Flaherty in the laundry and the faithful editor of a newspaper, it is probable that the former has by far the easiest time of it, and uses less strength. It is by such hearty feeding that the women worth anything are built and sustained. It is so that singers and dancers eat, and lady lecturers and authors—Grise and Jenny Lind, Mrs. Kemble

of hair, the strength of their movements, statuary. These stiff shoulders were caused—lack of muscles to support not strong nerves are no cause—lack of muscles to support a nourishing food said over?—to most Americans.

If Christiana were to bring down her head into her chest, it is easily water in each breast there is a call for very effectual wear weights—fasten strap answers even



Figs. 1-7.—L.A.

in all ways, they will be able to live at their ease—ments, sewing, singing, reading, as thoughtless and unnoticed as the white doves soaring above them where the sunshine is widest. It is matter of custom merely.

But Christiana's breakfast is ready by this time, and we will see what she eats. Coffee: well, housekeepers buy the ready ground coffee now, and it is mixed trash, wanting the heartiness of a good pure cup, but no great harm at worst. Meat: do you call that bit the width of two fingers, crisped, greased at one end, raw and bleeding at the other, fit sustenance for a woman who is to grow, work, walk, dance, and sing to-day? She is made to live on neither leather nor raw meat. Just cook a slice of thick beefsteak as quickly as possible till the color is changed all the way through without drying any of the juice. The albumen of the blood must be coagulated before meat is fit for human stomachs, and proper cooking means some-

gray, broad-celled, pallid stuff? Bread, good yeast bread? If there is anything intolerable as food it is what the makers of it commonly call good home-made bread. It is mealy, or bitter, or gray and coarse-grained, sad-looking, with white crust, looking as if the owners were too poor to afford fire enough to bake it thoroughly. Give me poor bread, and I can eat it in a spirit of forbearance; but this domestic hypocrisy of good bread libels the wheat that made it, and arraigns the taste of those who pass it for such. But were it ever so good, there is something better yet, the crisp, unbolted cake that lingers with nutty richness on the palate, once eating which will wear one from the impoverished gentility of white bread forever. It is not urged on the score of being wholesome merely. The cry of "healthful food" invariably suggests something which doesn't taste good, the phrase has been so abused. But the strength and richness and coloring to be

and Ristori. Mrs. Edwards, the novelist, and with her nearly every writer of note at this day, are well-nourished women, whose appetites would embarrass the candy-loving sylphs whose usefulness amounts to nothing more than that of cheap porcelain. Women exercise little, and, of course, eat little; so in the end they can do nothing, because they are not sufficiently fed. There is no grossness in eating largely if one works well enough to consume the strength afforded. The best engines are best fed. The grossness lies in eating and being idle. A woman who limits her exertions to a walk round the squares daily may confine herself to a slice of toast and strip of meat. She will grow thin and watery-looking, nervous and "high-strung," to pay for it, too. If you would know what charm there is in womanhood, go among the girls brought up in villages along the coast. The well-poised shoulders that have a will of their own, the round arms and necks, the profusion

ders with the high weight to the shoulders. An extra buckled each strap, to a second loop. reading or writing rather agreeable sity, throwing the with or without eighteen upward port to relieve the waist. It feebleness, when of skirts, or de from want of ex relief is imper kind worth call an can not d walks, or stand how slight the f

nerve combined in the idea of walking drooping figures, the of, come from one Their muscles are them erect, and their to stimulate the weak ant of sunshine and any times must it be se, uninteresting look

ke mechanical aid to ders and put flexibili- after thirty years of walking with a pail of her dull work unless help. A homely but ing the muscles is to the shoulder. A shawl e, buckling the shoul-

Women wear corsets, and can not exist without them, when the demand for aid to the relaxed muscles of the hips and back is far more imperative. The means are very simple: a bandage of linen toweling, soft and cool, buckled, tied, or pinned, only as tight as will be comfortable, and so arranged as to relieve every muscle that feels fatigue. This is worth all the manufactured appliances in the market, and its prompt use averts a hundred distressing consequences. At the first approach of debility these girdles should be worn, as they have been from ancient times among Greek and Jewish women. It is not sure that their office of prevention is not more essential than that of cure. Corsets are an abomination, for they interfere with flexibility, and so with that constant exercise of the trunk muscles which alone can keep them in tone—keep them from degeneration and atrophy. As to the muscles of back and abdomen affected by

such play to so many muscles at once. A woman ought to be as lithe from head to heel as a willow wand, not for the sake of beauty only, but for the varied duties and functions she must perform. How dextrously Nature inserts the reward of beauty before the self-denials needed to gain health! A thoroughly healthy woman never is unbeautiful. She is full of life, and this vivacity shines in her face and manner, while her magnetism attracts every creature that comes within the sphere of its influence.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE who have the convenient habit of judging from the surface of things, rather than take the trouble of going to the bottom of them, are saddened or shocked, according to

manager of a theatre to put out his chandeliers in order to save expense, and at the same time lessen his receipts.

The Parisian toilettes are indescribable and inimitable; indeed, they defy imitation by the number and variety of combinations of colors and forms. It can hardly be imagined, how many metamorphoses a single garment may be made capable of—for instance, the polonaise. It is said that every body wears polonaises, and that nothing else is worn. This is true; but any one who should thence conclude that there was uniformity in dress would be strangely mistaken. One polonaise differs from another as completely as if they were two distinct kinds of garments; the trimming, the arrangement of the pleats, the shape of the breadths—every thing changes with each fabric and each dress.

Though wearing summer dresses, we are already preparing those for autumn, and the great-

of shades which they introduce into the trimmings of dresses. The dresses of the present time seem, indeed, to be the work of great colorists rather than of mantua-makers; and if Eugene Delacroix were alive, one would suspect him of having been called in consultation over the marvels that emanate from the shops of Paris.

I will describe another dress destined for the same château, though I really fear that my readers will scarce credit the description, so improbable does it appear. Skirt of *ancien violet*—that is, pale, faded-looking, and almost pink—with a wide flounce, set on with a heading, edged on each side with a maize piping. Over-skirt of extremely pale gray challie, trimmed with point d'Alençon lace of a rusty white. Casaque waist with basques of *ancien blue faye*, trimmed with the same point d'Alençon lace. From the description this would appear abso-

lutely extravagant; on the contrary, the effect is singularly rich and soft. It is important to say that the *ancien* tints are never pure colors, but are compounded of several shades; for instance, the *ancien violet* has a reddish tinge, and the *ancien blue* is a sort of pale bluish-gray. The combination which I have described is audacious, but success justifies every thing, and the dress is entirely original. I forgot to say that the lace trimming of the over-skirt and waist was surmounted by a maize piping like that on the over-skirt, and which served to harmonize this composite toilette.

Dresses of a mixture of blue and lavender are also in preparation. The last color is reserved for the trimmings and lining of the polonaise, which is draped so as to show the lining negligently. The tendency of the present fashion, we should remark, by-the-way, is to throw all trimmings backward. On meeting a lady, you think her simply dressed; she turns around, and, presto! there is a change of scene, and you stand amazed before the profusion of bows of ribbon, clouds of lace, and cascades of notched and fringed trimmings which cover the back of the dress from the middle of the waist downward.

The following dress, which is being made for the fall, will give an idea of this style: Skirt of lilac faye, embroidered with clusters of white lilacs and green leaves. Polonaise of white faye, richly embroidered with clusters of lilac lilacs, and trimmed with lilac and green ruches and lilac lace.

The colors preferred for autumn will be green bronze and brown bronze. For embroidery silk, rather coarse round cord or flat checked soutache will be used. On dark colors the embroidery will be black. The wrapping most in vogue will be the dolman, not uniform, but varied in form; the peplum dolman, with points on the sides, the flat dolman, and the dolman with pleats in the middle of the back, all of green bronze, brown bronze, or very dark olive. The sleeves of the dolman are extremely large, and generally cut in points like Chinese sleeves. Velvet mantelets are also in preparation. Fancy the little old-fashioned mantelet, rounded behind, and with short square ends in front; this mantelet is slashed from the bottom to the middle of the back, and trimmed with very wide black lace, closely gathered. A spiral coil of black lace extends from the neck to the opening in the back, widening gradually to the bottom. Under each curve of the lace is set a bow of black faye with very short ends. A similar larger bow, with long ends, set in a belt underneath, comes just at the top of the opening in the back of the mantelet.

Belt buckles are again in fashion. They are large, oval, and curved, somewhat resembling harness buckles. They are worn with chate-laines, and are gold, enameled, silver, or silver gilt, and are not only fastened in front, but also at the side, in the middle of a bow. These buckles are very large, and on a slender person occupy a large part of the front of the waist.

Bonnets are more and more casques, toques, and Marie Antoinette coiffures, and less and less bonnets. This one is composed of a wilderness of puffs, ruches, bows, flowers, and feathers, in which it is impossible to discover any shape whatever; that towers high above the forehead; and the other covers neither the head nor the ears. Whether the weather is freezing or scorching matters little, the shape of the bonnets undergoes no change on that account. A few daring spirits took it into their heads lately at the races to discard the bonnet entirely in favor of the mantilla of black or colored lace trimmed with flowers, but their example found few followers. Little crinoline



SUMMER DRESSES.

ee them on the back, of five or six pounds hanging under the arms. eered half-way down im on the end by a tsmay be worn while an, and will be found ethe stooping propen- y fresh muscles. But this of women from another simple sup- of the trunk below what causes this work, the weight the muscular fibre of fresh air. Its and life of any any girl or wom- stairs, take long e-work, no matter must be provided.

the girdle, a degree of support just sufficient to encourage them to their work, and prevent their giving it up in fatigue and despair, will do good, for it will exercise, and so strengthen them. A bandage tighter than needed for this will do harm, not only by keeping the muscles idle, and so weakening them, but by compressing the abdominal viscera, and thus producing numerous evils.

It would be an artistic feat to take Christiana through a course of baths, sun-sittings, open air walks, and diet, to show her to herself. The oleander glow on firm cheeks, the eye of light, the tread of Diana, the buoyancy of body that fosters buoyancy of mind and spirits, would please her with herself. There is a game children play called "wring the towel," in which two clasp hands and whirl their arms over their heads without loosing hold, that every woman ought to practice to keep her muscles flexible. Hardly any exercise could be devised which would give

their disposition, at the prodigious activity that prevails in the manufacture of luxuries. Never did France fabricate more beautiful stuffs; never did she invent such ingenious and attractive articles; never were the races so thronged to overflowing; and never were the dresses so rich and novel as now. And therefore many exclaim, "What an incorrigible nation! Not even the frightful calamities of the country can persuade it to renounce its extravagance and luxury."

Alas! if France should renounce luxury, she would be ruined. Worse than that, she could not even keep her engagements. Those who preach self-denial and simplicity too easily forget that the late war, so injudiciously undertaken by the last Napoleon, cost ten milliards of francs, if not more, and that the manufacture of articles of taste, which is our specialty, can alone enable us to pay off our debts and provide for the future. To preach economy, therefore, is about as far-sighted as it would be to advise the

est activity is visible in this direction. I will describe one of the most beautiful of these dresses, which is to be sent next month to a château where a large and fashionable company will be assembled from August to November.

Skirt of olive green faye, trimmed with a wide flounce cut on each edge in moderately deep scallops. This flounce is lined with pink, edged with a pink ribbon, and pleated; in the middle of each pleat is set a cluster of flowers, embroidered in several shades of pink and olive, the latter being lighter than the material of the skirt. Polonaise of the same faye, lined with pink, with pink revers extending from the throat to the bottom. These revers are embroidered in several shades of pink alone. Similar revers are on the sleeves. The revers are edged all around with an olive ruche, underneath which is a pink ruche, the latter resting on the olive polonaise. Both ruches are fringed on the edges. Fringed ruches are beautiful through the variety

harness buckles. They are worn with chate-laines, and are gold, enameled, silver, or silver gilt, and are not only fastened in front, but also at the side, in the middle of a bow. These buckles are very large, and on a slender person occupy a large part of the front of the waist.

Bonnets are more and more casques, toques, and Marie Antoinette coiffures, and less and less bonnets. This one is composed of a wilderness of puffs, ruches, bows, flowers, and feathers, in which it is impossible to discover any shape whatever; that towers high above the forehead; and the other covers neither the head nor the ears. Whether the weather is freezing or scorching matters little, the shape of the bonnets undergoes no change on that account. A few daring spirits took it into their heads lately at the races to discard the bonnet entirely in favor of the mantilla of black or colored lace trimmed with flowers, but their example found few followers. Little crinoline

is worn, or rather it is very small, for every lady has her miniature crinoline—nothing in front, little on the bottom, and a great deal in the back: such is the description of crinoline in the year 1872. This result is obtained by suspending the bottom of a very narrow crinoline to a number of broad bands fastened to a belt. To this arrangement is fitted a voluminous tournure. No change is foreseen in this fashion, not even for the winter.

A garment on which the Parisian modistes count much for the coming season is the cloth redingote—the genuine redingote, long, flat, and with no trimming but a passementerie cable cord. They are cut in one piece like the princess dresses of a few years ago, and three small capes are added, calling to mind the carrick. Two buttons in the back mark the limits of the waist. The redingote is buttoned in front to the waist, and is left half open from there to the bottom. This garment will be generally of maroon or slate gray cloth.

One of the prettiest fall wrappings is of bronze brown cloth. The fronts simulate sleeves, and each half of the back is finished with a very long tab cut in a point and trimmed with fringe. These tabs are knotted together in a simple bow without ends, and take the place of a basque.

I have just seen in preparation a cloak—a real cloak, large, full, and enveloping the wearer, yet tight-fitting in the back—which is trimmed quite elaborately with passementerie. The cloak is adjusted at the waist by a belt which extends from the back, and is flowing from the waist downward in front. It is made of iron gray cloth, trimmed with woolen passementerie of the same shade.

In view of the prevailing fashion of polonaises, a kind of black lace, sold by the yard, and called *Laize* lace, has been manufactured, from which these garments are cut. This lace, which is a yard and a quarter wide, is very costly, but makes superb polonaises, which will be worn over high or low silk dresses to dinners, receptions, etc., in the fall and winter. They are often worn over black silk dresses, and are draped with pink, blue, or violet scarfs.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

RELICS.

SHUT the door closely, let no passer-by
Our task o'erlook; 'tis only you and I
Who care with reverent hands to lay aside
These simple relics of the child that died.

Within this casket lay them one by one,
Nor let us weeping linger when 'tis done;
Such tears might breed repining: 'tis not ours
To grudge the Lord the gath'ring of His flowers.

They are all here: the toys that she loved best;
The little pillow that her soft cheek pressed;
Her pictured books, defaced with frequent touch
Of tiny hands that prized them overmuch;

A tattered leaf, with verses of a hymn—
Nay, do thou fold it, for my sight grows dim.
It seems but now she spelled it at my knee,
"Nearer to God," and asked how that could be.

I see again the look that sought the skies,
The earnest wonder in the pure blue eyes,
As the rapt ear my meaning faintly caught,
Though scarcely comprehending all I taught.

She hath these mysteries solved in soaring there;
And we, too, have drawn nearer than we were,
Strengthened by faith that heeds nor let nor stay,
Since those child-footsteps trod the narrow way.

(Continued from No. 29, page 484.)

TO THE BITTER END.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUNT-LETT'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. WALGRAVE IS TRANSLATED.

ALL through the long dead hours of the night, and after the cheerless winter morning had crept in through the close-drawn Venetians, Hubert Walgrave sat alone in the dainty little drawing-room, littered with the things he had bought for Grace Redmayne, gay with hot-house flowers that languished in the close atmosphere, fairy roses and waxen camellias, which her hands were to have tended.

She lay up stairs, in the pretty white-draped bed-chamber that was to have been her own—lay with her hands folded on her breast, more lovely than he could have supposed it possible for death to be. The two servant-maids, and a weird old woman who came he knew not whence, had summoned him to see her, when their dismal office had been done; and he had stood alone by the white bed, looking down at her, tearless—with a countenance that seemed more rigid than her own.

He staid there for a long time—knelt down and tried to fashion a prayer, but could not; he had not command enough over himself to shape thoughts or words into any given form. There was a confusion in his mind which in all his life had never before oppressed him. Once he bent over the cold hands, and covered them with passionate kisses.

"My angel, my dove, come back to me!" he cried. "I will not believe that you are dead."

But that awful coldness, that utter stillness, gave him an agony that was more than he could endure. He turned away, and went back to the room below, where he sat alone till morning, with scarcely a change of posture, thinking of what he had done.

To say that if he could have brought her back to life he would have married her—would have flung every hope of worldly advancement, every consideration for the prejudices of mankind, to the winds—is to say very little. Looking back now at his conduct in the light of this calamity, he wondered how he could ever have counted the cost of any sacrifice that he might be called on to make for Grace Redmayne.

"I loved her with all my heart and soul," he said to himself, "as I never loved before, as I never can hope to love again. What more had I to consider? The loss of a fortune—a wife's fortune? What! am I such a sordid wretch as to hold that worth the cost of a wrong done to her? But, O God, how could I think that I should kill her? I meant to be so true and loyal to her. I meant to make her life so bright."

He looked round at the scattered silken stuffs, lying in a heap on the floor as he had kicked them aside when Grace fell—the flowers and glove-boxes, and fans and scent-bottles; looked at them with a bitter laugh.

"I have been taught that women only care for these things," he said to himself; "and yet a few heartless words of mine killed her."

He thought of all his plans, which had seemed to him so reasonable, so generous even, in regard to Grace: this dainty suburban home, an orderly little establishment; no stint of any thing that makes life pleasant; a carriage, perhaps, for his darling. His professional income was increasing daily; he saw himself on the high-road to distinction, and could afford to regulate his life upon a liberal scale.

And for his marriage with Augusta Vallory? That was not to be given up—only deferred for an indefinite period; and when it did take place it would be like some royal marriages on record, a ceremonial political alliance, which would leave his heart free for Grace.

But she was gone, and he felt himself something worse than a murderer.

There was an inquest next day, an unspeakable horror to Hubert Walgrave; but he had grown strangely calm by this time, and regulated his conduct with extreme prudence.

He had taken the house and engaged the servants under the name of Walsh. Before the coroner he stated that the young lady who had died yesterday was his sister, Grace Walsh. The house-maid had heard him call her Grace while they were both trying to restore her, so any concealment of the Christian name would have been impossible. He had been down into the country to fetch her from a boarding-school, whence she was coming to keep house for him. She was his only sister, aged nineteen.

The case was a very simple one. There had been a post-mortem examination, and the cause of death was sufficiently obvious.

"There was organic disease," the doctor said, and then went on to give his technical explanation of the case. "It was the excitement of coming home to her brother, no doubt, that precipitated matters. But she could hardly have lived many years—a sudden shock might at any time have killed her."

"There could have been no sudden shock in this case, though," remarked the coroner; "there could be nothing of a sudden or startling character in a prearranged meeting between brother and sister!"

"Probably not," replied the medical man; "but extreme excitement, a feverish expectation of some event long hoped for, emancipation from school life, and so on, might have the same fatal effect. The nature was evidently extremely sensitive. There are physiological signs of that."

"Was your sister much excited yesterday, Mr. Walsh?" asked the coroner.

"Yes; she was considerably excited—she had a peculiarly sensitive nature."

The house-maid was examined, and confirmed her master's story. They had both supposed the young lady had only fainted. Mr. Walsh said she was subject to fainting-fits.

The coroner was quite satisfied: every thing was done with extreme consideration for the feelings of Mr. Walsh, who was evidently a gentleman. Verdict: "Heart-disease, or fatal syncope."

In less than a week from the day of her flight Grace Redmayne was laid quietly to rest in the church-yard of Hetheridge, Herts—a village as picturesque and sequestered as any rural nook in the green heart of the midland shires.

Mr. Walgrave had a horror of cemeteries, and the manner in which the solemn business of interment is performed in those metropolises of the dead. He chose the most rustic spot that he could find within a reasonable distance of Highgate, the spot that seemed to him most in consonance with the character of his beloved dead.

And so ended his love-story. Afar off there hung a dark impending cloud—trouble which might arise for him in the future out of this tragedy. But he told himself that, if fortune favored him, he might escape all that. The one great fact was his loss, and that seemed to him very heavy.

The business of life had to go on nevertheless. The great Cardium case came on, and Hubert Walgrave reaped the reward of a good deal of solid labor, spoke magnificently, and made a considerable advance in his professional career by the time the trial was over. In the beginning of December the Acropolis Square house emerged from its state of hibernation, and began to give dinners—dinners to which Mr. Walgrave was in duty bound to go.

When he called upon Miss Vallory after one of these banquets, she expressed surprise at seeing a band on his hat.

"I did not know you were in mourning," she said. "You did not tell me that you had lost any one."

"It was hardly worth while to trouble you about it, since the person was a stranger to you, and not a near relation of mine."

"Not a near relation! but your hat-band is as deep as a widower's—as that of a widower who means to marry again almost immediately, for they always wear the deepest."

"Is it?" asked Mr. Walgrave, with a faint smile. "I told the hatter to put on a band. I gave no directions as to width."

"But tell me all about your relation, Hubert. You must know that I am interested in every thing that concerns you. Was it an uncle or an aunt?"

"Neither; only a distant cousin."

"But really now, Hubert, that hat-band is absurd for a distant cousin. You positively must have it altered."

"I will take it off altogether, if you like, my dear. After all, these 'customary suits of solemn black' are only 'the trappings and the suits of woe.' But I have a feeling that there is a kind of disrespect in not wearing mourning for a person you have esteemed."

"Pray don't suppose that I disapprove of mourning. I consider any neglect of those things the worst possible taste. But a distant cousin, hardly a relation at all—the mourning should be appropriate. Did your cousin die in London?"

"No; in the country." He saw that Miss Vallory was going to ask him where, and anticipated her. "In Shropshire."

He said this at a venture, having a vague idea that no one knew Shropshire.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Augusta. "We have been asked to visit friends near Bridgenorth; but I have never been in Shropshire. Did your cousin leave you any money? Perhaps that is the reason of your deep hat-band."

"My cousin left me nothing—but—but a closer acquaintance with death. Every loss in a family brings us that, you know."

"Of course—it is always very sad."

The Cardium case being a marked and positive triumph for Hubert Walgrave, he assumed his silk gown early in the ensuing spring, very much to the gratification of his betrothed, who was really proud of him and anxious for his advancement. Was he not indeed a part of herself? No position that her own money could obtain for her would satisfy her without the aid of some distinction achieved by him. She knew to the uttermost what money could and could not purchase.

There was a family dinner in Acropolis Square very soon after Mr. Walgrave's advancement, a dinner so strictly private that even Weston had not been invited.

"The fact is, I want half an hour's quiet chat with you, Walgrave," Mr. Vallory said, when Augusta had left the two gentlemen alone after dinner; "so I took especial care there should be no one here to-day but ourselves. I don't like to ask you to come and see me at the office; that seems so confoundedly formal."

"At any place, and at any time, I should be happy to hold myself at your disposal," Mr. Walgrave replied, politely.

"Thanks! I know you are very good, and all that kind of thing; but I wanted a friendly talk, you see; and I never can have half an hour in the Old Jewry free from junior partners or senior clerks bobbing in and out, wanting my signature to this, that, and the other, or to know whether I will see Mr. Smith, or won't see Mr. Jones. The truth of the matter is, my dear Walgrave, that I am very much pleased with you. I may say more than pleased—surprised. Not that I ever for a moment doubted your talents; no, believe me!—this with a pious patronage, as if he feared that the younger man might perish untimely under the fear of not having been appreciated by him—"no, no, my dear fellow, I was quite aware there was stuff in you, but did not know how soon—ha, ha!—you might turn your stuff into silk. I did not expect your talents to bear fruit so rapidly."

"You are very kind," said Hubert Walgrave, looking steadily down at his plate. He had an apprehension of what was coming, and nerved himself to meet it. It was his fate; the destiny he had once courted eagerly, set all his wits to compass. Why should he shrink from it now? What was there to come between him and Augusta Vallory? Nothing—but a ghost!

"Now I am not a believer in long engagements," continued Mr. Vallory: "I am a man of the world, and I look at things from a worldly point of view, and I can't say that I have ever seen any good come of them. Sometimes the man sees some one he likes better than the girl he's engaged to, sometimes the girl sees some one she likes better, neither is candid enough to make a clean breast of it; and they go dawdling on, pretending to be devoted to each other, and ultimately marry without a ha'porth of love between them."

"There is sound philosophy in what you say, no doubt; but I should imagine, where the affection is sincere and not weakened by separation, time should strengthen the bond."

"Yes, when a man and woman are married, and know that the bondage is a permanent business. Now when you first proposed to my daughter, with a full knowledge of her position as a young woman who might fairly expect to make a much better match, I told you that I could not consent to your marriage until you had achieved some standing in your profession—income was a secondary consideration with me. Augusta has enough for both."

"I hope I made you understand clearly that I could never submit to a position of dependence on my wife?" Mr. Walgrave said, hastily.

"Quite so; but you can't help absorbing the advantages of your wife's money. Your wife can't eat turtle-soup at her end of the table, while you eat mutton-broth at your end. Augusta is

not a girl who will cut her coat according to your cloth. She will expect the surroundings she has been accustomed to from her cradle; and she will expect you to share them, without question as to whose banking account contributes the most to the expenses of the household. What she has a right to expect from her husband is personal distinction; and as I believe you are on the high-road to achieve that, I give my full permission to as early a marriage as may be agreeable to you both."

Mr. Walgrave bowed, in acknowledgment of this concession, without any outward semblance of rapture; but as they were both Englishmen, Mr. Vallory expected no such demonstration.

"You are very generous, my dear Sir," said the younger man, quietly. "I am Augusta's slave in this matter; her will is mine."

"So be it. I leave you to settle the business between you. But there is one point that I may as well explain at once: my late partner Harcross's will is rather a remarkable one, and provides for the event of Augusta's marriage. He was a peculiar man in many ways, my old friend Harcross, and had a monstrous reverence for his own name; not that he ever pretended that any Harcrosses came over with the Conqueror, or when the Conqueror came were all at home, or any thing of that kind. His grandfather was a self-made man, and the Harcrosses were a sturdy, self-reliant race, with an extraordinary opinion of their own merits."

Mr. Walgrave raised his eyebrows a little, wondering whether all this rambling talk was drifting.

"And to come to the point at once," continued Mr. Vallory, "my good friend left it as a condition of his bequest that, whoever Augusta married, her husband should assume the name of Harcross. Now the question is, shall you have any objection to that change of name?"

Hubert Walgrave shrugged his shoulders, and raised his eyebrows just a shade higher.

"Upon my word I don't see why I should object," he said. "The proposition seems a little startling at first, as if one were asked to dye one's hair, or something of that kind. But I suppose any shred of reputation I may have made as Walgrave will stick to me as Harcross."

"Decidedly, my dear boy; we will take care of that," Mr. Vallory answered. "There is no name better known and respected in the legal profession than the name of Harcross. As Hubert Walgrave you may be a very clever fellow; but as Hubert Harcross you will be associated with one of the oldest firms in the *Law List*. You will be no loser professionally by the change, I can assure you."

"Then I am ready to take out letters patent whenever you and Augusta desire me to do so. 'Hubert Walgrave Harcross!' not a bad signature to put at the foot of a letter to the free and independent electors of Eatanswill, when I go in for a seat in Parliament by-and-by. Hubert Harcross—so be it! What's in a name, and in my name of all others, that I should cherish it?"

CHAPTER XIX.

RICHARD REDMAYNE'S RETURN.

A GREAT ship far out at sea, an English ship homeward bound, from Brisbane to the port of Liverpool, and among the passengers on board her one Richard Redmayne, agriculturist, gold-digger, and general speculator, sailing back to the home of his forefathers.

He is returning to England sooner than he had hoped to return by at least a year. Things have gone well with him during the last eighteen months; almost as well as he had fancied they might go in his day-dreams under the old cedar at Brierwood, in those summer afternoon reveries in which he had watched his daughter's face athwart the smoke of his pipe, and thought what a grand thing it would be to go out to Australia and make a fortune for her.

He has done it. For a long time the Fates seemed against him; it was dreary work living the hard rough life, toiling from misty morning to misty evening, facing all weathers, holding his own against all competitors, and with no result. Many a time he had wished himself back in England—ay, even with Brierwood sold to strangers, and only a field and a cottage left him—but a field and a cottage in England, with English flowers peeping in at his casement, English fare, English climate, and his daughter's sweet face to make the brightness of his life. What did it all matter? he asked himself sometimes. Did a big house and many acres constitute happiness? Had his broad fields or goodly rick-yards consoled him in the early days of his widowhood, when the loss of his fair young wife made all the universe seem dark to him? A thousand times no. Then welcome poverty in Kent, among the orchards and hop-gardens, with the daughter of his love.

He had been sick to the heart when the tide turned. His first successes were not large; but they cheered him beyond measure, and enabled him to write hopefully home. Then he fell into companionship with a clever adventurer, a man who had a smattering of science and a good deal of rough genius, in his peculiar way; a man who was great upon the chemistry of soils, but lacked a strong arm and Herculean muscles, like Rick Redmayne's; whereby there arose a partnership between the two, in which the farmer was to profit by the knowledge of Mr. Nicholas Spettigue, the amateur chemist, while Mr. Spettigue, on his part, was to reap a fair share of the fruits of Rick Redmayne's labor. The business needed four men to work it well; so they took a brace of sturdy Milesians into their company, whose labors were to be recompensed by an equitable share in the gains; and with these coadjutors began business in real earnest.

Nicholas Spettigue had got scent of a virgin gully, beyond Wood's Point, a little way off the

beaten track, and reputed worth working. The four men went in quest of this El Dorado alone, and camped out together for a spell of many months, toiling manfully, remote from the general herd of diggers: standing knee-deep in running water for hours on end, rocking the cradle with a patience that surpassed the patience of maternity: living on one unvarying fare of grilled mutton and damper, with unlimited supplies of strong black tea, boiled in a "billy," and unmollified by the produce of the cow.

They slept in a cavern under one of the sterile hills that sheltered their Pactolus, and slept none the less sweetly for the roughness of their quarters. Not very long did they hold the secret of their discovery: other explorers tracked them to their land of promise, and set up their claims in the neighborhood; but Mr. Spettigue had spotted the best bit in the district, and Fortune favored him and his Kentish partner. They were not quite so lucky as a certain Dr. Kerr, who, in the early days of the gold discoveries at Bathurst, found a hundred-weight of gold one fine morning on his sheep-walk, lying under his very nose, as it were, where it had lain throughout his proprietorship of the land, and might have so lain forever, had not an aboriginal shepherd's eye been caught by the glitter of a yellow streak amidst the quartz. They did not fall upon monster nuggets, but by patience and toil realized a profit varying from ten pounds a week per man to forty.

When they had exhausted, or supposed they had exhausted, their field of operations, they divided the spoil. Richard Redmayne's share came to something more than three thousand pounds. All he owed in England could be paid with half the amount. He had seen a good deal of the country since he had been out—had seen something of its agricultural capabilities, and wanted to see more; so now that the chief business of his exile was accomplished, he gave himself a brief holiday in which to explore the wild sheep-walks of this new world. He was not a man who loved money for its own sake; and having now more than enough to pay his debts and set him going again in the dear old Kentish homestead, he had no desire to toil any longer; much to the surprise and vexation of Nicholas Spettigue, who had his eye upon a new district, and was eager to test its capabilities.

"I shall have to look out for a new pal," he said. "But I doubt if I shall ever find an honest man with such a biceps as yours, Rick. If you'd only keep on with me, I'd make you a millionaire before we shut up shop. But I suppose you're homesick, and there's no use in saying any more."

"I've got a daughter, you see," Richard Redmayne said, looking down with a thoughtful smile, "and I want to get back to her."

"As if I didn't know all about your daughter!" exclaimed Mr. Spettigue, who had heard of Grace Redmayne very often from the fond father's lips. "Why don't you write to her to come out to the colony? You might settle her somewhere comfortably in Brisbane, and go on with your work up here till you were as rich as one of the Rothschilds."

Richard Redmayne shook his head by way of answer to this proposition. "A colonial life wouldn't suit Grace," he said; "she's too tender a flower for that sort of thing."

"I dare say she's an uncommonly pretty girl," Mr. Spettigue remarked, in his careless way, "if she's any thing like you, mate."

"Like me!" cried the farmer; "she's as much like me as a lily's like me—she's as much like me as a snow-drop is like a sunflower. If you can fancy a water-lily that's been changed into a woman, you can fancy my daughter Grace."

"I can't," answered the practical Mr. Spettigue. "I never was good at fancying; and if I could, your water-lily-faced woman is not my style. I like a girl with cheeks as red as peonies, and plenty of flesh on her bones, with no offense meant to you, Rick."

So the partnership was dissolved, and Richard Redmayne bought himself a horse, and set off upon an exploring expedition among the sheep-farms.

In the course of these wanderings, in which he met with much hospitality and kindness in solitary homesteads, where his bright face and cheery voice won a joyous welcome, Mr. Redmayne came upon a lowland farm in Gippsland, whose owners had fallen on evil days; the rough log-house was empty, the land neglected, and a family of vagabond wanderers who had taken up their abode in one of the barns told him that the estate was to be sold by auction at Brisbane, in something less than a fortnight.

He went over the land, and his practiced eye was quick to perceive its value. It had been badly worked, and the man who owned it had gone at a rapid pace to the dogs; but the occupants of the barn told Mr. Redmayne that this late proprietor had drunk himself into delirium tremens three or four times a year, and had squandered every sixpence he earned playing "poker" and other equally intellectual games with any wandering stranger whom Providence sent in his way. The farm had fallen into bad odor by reason of his non-success, and had been put up to auction already, and withdrawn from sale, the biddings not reaching the reserved price which the late owner's trade assignees had put upon it.

"You might get it by private contract, I dessay," said the man, when he perceived Mr. Redmayne's inclination to buy, "if you was to look sharp about it, and make yer hoffer to the auctioneer between this and nex' Toosday week."

Richard Redmayne was fascinated by the place, which was called Bulrush Meads, there being a considerable tract of low-lying meadow land, with a broad stream meandering through it, richly fringed with tall bulrushes—superb land

for stock. There was hill as well as dale, and the site of the rough log dwelling-house was as picturesque as any thing he had seen in his holiday ramble. What a king he might be here with Grace, he thought to himself. The life would not be rough for her, safe sheltered under his wing, and with honest Kentish lasses for her servants. His quick eye told him where the place might be improved; a roomy parlor built out on one side, with a wide veranda supported by rustic pillars, a pleasant shelter beneath which his darling might sit and work on sunny afternoons. And what a prospect for those gentle eyes to gaze upon! what a varied sweep of hill and valley, bright silver streamlet flashing athwart greenest of meadows, a thousand sheep looking no bigger than so many daisies upon the distant uplands, a blue lake that was vast as an inland sea in the foreground, and far away on the left of the landscape a forest of almost tropical richness! A couple of bedrooms could be added above, wooden like the rest of the house, which was strongly though roughly built. Vines and pumpkins climbed to the shingle roof, and all kinds of flowers, brighter and larger than the blossoms of his native land, overran the neglected garden.

On one side of the low rambling edifice there was an orchard of peach-trees; on the other a grove of cabbage-palms, eighty feet high, their tall trunks entwined by a luxuriant flowering parasite; a giant fig-tree spread its broad leaves near at hand, side by side with a huge stinging-nettle-tree, all a-glitter with silvery spiculae, like a vegetable needle manufactory.

The fancy once having seized upon him, was not to be put away. He was very fond of Brierwood—fond with a traditional love which was an instinct of his mind; but he had always been more or less cramped in that narrow orbit. This rough-and-ready life, with such wide space for roaming and adventure, suited him a great deal better than the dot-and-go-round of a farmer's existence at home. And then the novelty of the thing had a powerful witchery. To take this neglected estate in hand and make it a model of high farming was a task worth an enterprising man's labor. At Brierwood every thing was so narrow, his best experiments had failed for want of room. Here, in this wide field, he saw his way to certain fortune.

Fevered by visions of a veritable Arcadia, of which his beloved Grace should be queen—fired, too, by the squatter, who hung about him as he explored the place, and was eager to curry favor with a probable purchaser, cherishing his own peculiar vision of a comfortable berth under the new rule—Mr. Redmayne ultimately resolved to make a bid for Bulrush Meads, and mounted his horse to ride to Brisbane. He did between thirty and forty miles a day, sometimes riding through daybreak till sunset along a narrow channel cut through a bush so dense that it would have been impossible to swerve to the right or the left, sometimes crossing grassy hills two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and at nightfall hobbling his horse on the dewy sward. Wherever he met with human habitations, he met with kindness and hospitality; and so, prospering as he went, he reached the city in time to attend the sale. He made no attempt at negotiation, thinking it wiser to await the hazard of the auction. Circumstances favored him; the biddings were feeble and spiritless; and Mr. Redmayne bought Bulrush Meads for eight hundred and fifty pounds—just one hundred above the reserved price. The auctioneer congratulated him upon having got the estate for an old song, and drank a bottle of Champagne at the lucky purchaser's expense.

"And, upon my word, it ought to be a three-dozen case," he said, "considering your luck, Mr. Redmayne."

All legal rites being duly performed, Richard Redmayne went back to take possession of his estate, thoroughly delighted with his investment. He left his vagabond friend as a kind of caretaker, giving him a ten-pound note as an advance payment for work to be done in the way of repairing fences and improving boundaries.

"If I find you know any thing about farming, I shall take you on as a regular hand when I come back," he said; "and I shall come back as soon as ever I can settle my affairs in England."

He meant to let Brierwood, or to leave his brother James in possession, if things had gone as prosperously as James asserted they had gone in his absence, and thus work the two estates. For himself, it seemed to him that no state of existence could be so delicious as a wild free life at Bulrush Meads, with a prosperous farm-yard and a goodly array of corn ricks, a comfortable hearth by which the wandering stranger might rest, a hospitable table at which there should always be room enough for the traveler, and half a dozen good saddle-horses in his stable. He would teach Grace to ride, and she could canter about the farm with him, ride beside him many a mile on moonlight nights across that splendid country, over grassy hill-tops two thousand feet above the southern sea.

The fact that the life might be somewhat lonely for his daughter flashed across his mind occasionally; but he dismissed the notion carelessly enough. What mode of existence could be duller than her life at Brierwood? In Kent she was only a small farmer's daughter. Here in these backwoods she would be a queen; and he had confidence enough in her affection to believe that any life would be acceptable to her that was to be shared with him.

Of the day when she might desire to form new ties he thought but vaguely. No doubt that time would come: some handsome young emigrant would woo and win her; but even that event need not result in separation between father and daughter. There was room enough at Bulrush Meads for a patriarchal household; and Richard Redmayne could fancy himself sitting under his

vine-clad veranda, cool and spacious as a Sevillian patio, with a noisy crowd of grandchildren clambering on his knees.

"I will never part with her," he said to himself, fondly.

He sailed from Brisbane early in March, and arrived at Liverpool toward the end of May. He had received no letters from home for some months before his departure; but this was the result of his own nomadic habits rather than of any neglect on the part of his correspondents. The last bore the date of October, and told him that all was well. He was not a man to be tormented by morbid apprehension of possible evil. He made his homeward journey in high spirits, full of hopes and schemes for the future. He had a rude map of Bulrush Meads, which he used to spread out before him on the cuddy table and ponder upon for an hour at a stretch, with a pencil in his hand, marking out so many acres for wheat here, so many for barley there, inferior tracts for mangel-wurzel, patches of turnips, odd bits of outlying land that would grow beans, wide level pastures for his cattle; dotting down hedges and boundaries, putting in every five-barred gate which was to impart to that fertile wilderness the trim aspect of an English farm.

And so it came to the end of May, bright, joyous weather, the first flush and bloom of summer, and Richard Redmayne, with a heart as light as a feather, trod firmly on the soil of his native land.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR FLOWER GARDEN.

WE do not propose to give any poetical or fanciful account of our garden, or to indulge, as some persons do when treating of flowers, in any sort of hysterical description, but, on the contrary, to give a plain, practical account thereof, our mode of culture, and the results or returns we receive, in the way of flowers, as a reward for our labor, and to show what can be done in a small space, believing that it will be of service to such of our readers as have floricultural tastes, and encourage them in the pursuit of this elegant and delightful recreation.

By returns we do not mean those of a pecuniary nature, for we do not sell either plants or flowers, except occasionally, when some of our florist friends run short of flowers for bouquets or floral decorations, or have customers who desire flowers different from those generally grown for such purposes; these latter being so few in variety that among all the florists in our city not more than ten or twelve different ones can be found in any one month of the year, so that the bouquets or baskets which they furnish are duplicates of each other—Camellias, Cape Jasmynes, Orange Flowers, Double White Chinese Primroses, Double White Stocks, Double White Balsams, Tuberoses, Sweet Alyssum, Roses, Heliotrope, Poinsettia, Dentia gracilis, Violets, Bouvardias, Callas, Carnations, White Lilies, and a few other flowers forming their whole stock in trade. The amount we receive from them does not more than pay, if it does that, for the extra labor we have to employ occasionally, as our business pursuits in the city require our almost daily attendance. Our rewards are therefore such as have more than a money value, being what one derives from the enjoyment and possession of the beautiful, the sharing thereof with friends of similar tastes, and the happiness resulting from a recreation soothing and refining in its nature, and not expensive withal, being at once the least costly and most elegant that either man or woman can engage in, and entirely free from any evil or low associations or tendencies.

Our garden comprises about five city lots, being 108 feet by 123 feet; from this has to be deducted the site of the dwelling, 40 by 45.6, the greenhouse attached thereto, 24 by 24, a grass-plot, 15 by 25, and over 200 square yards of garden walks, so that in reality there is not more than four lots, or a scant quarter of an acre, available for actual planting purposes. The site is a steep bank on the East River, rising about 25 feet in 100 feet; it overlooks Hell Gate, and also has a view down the river of two or three miles, being thus exposed to the severe storms of wind and rain from the sea and Long Island Sound, but sheltered from the cold winds of the north and west. Owing to the steepness of the bank, it had to be terraced in three steps, the upper one having a stone retaining wall about five feet high, and the second one a sloping grassy bank, or glacis, of about twelve feet high; the lower one has a retaining wall on the river about eight feet high. The soil is a heavy loam, with a hungry yellow clay subsoil. The necessary grading to make the terraces caused this to be so intermixed with the better soil that it all has a distinct yellow color, and after rain the sun and wind make it bake for two or three inches deep almost as hard as a sun-dried brick. To counteract this, the flower beds, after being dug in the spring with a spading fork (for a spade should never be used among plants or shrubs), are covered two or three inches thick with a mulching of slightly rotted stable manure. This at the same time affords nutriment to the plants, as the rains carry down into the soil the soluble fertilizing materials of the manure. This mulching is not so necessary on light, friable soils, but on heavy clays is almost indispensable. We also find that it checks the growth of weeds. For stirring the soil and keeping down the weeds in the summer we use a bayonet-hoe, or in lieu thereof a triangular hoe, only using the common hoe on the walks.

In the autumn or early winter, when the ground is frozen an inch or two deep, we cover the beds with another dressing of long manure to protect the plants from the injurious effects of the alternate freezings and thawings of the winter season; in the ensuing spring the long straw is

forked out of the manure, and it is then forked or spaded in with a spading fork, and the summer mulching repeated.

On the fences we train some fruit trees; on the retaining wall of the upper step of the terrace we train grape-vines and some Ivy; on the upper edge of the glacis we have a row of Clematis and other vines, which we intend to train on a wire trellis about six feet high; the glacis itself is laid down in grass, and strong-growing shrubs planted on it.

To enumerate all the plants we have growing in our garden would occupy too much space; we will therefore only give the gross number, premising that we do not include any greenhouse plants among them, and that we can easily make room for one hundred more herbaceous plants and fifty more shrubs. All the shrubs and plants are hardy; for we do not favor the cultivation of half-hardy plants, as they are a source of great trouble to winter over, being unfit for the greenhouse, and therefore have to be kept in frames, and do not produce any flowers in the winter season. Some of the plants and shrubs we have in duplicate, but they are but few.

Of fruit trees we have 15 varieties of grape-vines, 7 Japanese plums, 3 American plums, 2 Japanese peaches, 4 American peaches, 3 Japanese apricots, or allied species of *Armeniaca* or *Prunus*, 1 American apricot, and 2 fig-trees.

Of Roses we have 40 varieties; of climbing plants 24, including 14 Clematis; of shrubs and trees 238; of herbaceous plants 462; and of Box edging to the beds over 280 yards.

From the early spring, as soon as the frost is out of the ground, until the winter sets in, we are never without flowers in liberal supply and of all desirable variety; and, in addition, we have shrubs of the most curious foliage and most interesting forms, our collection being peculiarly rich in Japanese plants. The whole cost of keeping up this luxury, exclusive of our own labor, which is only a recreation, does not exceed fifty dollars per annum. Can any hobby be had as cheaply, and afford more pleasure?—not a mere solitary pleasure, like keeping a fast horse, but one which is enjoyed alike by rich and poor, and which never palls, as it is continually varying in character and interest from week to week, as one set of flowers goes out and another comes in. A mixed collection such as we have never becomes monotonous, as does a collection of bedding-out plants; and we have from two to three months more of floral season, for the latter seldom amount to much until June or July.

THE COMMON-SENSE OF DRESS.

ALL honest and graceful dress should follow as far as possible, we think, the shape of the body as devised and found good by the great Artificer. All that follows those beautiful lines must be itself beautiful. All that changes, deforms, or exaggerates those lines must be senseless, ugly, ludicrous, and untrue. Whether a gown swell out into the hoops of the great tun of Heidelberg, or project backward like the reverse side of the Hottentot Venus, it is alike hideous. A gown may be of many folds, of many thicknesses, but it should not turn a woman into a caricature of the form God made, and made last of all.

Dress should be as much as possible true and honest; simple and rich all good dress must be. There is no object, unless a bedlamite one, for instance, in swelling the head into the size of a bushel with heaps of tow and shreds of dead people's hair—hair the antecedents of which one shudders to think of. The human head, strange to say, was grandly devised; and needs no improvement, if it be only kept well filled with brains. To blow it out like a bladder is only what a feather-headed milliner could wish to do. The perfect ideal of a head is, we hold, a well-shaped Greek head, simply bound by braids of its own glossy hair, knotted behind or woven into a crown more beautiful than that of jewels.

No thoughtful person should feel any pleasure in wearing sham jewelry—sham any thing. All shams are lies, false pretenses, dishonest assumptions, unworthy of common-sense and real gentleness. The beauty of gold is that it is gold, not that it looks like gold; the quiet satisfaction of wearing gold is that it is a pure, lasting, beautiful metal, and just what it appears. To wear false gold is to wear a miserable pinchbeck deception, worthy only of bagmen and bagwomen, swindlers and courtesans, and unbecoming the quiet honesty and frank sincerity of gentle people.

Perfect dress should be rich, but not exceptional. It should never try to catch the eye, but please the sense with a quiet, almost unconscious charm. It is only the mountebank and the swindler who swagger in red and yellow. It is, or should be, only the Anonyma who paints. Away, then, with all vulgar excess in

"Silken coats, and caps, and golden rings;
With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingsales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery;
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery."

A race of wise people should dress like the grave folk in Titian's or Giorgione's pictures, whose costume you scarcely notice, their faces so glow with expression and are so instinct with hope. Not at feasts such as theirs would one have had to despotically exclaim, as now:

"Thy gown? why, ay; come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon?
What! up and down, carved like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip and cut and slash and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop:
Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?"

Gradually we are reforming some of these evils. It is, indeed, time we reformed them altogether.

"BETWEEN LOVE AND RICHES."

THIS picture is based on an old, old story with poets and painters, novelists and satirists; and no doubt this kind of conflict and contrast is often presented, and often occurs in real life. A young beauty is courted by rivals

ness and jealousy (in some cases); its lethargy and necessity for repose; its downright ill-temper, if you will; but with all this there are well-filled money-bags to put in the scale, and gold is a heavy metal. These are the contrasts; and the conflict is evidently between inclination and interest—or, to speak more accurately, between

heart beat responsively to the heart of him who protests its eternal devotion; she may, in short, be realizing the bliss of "love in a cottage," with a large family perhaps, with family bills to a certainty, and no superabundance to pay them. But, on the other hand, there are all the glittering attractions of rank and riches; for

tempts her with, and which she dares not look at, will at once make her the most envied of her acquaintance. Add to all this what a managing mamma and an impecunious papa would probably say, and what is a poor girl to do in such a dilemma? Let the reader, according to his or her sex, age, and character, decide; for our part,



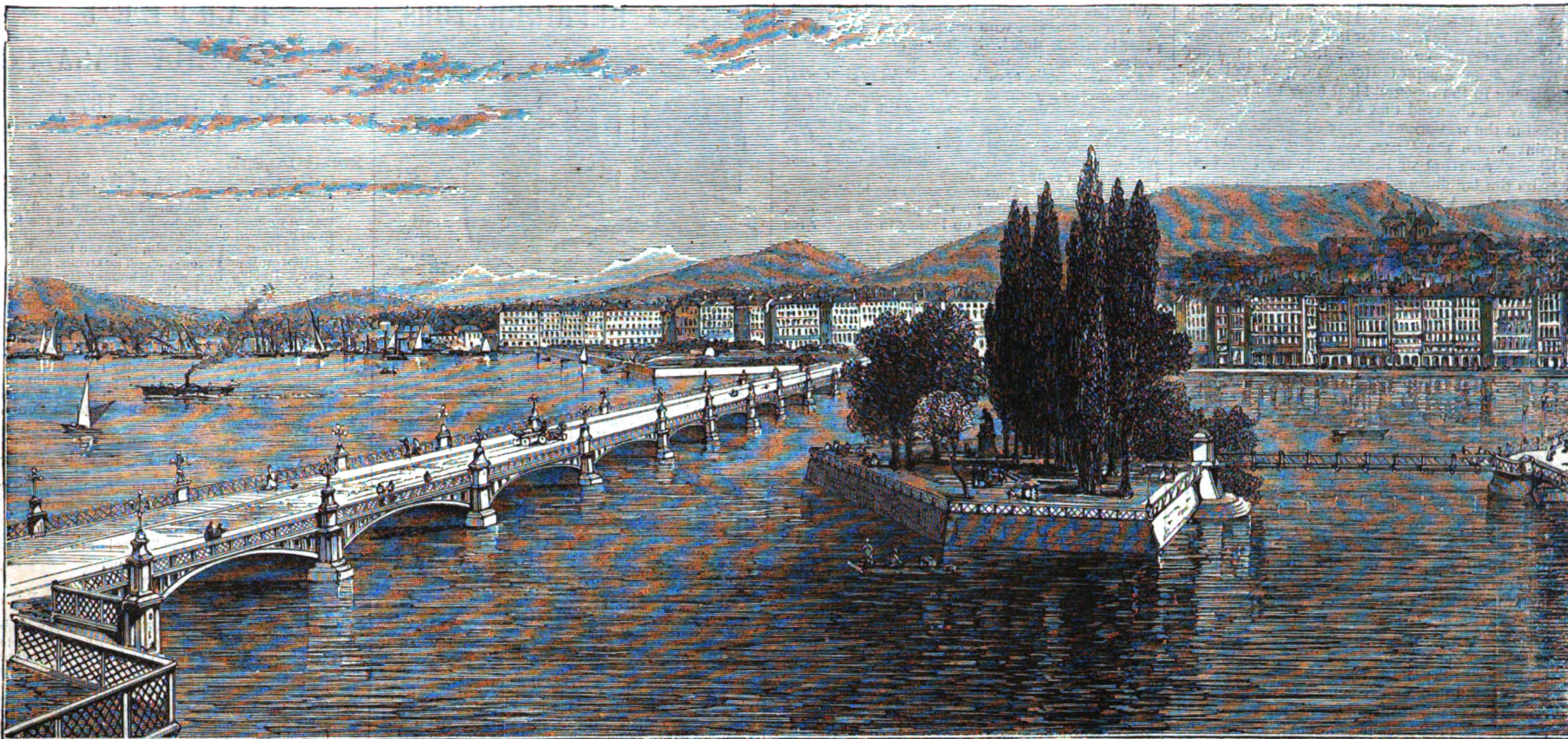
"BETWEEN LOVE AND RICHES."

who have nothing whatever in common. On the one side are youth, health, good looks, and, as we are bound to suppose, for the sake of the poetical proprieties, amiability, youthful vivacity, wit, and accomplishments—but very little money. On the other side is age, with its infirmities, wrinkles, and gray hairs; its querulous-

the gratification of love and personal preference, and the satisfaction of the desire for display and power, which is also said to sway the female breast. On the one hand, the young lady may be figuring to herself the delight of a romantic attachment: the love-song and the lute still thrill in her ear; she may be longing to let her

the elderly and rather Mephistophelian personage whispering so closely and with so little bashfulness in her ear is, unquestionably, a grand and wealthy seigneur; he wears the robes and furs and collar of some noble order; he offers titles, station, distinction, affluence, rule—many things to gratify vanity, pride, ambition; the pearls he

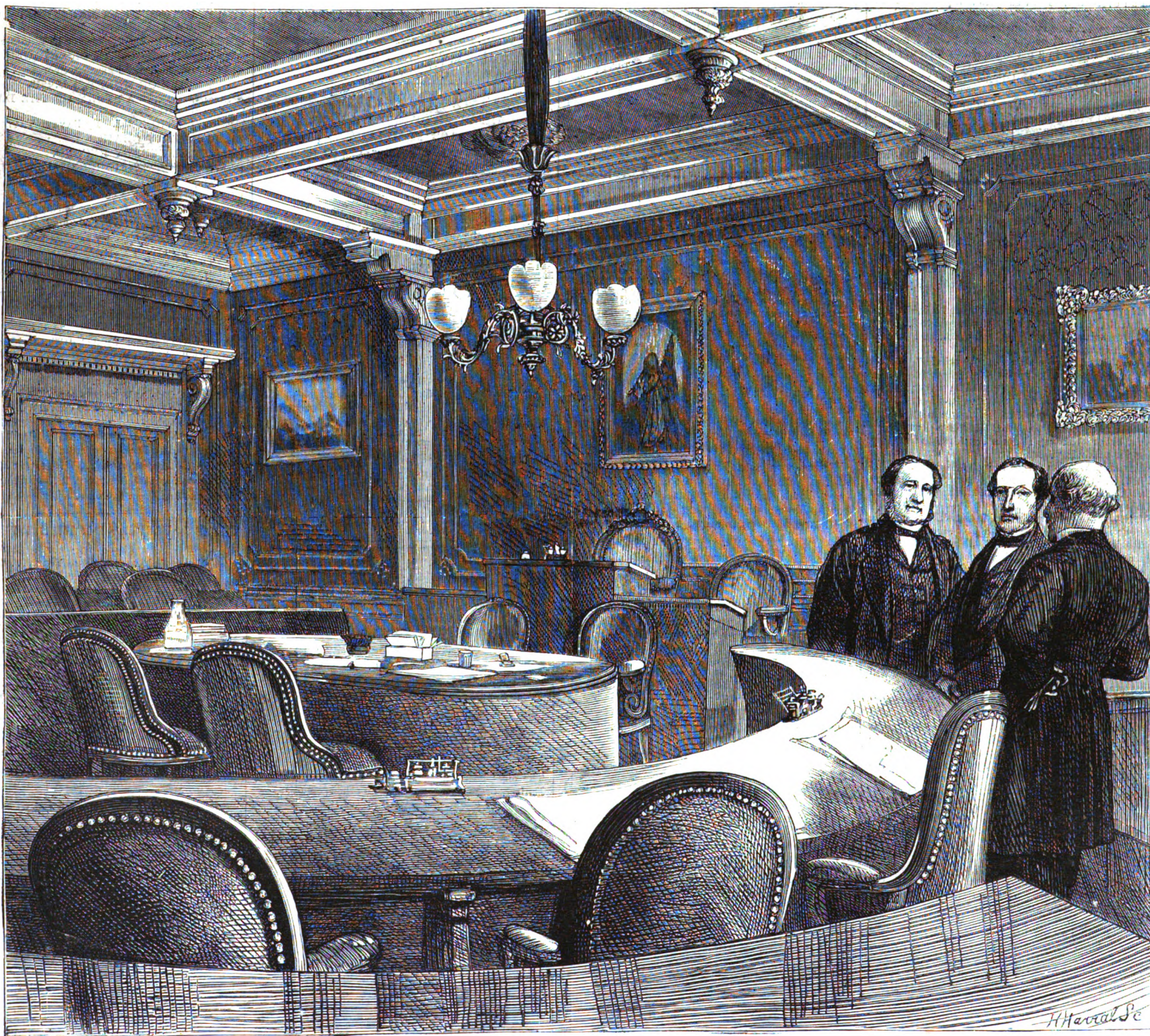
we hope the girl may not regret her choice, whatever it may be; and as for the gentlemen, we trust the jilted one may bear his disappointment with manly fortitude. The painter of this picture is the distinguished French artist, W. Bouguereau, many of whose pictures have been brought to the United States.



VIEW OF GENEVA, WITH MONT BLANC IN THE DISTANCE.

GENEVA, AND THE ARBITRATION.

GENEVA is an exceedingly interesting place, but it does not owe its attractions to its size, to the number of its population, to the magnificence of its public buildings, or to the sights which it contains. It is the capital of the smallest of the Swiss cantons, Zug excepted; it contains fewer inhabitants than a moderately sized country town; it has no fine public buildings, and scarcely any sights. But it is charmingly situated on one of the most beautiful lakes in the world; the environs are very lovely; it is near the famous valley of Chamouni, and within sixty miles of the monarch of European mountains, Mont Blanc, of whose snowy ranges a fine view can be obtained for about sixty days during the year; and lastly, it lies on the high-road from Paris to Italy. Still more interesting is Geneva in its moral aspect. Doctrines of mighty power and widely diffused influence have issued from that narrow strip of soil, whose diminutiveness Voltaire ridiculed by saying, "When I shake my wig I cover the whole republic with powder." From Geneva emanated those religious doctrines whence Scotland, Holland, and a large part of France, Germany, and Switzerland derive their form of faith, and which were transported by the Pilgrim Fathers to the opposite side of the Atlantic. Here also were sown those political opinions which bore fruit in the English revolution of 1641, the



THE GENEVA ARBITRATION—THE SALLE DU CONGRÈS IN THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, WHERE THE ARBITRATORS MEET.

American revolution of 1776, and the French revolution of 1789. As for individual celebrities, Geneva recalls the names of John Calvin, John Knox, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and Voltaire. Turning to the topographical aspect of Geneva, it may be observed that the town is finely situated at the western extremity of the lake, at the point where the "blue waters of the arrowy Rhone" rush out of it. Within the last forty years the buildings of Geneva have been much improved. A new quarter has sprung up on the right bank of the Rhone, displaying a handsome front of tall houses, lined with a broad quay, toward the lake; while on the left bank a broad belt of land has been gained from the water to form a series of quays. This piece of land is connected with the Quai des Bergues by two handsome bridges thrown across the lake, and united with a small island, on which stands a statue of Rousseau. The illustration gives a fine view of the city, with Mont Blanc in the background.

The second illustration shows the meeting-place of the Board of Arbitration in the Hôtel de Ville of Geneva, an old building of unpretending appearance, recently modernized. Its only noticeable feature is the system of inclined planes, paved with small round pebbles, in place of staircases. In the old days the counselors either rode or were carried in litters up these slopes to the place of meeting. The place of meeting used by the *Alabama* Tribunal is a large oblong room adjoining the Salle des Mariages. It has been used on several occasions for the reception of International Congresses and the like. Here the Convention of Geneva, for the protection of the wounded in war, was debated and signed some years back. The room is permanently arranged for meetings, with raised desk or "tribune" for the president, and immediately under it one for speakers. In the middle is a large table covered with green baize, while round the room are placed seats for reporters. A picture of Helvetia with a snow-white robe and a blood-red flag, and two indifferent landscapes, are the only ornaments of the room.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. P.—Make a grenadine dress for mourning with deep kilt pleating and a polonaise, or else a basque with an over-skirt. Both basques and polonaises are stylish.

DAUGHTER.—A loose polonaise and a skirt with two deep flounces would be the prettiest design for your blue lawn. Braids in a net are worn by girls of fourteen.

AN INQUIRER.—Light pantaloons are not worn with black dress coats.

S. H. K.—Capes, mantles, and talmas will be worn next fall and winter. You will be justified in embroidering one of cashmere. Get black cashmere and put jet beads with the embroidery.

LEE.—Black alpaca under-skirts can be worn beneath calico polonaises.

KITTY EDDIE.—A Swiss muslin polonaise would be pretty for you, as you could wear it with other skirts. Make a gray batiste, or foulard, or pongee polonaise to wear over your purple striped silk skirt. The Dolly Varden polonaise is looped behind.

PEARL.—Your sample is pearl gray silk. A black Spanish blonde polonaise would be pretty with it, and inexpensive. Your white suit need not be altered.

H. R. G.—We do not feel at liberty to give you the address of the author you mention.

JENNIE H.—Your guipure lace, two and a half inches wide, will trim your black silk handsomely. Make a black grenadine with a demi-train flounced to the waist, an apron, and postillon-basque.

MINA.—Read answer above to "Jennie H." If this does not suit you, make your striped grenadine with a loose polonaise like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V., and put bias striped flounces on the skirt.

EMMA.—A gray linen polonaise, or one made of the twilled Scotch gingham (sold at 75 cents a yard), worn over a black skirt will make a comfortable traveling dress for a lady in mourning.

GERTRAUDE A.—You forgot to inclose sample.

M. E. H.—Combine brown or blue with your cameo silk. A pale pinkish salmon would make you a stylish evening dress.

M. N.—Make your cambric with two skirts hemmed, without ruffles. The waist is a box-pleated blouse, with shirt sleeves. Make your little girl's piqué with a skirt and a Gabrielle over dress, nearly but not quite close fitting.

OLD FRIEND.—Use chintz with solid percale lining, or white Swiss with blue muslin lining, for your lambrequins.

INQUIRER.—As you can not afford a diamond in your engagement-ring, get a solitaire pearl ring. It will cost you \$30, or perhaps less.

BLUE BROCADE.—Your sample is very suitable for a Dolly Varden. A linen suit for boy of five years will cost from \$5 to \$8.

X. Y. Z.—When the bride wears full dress the groom wears black dress coat, with vest of same cloth, and black doeskin pantaloons. At morning weddings at church the English costume—black frock coat, white vest, and pearl-colored pantaloons—is considered full dress. The latter suit is also appropriate when the bride is in traveling attire.

LENA LEOLA.—A white Swiss, or a pearl gray foulard, or else a buff pongee polonaise, will look well with your brown silk skirt. Use the Loose Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V.—It would certainly be proper to promenade at the festival with the gentleman who escorted you there.

MISS S. H.—Use either the Marguerite or the loose polonaise pattern for your Victoria lawn. Put the edging on without gathers. Do not line the waist.

DISCRETION.—Make your organdy by Loose Polonaise pattern shown in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V. The same pattern will also be a model for your suit to be married in. Your ideas about the costume are excellent, but poplin is not a stylish material. A cashmere polonaise of clear gray or ashes-of-roses over a silk skirt of the same color will be more stylish, quite as useful, and not more expensive than fine Irish poplin. A cashmere talma, with hood, and a lace point, are the wraps you need. Wear a standing Valenciennes frill and pink neck-tie. Meats, fruit, cakes, coffee, and ices are the refreshments for your day wedding. A Watteau wrapper buttoned down the front is serviceable and stylish.

WESTERN WOMAN.—Double capes are still in fashion. We can supply you with cut paper patterns.—Your paper is prettily tinted. *Matinée* is pronounced as if spelled *matinee*.

A. R. T.—Challie, or cashmere of violet or clear gray, will make you a handsome morning dress for fall and winter. The waist of your lavender silk should be a postillon-basque, trimmed with ruffles of the silk, and a Marie Antoinette collar. Put Valenciennes lace in neck and sleeves. Solid black silk ruffles under your lace will trim your striped dress prettily.

AN OLD FRIEND.—Your ideas about the black grenadine are good. Trim with side pleatings and lace. Put your daughter's hair up loosely in a net for the present. Try oxalic acid for removing stains.

A. D. M.—Make your white Victoria lawn by Marguerite polonaise pattern, and trim with side pleatings. For a grenadine the most stylish design is a skirt ruffled to the waist, an apron tied back on the tournure, and a postillon-waist.

CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.—Silk is not often worn in fresh mourning, but your lustreless sample will look well trimmed with crape bands. Make it by Plain-basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V.

DOLLY VARDEN.—Blouse-waists and apron-front over-skirts will continue in fashion. We can not give you the other information you ask.

A. I. P.—Your question has been answered.

ALLIE.—Make a box-pleated blouse or else a basque. Get a brown pongee parasol with Alpine stick, or else a large brown silk umbrella that will answer for sun or shower.

INQUIRER.—Any loose sacque of white muslin used for toilette or breakfast wear is called a camisole.

JANE R.—Your inquiry about graduating dresses was not answered because such dresses had been previously described in the *New York Fashions*.

MRS. D. L. T.—"Manners upon the Road" has not been published in book form.

LAVRA.—We know nothing about the music-book you mention.

A. B. C.—Your pine-apple grenadine should be made over silk of the same shade; but as it is a difficult tint to match you must make side-pleated bias ruffles on the grenadine skirt, and wear over a white skirt. Make a box-pleated blouse-waist, and apron-front over-skirt.

ANNA.—The Water-proof Cloak pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. IV., is the best model for a linen duster. Scallop the cape and bind with linen. We send the pattern for twenty-five cents.

"A READER AND LOVER."—Your lace can be arranged in the way mentioned.—The name "Watteau," given to costumes, is the name of a painter of the time of Louis XIV., who painted the ladies of the French court in the costumes that are now in favor.

MRS. H. F. C.—All the seams should be shortened in proportion.

MRS. S. Q. V.—High-necked dresses are used altogether for infants and children in their first short clothes. The Gabrielle and the yoke slip are for children of eight months and more. A walking coat, or sacque, or cape of piqué, is the wrap for the present season.

MRS. H. A.—A striped Japanese polonaise made by Marguerite Dolly Varden pattern would be handsome with your solid gray Japanese skirt, and also with a white skirt, or else the gray skirt with a white polonaise.

A BIG VICTORY FOR THE NEW WILSON UNDER-SEWING MACHINE.—It will delight all the many friends of the Wilson Improved Sewing Machine to know that in the stubborn contest for superiority in samples of work at the great Northern Ohio Fair, their favorite has carried off the two great premiums, the medal for best six specimens machine work, and the diploma for best specimen embroidery. As the great competition was in these two classes, it will be seen that the Wilson's victory is complete. We knew this would be so. It could not be otherwise. There is no talking down the fact that the Wilson is the best family sewing machine now manufactured, the one capable of doing the best work on any kind of goods and under all circumstances. This award of the highest premium to the work of the Wilson Improved Machine should and will silence the talk of that large class of sewing-machine men who have made this machine the object of their special enmity, simply because it is a moderate-price machine, and undersells their expensive ones. Go and see the first premium cards on those beautiful samples of work, and remember that you can buy this premium sewing machine for fifty dollars.—From the *Cleveland Herald*. Salesroom, 707 Broadway, N. Y.; also for sale in all other cities in the U. S.—[Com.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. J. REILLY, Washington, D. C., has used a Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine constantly since 1856, in dress-making, with nothing for repairs. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[Com.]

THE American Institute awards the premium to *Electro Silicon* as being the best article for cleaning and polishing Silver, Plated Ware, &c. Sold by Jewelers, Druggists, and Grocers. COFFIN, REDINGTON, & Co., Agents, 9 Gold St., N. Y.—[Com.]

COLGATE & Co.'s CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP is a most fragrant and ornate soap, manufactured solely by themselves, and has reached a most wonderful popularity in a very short time. It softens the skin, and leaves it smooth and perfumed.—[Com.]

"WHITCOMB'S REMEDY cured me of Asthma."—CALVIN DIBBLE, Pataskala, Ohio.



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

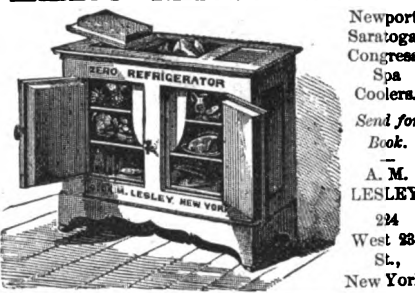
ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, the well-known, reliable, and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations of the Face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists.

MRS. C. C. THOMSON

Continues to purchase upon her usual terms. Send for Circular containing references and particulars. Mrs. C. C. THOMSON, 341 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

ZERO REFRIGERATORS.



Newport, Saratoga, Congress, Spa Coolers. Send for Book. A. M. LESLEY, 224 West 23d St., New York.

GREAT HUMAN HAIR Sale!

Every lady should embrace this opportunity at once, and purchase from the only hair importer in the United States who retails at wholesale prices.

First quality, fine, even, full length, and warranted not dyed, clean hair.

14 inches long, \$1.30 an oz.	24 inches long, \$3.40 an oz.
16 " " 1.55 " "	26 " " 3.90 " "
18 " " 1.90 " "	28 " " 5.00 " "
20 " " 2.45 " "	30 " " 5.90 " "
22 " " 3.00 " "	32 " " 6.85 " "

No charge for weaving or making up.

The above are the same prices I charge hair-dealers.

CHARLES V. PECKHAM, Importer of Hair, 687 Broadway, near Amity Street, New York City.

[Established 1848.] Send color by mail. Will send hair, C.O.D., by express, with privilege of examining; or, to save express charges, will send by registered mail, prepaid, on receipt of post-office money-order, or money in registered letter. Correspondence answered by inclosing two 8c. stamps.

A. SELIG,

Successor to S. M. Peyser, 813 Broadway, Importer of Zephyr Worsteds; Silks for Embroidering; Embroideries on Canvas and Leather—Slippers, Cushions, Light Screens, Suspenders, Strips for Oriental and Camp Chairs. Also, Guipure and Point Laces, and materials for making the same. Novelties in Fringes, Gimps, Buttons, Ornaments, and Laces. Fringes and other Trimmings made to order. All kinds of stamping done. Monograms and Crests designed and embroidered in gold, silk, or worsted, in artistic style, at the lowest prices.

JEFFERS, 1179 BROADWAY, LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES AT POPULAR PRICES.

INDIGESTION is the main root of Disease. It makes the blood thin, the nerves weak, the muscles feeble, the mind dull, life worthless. Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS cure Indigestion.

Daniel D. Youmans, IMPORTER OF ENGLISH HATS, 719 and 1103 BROADWAY, N. Y. LADIES' RIDING HATS. GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' HATS in every variety.

LADIES Send for Circular giving description of the most wonderful discovery in the world for beautifying the complexion. Freckles and Moth Patches removed in ten days. Warranted. Address Mrs. SHAW, 341 6th Ave., New York.

MOTHERS, Y NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS FARINA, O THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE. O Extensively used and recommended by the most eminent physicians. Sold by Druggists and Grocers. H. ASTIE & Co., Sole Agents, 15 South William Street, New York. R

INFANTS. Are You Musical? If so, be also prudent. Do not throw away money on high-priced publications when you can purchase 10 or 20 pieces of excellent sheet music, arranged for the Piano, for one dollar. Call or inclose stamp for new catalogue. BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, 439 Third Avenue, New York.

SAFEST & PUREST OIL IN THE WORLD. DENSLOW & BUSH'S "Premium Safety" Oil, fire test 150°. "This oil will not explode or ignite if a lamp be broken."—N. Y. Tribune. Sold by all dealers in the U. S. Address DENSLOW & BUSH, 130 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

LUNDBORG'S NEW PERFUME, ARCADIAN PINK, The most beautiful and natural Perfume of the age! Entirely original, and made by no other perfumer. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, &c.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!! WITH A NOVELTY PRESS! The best ever made for the purpose. THE most valuable addition to the Business Office; the most efficient instructor in Schools; the most fascinating and instructive amusement in the Family; and is unsurpassed for the use of AMATEUR AND REGULAR PRINTERS.

Send for descriptive & illustrated Pamphlet to BENJ. O. WOODS, MANUFACTURER, 340-341 Federal & 122 Kneeland Sts., Boston; WM. Y. EDWARDS, 543 Broadway, N. Y.; KELLY, HOWELL & LUDWIG, 917 Market St., Philadelphia; J. F. EDWARDS, 120 N. 3rd St., St. Louis; A. C. KELLOGG, 55-56 S. Jefferson St., Chicago.—Manufacturers' Agents.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. STIMSON & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST, 1872.

CONTENTS:

MOUNT DESERT. ILLUSTRATIONS.—Cave of the Sea, Schooner Head.—Mount Desert, from Blue Hill Bay.—Map of Mount Desert Island.—The Stone Wall.—Entrance to Somes Sound.—Echo Lake, on the Road from Somesville to Southwest Harbor.—Southern End of Newport Mountain, near the Sand Beach.—Cliffs on Bald Porcupine.—The Ovens, Salisbury Cove.—Devil's Den and Schooner Head.—Great Head.—The Burial by the Sea.—Cliffs at Schooner Head.—View of Eagle Lake and the Sea from Green Mountain.—Head of Somes Sound.—Cliffs, Dog Mountain, Somes Sound.

SODA-WATER: WHAT IT IS, AND HOW IT IS MADE. ILLUSTRATIONS.—Soda-Water Fountain.—Generator, Washer, Pressure-Gauge, and Fountain.—Sectional View.—Tumbler-Washer, with Bouquet-Holder.—Hot Soda Apparatus.—Siphon Bottle.—Marble Draught Stand.

DEAD. THE MOUNTAINS.—IV. ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON. ILLUSTRATIONS.—A Covey.—Curiosity.—A Recipe for Cooking Trout (patented).—Reveries of a Bachelor.—The Hired Boy.—Dishing up.—The Bean's Toilet.—A Flirtation.—Jane Harney's Boots.—Entrance to the Tunnel of Gandy.—Job.

JIMMY. By KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD. With an Illustration.

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. ILLUSTRATIONS.—Head-Piece.—"To save yourself from living with a woman who can not love you."—"Will you go away and leave us at peace?"

THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE. By EMILIO CASTELLAR.—(Third Paper.)

ON THE ORONTES. By J. AUGUSTUS JOHNSON. ILLUSTRATIONS.—Safeta, Syria.—Porte de Tortose.—Family of Abu Mustafa.—Kaleel, the Janizary.—Turkish Pasha at Jisres Shogre.—The Cadi.—Awad, our Guide.—Junction of a Tributary with the Orontes.—Belt Elma, near Antioch, supposed Site of Daphne.—Antioch, on the Approach from Suadeah.—Bridge over the Orontes.—Our Camp on the Orontes.—Persian Wheel on the Orontes.—Ferry over the Orontes.

THE WIDOW'S MITE. By JUSTIN M'CARNEY. THE GREEK CHURCH. OLD KENSINGTON. By MISS THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XL. Raban meets the shabby Angel. CHAPTER XII. Dorothy by Fire-Light. CHAPTER XIII. Little Brother and little Sister. CHAPTER XIV. Rag Dolls. ILLUSTRATION.—On the Step of a Rag-Shop.

THE MASSACRE NEAR MARATHON. With a Map.

CORN FIELDS. By CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON. RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STAGION. ALIVE. By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE BATTLE OF MURET, A.D. 1213. A SIMPLETON.—A STORY OF THE DAY. By CHARLES READE.

IMPROVISATIONS.—I. By BAYARD TAYLOR. EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR. EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD. EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD. EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD. EDITOR'S DRAWER.

Contributors to the August Number.

CHARLES READE, ANTHONY TROLLOPE, MISS THACKERAY, EMILIO CASTELLAR, JUSTIN M'CARNEY, PORTE CRAYON, BAYARD TAYLOR, CHARLES K. TUCKERMAN, EUGENE LAWRENCE, GEORGE WARD NICHOLS, J. AUGUSTUS JOHNSON, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, PROF. SPENCER F. BAIRD, and others.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE's novel, "The Golden Lion of Granpere," will be concluded in the September Number, to be followed in October by a serial story from the pen of WILKIE COLLINS.

EMILIO CASTELLAR's papers on "The Republican Movement in Europe" will be continued.

New Subscribers will be supplied with HARPER'S MAGAZINE from the commencement of CHARLES READE's story, in the August Number, 1872, to the close of the Volume ending with November, 1873—making SIXTEEN NUMBERS—FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year.....\$4 00 HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year..... 4 00 HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year..... 4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, \$10 00; or any two for \$7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR will be supplied gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS at \$4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for \$20 00, without extra copy.

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the new and old one must be given.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, \$500; Half Page, \$250; Quarter Page, \$150—each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, \$2 00 per Line; Outside Page, \$4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—\$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, \$1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

The popularity of *McClintock & Strong's Cyclopaedia* having become general, now that its importance is universally acknowledged, and the inducements offered to Agents being liberal, experienced and successful canvassers are daily applying for an opportunity to sell this and other valuable publications of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. There is some desirable territory not yet assigned. For further particulars, address

EVERY BILL, Care Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.,
Broadway, cor. Nineteenth Street, N. Y.,
Will continue to offer the **BALANCE** of their
SUMMER DRESS GOODS,
SUMMER SILKS,
SUMMER UNDERGARMENTS,
SUMMER HOSIERY,
TRAVELING-DRESS MATERIALS,
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S OUTFITTINGS,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
PARIS-MADE SUITS,
LINEN, LAWN, AND PIQUE SUITS,
&c., &c.,
AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

A COMPLETE
Sacrifice
Of IRON GRENADINES,
Warranted Pure Silk and Wool.
Positively at less than 50c. on the Dollar.
JACKSON'S MOURNING STORE,
Corner BROADWAY AND WAVERLEY PLACE.

Cut Paper Patterns
OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
IN
HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are **GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE**, and are fitted with the greatest accuracy, the NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.	
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER.....	No. 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK.....	" 11
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 17
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old).....	" 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 9 to 8 years old).....	" 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old).....	" 27
BOYS' KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 29
BOYS' BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, AND KNICKERBOCKERS (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old).....	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt).....	" 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 37
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER.....	" 39
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 6 to 15 years old).....	" 41
GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP.....	" 43
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 45
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt.....	" 47
WATTEAU MANTLE, with 8-Pleat Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 49
MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 51
WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt.....	" 53

Vol. V.	
DOUBLE-BREADED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER.....	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers).....	" 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 8
DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT.....	" 10
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postilion, and Walking Skirt.....	" 12
MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT, with Cape.....	" 14
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Dolly Varden Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 16
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 18
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER.....	" 20
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 22
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old).....	" 24
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt.....	" 26
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 28

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for \$2.00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

B. M. COWPERTHWAIT & CO.,
(Established 1807),
155 CHATHAM ST., NEW YORK.
FURNITURE, CARPETS, BEDDING.
BARGAINS FOR CASH.
Payments received in installments if desired.

WIZARD'S HERMANN'S magic cards. The cards are changeable, and enable a person to perform wonderful tricks, changes, and metamorphoses. Hermann's greatest trick. Sent free for only 25 cts. Address **HUNTER & CO.,** Hinsdale, N. H.



THE PEOPLE HAVE CHOSEN.

The experience of years has convinced an intelligent public that for all ailments involving weakness and irritability of the stomach, obstructions in the bowels, a morbid condition of the liver, and nervous debility, **TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT** is the surest, safest, and swiftest remedy. Not merely agreeable, but absolutely delicious to the palate, it also possesses four medicinal elements which have never been united in the same happy proportions in any other preparation. It is the gentlest and most painless of cathartics, a wonderful tonic, an unexceptional alternative, and a certain corrective of all impurities which may exist in the blood or other fluids of the body. Decline all imitations of the genuine article. Sold by all druggists.

BAZAR

Cut Paper Patterns,

For Ladies, Misses, Girls, and Children of Both Sexes.

The great design of the proprietors of the Bazar Patterns is to furnish cut paper patterns of every description, and for every size, at a moderate price. These patterns are intended to be the most perfect, the most practical, and the most economical ever produced in this country, and so arranged as to be easily understood by those not accustomed to making their own garments. We avoid as far as possible every form of extravagance in cutting up material, at the same time combining all that is desirable with fashion and good taste. Our business will be conducted in a spirit of progress. Every pattern we issue will be the product of the ablest and most experienced gentlemen dressmakers in the country, all under the supervision of Mr. Moschcowitz, a gentleman who stands at the head of his profession, and who is unquestionably the ablest dressmaker in the United States. What Worth is to Paris, Moschcowitz is to New York—the highest authority on all matters pertaining to fashion. We have carefully prepared a catalogue of 28 pages, containing over two hundred figures, showing the leading fashions of the day. From this catalogue may be selected patterns of every description and of every size, ranging from 30 to 46 inches bust measure; also for misses from 10 to 16 years of age, and for children of both sexes under 10. On receipt of postage stamp, the above catalogue will be sent to any address free of charge. In this catalogue will be found a list of two valuable premiums, both of which are offered to subscribers for *Harper's Bazar*. One subscriber will get at least one of these premiums, and we confidently assert that, for liberality and magnitude, the premiums offered to each and every new subscriber for the *Bazar* have no parallel, an offer in which thousands of families will be benefited, and will, we trust, be the means of adding much to the comfort and economy of every household. We are confident that this premium will be hailed with delight by every lady in the land. For terms to Agents, or for catalogues, address

JAMES MC CALL & CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

Important to Ladies.—Read the following extraordinary offer: The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co. manufacture and warrant two different Sewing Machines, one called the **ELLIPTIC**, the other called the Wheeler & Wilson. The Elliptic Machine excels in many important points. It is so light that a child can run it with ease; or an invalid, whose strength is sufficient to walk about the house or to do the work of a child ten years old, can sew all day without being over-fatigued. It is impossible to convey by language a tithe of the merits belonging to this deservedly popular Machine. To see it perform the different operations, such as hemming, felling, gathering, embroidering, tucking, cording, frilling, quilting, fringing, etc., it seems more like a thing of life than a machine moved by the will of the operator. It has adjustable gauges for every description of work, and can be changed in a moment to suit any material, coarse or fine. The economy of the Elliptic Machine in a family is almost incredible—with one, a good operator can do the work of twelve hands. A breadth of a skirt can be sewed in less than a minute; a gentleman's fine shirt can be made in three hours; or a child's dress, with many tiny pleats, in less time than the hands can fold them—in fact, every description of sewing is reduced from a question of hours to one of minutes. We make the following offer: Any person in the United States desiring one of these celebrated Machines can buy one and pay for it in work (not sewing) furnished at their own home. The work is pleasant and profitable, and can be accomplished by any lady, old or young. We send circulars on receipt of stamp. Address

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER
IS THE
STANDARD BAKING POWDER
AND THE
BEST AND CHEAPEST
ARTICLE PREPARED
FOR MAKING ELEGANT
Biscuit, Cakes,
Rolls, Dumplings,
Bread, Pastry &c.
In 1/4, 1/2, 1 and 5 lb. Cans,
Actual Net Weight,
(GROCERS SELL IT)
DOOLEY & BROTHER
Manufacturers New York
ESTABLISHED 1858.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE
OF THE NEW YORK INFIRMARY,
128 Second Avenue, N. Y. Winter Session begins 1st of October. For particulars, address the Secretary,
EMILY BLACKWELL, M.D.

A Great Offer.—**HORACE WATERS,** 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs, of six first-class makers, including Waters', at extremely low prices, for cash, during this month, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

J. B. SMALL,

Mfr and Designer of
CUT PAPER PATTERNS
For Ladies', Misses', Boys', and Children's Garments,
ALL AGES AND SIZES.

The qualities which recommend our Patterns over all others are as follows:

First.—Our Patterns are of different sizes, enabling a large as well as small person to obtain a Pattern which will require little or no variation.

Second.—Each garment is fitted in cloth, and made to fit perfect, before the different sizes are graded.

Third.—Each Pattern has a label with picture of garment, and full instructions how to cut, make, trim, amount of cloth and trimming required, and size.

Fourth.—Our Patterns are not cut by a CHART OR DRESS MODEL; and no Pattern can be correct unless the garment is fitted in cloth, and submitted to an actual test.

Fifth.—Our Ladies' Patterns of Outside Garments are in nine sizes, 30 to 46 inches bust measure; no odd sizes; plain waist, in nineteen sizes, 28 to 46 inches bust measure. Misses' Garments, nine to fifteen years, seven sizes. Children's Garments, one to eight years. Boys' Coats, Vests, and Pants in various styles, from three to fifteen years.

Sixth.—All the difficult parts in each piece of the Pattern are notched and punched, so that the garment can be put together by the most inexperienced.

We warrant every Pattern we sell to be the exact size printed on the label, and the garment, when made, will be exactly like the picture given with the Pattern, if proper attention is followed to our printed directions. Our Patterns are all of the latest styles, and two weeks in advance of any others. Our prices are within the reach of all. Twenty-five cents is the highest price for any Pattern. Prices ranging from ten to twenty-five cts.

We supply HARPER & BROTHERS with all the suits of Cut Paper Patterns given in each issue of the *Bazar*, and they have been sent to all parts of the United States and Canada; and we have yet to hear of the first case where they have failed to give entire satisfaction.

Illustrated Summer Catalogue sent to any address on receipt of stamp to prepaid postage.

Agents will be supplied with our Patterns on reasonable terms.

Any of the Patterns specified in the Catalogue can be procured at the Salesroom, or sent by mail, post-paid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price, size, and number of Pattern.

Please write your Name, Town, County, and State very plain.
J. B. SMALL,
643 Broadway, corner Bleecker St., N. Y.

A full assortment of our Patterns can be had at any of the following Branch Offices:

FAGAN & CONKLIN, 2204 Third Avenue, Harlem, N. Y.; **WILCOX & GIBBS S. M. CO.,** 76 Court St., Brooklyn; 55 Fourth St., Brooklyn, E. D.; 142 Tremont St., Boston, Mass., General Agents for New England States; 1 Martin Hall, South Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.; 1 Union Block, Church St., Burlington, Vt.; 573 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; 270 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio; 20 Water St., Newburgh, N. Y.; 65 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.; 115 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.; 303 North Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo.; 67 Dauphine St., Mobile, Ala.; 543 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.; 373 Main St., Memphis, Tenn.; 111 Church St., Nashville, Tenn.; 177 Fourth St., Louisville, Ky.; 5 Cedar St., Newark, N. J.; **KETCHAM & CAIN,** 1027 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn; **MISS JULIA DENIER,** 655 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn; **PRICE & CO.,** 15 North Charles St., Baltimore, Md.; **SAMUEL WHITE,** 221 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio; **WM. A. COLTER,** 4400 Butler St., Pittsburgh, Pa.; **CHAS. BAUM,** 408 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

CAUTION!



All genuine Liebig's Extract of Meat bears the signature, in blue ink, of **BARON LIEBIG**, the inventor, across the label.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.

This Extract is made under Baron Liebig's control, and guaranteed from the finest Beef. Physicians, in prescribing, and purchasers will please take notice and ask for the Extract with Liebig's signature, thus:

J. MILHAUS SONS, Sole Agents,
183 Broadway & 15 Dey St., N. Y.

LADIES!

Dr. Kennedy's Hair Tea
will prevent the hair from falling out, and preserve its health and beauty. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

THE "LIGHT RUNNING"
"DOMESTIC"
A DOMESTIC
Luxury.
A DOMESTIC
Blessing.
A DOMESTIC
Necessity.
"WILL LAST A LIFETIME."
Address
"DOMESTIC" S. M. Co., 96 Chambers St., N. Y.

MAGNETIC TIME-KEEPER, COMPASS AND IN-GENIUM for the pocket of every traveler, trader, boy, farmer, and for EVERYBODY desiring a reliable time-keeper, and also a superior compass. Usual watchmaking, steel works, glass crystal, all in a neat OROIDE case. WARRANTED to denote correct time and to keep in order—of daily use—for two years. Nothing like it! This perfect triumph of mechanism will be sent in a neat case, prepaid to any address, for only \$1.50; \$1.00 for the 2d. Class. Send for free. Try one. Order from the Sole American Agent, **KING & CO.,** Brattleboro, Vt.

WEBSTER'S PATENT BUTTON-HOLE WORKER,



The most perfect Button-Hole Worker invented. So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can without it. It does away with pricking the fingers, straining the eyes, and with imperfect and irregular - worked button-holes.

They give universal satisfaction. Ladies who use them say they are worth their weight in gold. Sample worker, with full directions for use, sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents. Local and traveling agents wanted for this and other useful articles. Address **GEO. DAVIS, 91 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.**



You ask WHY we can sell First Glass 7 octave Pianos for \$290? We answer—It costs less than \$300 to make any \$600 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per cent profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant Five Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to 300 Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, New York.

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key-Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples, and full particulars FREE. **S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.**

Harper & Brothers' Latest Publications.

1. **THE SCHOOL AND THE ARMY IN GERMANY AND FRANCE**, with a Diary of Siege Life at Versailles. By Brevet Major-General W. B. HAZEN, U. S. A., Colonel Sixth Infantry. 12mo, Cloth, \$2.50.

2. **THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.** A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLOPE, Author of "Ralph the Heir," "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite," "Phineas Finn," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, \$1.25.

3. **THE UNITED STATES TARIFF AND INTERNAL REVENUE LAW** (approved June 6, 1872), together with the Acts of which it is amendatory, and a full Alphabetical Table of the United States Tariff; also a Table of Internal Taxes, a copious Analytical Index, and full Sectional Notes. Compiled by HORACE E. DRESSER. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1.00.

4. **HARPER'S GUIDE TO EUROPE.** Harper's Handbook for Travelers in Europe and the East; being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. PEMROKE FERRIER, Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book," "History of the Paris Commune," &c. With more than Ninety Maps and Plans of Cities. Eleventh Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Tucks, \$5.00.

5. **LORD KILGOBBIN.** A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, \$1.00; Cloth, \$1.50.

6. **THE DESERT OF THE EXODUS.** Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings; undertaken in connection with the Ordnance Survey of Sinai and the Palestine Exploration Fund. By E. H. PALMER, M.A., Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. With Maps and numerous Illustrations from Photographs and Drawings taken on the spot by the Sinai Survey Expedition and C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake. Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$5.00.

7. **A GOOD INVESTMENT.** A Story of the Upper Ohio. By WM. FLAGG, Author of "Three Seasons in European Vineyards," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

8. **THE STUDENT'S GREEK GRAMMAR.** A Grammar of the Greek Language. By Dr. GEORGE CURTIUS, Professor in the University of Leipzig. Translated under the Revision of the Author. Edited by WM. SMITH, LL.D., Classical Examiner in the University of London, and Editor of the Classical and Latin Dictionaries. For the Use of Colleges and High-Schools. 12mo, Cloth, \$2.00.

9. **IS IT TRUE?** Tales, Curious and Wonderful, collected by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Being Vol. IV. of *Books for Girls*. 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents.

10. **ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1871.** Edited by SPENCER F. BAIRD, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. 12mo, Cloth, \$2.00.

11. **ALBERT LUNEL.** A Novel. By the late LORD BROUGHAM. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

12. **ROLFE'S SHAKESPEARE.** Shakespeare, edited, with Notes, by WM. J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of Cambridge High-School. (The Merchant of Venice.—The Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Julius Caesar.) Illustrated. 4 vols., 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents each; or bound in one volume, handsomely ornamented, \$3.00.

13. **A BRIDGE OF GLASS.** A Novel. By F. W. ROBINSON, Author of "True to Himself," "For Her Sake," "Carry's Confession," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

14. **TALMAGE'S SERMONS.** Sermons by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. 12mo, Cloth, \$2.00.

15. **HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD DICKENS.** OLIVER TWIST. With 28 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1.00. MARTIN CHuzzleWIT. With 59 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, \$1.00; Cloth, \$1.50.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of their works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.



"MEN (AND WOMEN) SHOULD 'NOT' BE WHAT THEY SEEM."

SOME PEOPLE HAVE A WAY OF APPEARING AS IF THEY WERE CARRYING ON A DESPERATE FLIRTATION, WHEN THEY ARE IN REALITY DOING NOTHING OF THE KIND. FOR INSTANCE:

What they seem to say.

MR. JENKINS. "If the Devotion of a Life, Miss Perkins—"
MISS PERKINS. "Ah! Would that I had known of this before!"

MR. TOMKINS. "Fly, oh, fly with me, Miss Wilkins!"
MISS WILKINS. "Spare me, oh, spare me, Mr. Tomkins!"

What they are Really Saying.

MR. JENKINS. "Some People can't bear a Cat in the Room. My Grandmother couldn't."
MISS PERKINS. "Well, my Aunt Dorothy would turn Faint at the Sight of Strawberries!"

MR. TOMKINS. "You'd hardly Think it, but from the Battery to the Central Park is exactly Five Miles, Miss Wilkins."
MISS WILKINS. "No! Really?"

FACETIÆ.

A DISTINGUISHED journalist announces in his columns that he has positively received the following request: "Sir,—I should feel much honored by having your autograph for my album. If you deem the request unwarranted on my part, pray pardon me, but, at the same time, send the refusal in your own handwriting and with your own signature, that I may know that it is authentic."

What table is useful though it has no legs?—The multiplication table.

There must have been an unprecedented demand for mutton in Boston during the Jubilee. Just think of twenty thousand people announcing at the top of their voices, "All we like sheep!"

Talking of the migration of souls, when is a man like a raven?—When he "croaks."

BEATEN ON THAT SCORE.—Professional musicians who perform at evening parties may keep capital time, but they rarely keep good hours.

ARTISTIC.—"I'm only drawing from an old master," as a promising youth said when taken in the act of stealing from the till of a former employer.

There is a comic artist permanently retained on our staff who can take off his own boots admirably.

OUT-OF-TOWN PRIVILEGE.—Take a walk in the country and you will find that even the gentle brook murmurs.

What is the difference between an unmarried and a married lady?—One is a miss, and the other a miss is.

A gentleman, using his best endeavors to escape treading on the long walking train of a lady, did not succeed, when the lady turned upon him fiercely and gave him some of the long-after-marriage style of language. Broken-hearted, the gay bachelor responded, "Madam, I again humbly beg your pardon: I thought you had passed some time ago."

A horror of the Jubilee has overtaken at least one of the Bostonites, and we judge from the following that he is getting ready to abandon Boston:

"Tell me, ye raw east winds
That in this region roar,
Do ye know some calm spot
Where people sing no more?
Some quiet little place,
Some village in the West,
Where, free from notes and fiddlesticks,
A body might find rest?"

RELIABLE RECIPES.—For corns, easy shoes; for bile, exercise; for rheumatism, new flannel and patience; for gout, toast and water; for the toothache, a dentist; for debt, industry; and for love, matrimony.

MIS(UNDER)STANDINGS.—Spinsters' boots.

The editor of the Naples *Observer* warns people who wish to take canaries home from Italy to England against the expensive railway charges for the bird, also the "hotel charges" for the maintenance of the said animal.

The first sun-shade was an eclipse.

Tomkins, who is terribly hen-pecked, says that the greatest *miss-take* he ever made in his life was on his wedding-day. His wife denies it, and says it was she who was *miss-led*.

A SAFETY-MATCH.—Ten thousand per annum settled on the wife.

THE MOUTH FROM WHICH NO NAUGHTY WORDS ISSUE.—The mouth of a river.

THE RIGHT MEANING.—A contemporary observes, with great force: "Don't borrow a newspaper; nearly all the prevailing epidemics are spread in this way. If you don't want the small-pox, take your paper direct." The explanation of this curious and interesting medical fact is simple: the prevalence of epidemics depends on atmospheric influences, and the borrowing of papers produces such a very "mean" temperature that nature revolts.



DESIGNS AFTER NATURE.
A DRESS OF THE FUCHSIA.

PLEASANT WORDS (FOR PIGEON'S EARS).

MRS. PIGEON (who has brought P. with her, to the young wife and mother). "Don't consent to it, my dear. Go out alone, indeed! I know—by experience—what comes of husbands going out alone! They become tyrants in their homes, and their children do the same!"

NOT MONKEYS, BUT CROWS.—It is curious how great ideas will float about in the world. There is Mr. Darwin, who, after extensive research and deep study, has hit upon the idea of the descent of man from animals. Now comes Mr. Poole, another Englishman, just from the Queen Charlotte Islands, who tells us that the natives claim their descent from the crow; they also give reverent form to the idea by protecting crows' nests, and never killing the birds.

MISS-CONSTRUCTION.—Whalebone, wadding, powder, and paint.

BAD EGGS.—A grocer, when complained to about the quality of his eggs, excused himself by saying, "At this time of the year the hens are not well, and often lay bad ones."

A SEA-GULL.—A mermaid.

A mustache can not properly be called a curl of the lip.

THE LAST THING OUT.—The truth.

THE BOOK FOR PEDESTRIANS.—Walker's Dictionary.

Some one in speaking against suicide says, as a clincher, that it is the height of impoliteness to go any where unless you are sent for.



AT THE FRENCH PLAY.

HAPPY THOUGHT—INCognito SECURED—BLUSHES CONCEALED—AND SELF-RESPECT PRESERVED (AT LEAST OUTWARDLY).



VIRTUES (NOT CARDINAL).—HEROISM.

[And it's lucky there are some Gallant Creatures of this kind about sometimes, where there are Roaches!]

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

Vol. V.—No. 32.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1872.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Carriage-leather Balls, Figs. 1-3.

Fig. 1.—CARRIAGE-LEATHER BALL WITH CROCHET AND CORD COVER. To make this ball cut of red carriage leather eight equal pieces from Fig. 30, Supplement, and overseam them together on the under side. Before working the last seam fill the ball with curled hair, wadding, or moss; then sew up both remaining edges on the right side. Baste a round piece of carriage leather, an inch and three-quarters in diameter, on the middle of the ball at the top and bottom, in order to cover the seams. The cover for the ball consists of large and small brass rings covered in single crochet with blue zephyr worsted, and which are joined by means of blue worsted cord. First form the middle hoop of sixteen rings each three-quarters of an inch in diameter, crocheting on them in connection, first on one half, and then, going back, on the other. Fasten the last ring on the first; in crocheting on the second half always surround the veins of stitches between two rings with 1 sc. (single crochet). For the parts of the cover in the middle at the top and bottom of the ball first form two hoops, each of eight rings three-quarters of an inch in diameter, which are crocheted on in connection in the same manner as the rings in the middle hoop, but on the inner half of the rings work 11 sc. each, and on the outer half

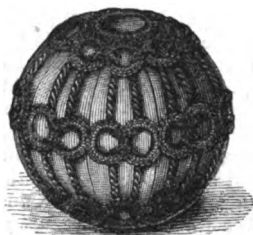


Fig. 1.—CARRIAGE-LEATHER BALL WITH CROCHET AND CORD COVER.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 30.



Fig. 3.—SECTION OF CARRIAGE-LEATHER AND NETTED COVER FOR BALL, FIG. 2.—FULL SIZE.

work 15 sc. each. In the middle of each of these two hoops set a ring one inch in diameter, on which two rounds of sc. are worked, fastening it to each of the eight rings with 1 sc. in working the second round. Baste the parts of the cover on the ball, and lace the rings with blue worsted cord as shown by the illustration.

Figs. 2 and 3.—CARRIAGE-LEATHER BALL WITH NETTED COVER. This ball is made of red carriage leather, and is furnished with a netted blue worsted cover. Make the ball like that shown by Fig. 1. For the netted cover work with blue zephyr worsted a foundation of 40 stitches, and on these net 20 rounds, always going forward, on a mesh half an inch in circumference. Fasten the finished netted part first on a brass ring an inch in diameter, covering the ring closely with blue worsted in a lighter shade, and in doing this always surround one foundation stitch of the netting. Then draw the netted part over the ball, and fasten the stitches on the under edge to a ring in a similar manner. Finally, darn the netted part, as shown by Figs. 2 and 3 (the latter shows a full-sized section of the netted cover), with double blue worsted in a lighter shade, so that all the joining seams of the ball are covered.

Swiss Muslin and Lace Fichu, Figs. 1 and 2.

The trimming for this Swiss muslin fichu consists of puffs of the material an inch and three-quarters wide, gathered lace an inch and a quarter

wide, lace insertion half an inch wide through which black velvet ribbon a quarter of an inch wide is run, and loops and ends of pink silk ribbon an inch and three-eighths wide. For the fichu cut two pieces each from Figs. 64 and 65, Supplement, having first joined on the pieces turned down in Supplement on Figs. 64 and 65, and allowing an inch and a quarter extra material on the front edge of Fig. 64. Having sewed up the darts in the fichu (Fig. 64), hem down the extra material on the front edge on the under side, and furnish the right part of the fichu with button-holes, and the left part with the corresponding buttons. Trim Figs. 64 and 65 as shown by the illustration and partly indicated on the pattern, cut away the material underneath the puffs, join the fichu with the scarfs from 64 to 65 by means of a rolled seam, and sew the parts together in the back at the upper corners. Set on the bows as shown by the illustration. In adjusting the fichu the scarfs are crossed in the back, and held together by a bow of pink silk ribbon. The color of the bows of course must harmonize with the



Fig. 2.—CARRIAGE-LEATHER BALL WITH NETTED COVER. [See Fig. 3.]

For pattern see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 30.

dress with which the fichu is worn. In the original this is of pearl gray silk, trimmed with a kilt pleating on the under-skirt, and with four bias folds on the long over-skirt, which is draped high at the sides. The sleeves are trimmed with folds and bows as shown by the illustration.



Fig. 1.—SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE FICHU.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 64 and 65.



Fig. 2.—SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE FICHU.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 64 and 65.

MY FIRST LOVER.

TO-DAY, when I chanced to look over
A trunk full of old odds and ends,
This note from my very first lover
I found: what enchantment love lends!
It makes one day simply eternal,
And carries you back to the years
When joy, like the sun, was diurnal,
And smiles were the right side of tears!

"My darling," he wrote (you'd discover
That he couldn't spell well at the time),
"If you love me, I am your true lover,
And to prove it, I send you this dime;
At Boxer's they'll give you a heap,
If you please to buy dates or bonbons,
But at Trudge's they sell 'em quite cheap—
And make me the happiest of Johns."

Well, we quarreled one morning severely
Concerning the names of some flowers,
And I fancy most quarrels spring merely
From trifles as foolish as ours.
Alas, he's grown famous and gray now,
And has lost his fine taste for bonbons;
But, reading his letter to-day, how
I wish I were the happiest of Johns!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1872.

Charles Reade.
Wilkie Collins.

In the August Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE
is commenced a NEW NOVEL BY CHARLES READE,
entitled "A SIMPLETON: A STORY OF THE DAY."

A new novel by WILKIE COLLINS will be com-
menced in the October Number of the MAGAZINE.

New Subscribers will be supplied with
HARPER'S MAGAZINE from the commencement
of CHARLES READE'S story, in the August Num-
ber, 1872, to the close of the Volume ending with
November, 1873—making SIXTEEN NUMBERS—
FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will con-
tain a rich variety of patterns, illustrations, and
descriptions of Ladies' and Misses' Corsets, Shoul-
der-Braces, Dresses, Mantlets, Talmas, Blouses,
Fichus, Jackets, etc.; Work-Baskets, Watch
Stands, Jewel Cases, Work-Bags, Embroidery
Patterns, etc.; with attractive literary and
artistic features.

THE BEDROOM.

THAT blessed sleep which, as Sancho
Panza says, wraps us all up like a
blanket, is indeed a merciful dispensation,
which comes to most betimes, wherever
they may be. The man with the healthy
mind in the healthy body seldom fails to
find the repose at night which is the ap-
pointed refreshment after his daily work.
He may stretch his weary frame on the
bare ground or scanty straw, in the close
dungeon or the open air, and sleep will shed
its benign influence over him. The fam-
ished Lazarus even will slumber, insensible
to hunger, and feast perchance in his
dreams by the side of Dives; and the con-
science of the guilty wretch has often failed
to arouse his somnolence on the very eve of
his execution, and within sound of the ris-
ing gallows.

This facility of sleep makes many people
less regardful than they should be of the
means necessary to secure its best effects
as to health and comfort. There are un-
doubtedly some exceptionally vigorous peo-
ple who will sleep soundly, and awaken ap-
parently thoroughly refreshed, under cir-
cumstances ordinarily favorable neither to
repose nor reinvigoration. Uninterrupted
insensibility, however, is very apt to be
mistaken for healthful slumber, and many
a night is thus passed in a condition more
akin to stupor than sleep. A close room
and a charcoal-burner will secure for the
most restless and insomniac the profound-
est repose, even that of death.

Sleep, however sound, can not be health-
ful without those conditions which physi-
ology proves to be essential to the proper
action of the functions of life, whether in
full or partial operation; for in slumber, it
must be recollected, there is not cessation,
but merely diminution, of vitality. The
brain, the nerves, the lungs, the heart, the
digestive apparatus, the muscles, and, in
fact, all parts of the animal system work
by night as well as by day, though, indeed,
with greatly diminished activity. The body,
therefore, is subject to the same physiologi-
cal laws in sleep as in wakefulness, and it
is fatal to attempt to withdraw it from their
control.

Most people are supposed to be provided
with a place called a bedroom or bed-cham-
ber to sleep in, and it is essential for health
and comfort that this should be properly
adapted to the purpose. Stillness is gen-
erally a requisite for sleep, yet such is the
influence of habit and custom that noise be-
comes occasionally necessary. We know

the story of the new tenant of a house pros-
ecuting as a nuisance a neighboring tin-shop,
the persevering industry of the proprietor
of which led him to begin before the day
and prolong far into the night the charac-
teristic din of his trade, and thus murder all
sleep. With the proverbial delay of the law
the case, though finally decided in favor of
the plaintiff, was so protracted that he had
in the mean time become accustomed to the
noise, and found on its being put an end to
that with the gain of his suit he had lost
his repose, and was fain to solicit his old
tormentor to bring back his shop that he
might be soothed to sleep by its tumultuous
lullaby. Every traveler is kept conscious
at the beginning of his voyage in a steamer
of its noisy discomfort during many an hour
of the night, made wakeful by the constant
thuds of screw or paddle and the tremor of
the engine; but long before the end of his
journey they become, from habit, necessary
to his repose, and nothing is so sure to rouse
him from the deepest slumber as the sudden
cessation of these sounds when he awakes
in an agony of horrible stillness.

Quiet, however, is ordinarily essential to
sleep; and where there can be a choice, the
bed-chamber should be situated as remotely
as possible from all the usual noises of the
house. While it should be of easy approach,
it ought not to be too near the common
thoroughfare of hall, staircase, or corridor,
where there must necessarily be a more or
less constant tramping of feet, hum of
voices, and other sounds in the course of
household life. There are always some—as
servants, for example—who have to go to
bed later and rise earlier than others; and
the most discreet of these can not be always
relied upon for a careful consideration of
the comfort of those inclined to sleep.

Though the want of pure air is favorable
to stupor, an abundant supply of it is requi-
site for healthful sleep. It is particularly
desirable, therefore, that the bed-chamber
should be spacious and well ventilated. It
has been estimated that three thousand cub-
ic feet is the smallest breathing space to be
allowed to two occupants of a bedroom,
which should thus have the dimensions of
twenty feet in length, fifteen feet in width,
and ten feet in height. This, then, is the
minimum to which contraction is permissible.
The maximum may be extended almost
as far as the command of space will allow.
Large sleeping apartments are undoubtedly
very favorable to health. The desire for
free respiration during slumber leads many
people to secure an abundant supply of fresh
air by leaving a window communicating
with the atmosphere without open during
the night at all seasons. This—the very
thought of which will send a chill of dread
and imaginary cold all over our furnace-
baked dames, and which might, if they tried
it in reality, shiver them to destruction, as
the gentlest puff of pure air will an over-
heated glass—is, notwithstanding, a prac-
tice, as is proved by the experience of many
a vigorous veteran, favorable to health and
long life. If there should happen to be a
second room communicating with the bed-
chamber, it would be well that it at least
should have a window opened during the
whole night. Of course draughts are to be
avoided; but if these are prevented by a
proper arrangement of the doors and win-
dows in relation to each other, almost any
degree of cold in the bedroom will be safe
while the sleeper is warmly nestled beneath
his blankets. It seems almost a natural im-
pulse for every one rising in the morning to
refresh himself with the pure air of the early
day, and most people are hardly up before
they throw the windows of their bedrooms
wide open. The vigorous can indulge in
this practice not only with safety, but bene-
fit; and even the weakly, provided that they
take care by proper covering to avoid too
great and sudden a change, may expose
themselves in most climates and seasons to
the freshness of the outward air with im-
punity. At any rate, the windows should
be opened just as the occupant of the bed-
room is about to leave, and left so for most
of the day.

The principal piece of the furniture of a
bedroom is, of course, the bed. We in the
United States, with our practical good sense,
have long since discarded the old four-poster,
as it was termed, with its ponderous im-
mobility and heavy hangings of stuff of divers
kinds, so absorbent of impurities and attrac-
tive of deposits of dust, "slut's wool," and
other dirt. The bedstead should be kept
free of all curtains and incumbrances for
show. It ought to be made so movable by
lightness, or casters attached to its feet, that
its position can be easily changed for the
convenience of sleeper or maker of the bed,
and the ready removal of dust, so apt to ac-
cumulate under and about it. Feather-beds
we regard as obsolete, and we doubt if even
a surviving grandmother can be found to
favor them. The ordinary spring mattresses
of hair, superimposed on palliasses of straw
or corn-shucks, are the most healthful to lie

upon. The best position for the bed is with
its head to the wall, so that either side may
be left free for the access of air and the bed-
maker.

Warmth is more healthfully secured by
woolen blankets, since they are compara-
tively light, and by their porous texture in-
terfere less than impervious coverlets and
bed-comforters, stuffed and stitched solid
with cotton, with the evaporation of the
natural moisture of the body. The *édredon*,
judiciously used, is a comfortable append-
age to the bed in the rigid winter weather,
especially for the aged and weakly, liable to
suffer from excessive coldness of the legs
and feet. The floating eider-down, of which
it is ordinarily made, forms the warmest of
all envelopes, and is so light that its weight
is imperceptible. The *édredon* should be
used merely, however, as a partial means
of warmth, and to cover only the lower ex-
tremities. The bed must not be made until
an hour or more after its incumbent of the
night has left it, and its internal surfaces
have, by a due scattering and turning of its
contents, been well exposed to the fresh air
and clear daylight from the open windows.
A sunny exposure we regard as advanta-
geous to every room, whether used by day
or night. As this, however, is not always
practicable, it can be dispensed with better
in the bed-chamber than elsewhere, as dark-
ness is an essential requisite of the noctur-
nal abode. Heavy window-curtains, how-
ever, are objectionable for the same reason
as weighty bed-hangings. An easily mov-
able shade, just sufficient to temper the too
intrusive light of dawn or glimmering of
the moon, is better than thick drapery of
any kind, barred shutters, or close blinds.

Modern luxury insists upon the carpet,
but not wisely, as we think. Painted or in-
laid floors of wood, with rugs, are, accord-
ing to our taste, more becoming, and cer-
tainly more healthful. A permanently laid
woolen covering to the floor must neces-
sarily absorb and retain much dust and other
impurity. A rug, on the other hand, remov-
able each day, can be kept free from un-
cleanness of all kinds. None but the neces-
sary articles of the toilette, etc., should be
admitted into the bedroom, so that there
may be left the freest scope for the air and
the broom. Painted or frescoed walls are
preferable, for health's sake, to paper-hang-
ings. The decorations need not be very nu-
merous or elaborate, as the bedroom is meant
to sleep and not to lie awake in. There
should be a few choice engravings—as, for
example, of the sacred pictures of Raphael,
which, if we do not all revere as symbols of
piety, no one refuses to admire as ideals of
chaste beauty. Every eye closing or wak-
ing upon the sanctified manliness of saint
and apostle, purified maternity of Virgin,
and holy innocence of Child, must receive
visions of beatitude for which the dreams
of the night will be sweeter and the aspira-
tions of the day nobler.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of the Blarney Stone.

MY DEAR SELIM,—As I was walking
down town the other day, panting with
every body else in the extraordinary heat, I
met young Firkin, who seemed almost melt-
ed, and who asked me if such weather was
not trying. I told him that I should think
he and his family must certainly think it
so, and must, indeed, be almost "tried out"
by this time—a jest of which I fear that he
failed to see the point, but which will be
appreciated at Dairy Farm, his father's place
in the country, should these lines be honor-
ed by perusal at that charming retreat. Fir-
kin replied to my joke in the most serious
manner: "Why don't you go and pass a
week at the Blarney Stone? 'Twould im-
prove you wonderfully." I can not suspect
my young friend of humor, or I should have
darkly supposed some satire to be hidden
under his remark. "There is nothing more
refreshing," he continued, "than a trip to
the Blarney Stone." "Would it improve
our manners?" asked I. "'Tis absolutely
necessary to them," answered he.

He began to sing,

"The groves of Blarney,
They are so charming."

And as he went on, weaving the spell of that
music, as it were, around me, I began to
think that several of my acquaintances must
have recently made a trip to that famous re-
sort. Indeed, there are some, I am very sure,
who have chipped a piece off the original
rock, and keep it in their dressing-rooms, as
certain of our friends returning from Sara-
toga bring or buy the sparkling Congress
water, and drink it at home in the spring
mornings. They are the *habitués* of Saratoga,
and the others are the *habitués* of the Blar-
ney Stone. Are there virtues in both re-
sorts? Is it good to frequent them? I
think so. When I see a friend, heavy-eyed,
yellow, listless, loitering dully about in the

pleasant spring, I say to him, "Ho! for Sar-
atoga!" And when I see a sour, surly,
crusty, silent, snapping friend—and such,
alas! there are—I say to him, "Ho! for the
Blarney Stone!" I know that in both in-
stances my advice, if followed, will produce
the best results.

Indeed, there are philosophers who assert
that most of the charm of society is due to
the Blarney Stone. They insist that the
virtue which passes into us from kissing
that ancient and renowned rock is agreeable
and harmless falsehood. For what would
become of us except for blarney? If you,
my dear Selim, were to tell me frankly what
you think of me when we meet—if you were
to say that you are of opinion that I am a
tedious, shallow, insufferable old prosing
coxcomb, devoting my life to the preaching
of platitudes, and who ought to be a warning
to all sprightly young fellows, illustrating
all that they should avoid, how extremely
embarrassing our meetings would be, and
how little reasonable progress our acquaint-
ance would make! And if, on my part, when
I meet Mrs. Monplaisir, I should say to that
leader of fashion that I thought her a ridic-
ulous old guy, and should recommend her to
lay off her wig and her paint and her feath-
ers, and her dress that would be wild for a
girl of fifteen, and is frantic for her wizened
old person, what on earth would not hap-
pen? Mrs. Monplaisir would take to hys-
terics, and I should be driven headlong, with
a shout of wrath, from all fine society.

And suppose that Populus, the rising po-
litical, should say what he really thinks of
his constituents when he appears before
them to solicit their most sweet voices? Suppose he were to speak out of the fullness
of his heart, "You ignorant, drunken boob-
ies, who would all sell your votes to the
other side if they would pay more, who
haven't the least idea of a single political
principle, and who can not comprehend the
reason of one wise act of legislation! It
was a stupid blunder that you were ever al-
lowed to vote; but it can't be helped now,
because you fools and knaves are the major-
ity, and will break our heads if we should
attempt to put you in your proper places.
I should like to kick you individually and
severally as a feeble expression of the pro-
found contempt which I feel for you, and of
my indignation and shame that the gratifi-
cation of my ambition for power depends
upon the favor of such scum." Fancy the
Honorable Populus delivering himself in
such terms to his respected fellow-citizens!
"Poor Populus," they would say, "he's gone
stark mad!" and he would be whipped off
to a lunatic asylum.

The Reverend Doctor Tenthly also—do
you think it would be judicious for him to say
just what he thinks? In his study, and at
midnight, and walking by the way, there are
doubts and despairs which seize him like
demons and rend him horribly. He is pre-
paring a sermon upon immortality, and con-
soling parents and children and lovers and
husbands and wives by the argument and
the promise that they shall surely meet
again. But how if he should say what he
thinks; how if he should exclaim with an-
guish, "Oh, brother men, who knows? who
knows? We walk in a cloud darkly. We
paint our fancies, our hopes, our resolutions,
our despairing longings upon it, and call
them faith, or revelation, or instinct, or in-
tuition, or what you will. We are here, but
whence came we? Do you know? Did any
in any age ever tell? We go hence, but
whither? Did any ever return to say? We
reason, we argue. There are similitudes,
analogies; let us make the most of them.
Let us hope, and not despair, if we can
help it. I know no more than you, and
nobody knows any thing about it." What
do you think the vestry would do about
that? And all the respectable families in
the congregation, what would they think
of such a sermon? The Reverend Doctor
Tenthly would be accommodated with a
strait-jacket, and a barred room next to
that of the Honorable Populus.

But now behold the virtue of blarney!
As a matter of fact we have all made fre-
quent trips to the Blarney Stone, and have
fondly kissed it. You, for instance, when
you meet me, accost me with friendly eag-
erness, and if you do think me a tedious old
proser, you listen to me as the fox listened
to the crow, and complimented her upon her
voice. Your manner and your tone and your
eyes, quite as much as your words, persuade
me that I am not altogether insufferable to
you. Surely we are both happier for it.
Because, although you may think me sadly
prosy, you think also that I am a good-na-
tured old fellow; and yet you know that if
you told me so, the fact that you thought me
good-natured would not relieve the pain of
the fact that you considered me tedious. So
your silence on that point, your avoidance
or evasion of telling the truth in all its
length and breadth and height and depth
and thickness, is really blarney. It is the
sweet and blessed influence of kissing the

Blarney Stone. Don't be ashamed of it, ray boy!

It is the same thing with me when I sit at the bountiful and beautiful table of Mrs. Monplaisir and address myself to that lady. I observe all the proprieties, as we delicately phrase it—that is, I do not say all that I think, and possibly I sometimes insinuate something that I do not think. To be sure, I have not kissed the stone so devotedly as my opposite neighbor, who looks with admiration upon Mrs. Monplaisir as a widow who would nobly adorn the head of his table. So he plunges in, as it were. He says that he has never seen a taste so rich, so magnificent as that which presides over every detail of the house in which he has at that moment the felicity to be. Where did Mrs. Monplaisir get such glass? In Paris he saw nothing like it; but, to be sure, nothing can be seen without eyes! It is the happy quickness of seeing and seizing the right thing that wins the prize in the game of life. "This, indeed," says my neighbor, advancing his parallels at a slapping pace, so to say—"this, Mr. Bachelor, is the very house Beautiful, and I drink in this perfect Yquem to the health and happiness of the interpreter!" I am of opinion that this worthy man has not only kissed but hugged the Blarney Stone. I do not accompany him in all that he says, but still I refrain from asking Mrs. Monplaisir why she smears her cheeks so frightfully with paint, and I listen to her wearisome gossip as if she were saying something worth hearing. For I, too, have kissed the Blarney Stone, and I am therefore permitted to partake of the pleasures of society.

Populus has tasted also. When he rises to solicit the support of his constituency he begins by saying that he should be unworthy their support if he did not tell them the truth, and that he is glad that the appeal is to be made to a tribunal at once so intelligent, so honest, so discriminating, so patriotic as the respected fellow-citizens whom he sees before him. You see that this is not exactly the speech that I have supposed him to think, and which I know he would sometimes make if he really expressed what he feels. But when I was last at the Blarney Stone, and asked why the softest side of it had been nearly kissed away, I was told that a great election was pending, and that all the candidates had been down struggling to see which could kiss it longest, and carry away most of its blessed influence. Doctor Tenthly must have been before them, for I heard him preach last Sunday, and no one would have supposed that a doubt had ever darkened his mind. There was a little flavor of blarney all through his admirable discourse.

A visit to the Blarney Stone, as young Firkin advised, is thus, as you see, very necessary to the pleasant working of society. It is a generous name for all that is not severely and, so to say, entirely truthful. Gross exaggeration and soft illusion are equally the gift of that miraculous stone. The mirage of the oasis in the desert, that mortally and cruelly deceives, and the tender haze that veils the ghastly abyss upon the mountain-side, are extremes of the same illusion. What is a little blarney in our manners, dear fellow-travelers, but a little salt or a little spice, which does not change the character of our food nor harm its healthfulness? It is hyperbole which yet expresses a real feeling. When Edgardo says to Lucia at Newport, "How gladly would I swim out among the sharks for your adorable sake!" or when Populus wishes that he might have an opportunity to die for his country, it is only the way in which love for your Lucia or for your country is naturally expressed after you have kissed the sweet Blarney Stone.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

OUTFITS prepared for children who are taken to the sea-side or mountains for the summer months combine sensible and fanciful garments this season. Grenadines, foulards, and the silken fabrics so easily torn, and that are ruined forever when once soiled, are left at home, while washing suits, substantial linens, cambrics, and piques are provided in abundance. Above all other "toggerly" that which best pleases the little ones is a jaunty sailor suit of summer flannel. This is worn both by boys and girls. The pattern for boys' suits is the "Albert Victor," illustrated in *Bazar* No. 25, Vol. V., while girls wear a similar blouse, with the fullness gathered by a rubber band around the waist, and the collar widely open at the throat, displaying a cambric blouse beneath. The skirt is gored and trimmed with rows of braid. \$10 is the price asked for such dresses at the furnishing houses. The hat is a curled-brim sailor of soft Mackinaw straw, that is not injured by rain. A warm wrap is also needed by thin-blooded children of the city when taken among fresher breezes. Brown corduroy is heavy enough for this garment, or else twilled serge

cloth of dark blue or gray, and the shape is a double-breasted half-fitting jacket; the trimming is a band of gros grain piped with white cashmere, and buttons of smoked pearl or gutta-percha.

Girls' dresses of linen and cambric are made up in various ways, though none are very novel. Plump, chubby "little women" look best in the plain Gabrielle confined at the waist by a morocco belt, or a wide ribbon sash tied in a huge bow with hanging loops and short, wide ends. Half a dozen of these simple slips, made of white piqué, scalloped and needle-worked around the bottom, neck, and sleeves, or else simply hemmed, form the substantial part of a summer wardrobe. They are also inexpensive, as piques are greatly reduced in price, and the absence of ruffling or other elaborate trimming is a comfort to the child and the laundress. For slender little girls the princess dress is chosen. This has a Gabrielle over dress, forming an upper skirt, with a full lower skirt beneath. Yoke slips with full straight skirt and waist in one piece, gathered to a yoke and worn with or without a sash, are most comfortable summer dresses for girls when first put in short clothes, and for three or four years thereafter. Nansook or Victoria lawn is prettiest for these dresses. The yokes are formed of tucked bands and insertion, while others are elaborate with open-worked "English" embroidery of home manufacture.

White is still preferred for children, and many mothers prohibit all colored garments for the first four or five years. There are, however, many useful dresses of buff and light brown linen prepared for morning wear, school, roaming about in the country, and for traveling. The furnishing houses show linen dresses half covered with braiding in coarse patterns. These are factory-made and low priced, but do not look as well as plain untrimmed Gabrielles, or pleated blouse-waists with two skirts simply hemmed. American percales and prints, with clear blue and wood brown grounds striped with white, also make pretty little dresses. These goods do not show soil as readily as those with white grounds, and their depth of color is considered more stylish than the paler hues of last summer. Remnants of Mozambique, mohair, and Japanese silk are offered at low prices to tempt mothers to buy them; but they require ribbons and silks to trim them, and make dowdy-looking dresses at best. Swiss muslin and fine French nansook, trimmed with needle-work and Valenciennes lace, are the dressy toilettes for girls. They are worn both over white and colored slips. Such dresses are made with low infant waists and short puffed sleeves. Fanciful muslins for afternoon have short sleeves with high necks, though most useful dresses for day wear cover the neck and arms entirely. Dress skirts reach half-way between the knee and ankle. Drawers come about to the knee, and are never long enough to be visible below the skirts.

Over-skirts of Swiss muslin have apron fronts and low square-necked peasant waists, or else sleeveless basques trimmed with embroidery and Valenciennes. The prettiest apron is the Gabrielle apron made by the pattern of the over dress of the princess suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 25, Vol. IV. The pattern may be lengthened and made plain around the bottom. The sacque apron is also improved by being cut quite full, and having three box-pleats stitched in the back and front of the waist.

Stockings striped around with a color are in favor, but do not replace the white unbleached hose that resemble fine Balbriggans. The stockings should be long enough to extend above the knee, and instead of being fastened there should be held up by elastic bands attached to a belt or to the band of the child's drawers. Low shoes are again worn by children. Boys wear low buskins coming half-way over the instep and buttoned on the side. For girls there are Newport ties, laced across the instep like the garden shoes worn by ladies.

VARIETIES FOR LADIES.

The fancy for black net garments increases. With most street toilettes of light silk or of summer muslin there is seen either a black net collar, or a pointed pelerine extending half-way down the waist, or a regular fichu, or else a long scarf carelessly tied in front. Guipure and the Spanish blonde net are most used for these. Black net polonaises are also very much admired.

Fashionable under-sleeves of linen, to wear with the standing English collar, have wide flaring cuffs. These expand toward the wrist, and are fastened on the outside by two or three large flat linen buttons. As dress sleeves even of the plainest coat shape are rounded, large, and open about the lower part of the arm, the custom of wearing linen cuffs pinned in is no longer practicable, and an under-sleeve is necessary. A sort of habit shirt to cover the shoulders is also added to linen collars. Most ladies wear a high linen corset cover or habit shirt of cambric to absorb perspiration and prevent it from soiling the dress lining. Under-sleeves of fine sheer nansook, with a deep ruffle of the muslin and Valenciennes lace gathered to a band of insertion and falling over the hand, are worn with grenadine and silk dresses. These are considered in better taste than pleated organdy frills basted inside the sleeves.

Cuffs to shirt sleeves of box-pleated blouses are made extremely wide, and instead of being buttoned are sewed together with an inch-wide lap, on which flat linen buttons are sewed. A blue striped percale will serve as a model of the simple morning dresses worn here. The skirt has two straight flounces six inches wide, gathered on a cord an inch below the top. The plain apron-front over-skirt has a single ruffle four inches wide. The blouse has three wide box-pleats back and front, fastened by three small linen buttons; shirt sleeves with wide

cuffs and large buttons. Standing English collar of linen, and a black lace barbe for a tie. Belt and bag of red Russia leather. Tortoiseshell jewelry. Black hat, with bluish-green wing and Spanish lace veil. Gray undressed kid gloves. Dark blue umbrella with shell stick.

Cuffs and collars of linen prettily needle-worked are shown for box-pleated blouses, cambrics, and night-gowns: they cost from 50 cents to \$1 a set.

Sailor blue linen for suits is a novelty just introduced in Paris. It is of the quality of the buff linen worn here, and is trimmed with worsted guipure of the same blue shade. The suit consists of a loose skirt and polonaise, trimmed with side pleatings and guipure. A sash of blue gros grain, or a black morocco belt with silver buckle, fastens the polonaise.

Standing frills to be worn around the neck and wrists by ladies in mourning are made of white crepe lisse doubled and laid in side pleatings. A similar ruffle edges the close coat sleeves. Black crape collars and pleatings are worn only by those in deepest mourning.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and A. T. STEWART & Co.

PERSONAL.

MR. BENSON J. LOSSING, who by pen and pencil has conferred honor on the literature and art of his country, has recently had the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws conferred upon him by the University of Michigan. Two of our colleges had previously distinguished him—Hamilton College having given him an A.M. in 1855, and Columbia College A.M. in 1869. Mr. Lossing is one of the most indefatigable and conscientious of our historians. There is scarcely a portion of the country where events that have become historical have occurred that he has not visited personally, and gone to the very root of every thing worthy of investigation and record.

The Princess MATHILDE offers some of her property for sale. Her palace can be had for \$300,000, gold. She is wealthy, for her Russian husband was very rich. She preferred literature and art to politics, and was no niggard in aiding struggling talent. Over the doors of her salons she had notices, "Politics prohibited."

An American gentleman who was recently introduced to a son of the "Maid of Athens" says "he is a handsome young man, and bears the stamp of an intelligent mind. His mother, as all the world knows, became the wife of a Scotchman, and died simple Mrs. GEORGE BLACK."

MADAME RATAZZI has commenced the publication of her memoirs. The first part, in three volumes, has appeared under the title of "A Stormy Youth" ("Une Jeunesse Orageuse").

MISS ALICE FAIRMAN, the celebrated English contralto, who appears with PATTI and SARTLEY at the Worcester musical festival of England, comes to the United States next fall to concertize with Madame RUDESDORFF.

The French Prince Imperial, as we learn from a London letter, goes every morning to King's College School, in the Strand. The boys of the school are quite of the middle class. The prince has a tutor, which is probably the reason why he is better in his recitations than most of his classmates. When they initiate him into cricket and other athletic sports they will find out the stuff he is made of.

During the Commune one Viscount de Belfry was arrested and imprisoned for refusing to join the insurrectionists. A certain Mademoiselle GUILLOT, who was acquainted with his mother, determined to rescue him, and went to the lock-up. She was granted an interview, and so disguised him in a workman's suit, which she had concealed about her, that he passed out unnoticed while she was talking with the sentinel about a cantinière's place. The viscount rewarded his fair savior by offering her his heart and fortune, and they have just been married in the Madeleine.

In the way of lucid "personal" we have seen nothing clearer than the following from a recent number of the *London Times*: "Kangaroo.—Any portion of the leopard or the bear would do, or part of the pig, but abstain from the leopard's heart and the parts next to it, for the candle would not be out then. The lion is too savage to be tamed. Don't forget the baboon's biscuits."

The descendants of JONATHAN EDWARDS are to glorify the memory of that personage by the erection of a statue in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. It is being made in Scotland, and was to be completed in September next, but something has occurred which will prevent its getting here before next January. Meanwhile the descendants of "good old Ned, who has gone where the good EDWARDSes go," must wait for the spectacle until next season.

Two daughters of the Earl of Portsmouth lately took certificates at the London University in connection with the Cambridge local examinations.

GOUNOD, having in one short season appeared in public as composer, arranger, harmonizer, and conductor of an English choral society, has recently made his debut as a vocalist, or was announced to do so on the 15th of July.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has so far identified herself with republican institutions and the spirit of our forefathers as to place her son in the dry-goods house of JORDAN, MARSH, & Co., Boston, to learn that method of accumulating property.

One BLODGETT (Blo-jay, the élite pronounce it), of Detroit, bounced from his little couch on the morning of the Glorious Fourth, animated with the resolve to fire his old musket 1000 times that day. He did nobly until sundown, when the overstrained weapon flew into 1000 pieces, more or less, taking Blo-jay's scalp, nose, and one ear as trophies.

SOLOMON ROBINSON, eminent as a writer and practical planter of the potato, and who has tallied over seventy on life's score, led to the hyemeneal altar a few days since in Brooklyn a young lady of thirty. Our contemporary of the *Eagle* says: "The groom was dressed with ostentation, and apparently with the object of keeping cool. His legs were enbalmied in the richest quality of Kentucky jeans, which neatly fit-

ted over a pair of No. 10 agricultural pumps; a white vest loosely flowed about his waist, and a lengthy brown linen duster completely surrounded his person and his shoes. His hands were recklessly embosomed in a pair of yellow cotton gloves, which toned well with the other various articles of his costume. A glazed cap (undress uniform of the Fire Department) and a green cotton umbrella are said to have gracefully reclined together on the seat behind him."

JOAQUIN MILLER was at Niagara Falls a few days ago, and was the observed of several observers at our principal cataract by riding out daily in full Mexican dress, with a sombrero hat. His pony is a fleet pony, worth some four hundred and a half, and he has a sweet thing in the way of saddle.

The King of Bavaria went out in his little punt the other day alone by himself, upset, and would have been drowned if some of the peasant-ery on shore had not rowed out and rescued him.

The Sultan of Turkey has consented to place his artistic treasures at the service of the Exposition Universelle at Vienna next year. The Archduke CHARLES LOUIS, who has been visiting the Sultan, has selected a great number of precious objects from the imperial palaces, including furniture, vases, arms, etc. Archaeologically as well as artistically this is news of great interest.

Good thing on General SHERMAN. While he and his suite were in the Caucasus they were invited to an elegant breakfast, at which they met a large number of official personages. When the visiting party came to leave they were presented with a bill for the breakfast, including all the expenses of every one who was present.

The young King of Siam, who has just assumed the sceptre, is mainly indebted for his education to Mrs. LEONOWENS, who daily, throughout five or six years, was his teacher, and taught him no end of sensible things. She is the author of the "English Governess at the Siamese Court."

Pere HYACINTHE has in his possession the manuscript of a work by the late Count MONTALEMBERT, entitled "Spain and the Revolution," which he intends to publish shortly.

KODAMA (a real prince) and the other Japanese students at Williams College are making remarkable progress. They are thorough students. During the recent intolerably hot weather their chamber windows at night were always illuminated far into the small hours, and the poor fellows could be seen tirelessly at work with brain and book, the fan meanwhile plied with utmost vigor.

The total expenditures of the Boston Jubilee were calculated pretty closely before a note was sung, and put down by the executive committee at \$525,000. The official result has not yet been announced, but it is understood that after paying all expenses there is a deficiency of about \$150,000, which the members of the guarantee fund will be called on to make up.

SIGNORA AURELIA CINIMO FALLIERO DE LUNA, a well-known Italian authoress, has established in Florence a semi-monthly newspaper, entitled the *Cornelia*, devoted to the advocacy of woman's rights and the promotion of the education of Italian women.

Prince HUMBERT's christening present to the Prussian princess, of whom he has become sponsor, consists of a most valuable set of gold, pearl, and ruby ornaments, in a Roman case of bronze and enamel. It embraces a crown, bracelets, necklace, ear-rings, coronet, etc., worked in the style of the tenth century.

MADAME BONAPARTE, who, from want of funds, has taken to bonnet-making in London, and is doing a right smart business, has an imitator in Prince PONIATOWSKI, grand-nephew of STANISLAUS, the last king of Poland. He too being short, tries to earn an honest penny by writing music; but his songs do not bring so much or sell so readily as the bonnets of BONAPARTE.

MISS RANSOM, of Cleveland, Ohio, an artist of merit, who painted the first picture ever bought by the government of a woman, has just finished a full-length of General THOMAS, which is spoken of as a work of great merit.

It is a remarkable coincidence that Mr. BENNETT, who founded the *Herald*, and NATHAN RANDALL, who was invited by Mr. B. to unite with him in the enterprise as a business manager, were both carried to the tomb on the same day.

Public-spirited and vocally gifted Dr. EBENEZER ALDEN, of Randolph, Massachusetts, aged eighty-four, was the oldest singer in the chorus at the Boston Jubilee. It did the old doctor a power of good to lift up his voice in the anthems.

All Rome goes to the studio of HARRIET HOSMER to see her exquisite statue of the ex-Queen of Naples. The queen is represented as holding in her hand a match, about to light a cannon.

Mr. FREDERICK LAW OLMESTEAD, Central Park Commissioner, who was astounded recently on finding that a few respectable people had assembled in a small parlor at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and nominated him as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, was born in Hartford just half a century ago. At Yale he devoted himself to engineering and agricultural chemistry. Afterward he hired out as a farm hand for the purpose of knowing how to plant, and that sort of thing. Then he bought a farm on Staten Island, and made it pay from the start. When the Central Park was projected his plan was selected out of thirty-four. What he does not know about parking wouldn't amount to much.

The Rev. JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY GREENE, who died a few days since near Boston, was a grandson of the celebrated portrait painter, COPLEY, and nephew of the late Lord Chancellor LYNDHURST. While residing on his estate in Waltham he became partially paralyzed, but on recovering was ordained a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and devoted himself to clerical duties as far as health would permit. By birth and marriage he was descended from and connected with prominent families in this country and in England, members of which have been well known as of historic, social, or professional repute.

It is intimated that after the expiration of his term as Vice-President Mr. COLFAX will remove to St. Louis, and assume the editorial management of the *Democrat*.

Mr. JAMES KELLEY, a wealthy gentleman of Pennsylvania, has given \$250,000 to found a school in which poor boys shall be taught different trades.

Cord, Tatted, Crochet, and Netted Rosettes and Tassels for Dresses, Wrappings, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—Tatted and Crochet Rosette and Tassel. To make this rosette work, first, with saddler's silk a row of double tatted rings as follows: * 1 ring of 4 ds. (double stitch—that is, 1 stitch left, 1 stitch right), 1 p. (picot) five-eighths of an inch long, 8 ds., 1 very short p., 8 ds., 1 p. five-eighths of an inch long, 4 ds.; on this ring work a second ring of 4 ds., 1 very short p., 12 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the first ring, 12 ds., 1 very short p., 4 ds.; repeat nine times from *, but in future, instead of forming the first p. of the inner ring of each double ring, fasten to the corresponding last p. on the inner ring of the double ring worked previously, and instead of forming the first p. of the outer ring, fasten to the last p. of the last double ring. The last double ring is fastened to the first. Sew the rosette on the outer edge of a circular piece of card-board seven-eighths of an inch in diameter and covered with silk. Fill the free inner space with a row of tatted rings fourteen inches long (each ring consists of 20 ds.), which are sewed on in close coils. The tassel, which is an inch and a quarter long and an inch and a quarter in circumference, is made of silk and wadding; run double silk cord three inches and a quarter long lengthwise through the tassel so that it projects in a loop half an inch long from the under end of the tassel. Cover the tassel with a row of tatted rings sewed on in windings, as shown by the illustration. Slip a small brass ring covered with single crochet of silk on the cord at the top of the tassel, fasten the ring on the cord by means of button-hole stitches, and fasten the cord on the wrong side of the rosette; the cord is tied in a knot as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 1.—Tatted and Crochet Rosette and Tassel for Dresses, Wrappings, etc.

Fig. 1.—Worsted, Soutache, and Silk Tassel for Covers, Cushions, Furniture, etc.

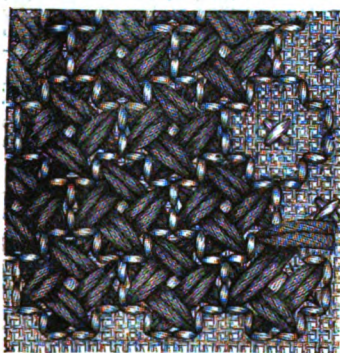


Fig. 1.—Tapestry Foundation for Slippers, Cushions, etc.

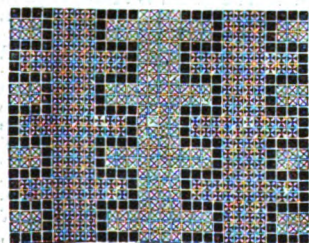


Fig. 7.—Tapestry Foundation for Slippers, Cushions, etc.

Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ■ Dark Green; ■ Light Green.

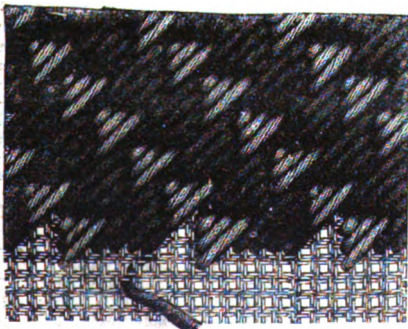


Fig. 3.—Tapestry Foundation for Slippers, Cushions, etc.

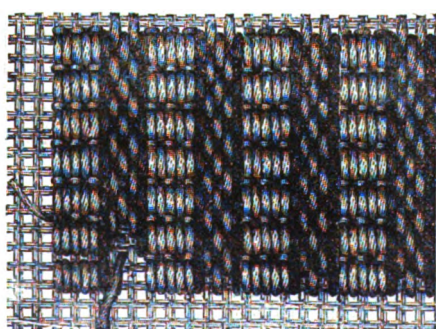


Fig. 4.—Tapestry Foundation for Slippers, Cushions, etc.

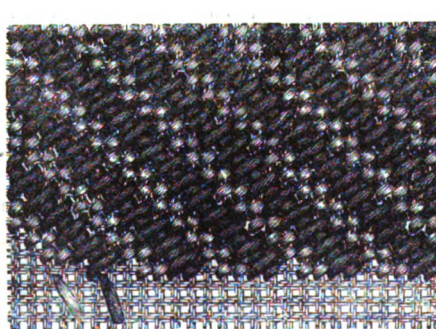


Fig. 5.—Tapestry Foundation for Slippers, Cushions, etc.

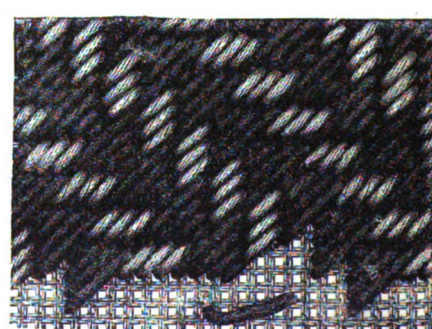


Fig. 6.—Tapestry Foundation for Slippers, Cushions, etc.

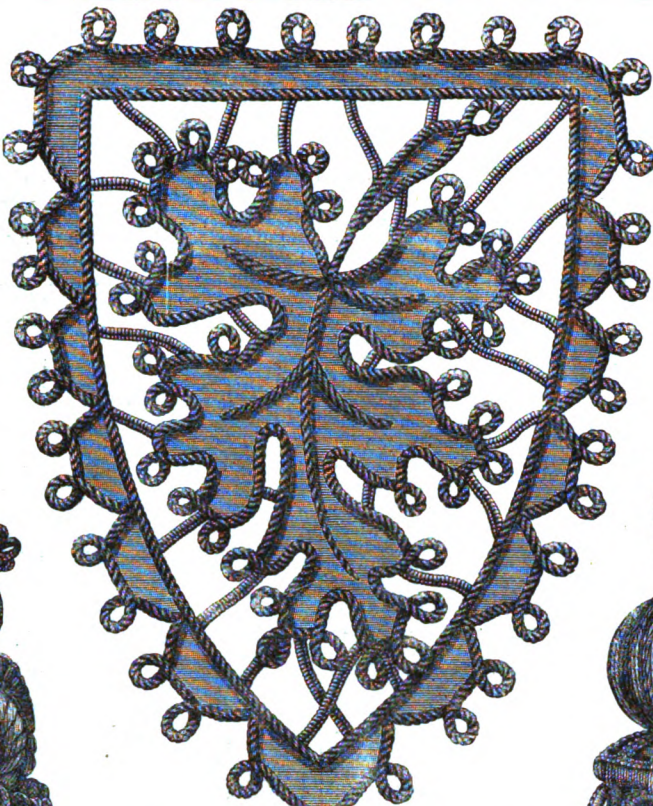


Fig. 2.—Tab in Genoese Embroidery for Clothes-Bag.—Full Size.



Fig. 1.—Clothes-Bag of Cashmere, Genoese Embroidery, and Netting.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XI, Fig. 29. The description will be given in a following Number.

TACHE, AND SILK TASSEL. To make this tassel take two round, turned wooden moulds, which are furnished each with a hole in the middle, and one of which is two inches and seven-eighths in circumference, and the other two inches and a half; cover them with dark gray worsted, and ornament the larger mould in the middle in herring-bone stitch with double light gray worsted as shown by the illustration. Then cut twenty-four threads of gray worsted six inches and a half long each, lay them double, tie gray silk tight around the middle, and half an inch from the middle of the threads, and on the tassel thus

formed, set a loop of twisted worsted threads three inches and a quarter long, on which the wooden moulds are strung so that the larger mould comes on the top. Take three gray worsted strands each twenty-four threads thick, lay them double, braid the threads of the upper part of each strand an inch and three-quarters long in a Russian braid, tie each strand underneath the braid, and set them between both wooden moulds on the loop on which the moulds are strung. Cut three flat card-board rings a quarter of an inch wide and an inch in diameter each, cover them with black cloth on both sides, work long button-hole stitches of light gray silk on the rings, and border them besides on the inner and outer

Fig. 2.—Silk Cord and Netted Rosette and Tassel for Dresses, Wrappings, etc.

edges with close button-hole stitches. Slip each of these rings on one of the braids, sew the rings together on the outer edge with several stitches, tie the three braid strands on the middle tassel close underneath the rings, and cover them there by a rosette made of gray soutache loops; fasten a similar, somewhat smaller, rosette above the upper wooden mould on the loop as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—Worsted, Silk, and Crochet Tassel. For this tassel first take a strand of gray worsted six inches and a half long and thirty threads thick, fold it double, tie it in the middle, and there fasten it on a flat wooden button seven-eighths of an inch large, and covered with black cloth. Then crochet with gray filling silk a row of chain stitches, and sew them in loops of an even length on the outer edge of the button, so that the worsted tassel is covered evenly by the loops. For the ring trimming crochet with light gray saddler's silk on a brass ring an inch in diameter eight times alternately nine single crochet, eleven chain stitches, and, finally, one more slip stitch on the first single crochet; sew this ring on the outer edge of the button, and fasten the chain stitch loops together in the middle of the button so that the loops lie spread out on the button. On the outer edge of the ring fasten eight strands, as shown by the illustration; each strand consists of six rings

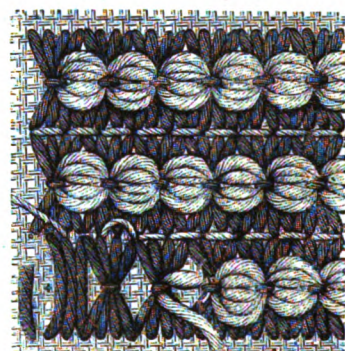


Fig. 2.—Tapestry Foundation for Slippers, Cushions, etc.

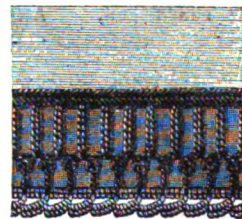


Fig. 2.—Section of Point Russe Embroidery for Work-Table Cover.

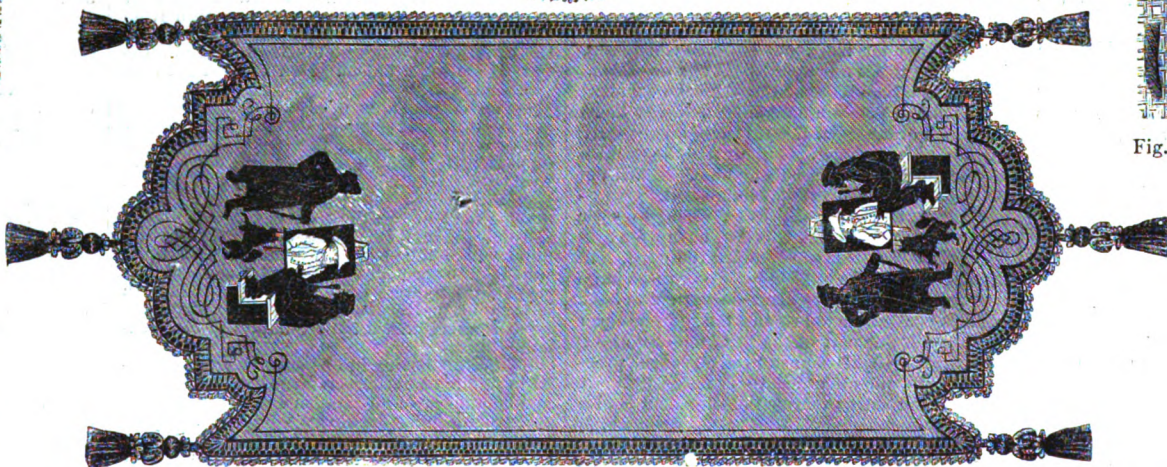


Fig. 1.—Braided Work-Table Cover with Appliqué Designs.—[For design see Supplement, No. XXII, Figs. 67 and 68.]

stretch gray worsted on a round wooden mould two inches and seven-eighths in circumference, then stretch light gray saddler's silk on the mould as shown by the illustration, slip the mould on a loop of gray worsted threads two inches long, and sew the ends of the loop together in the middle of the button.

Java Canvas and Braid Tidy, with Point Russe Embroidery.

THIS tidy consists of a square piece of white Java canvas, which is ornamented with wide white cotton braid and in point Russe embroidery with white knitting cotton. Work the foundation figures, having first counted off seventy-five double threads of the canvas for the border (including the twenty double threads for the fringe). These figures are worked five double threads from the border and sixteen double threads apart from each other. To work each figure, which covers a square eight double threads in length and width, first bore a hole in the middle of the square and then cover the square with radiated stitches, as



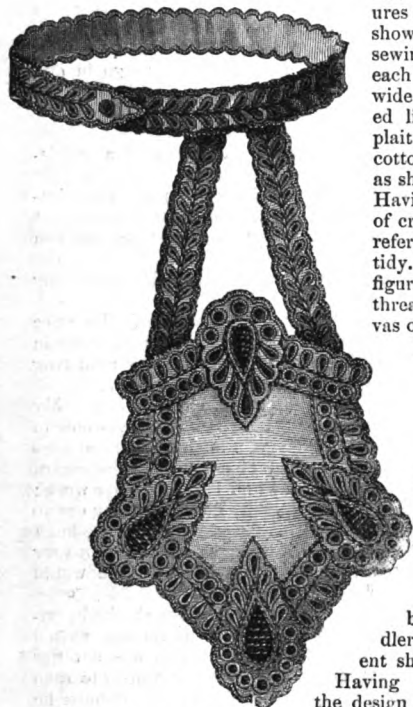
Fig. 1.—BLACK GROS GRAIN AND LACE MANTILLA.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Fig. 5.



Fig. 2.—BLACK GROS GRAIN AND LACE MANTILLA.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Fig. 6.

BUFF MOHAIR DUSTER.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 6-10.



CHILD'S GRAY LINEN BELT POCKET, WITH ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Fig. 69.

draw the outlines of the designs on tissue-paper, paste the design for the easel, the picture, and the bench on white silk, and the design for the remaining figures on black cloth (on the under side, of course), and cut

Braided Work-table Cover, with Appliqué Designs, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 524.

THIS work-table cover is made of gray woolen reps, and is ornamented, as shown by the illustration, with application embroidery of black and dark gray cloth, a braiding of gray silk round cord, and point Russe embroidery with saddler's silk in different shades of gray.

Having transferred the design as shown on Figs. 67 and 68, Supplement, to the woolen reps, and having furnished the latter with net lining,

out the designs carefully. Then paste them on the foundation material, and mark the fine lines in the figures with white paint or else with half-polka stitches of very fine white or light gray silk; the lines of the picture on the easel, the bars of the latter, and the lines of the bench are worked in half-polka stitch with very fine black silk on the foundation material. For the arabesques underneath the designs and for the straight lines on the sides of the cover sew on dark gray silk round cord with hem stitches. The outer edge of the cover is finished by a strip of dark gray cloth cut as indicated on the pattern, which is pasted on the foundation material, and is ornamented in point Russe embroidery with light and dark gray saddler's silk; Fig. 2 shows a full-sized section of the ornamented edge. Border the inner edge of the applied strip with round cord, and the outer edge with three rows of button-hole stitches; the stitches of the first row must be far apart, and are worked an eighth of an inch deep in the material with dark gray silk. The second row is worked with silk of the same shade in close button-hole stitches, which are worked each on the joining thread of the button-hole stitches of the previous row; the third row is worked with light gray silk as shown by the illustration, similar to the edge shown by Fig. 6 on page 172, *Harper's Bazar* No. 10, Vol. V. Finally, furnish the cover with a lining of gray muslin, and trim it with tassels, which may be worked like those described on page 524.

SECTION OF JAVA CANVAS AND BRAID TIDY, WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.

Tapestry Foundations for Slippers, Cushions, etc., Figs. 1-7.

See illustrations on page 524.

THESE foundations are suitable for making slippers, cushions, pockets, covers, etc., and may be worked on fine canvas with zephyr worsted and filling silk, or on coarse canvas with double zephyr worsted, according to the purpose for which they are designed.

The foundation shown by Fig. 1 is worked with zephyr worsted in two shades of brown. Work, first, with light brown worsted the back stitches, which form the edge of the design figures, and then work with the same worsted a cross stitch on four canvas threads in height and width in the middle of each design figure. Work the design figures each with four long stitches of double dark brown worsted as shown by the illustration; draw the last stitch through underneath the first stitch in the direction of the arrow-head shown in the illustration.

For the foundation Fig. 2 first work with colored worsted rows of stitches, each of which

(blue in the original) the horizontal covers twelve threads of the canvas in height. Work, first, four stitches each after an interval of two vertical threads of the canvas; the illustration shows the place where to insert the needle to finish the fourth stitch, marked ●. Push these four stitches close together, draw out the needle back of the fourth stitch at the place marked ×, and, stretching the working thread on the middle of the four stitches, work one cross stitch on two threads of the canvas. This completes one design figure. For the first stitch of the next figure insert the needle in the same holes in which the last stitch of the preceding figure has been worked. Continue in this manner, observing the illustration. After finishing the design figures work between every two rows one row of back stitches with yellow saddler's silk; each back stitch covers four threads of the canvas.

Finally, work with white zephyr worsted the raised rows of dots. Each dot consists of coils, which are formed by carrying the thread alternately through one and through the next cross stitch of two design figures side by side; first work the inner coil, then the second coil, and then carry the thread in a half coil to the next cross stitch, from which the following dot is begun.

The foundation Fig. 3 consists of diagonal rows of points, which are worked with zephyr worsted in two contrasting colors (red and white in the original). First work the larger rows of points with red worsted; each point requires four stitches, the first of which covers 4 squares



CHILD'S BUFF PIQUÉ BELT POCKET, WITH BRAIDING AND EMBROIDERY.
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 86 and 87.

of the canvas in a slanting direction, and each of the following stitches one square less than the preceding stitch. The place where to insert the needle to finish the first stitch of a point is marked ● on the illustration. Having finished the red rows of points, work the smaller points in the free intervals with white zephyr worsted as shown by the illustration. To make the foundation Fig. 4, use zephyr worsted in three shades of brown. First work the vertical light stripes at regular intervals of six canvas threads with the lightest shade, as shown by the illustration, always working five Gobelin-like stitches on four threads of the canvas in height and after an interval of one thread each. These horizontal rows of stitches are separated by back stitches of the same color, each stitch covering two threads of the canvas. Edge the vertical stripes on both sides each with a row of single stitches of dark brown worsted, covering four threads of the canvas in height; fill the free space between the stripes with similar transposed stitches of worsted in the middle shade. To do this always work three transposed stitches side by side, first forming the middle stitch on the four threads in the illustration from underneath which the thread hangs, draw out the needle for the second stitch at the place marked × on the illustration, insert the needle at the place marked ●, work the third stitch similarly between the two vertical threads of the canvas at the left, and so on. The foundation shown by Fig. 5 consists of diagonal stripes, which

are worked alternately with brown worsted and maize-colored filling silk. The illustration plainly shows how to work the foundation. The place where to insert the needle for the next stitch in the last two stripes is marked ● on the illustration.

In the foundation shown by Fig. 6 the larger rows of points are worked with green and the smaller rows with light gray worsted. Each of the larger points consists of four stitches, the first of which covers eight threads of the canvas in height, in a slanting direction, and each of the remaining stitches two threads less than the preceding stitch. The place where to insert the needle to finish the first stitch of a point is marked ● on the illustration. Fill the free spaces between the points each with three slanting stitches of equal length, with light gray worsted.

The foundation, Fig. 7, is worked with worsted on cloth or reps, in the colors described by the symbols.

"SO THE STORY GOES."

'Twas once upon a summer day—
So the story goes—
The Franklin's daughter chanced to stray
Where the mill-stream flows.
And as the rustic bridge she crossed—
So the story goes—
Over the rail she stooped, and lost
From out her breast a rose.
The stream ran fast, the stream ran strong—
So the story goes—
And on its waters bore along
The careless maiden's rose.
The miller's son stood by the bank—
So the story goes—
He stopped the wheel; and, ere it sank,
Caught up the maiden's rose.
Then in his cap he placed the flower—
So the story goes—
And boldly to the maiden's bower
He hid at daylight's close.
"Is this thy flower, sweetheart?" he cried—
So the story goes—
The maiden blushed, the maiden sighed,
"Oh! give me back my rose."
"Two flowers," he said, "so sweet and fair"—
So the story goes—
"Twere shame to part—one breast should bear
Thyself and this red rose."
What more the youth and maiden said,
That summer eve, who knows?
But he kept the flower and won the maid—
So the story goes.

THE SEWING-MACHINE MAN.

"THERE!" said Mrs. Hall, as the sewing-machine came down with a thump and stopped; "I've broken my needle. Do go and get me one, Carrie, and hurry back."

"Well," said the young girl addressed, "I will consent to make myself useful to that extent for once;" and putting on her hat she made her way to the principal dry-goods store in the village. The proprietor came forward to meet her, and, after exchanging the courtesies of the day, he said:

"Miss Moffat, won't you come and look at these new sewing-machines?—Mr. Sanderson, come here, please.—Miss Moffat, this is the agent for them, and I hope he will persuade you to buy one."

Mr. Sanderson was a very handsome young man of the Italian type, and his hair, said Carrie to herself, was as black as midnight, and his eyes shaded on a dark blue, and his voice—oh! oh! his voice!—it was as soft and clear as the notes of a flute, and dulcified the discordant whirr of the wheel and the monotonous motion of the treadle, and—well—yes—she thought she would take a sewing-machine—no, this one—this was the prettiest—if Mr. Doyle didn't think pa would mind. Mr. Doyle didn't think pa would mind. He would undertake to make that all right with pa. And how about learning it? Oh, that would be all right too. Mr. Sanderson, the agent, always taught the purchaser, and any hour that Miss Moffat would name. Ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Very well. Mr. Sanderson would be punctual.

When Carrie left the store Mr. Sanderson pulled his mustache thoughtfully, and thought he had never seen so pretty a girl; and he had traveled "some."

"I've bought a sewing-machine," said Carrie, hurrying into the room where Mrs. Hall was patiently waiting her return.

"But I only told you to buy a needle," she answered. "I didn't say to bring it in the machine."

"Oh! your needle! I forgot all about it. I bought this machine for myself."

"But why, when you could use mine?"

"I don't know. I never felt attracted toward yours. This is a pretty one, with an agent."

"Oh! I see. Young?"

"The machine?"

"No, the man."

"Yes, indeed. You should just see him; he is splendid—regularly stylish for a sewing-machine man. Such a dead white skin, blue-black hair! Do you think pa would mind the expense?—for I never stopped to think of that."

But pa thought of it, and pa minded it, though he said nothing when told of it, and patted his willful little daughter on the head, and told her he hoped she would learn to work well, as it might come useful; but he didn't envy the young man the task of teaching her.

"Old man Moffat," as he was called, was born of parents who were among the first settlers around a certain fort, which gradually grew

into a city, though, even at the present writing, a very small one. He kept the only hotel in the place for many years of his life, and was happy and affluent. When Carrie was about ten years old his wife died, and Mrs. Hall undertook his housekeeping. But his fortunes even then were on the wane. He had a paralytic stroke. Another hotel was opened, and took away the major part of his custom. He became negligent when all the luck seemed against him, took to drink, and every thing "went to the bad." The only one ignorant of the real state of affairs was the one, next to himself, most interested in them—namely, his daughter. She was brought up in idleness and indulged in every whim.

The sewing-machine man was punctual not only on the first day, but for many days after. Somehow it took a long time to teach Carrie—not that she was slow to learn. No, no. He, Sanderson, told her over and over again that she had learned more rapidly than any lady he had ever taught, and he had been agent for the great—S. M. Co. for five years, and in that time he had traveled "some." Then Carrie said that he said that just to encourage her. He became earnest, and assured her that he was incapable of untruth; that in her pure presence falsehood would turn into truth as if struck by a fairy's magic wand. Mrs. Hall was deep in her housekeeping duties, for "old man Moffat" left her to find out if a woman could keep a hotel, knowing by experience that it isn't every man who can, and she couldn't play watch-dog to Carrie; so the young people were left to themselves. There were so many things to learn. For at least a week Carrie sat with her arms folded, working the treadle with her feet. That was the first thing to learn, Mr. Sanderson said. This gave them opportunity to converse. And if you had seen them just separated by the machine, you would almost have thought them Romeo and Juliet on the balcony, especially when Mrs. Hall, like the old nurse, popped her head in at the door, which she did occasionally the first week or two just for the sake of appearances. Then, again, so many accidents happened. If the wheel started well, which it seldom did, the work was wrong, or the tension, or the spool gave out, or the thread snapped, or the stuff puckered, or the needle broke, or the stitches were so big you could lift 'em with a pitchfork, or the pesky thing got so heavy it had to be oiled, and then Carrie got the oil all over her dress or the work. Sometimes the "old" machine acted just as if it had sense, and worked like a charm. Again it was as contrary as Mary whose garden wouldn't grow. On such occasions the sewing-machine man would unscrew the whole thing, and Carrie thought he never could get it together again; but he did, and to show her that it was uninjured he stitched yards and yards just as quick as lightning, and worked her initials and his, and flowers, and quilted and hemmed, and embroidered and tucked, and gathered and ruffled, and felled and frilled, and one day, as the crowning act of high art, he made—love!

And then Carrie, who mentally owned that she had flirted with him, got angry, and asked him what she had ever done to lead him to suppose that he might speak to her of love. Being a young fellow of spirit who had traveled "some," he fired up in his turn, and told her that he never should have so spoken if she had not given him the most marked encouragement. "And you know you did," he added, in conclusion.

Being only a sewing-machine man, and not Chesterfield, and wounded and angry, he did not stop to pick his words. No sooner said than she replied, "I didn't."

"Oh, you didn't, didn't you? Very well, then, you didn't. Far be it from me to contradict a lady, especially one whom—one whom—I have loved so—so tenderly." Finding himself softening, he seized his hat and dashed out of the room, firing a parting shot at the door. "And when I am gone—forever—perhaps you will repent this, Miss Moffat. Good-by—forever!"

The clock struck four as he closed the door with a slam it would have been called had it been a woman; but no man has ever yet been accused of slamming a door, and I dare not—no, I dare not—be the first to do it. The sound of his retreating footsteps echoed along the passage. Carrie started up, and faltered out in a faint voice, "Ge-or-ge!" and listened eagerly. No reply from George; sound of footsteps cease; little foolish girl puts her hand to her heart as if to ascertain if it is still there or gone with him. Finding it thumping and hurting, she sank into a chair and sobbed, "Oh, he's gone! Nothing is left me now but to die an old maid. Well, better that than a hideous, horrid sewing-machine man. I hate him—I despise him." Then she went to the glass. In whatever stage of sentiment or passion, a woman, young or old, goes to the glass—fortunately a less harmful one than men go to. Clock, ten minutes after four. She exclaims to her reflection, tragically, "Henceforth I am alone for evermore!"

A knock at the door; but the despised is too quick for her, and catches her "fixing" her hair. He appears not to see it, and with an effective blending of sorrow and respect in his manner, remarks, in oh! oh! oh! that voice, "Excuse me, Miss Moffat, but I forgot my umbrella;" going to a corner and getting it, taking his time about it too, be it observed.

OFFENDED ONE (*logit*). "Like Paul Pry."

THE DESPISED (*a little nettled, but trying to keep his temper*). "Yes, and still further like Paul Pry, I hope I don't intrude?"

Offended one edges over to the sofa and gives the despised just half a look. That's enough. He drops hat and umbrella, forgetting his recent solicitude about the latter article, and charges upon her with such impetuosity that, thrown off her balance, she drops on the sofa as if shot,

He goes down on his knees. Youth and the machine have made them supple. He grasps both her hands in his, drags her down to his level, and kisses her! Little scream from the offended one, and an "Oh! you brute! How you hurt me! You've jammed the hair-pins into my scalp. You're as rough as a bear."

"Such as I am, you love me."

"I don't; I hate you."

"Prove it by giving me another kiss."

"I won't."

"Why not?"

"Because—"

"That's no good reason," grasping both hands again.

"Hush! Let go! There's Mrs. Hall." Grand scamper of both to sewing-machine. Fortunately the wheel is propitious, and starts just in time to satisfy the watchful housekeeper that they have never stirred from their seats since she last looked in. "How are you getting on?" she asks. Both reply, affably, "Oh, very well." Exit Mrs. Hall, with a sense of duty conscientiously performed irradiating her pleasant features.

"So you hate me, do you?"

"Yes, I do."

Sanderson bows as if accepting this as final, and with a broken heart turns to business. "Put your foot on the treadle, Miss Moffat, please." She puts both feet on and starts the wheel backward. "I said foot, not feet," he exclaims, authoritatively.

"Well, and if you did, you are not my master."

"Who, then, is running this machine, you or I?"

"I am," she answers.

"Under my direction?"

"Yes, I'll concede that much."

"Then put your left foot on the treadle."

She does so, and can not start the machine. It will not work for her, and he places his right foot upon it, and lo! it starts off with a will; and being so close together this couple keep the peace and silence for a good ten minutes, and neither has ever found the sewing-machine so pleasant to work before.

"Do say you don't hate me," he whispers.

"Well, I don't just exactly hate you."

Click! click! the sewing-machine plays its busy accompaniment to their soft young voices.

"Then you love me?"

"Yes; but only a little bit."

"And you'll marry me, since you love me?"

"Oh, that don't follow."

"But it does, when a man loves a woman honestly, as I do you."

"I'll never marry you."

"Why not?"

"Because you are a sewing-machine man."

"So better men have been before me. This is a land of self-made men, and I may go to Congress yet. I would do even that to win you."

"If you were only any thing poetic or grand, now."

"Once for all, Carrie, will you engage yourself to me?"

"No; most positively no. I can not bring myself to marry a sewing-machine agent."

"But if that's your only objection, I have to say I shall not be an agent much longer. Indeed, this is my last trip through the country. My brother and I are going to establish a branch office in Chicago. The New York firm furnish us the means, but even if they did not, we have capital enough to go into business for ourselves. How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"Honest?"

"Honest."

He smiled.

"And I am twenty-five. For a man of that age I have what might be called a competence. I earned it all myself too," he added, with a touch of pride. "I started in life a poor boy, without a friend to help me, or a cent to call my own. I've been out in the world since I was fifteen, and I feel like a real old man now, and want to marry and settle. So don't keep me in suspense, Carrie, for I'm not a man to beg and plead—indeed, I've hardly time to court. If I had had, I might have been married long ago."

"An ugly fellow like you!"

"Yes, an ugly fellow like me. If I were not convinced that you loved me—and I do not lack even the assurance of your words or lips—I would take no for an answer and leave you forever; but I know you love me. That is the principal reason why you should become my wife, and there is no sensible reason why you should not."

"Only that you are a sewing-machine man."

"Is that an insuperable objection?"

"Yes."

"Well, men can not all be chief magistrates nor merchant princes, even in America. A woman who can not appreciate me for my true value—that of an honest and hard-working man—is not the wife for me. Good-by, Miss Moffat."

He rose proudly, and before the girl could say a word he had left her. She sat there in a sort of stupor, hardly knowing what to say, or think, or do. Half an hour must have elapsed when she heard the trampling of horses underneath the window, and peeping out, saw his team. The wagon he drove was of singular construction, being fitted up at the back to hold sewing-machines. He had been stopping at her father's hotel, and it had not taken him long to make ready to leave. He sprang into the vehicle, flicked his whip upward in the direction of her window, and was off at full speed.

When he had gone she began to realize "the wounds invisible which love's keen arrows make." Day after day and week after week she hoped he would relent and write, but he did not; grief

and pride had a fierce battle, and pride would have been worsted had Carrie known where to write. She would, in her agony, have humbly owned her love, and entreated him to return to her. The sweet postess Mrs. Norton says that "the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning." Even so it was with merry Carrie. Six months wore on, and new sorrows came to press aside the old. "Old man Moffat" died, and after the estate was settled Carrie found herself with only a few hundred dollars—her fortune all told. Mrs. Hall had saved something, and they determined to go to Chicago to seek employment, and to keep together as long as they could. It was a disastrous time, for the great fires had already taken place, and impoverished almost the entire West. Nobody wanted housekeepers, for the reason that the Chicago people had then no houses to keep. Carrie could get nothing to do, and couldn't have done any thing if she had. Their money ran out, and their hopes ran down. One day, when heart-sick, foot-sore, and weary, Mrs. Hall obtained a situation to go into Ohio. The pay would hardly support them both, she thought, as she plodded back to where they lived to tell Carrie her good luck. Well, they would get along somehow. She found that she had been so deep in her meditations that she had stopped still in front of a fine building which the fire had spared. Glancing up to see where she had wandered in her abstraction, she saw an imposing sign with "Sanderson Brothers, Sewing-Machines," on it.

"I wonder if that can be that young man who taught Carrie the machine, and seemed so struck with her?" she said to herself. "He told her he was going into business with his brother in this city. She can work the machine beautifully now. I've a great notion to go in and see if I can get her a situation." She went in, a black boy opening the door for her.

"I want to see Mr. Sanderson."

"You wish to speak to me?" said a gentleman, advancing.

"Yes, Sir. I thought you an old acquaintance; but I find you are not the gentleman I knew, although the name is the same, and you resemble him."

"Perhaps it was my brother. Have you any business with him?"

"Nothing—very particular—only he once taught a young lady the machine, and being in reduced circumstances I thought, for auld lang syne, he might feel disposed to help her."

"I feel assured he would, madam. My brother never forgets old friends. He is now in St. Paul establishing a branch of the business there, and is in need of a skillful forewoman. Bring the young lady and let me see her work; if I think she would suit, I will send her out to him. He has written for one of my girls, but I would sooner send a stranger, as I can not very well spare any of my assistants. She would have to go at once."

And go at once she did. When she had parted with Mrs. Hall she felt as if she had parted with her last and only friend. It was a bitter trial for the young girl to go to him—the man she had looked down on and rejected because he was a sewing-machine man—to have to go to him and work—his paid assistant. This whirling of time! what changes it brings! Young Sanderson was now a successful merchant, and she his underling—a sewing-machine girl!

They met as strangers.

She found out what daily labor was, for she had plenty to do; and had she been employed by any one else, she would have rejoiced in the new happiness of occupation honestly performed and liberally paid for. But to be in his store! It was such a cut to her pride. Then he treated her so strangely, too, just as if they had never met before. And she knew that he was sought by all the best people. He drove out the prettiest girls; and they would come into the store and bring him flowers, and invite him to their parties. And she! She was just a little nobody—unknown, and uncared for. In her loneliness and her conflict of feelings—jealousy, love, and pride contending for the mastery—she became utterly wretched. One day at her work she was furtively wiping away a few tears, when she heard his step.

"Miss Moffat," he said, "I dislike to trespass on your time, but I have a little piece of work which I am pressed for, and it is very particular. I should like you to do it under my own eye, so if you will permit me I will call with it this evening."

"Certainly, Sir."

He bowed coldly and left her.

The day wore on. Night came. What a flutter she was in! She could settle to nothing. She trembled, flushed and paled, grew hot and cold. She would see him alone again! What would he say? Would he allude to the past? Did he still love her? If he did, how could he act so coldly toward her? She couldn't control herself so. No, no, he must have forgotten all about it. And yet it was not so very long ago. Hark! a knock at the door. Yes, there he is punctual to the minute as ever. She rose to greet him. She tried to speak; her voice failed her; the blood surged in her head. She dropped on the sofa. He sprang toward her and knelt, for youth and the machine still kept his limbs supple. And now his emotion was as overmastering as her own.

"Can I believe it? Yes, yes; this time you can not hide it. You do love me, Carrie, and I claim you as my own."

"I have found out my heart since then," she said.

It so happened that their respective positions were the same as on that eventful day when he first declared his love to her. It further singularly happened that he grasped both her hands as then, and dragged her head down and kissed her. This time, however, she did not call him

a brute, nor complain, though, bear-like, he drove the hair-pins into her scalp precisely the same as on that occasion. Strangest of all—alas for the consistency of woman!—she married the despised, the sewing-machine man.

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]
THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

I CONCLUDED my last by saying that I would give an example to illustrate the fallacy of certain innocent Americans who believe in boarding-houses as an open door to French society, and the pleasures and outcomings thereof. A family composed of a mother and three daughters came to Paris to improve their minds and enjoy themselves. For the sake of giving them a name we will call these ladies Mrs. and the Misses Hunter. This I emphatically announce to be a fictitious name, though they are real personages, and their adventures most true. Mrs. Hunter was a mild modern mother, who obeyed her daughters with exemplary humility, laying herself out to do their behests in every way and at all times. The eldest Miss Hunter was an amiable person, whom it would be unkind to describe as belonging to any particular age; she had lost the shell, but she retained the kernel, of youth in all its freshness. She believed herself to stand still on the threshold of old-maidhood, and to be, by a peculiar dispensation from the common lot of woman, destined never to cross it. She may have been on the verge of forty. I do not say so, but many people did. She was what the French call a *belle femme*, tall and well-proportioned, with a soft, clear complexion and good eyes and hair; she had never been a beauty, and wore better in consequence. She was very deaf. This was her only drawback in society, which she enjoyed, and where she made herself very agreeable by her genial and sprightly manners. Miss Hunter had no idea of getting married. She had, in fact, never seriously thought of such a culmination as possible, owing to her deafness. "No man would marry me except for my money," she had been given to say in her bright days of early girlhood, "and I will never be married for that."

The second Miss Hunter, Anastasia, was a lively maiden of eighteen, pretty enough to make her quite satisfied with herself and life in general. Her mind, though it wandered still "in maiden meditation, fancy-free," was bent on marriageable thoughts, and she divided her time very fairly between her masters and her sweethearts. The two sets were about equal in number, and it would really have puzzled an impartial spectator to say which of the two labored most diligently in the young lady's service, the one to enlighten her mind, the other to secure her heart. She, on her side, bestowed an equal degree of business-like attention on each party.

Her younger sister, Nelly, was a precocious little girl of twelve, the "finishing" of whose education had furnished the immediate pretext of the family's visit to Europe. Mrs. Hunter had arrived in Paris just at the time that our old friend Mrs. X—was in the crisis of her pathetic struggles with the upholsterer and the kitchen stove, and had been deeply impressed by the sad trials which that brave and energetic lady underwent in the process of furnishing and trying to keep a house. She knew herself to be lacking in the combative element which fitted Mrs. X—so admirably for the fight, and carried her triumphantly through much domestic adversity; and profiting, like a wise woman, by the experience of her valiant compatriot, she resolved to "run away, and live to fight another day." She ran away accordingly to a boarding-house, a very respectable one in the neighborhood of the Champs Elysées which some American friends had highly recommended to her. She took a good set of rooms—a fine, airy *salon* and three good bedrooms, one leading out of another, so that her daughters were all under her wing: there was no being too cautious in this strange place, where things and people were so different from what they were at home. The first impressions they received of the establishment were excellent. The house was comfortable, the table very nice, and the company, so far, quite charming. The majority were Americans, which, as an impediment to sustained conversation in French during meals, was rather a disappointment; but the minority of natives were so delightful that they made up amply in quality what they lacked in number. There was a dainty little Frenchwoman, Madame De Rusenville, the widow of a distinguished—in fact, quite a celebrated—man, who had played a prominent part in the government of Louis Philippe, though, owing to the jealousy of his political colleagues, he never attained to the eminence of fame and power his talents entitled him to. This little woman, who never spoke of her *cher défunt* without wiping a tear from her still bright eyes, took at once to Mrs. Hunter. She told her that her heart went out to all widows in an unaccountable way, but that to her she felt drawn by something even stronger than the bond of a common woe: would Mrs. Hunter accept her friendship, and allow her to fill up the infinite void of her life by loving her charming daughters as if they were her own? Mrs. Hunter was not an impulsive person, and this summons to swear eternal friendship with an acquaintance of eight days' standing took her aback. She swore, however, in her modified American way, but Madame De Rusenville was satisfied. If Mrs. Hunter felt the bottom of her matter-of-fact heart had felt the slightest tinge of suspicion concerning the entire sincerity and disinterestedness of her new friend, she soon discarded it as a cruel and ungrateful wrong. She had been vaguely impressed with the idea that French people, women

more especially, were not to be trusted, that if they offered you a service it was with the *arrière-pensée* of asking you for two, and she had no sooner committed herself to the bosom friendship of the disconsolate little widow than she regretted it; but it was apparently too late to draw back, for Madame De Rusenville entered at once upon her functions. Before a week was over she found that the little widow was a perfect treasure to her. She knew where the best bonnets were to be had (at the most comically cheap prices, it seemed to Mrs. Hunter, who had hitherto been devoured by the locusts that feed exclusively on her countrywomen), where the best dresses were to be made in the best style, where the best *cours* were for *la chère petite Nelly*, the best masters for *la ravissante Anastasia*, and the pleasantest books and walks for *la charmante Ophélie*. Ophelia, or Philly, as her intimates called her, was Miss Hunter, to whom the Frenchwoman's heart went out with a warmth that surpassed all description. She was ready to go every where, to do any thing that could oblige or amuse any one of the four, but her predilection—her *passion*, as she termed it—was for Ophélie. Before a fortnight had gone over the friendship Mrs. Hunter responded to it as enthusiastically as the ardent little widow could have possibly desired; the girls regarded her as a paragon of elegance in dress and manners, an oracle on all subjects, and an angel of kindness.

Besides Madame De Rusenville, there were two other Frenchwomen—an old lady, who dressed in black like a kind of nun, and never appeared but at meal-times, and another, who vied with Madame De Rusenville in sprightliness of manner and dress. She had made some overtures toward friendliness on the day of the Hunters' arrival, but had retired on seeing her rival enter the field. Mrs. Hunter rather admired her, and would have cultivated her for the sake of her brilliant French talk, "which was such an acquisition for the girls." She would also have gladly made friends with the quaint old dame in the semi-religious garb, whom she saw little of, but liked from her quiet manner and sweet expression of face. But Madame De Rusenville shook her head over both of them: it was such a solemn shake, and so striking in the merry little widow, who never affected the solemn except in a question of dress, that Mrs. Hunter took fright.

"Goodness me! My dear madame, you don't mean to say so? Why, I would pack up and be off at once, though I really believe it would break all our hearts now to leave you; but then my duty as a mother—you understand; we Americans are very strict on the score of morality."

The little widow threw up her hands with the prettiest play of eyebrows and shoulders imaginable.

"Chère madame! and think you I, the widow of that great and good man, Anatole de Rusenville, would remain an hour under the roof of one who was unworthy to associate with his wife? Heaven forbid! You misunderstood me, chère amie. I meant to warn you against forming an intimacy that might lead to certain disagreeables for you and your dear children. Madame Paulette is the worthiest of women in all serious points, but she is romantic, a person whom, if I had daughters, I should fear to cultivate. One can not be too particular in choosing the companions of young girls, their minds are so susceptible of new influences. Madame Paulette writes poetry; she talks about marriage and love, etc.; she is, in fact, what we call *une tête exaltée*."

"But the old lady in black who never appears in the *salon*, and hardly speaks a dozen words all through dinner, but smiles so kindly to the company when she goes in and out? She doesn't go in for the romantic, does she?" inquired Mrs. Hunter.

"No," laughed the little widow; "I don't think she knows what the word means; but she is very poor, and this is why I disapproved of your growing intimate with her."

Mrs. Hunter was shocked; she did not keep her feelings out of her face either, but looked at her companion with a glance that would have made the latter blush to the roots of her *perruque* if she had been capable of that feminine weakness. She was not, however; so she met the look of contempt with a deprecating smile, and, laying her hand on Mrs. Hunter's arm, she said, sweetly, "Dear friend, how little do you know me yet! There is nothing, after a kindred sorrow with my own, that draws my heart like poverty, when it is honest and nobly borne, but—it is painful to me to speak of it—one shrinks from mentioning what is humiliating to another person at the same time that it is flattering to one's self. Still, as I have made a false impression on you, it is only due to myself to remove it. Promise me that what I am going to say will never pass your lips, not even to the dear children!"

Mrs. Hunter promised, and her friend then told her that this silent, gentle old lady had, from time to time, borrowed money from her and never repaid it; indeed, Madame De Rusenville never expected to see a farthing of it again; but as the old soul was in sorry straits, and would have been obliged to leave the house if some one had not come to her assistance, she did not grudge the loss. There were, however, some little circumstances that were not very creditable to the delicacy of the borrower, which, much more than the loss of the money, determined Madame De Rusenville to draw away from intercourse with her: it was her fear of seeing Mrs. Hunter's kindness imposed upon in the same way which made her shake her head over the taciturn lady in black. It sounded plausible enough, yet somehow Mrs. Hunter was not fully satisfied; she pitied the mild, silent, poverty-stricken woman all the more now that she knew of her poverty, and if she had not given her word to keep the se-

cret, she would have gone that moment and talked to her about the whole affair. But she had pledged herself, so there was nothing to be done but accept the statement and follow her friend's guidance. There were, besides these three ladies, four Frenchmen residing in the house. One was in business, a plain, good-natured youth, who thought of his meals and his business, and nothing else. The second was an old artist, a *violin en retraite*, who had been in the orchestra of the Théâtre Français for untold years, and was now the pride and delight of a smaller audience; he made himself most agreeable, and his talent justified in some degree the bait held forth by the mistress of the house, that her *salon* was frequented by the most distinguished artists of the capital. The third was a professor, a steady old man who played whist with three old tabbies, permanent English fixtures in the establishment. The fourth was the Baron de Balisac, a man of fine appearance, fine dress, and unutterably fine conversation. The baron was the descendant, so he said, of one of the oldest families in Burgundy; he was five-and-forty years of age; he spoke several languages; he had the entrée of the best *salons* in Paris. But he was *blasé*; he had seen the hollowiness of *salons*. His sole delight was *la vie intime*, society such as was to be found in the circle in which he now lived. He was the friend and protégé and enthusiastic admirer of Madame De Rusenville, who was some ten years older than he. She had introduced him to the mistress of this select boarding-house. She introduced him to Mrs. Hunter and her daughters.

COMET.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

EVERY body sings the praises of the country. And it is delightful—its freshness and greenness; no high brick walls to keep away the fragrant breezes, or hide from sight the ever-changing sky; no tantalizing patches of green grass, but broad green fields and waving meadows and rustling trees and singing birds and flowers in abundance; no hurrying rush of multitudes to daily labor, but quiet, steady industry, which makes one feel coolingly capable of enjoying nature. But the country has some drawbacks. Mosquitoes? Well, yes; but then those are plenty in the city also. Black-flies? Very likely; but in general you need not be bothered with them if you don't go a-fishing. Eggs and milk and fresh fruit all gone to the nearest city market? Probably; but we happen to have dropped into a fortunate locality, where those delicacies are attainable. What then? Well, just now we are pondering over the inevitable necessity, when going five hundred miles from New York for a few weeks during midsummer, of carrying one's entire wardrobe. What, for show? By no means; for comfort. In proof whereof is our experience. We escaped from the city just at the commencement of that fatal heated term. July came in with a scorching sun. The city records told of mercury at 98° and 100°. In our Maine retreat "they" said the thermometer rose to 98° and 102°! We don't testify to the truth of this, though confirmed by many witnesses; for while our private thermometer was hanging conveniently near, we never ventured to look at it; we feared the consequences. But the heat was withering. Just two weeks from that day we rose shivering from bed, wrapped ourself in all the warm things we had brought hither, and crept down to the kitchen fire to comfort our benumbed fingers and toes. Old folks looked out of the windows to see if perchance there was a frost, and young folks curled themselves up in the snugest corners. Finally, in the middle of the forenoon, when the kitchen-fire had gone out, we sat well wrapped on the door-step in the bright sunshine to finish the thawing process. This is one of the drawbacks to (some) country places—the sudden and unaccountable changes in weather, so much more marked than in the city. And the moral of it all is that people going into the country even in summer should take their winter wardrobe with them, or at least a good supply of warm clothing, even if when packing their trunks the thermometer stands at ninety degrees.

Consumers of ice would do well occasionally to weigh their supplies when delivered. In many cases the deliveries are from one to five pounds short of the required weight. Prices have somewhat advanced with the hot weather; but in the city during this season ice is one of the most necessary of luxuries, as well as one of the most luxurious of necessities.

Cornwall-on-the-Hudson has for many years been a very favorite summer resort. Many improvements have been made in the place since last year; new houses have been built, old ones improved; the roads are in fine condition, and nowhere are there more beautiful drives. There are now two mails a day, and telegraphic communication. The route thither may be by steamer, morning, afternoon, or evening, or by railway, several times a day.

Newsboys at Saratoga reap a good harvest during the "season." New York morning papers are sold at ten cents each, and there is no lack of them.

It is always pleasant to see children enjoying themselves. But there has been something peculiarly touching in the sight of hundreds of poor children made happy—in many cases for the first time in their lives—by the pleasure excursions which have been initiated this summer by true Christian philanthropy. There have now been several of these excursions, which were first suggested and have been managed by the New York Times. The children have been taken from the most indigent classes of society in various sections of the city—from the industrial schools, from boys' and girls' lodging-houses, and from the streets. Multitudes of them had never known a day's pleasure in green fields and shady groves. In the second excursion, for example, 860 children, chiefly from the schools under the charge of the Children's Aid Society, gathered one morning with their teachers on the pier at the foot of Eighth Street, on

the East River. They were going in a barge to Oriental Grove, on Long Island. There was to be music and ice-cream and cake and sandwiches and lemonade—did not every child know it? And then the sail! Each boy and girl grasped more closely at the thought the magic little ticket, and tried to behave decorously. The little girls for the most part were very neatly dressed, mothers having evidently done their very best for them; and what cared half the boys that they were hatless and shoeless? They sported as gayly as if clad in fine raiment. Only those who have accompanied such an excursion can realize the keen enjoyment of the children in every detail; the fresh breezes, the luncheons, the band of music, the games arranged, the cool grove, the splashing water on the beach. Some were noisily gay; others, particularly many little girls, were overcome by the novel happiness, and with brimming eyes told their teachers they were "so happy." Is not the practical benevolence that brings such results worthy to be continued? Money has been freely contributed for this purpose, and the charitable will regard it a pleasure to give for such an object.

Saratoga hackmen are charged with extortion—and justly. Few, even of those who frequent fashionable watering-places, can afford to pay the inordinate prices asked for a drive about Saratoga Springs. It would be for the credit of American summer resorts if hotel-keepers, who really control this matter, should remedy this evil promptly. If they do not, the town authorities should regulate the matter.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston Globe relates the following little incident, which he witnessed one evening on the Place du Palais Royal:

A man in a blouse, with his bundle of tools over his shoulder, accompanied by his wife, a coarse-looking woman, was crossing the asphalt. Two ladies dressed in black were coming in the opposite direction, and one of these, who was looking out for an omnibus, accidentally jostled against the woman. She instantly turned and apologized.

"Pardon, madame."

"There is no pardon," was the rough retort; "you did it on purpose."

"But I assure you, madame—"

"No words! Take that, aristocrat!" and a female flat came in contact with the lady's temple. She burst into tears and ran away with her friend. There happened to be no sergent de ville at hand, and the two Communards—for such they were, undoubtedly—walked off in triumph.

A motion was recently brought before an English school board that corporal punishment should not be inflicted until twenty-four hours after the commission of the offense for which the punishment was deemed necessary. If not only teachers, but parents also, should adopt some such rule, many children would escape unmerited stripes. Corporal punishment is too often inflicted in the excitement of anger and passion.

Americans go abroad by the hundreds; but in general they are true to their country's national honor. The Fourth of July was this year specially celebrated in London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Manchester, Paris, Geneva, Berlin, and in many other places. Americans who were strangers to each other met amidst foreign scenes, drawn together by an irresistible influence, proud to show that they gloried in their independence.

No one who goes to Newport fails to visit the "Old Stone Mill," which is situated in Tourno Park. It is surrounded by an iron fence, and the ivy and woodbine climb over its rough walls. Here it has stood for long, long years, and no one knows by whom or when it was built. Another article of Newport was the "Penrose House," which has recently been torn down. It was at this house that a ball was once given in honor of Washington, and he led the dance with the beautiful Miss Champlin. For many years the house had been occupied as a tenement-house.

The arching of the western entrance to the Hoosic Tunnel is composed of 12,000,000 bricks. Six years ago the first brick was laid by Engineer Doane; the last was laid by Engineer Frost on Friday, June 28, 1872.

On one of the recent excursions for poor children a little pale-faced, hatless boy was noticed, who carried his ticket tightly clasped in his hand all the day. He found in the grove a small fruit basket, which he quietly filled with earth, and then planted in it one of the wild weeds which there abounded. Many times during the day he carried his little basket to the spring, and filling his hand with water, dashed it upon the plant. Poor child! he longed to carry back to his miserable home a bit of the freshness he had scarcely tasted himself.

The following story is told of Henry Ward Beecher by one of his sisters. He was about eleven years old, and was attending school. The teacher was drilling her pupil in the rudiments of grammar, but he seemed fonder of fun than study.

"Now, Henry," said she, "A is the indefinite article, you see, and must be used only with the singular number. You can say 'a man,' but you can't say 'a men,' can you?"

"Yes, I can say 'amen,' too," was the rejoinder. "Father says it always at the end of his prayers."

"Come, Henry, don't be joking; decline 'he.'"

"Nominative he, possessive his, objective him."

"You see, 'his' is possessive. Now you can say 'his book,' but you can not say 'him book.'"

"Yes, I do say 'hymn-book,' too," said the impracticable pupil, with a quizzical twinkle.

Each one of these sallies made his young teacher laugh, which was the victory he wanted.

"But now, Henry, seriously, just attend to the active and passive verb. Now, 'I strike' is active, you see, because if you strike you do something. But 'I am struck' is passive, because if you are struck you don't do any thing, do you?"

"Yes, I do; I strike back again."

OLD MAIDS.

THE highest type of old maid has made no sacrifice, nor is she in any sense a victim, for marriage as a state is not necessary to her idea of happiness; but she has none of that antagonism toward half the human race which Miss Priscilla makes her boast; nor is she one who has set herself against marriage, or whom no man has ever wished to marry. She is the woman who has never met with her ideal, and who has never been cunningly persuaded to accept any thing short of it.

Every woman with any romance or magnanimity has, so far as she contemplates marriage

woman, though she may have many excellent gifts and graces. Women are so made, happily for men, that gratitude, pity, the exquisite pleasure of pleasing, the sweet surprise of finding themselves necessary to another's happiness (or being flattered into the notion), altogether obscure and confuse the judgment; they either forget their ideal altogether, or think they have found it in the very commonplace mortal who is their choice. But to some women this does not happen. The natural instinct to please is not strong in them. They only care to please where their taste and judgment approve, and their manner is cold or indifferent in general society. There is a French proverb, compounded of res-

to which her manner devotes her; but it is the woman of commonplace exterior and sensitive mind that is most commonly left alone with her ideal. We believe that almost any woman who is not what is called "particular" may marry if she chooses—that is, if she does not speculate upon herself, or share the world's unfavorable view of her personal pretensions. Again, persons of simple character, who don't think much about themselves, but enter cheerfully into the scene around them, pleased, amused, contented, have an unconscious attractiveness quite independent of laws of beauty. But our typical old maid is not intellectually simple, but complex, however morally she is above worldly schemes

she has recognized an impossibility—constituted as she is—which must keep her apart from it. In good time she makes her destiny her choice. She will, indeed, be nobody's idol. Nobody will love her best. No one will find out graces hid from the common gaze, but which she does not therefore believe non-existent. She will occupy no such place in society as under favoring circumstances she believes she could fill. She will preside over no home, constitute no family centre and guide; she will miss what some, perhaps most women, consider the prizes of life, as well as its work and *raison d'être*. But for all these prosperities she finds in her own case equivalents. She knows—her observation



Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 15 TO 17 YEARS OLD.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 13 TO 15 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XV., Figs. 38-41.

Fig. 5.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XVI., Figs. 42-44.

Fig. 6.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XVIII., Figs. 48-50.

Fig. 7.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Suppl., No. XVII., Figs. 45-47.

Fig. 8.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.

For pattern and description see Suppl.

FIG. 1-8.—SUITS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS FROM 2 TO 17 YEARS OLD.

for herself merely in the abstract, an ideal, or some vague assemblage of high qualities which stands for such. She can only suppose herself voluntarily linking her fate with another if that other is a man exceptionally good or noble, or at least distinguished among his fellows. At all events, he must be something quite above the common run of men about her. The typical old maid has had this ideal, and been faithful to it: it may be for want of adequate temptation to inconstancy. Some women—the charming woman, for example—have not been allowed to keep their ideal. They have lost sight of it in finding themselves the ideal of some one else. Our typical vestal has never been a charming

ignation and worldly policy, which represents the submission and destiny of the attractive woman: *Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a*. It is not that the other is deliberately unattractive, but she recognizes no necessity. She does not want to please out of her pale of sympathies; and the alternative has no terrors for her. In fact, she has foreseen that a single life is her probable destiny. It is not at all necessary that this unattractiveness should have to do with a conscious want of beauty. A beautiful woman, as far as color and outline constitute beauty—but failing in bewitching qualities—may repel admiration by indifference, and live to glorify the sisterhood

for her own settlement in life. The present, except under circumstances of rare occurrence, does not engross her or absorb her interest. She has a mind looking before, after, and about her—unless, indeed, she has benevolent plans of usefulness, which concentrate her attention on some object—a posture of mind and body, we should say, which further removes woman from her bewitching attitude than any other. Whatever her interests and occupations, her own life, and what she is to make of it, is a present question with her. She does not wait for marriage to solve it; she feels it in her own hands. She has never met her ideal, or if she has seen what might have been such,

tells her—that the drawbacks to them which other women are blind to, put up with, cheerfully ignore, ride over by a strong will or by acts she can not approve, would go far to neutralize them in her case. She perceives, in fact, that these things are not for her. One prosperous, comfortable, and blooming friend, for example, has a husband whose faults and disagreeable qualities would keep her ashamed and miserable. Another lives in ease and wealth, but has no control over the wealth she lives in—has to ask her husband if she wants ten dollars for her own purposes, with a chance of being questioned or even refused. Another, a doting mother, has children whose weak health or unpromising tem-

pers would hold her in gnawing anxiety. Another's time is taken up by pleasures or cares or business which would all be to her an intolerable bondage. The reality of marriage to such a one who has kept to her ideal of perfect union, grand cares, noble pleasures, and elevated usefulness, presents often a sordid, carking, worrying, threatening aspect. If she had been in the thick of the conflict it would have been otherwise. She would have stood by her order, and habit and duty would have brought their own reward. Nobody would blot out, if they could, the bitter experiences of the deeper affections and emotions, or exchange their poignant joys and sorrows for an even serenity—and these superior pleasures

most women—to have this undisputed disposal of themselves; but the woman who has shown herself equal to the charge of herself is the woman to do credit to the single state. And in women who settle themselves in all the eligibilities of this condition without dreaming of change, and who are adapted to it by fair health of mind and body, is observable a lasting youthfulness of mind and spirits. Spirits will be but fitful, and liveliness will be forced, so long as women are painfully alive to the passage of Time—as of a power cheating them of their legitimate expectations. People are at the very antipodes of their object who are *anxious* to seem young. The world necessarily judges of age by the regis-

ple feel old. She carries her former self along with her, and can recall no point where the girl ended in the matron. The young find out this unconsciously; and the old maid who has not had the romance knocked out of her by the sad slaveries of life may be observed to be the confidante, referee, adviser, of all the nice girls of her circle. We speak, of course, comparatively. Trial comes to all. But marriage and its consequences give it the keenest edge and most deep and lasting impression. The exterior will always adapt itself to the character and circumstances of the mind that inhabits it; and the old maid, however judicious her taste, will carry about an atmosphere, as it were, of

she is always planning how to compass her ends, and running her head against the rock of his inflexibility, her face will show traces of the conflict; while the spinster of her own standing holds crow's-feet and wrinkles still in abeyance from the complacency resultant on mere liberty of action: not but that she has a heart as open to the troubles of others as the matron, and perhaps a wider and more active sympathy; but it must be admitted that sympathy in other's trials, however deep and long sustained, does not inflict on the countenance the permanent lines that the like cares do in our own case.

There have been a great many speculations on the number, large and increasing, of the class



Fig. 1.—FAWN-COLORED SILK DRESS.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 4 YEARS OLD.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—ÉCRU PONGEE DRESS AND GROS GRAIN PALETOT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 60-63.

Fig. 5.—GRAY BARÈGE DRESS AND GRAY LADIES'-CLOTH PALETOT.

For description see Supplement.

FIGS. 1-5.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUMMER DRESSES.

and cares she takes on faith; but still the uncongenialities with her own temperament are most keenly perceived, and naturally this is a growing sentiment. Use makes every thing but pain pleasant, and liberty once enjoyed by a temperate and vigorous mind becomes of all good gifts the one most essential to happiness. No wise woman who has for any length of time had the command of her own time and freedom to exercise her own will, and has found her happiness in independence, will give her time and freedom into another's keeping—assuming, of course, that she has means, however moderate, to maintain her in the same way of life. It would not be good for all women—perhaps for

ter, and a sensible woman, however young she feels, will regulate her conduct toward others by that record. But not the less is she conscious of a spring of youth in herself, an elasticity of spirit, an unforced cheerfulness, not to be discerned in her married compeers. Mothers, wives, widows, arrived at mature middle life, are cheerful, but it is not the same cheerfulness; there is a memory of tears in it in tender natures, or a resolute forgetting of worries and cares lurking just round the corner, in spirits of a bolder, stronger fibre. The spinster feels young among them who is separated from her former self by none—by fewer, at least—of the harsh breaks and dislocations which make peo-

her calling, a virginal overtrimness perhaps, a cheerful, paler coloring than as matron she would have assumed. Something in her face will express the fact that she has no master but her own will, or that she is unsupported by a background of prestige, or that she has unchecked particularities; some not to be defined hint of the "old maidish" may be there; but through it all the countenance of this higher type will have a certain youth about it not due to the fewness of its years. Nothing makes people look older than long subjugation to a selfish, unsympathizing, or what goes by the name of a steady will—a will that checks the play of fancy. A woman may be devoted to her husband; but if

which has been our topic. We have no doubt that growing refinement is one great cause of this increase. In the working classes, where congeniality of tastes is little thought of, an old maid is a rarity, though the proportions of the sexes must be the same. Marriage, even among the less fastidious of a higher class, can not now be owned the one object of life, as it was understood to be on all hands a hundred and fifty years ago. This is what education and a more refined public opinion have done for women: they have enlarged their perception of disagreeable men, and taught them to prefer their own company to the society of the vulgar, ill-tempered, or illiterate. It is clearly less intolerable

to woman to be an old maid than it has been; the single life for her has never had such a "good time" as now; and as this fact becomes patent, certain prevalent characteristics open to unfavorable criticism may become modified, softened, or even disappear altogether.

DISCORDS.

It had some grains of truth, at least,
That fable of the Sybarite,
For whom, because one leaf was creased,
The rose-strewn couch had no delight.
I think not even sanguine youth
Expects its gold without alloy;
But this is still the sober truth:
A little pain can mar much joy.

'Tis pity that one thwarting thought,
One adverse chance, one sudden fear,
Or sharp regret, can turn to naught
The full content that seemed so near!
But this strange life of ours abounds
With notes so subtle, they afford
A thousand discords and harsh sounds
For one harmonious perfect chord.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

At the Lakes.—What Wordsworth has done for them; his Thrift.—Harriet Martineau.—The closed Shrine.

I SEND you gossip to-day, but not of the town. I am far away from the heat and glare of London, wherefrom I have fled to Lakeland, which seems by contrast fairy-land. Indeed, it seems so in reality. Immediately below my window spreads the Winding Mere, from which circumstance, and not because it is gusty, we get *Windermere*; and beyond it that noble cluster of mountains, of which Scawfell is the highest—in fact, it is the highest in England—and the Langdale Pikes the most prominent and remarkable. They are not of great altitude, measured by an Alpine standard, 3000 feet or so being their extreme limit; but for variety of beauty they are without peer, whether in Switzerland or elsewhere. Moreover, which can not be said of the Alps, with one exception—that of Mont Blanc, to which Byron and Coleridge have both lent the halo of their genius—there is not one of them unsung. To the lovers of poetry, indeed, there is not a lake nor a hill, nay, scarcely a crag or a beck, of the many that he beholds in every walk in this district that ought to be unfamiliar; for Wordsworth's verse has embalmed every one of them by name. Ambleside, Rydal, Grasmere, all lie about me, the furthest within six miles—the most charming six miles of road to be found in England. The popularity of the great philosophic poet is waning. People prefer to read "selections" from his works, his "beauties," in preference to the works themselves, which is a bad sign. But if we write that "he has had his day," we ought to add, "and he did his work in it." It is not too much to say that he introduced the beauties of nature to his fellow-countrymen. Coleridge labored with him, but was never so "understanded of the people." Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, true poets of the meres and mountains, the clouds, the air, the stars, learned their wild-wood notes from him. He was the high-priest, and they his acolytes; or, rather, he founded what one may call the religion of Out-of-Doors, and they followed him. It is to the glory of the American nation that its thinkers accepted Wordsworth gladly, while in his own country they hesitated at first to do so. Our heavy quarterlies tried to crush him; his brethren of Parnassus, notably Byron, with his

"Dreary, weary poem, called The Excursion,
Written in a manner that is my aversion,"

sneered at him, and the public refused to read him. He lived almost literally on a crust at that time, yet he found it difficult to earn it. And now not the least proof of his success is that he has done for the fair district upon which he wrote—not stirring tales full of sensation as well as character, like the Waverley Novels, but poems of severe simplicity—what Scott has done for the Highlands: filled it with crowds of tourists to whom but for him and his "school" of poets a yellow primrose would have been a mere yellow primrose, a hill a steep place, and a lake a deep one all their days. Nay, he has done more than Scott has done; for he has persuaded men not only to visit but to build houses, and bring up their sons and daughters among the scenes that made himself so wise and reverent of spirit. Among deep-sunk valleys, by the marge of high-set tarns, and in the heart of the bare hills they have made their homes—where in his time all was solitude. To have had the wish to live in such spots without what is called "a neighborhood," and afar from all gayety and fashion, augured well for these colonists' good taste; and, indeed, though the poet's foreboding has been fulfilled to the extent that what was secluded is now common, no stuck-up villas mar these beautiful scenes. Almost every house is built of the blue-gray stone of the country, and is overrun by roses and other climbing plants. Though the sacred places have been defiled by human presence, it is to the great advantage of the desecrators. As to the "excursionists," who swarm about the more famous lakes, from the great homes of commerce—Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool—throughout the summer months, it is true that they do disturb the solemn repose that ought to reign over such sublime spectacles; but who can grudge the toil-worn thousands their hastily snatched portion of delight! Who can tell what one day's memories of lake and mountain each may carry away with him to comfort him through sweltering months in the crowded city! More-

over, for the fastidious, there is still many a mere—such as Wastwater and Haweswater—unvisited by the noisy throng, nay, so remote that one may pass a livelong summer day without seeing a living creature save the buzzard circling round the hill-top, or hearing a sound besides its complaining cry. Indeed, when Saturday and Monday are gone, Windermere itself is generally quiet enough, and always lovely. Such people as are to be seen about move slowly, casting looks of delight about them, or recline upon the hill-sides or the beach, content to drink in the spectacle of beauty that every glance affords them.

Even we sojourners in the place of a few weeks' standing have a certain dreamy air about us, and are not easily moved by tidings from without. Our gossip is of a local sort, and yet not without some interest for you, I hope. I hear stories of the Bard of Rydal that are new, at least to me, of Hartley Coleridge, the unhappy son of the author of "Christabel," of De Quincey, of Christopher North, all of whom lived, as it were, within a stone's-throw of one another and of the place from which I write. Of all that band of notabilities who once helped to swell the attractions of this most attractive spot, Miss Martineau alone remains alive. She is said to be very ill, and to have altogether put aside the pen which she once used so diligently. Hartley Coleridge, who had a little of his father's genius, but a great deal more of his father's disinclination for exertion, was once bidden to take example from the fervor and diligence of Harriet Martineau. "Not I," said he; "I wouldn't be like that woman upon any account. She is a monomaniac about every thing." When she first came into the Lake Country, and built her charming cottage, called "The Knoll," at Ambleside, she could not get turf for her lawn. Notwithstanding that the hills look so green, it is a material not to be had even for money in these parts, and her little garden was bare enough without it. But one night there were thrown over her walls two or three sacksful of the desired commodity, along with an ill-spelled letter, in a cramped hand, stating that it was given as a gift to the authoress of the "Forest and Game-Law Tales," and signed, "A Poacher." This is a certain fact, although when that cynical personage, Archbishop Whately, who happened to be staying at the time with Dr. Arnold at Fox House (which fronts "The Knoll" across the Rotheray), was asked what he thought of the incident, he replied that he thought the authoress had written the letter herself. When Wordsworth had become an established lion, and Miss Martineau came to settle in the district—perhaps rather to his chagrin, for he did not like any one near his throne—he is said to have given her a very characteristic piece of advice. "Lion-hunters are very numerous here," said he, "and though they will not trouble you, of course, to the extent that they worry me, you will find them expensive visitors. When any body comes with a letter of introduction, give him tea; but if he wants any thing more solid, take my advice, and send him off to the inn."

Wordsworth was very thrifty and prudent, as most men are apt to be who have made their money by hard work and by degrees, as he made his. His beginnings were very small indeed: his early home in Grasmere was little better than a laborer's cottage; and he married on one-third of that income of £300 a year, against which our young people are warned as being insufficient to keep house upon. His rising fortunes may indeed be almost traced in the growing proportions of the various houses he inhabited in the neighborhood. While still in somewhat humble circumstances (though rich in one sense, since he always lived within his means) he invited Scott to come and stay with him—a somewhat injudicious thing to do, since the latter, without being a *bon vivant*, liked his glass of wine, and was by no means too spiritual to be indifferent to what he ate. At Wordsworth's there was no wine, or, at all events, an insufficiency of it; and Scott used privately to call at *The Swan* (at that time the only inn at Grasmere, and the spot from which the ascent of Helvellyn is begun) and solace himself in the evening with some port. Upon one occasion Southey came over from Keswick to meet the Scottish bard, and the three ascended that mountain together, which two of them at least have commemorated in song. As they passed *The Swan* the host, who knew no reason why he should be silent on the matter, came out and greeted Sir Walter (not then a baronet, however) with this very embarrassing remark: "Eh, Sir, but you are come early for your stout this morning."

The fact is, though Wordsworth was as good as he was great, he had no geniality about him. Was never but once, even in those drinking days, intoxicated in his life, and that was on a sort of professional occasion at Christ's College, on the anniversary of Milton's birth, and did not "get on" with his fellow-creatures. The statesmen (as the small farmers about here are called) never liked him personally half as well as they did poor Hartley Coleridge, who drank with them a little too sociably, and repaid their hospitality by autograph verses.

All this is old world talk, but authentic, I think, since I have it from the aborigines. What is really the latest news here is that the last tenant of Rydal Mount had to cut and run not only from his creditors but from the strong arm of the law, having, in fact, embezzled moneys. What a successor to him who once lived there and ministered at the high altar of Nature! The cottage is now let for a long term of years, and is being transformed into a dwelling of some pretension. This is the less to be regretted, since the devotees are in future to be excluded from the shrine; no stranger is admitted upon any pretense. American papers please to copy.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

(Continued from No. 30, page 495.)

LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

THE BEATING OF THE PULSE.

FELIX in his room reopened the letter he had written to Martha, read it carefully, and put on his considering-cap. But the more he thought, the more he was perplexed, and without being able to account for the feeling, he experienced uneasiness as well as perplexity. "She can not have come here for me," he thought; "and she can not have come here without a purpose. If I write to her from this address, it may disturb her, or cause her annoyance in some way." He tore up the letter, and wrote another, giving his address at a post-office in the locality. As he went down stairs in the dark to post the letter, he brushed somewhat roughly against a lodger who had just entered the house, and something which the man carried in his hand dropped to the ground. It sounded like a bottle. "I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said Felix, groping in the dark for what had fallen; "I hope it is not broken. No; here it is." He handed a flat bottle to his fellow-lodger, who received it eagerly, and feeling with trembling fingers for the cork to assure himself that the liquor had not escaped, muttered humbly, "No offense, Sir; no offense," and passed to his room.

Felix was in the humor to be irritated by trifles, and this small incident vexed him unreasonably. He was annoyed with himself for being vexed, but he could not shake himself into good humor, and as, in his present mood, sleep was impossible, he walked along the Embankment and over Westminster Bridge toward Soho, and thence to the Royal White Rose Music-hall. It was in the full swing of prosperity, and the usual audience was present—composed of pale-faced young men without whisker; of fuller-fleshed and older men with much whisker; of boys sharply featured and men richly lippered; of young men naturally old, and old men artificially young; of work-girls and servant-girls, and other girls and other women. There were many hats of the kind called Alpine, with peacocks' feathers in them, of course; there were many overcoats with sham fur collars and cuffs; there was much cigar-smoking and whisky-drinking; and there was generally a large amount of low swell-dom in a state of assertive rampancy. In a certain respect the audience resembled the audience which was assembled in Noah's Ark—there was a great deal of pairing. As Felix entered the music-hall there came upon the stage a very stout and very short female vocalist, between thirty-five and fifty years of age, dressed in a gown which appeared to have been made out of faded bed-hangings. She was by no means attractive, having bad teeth and a peculiar habit of squeezing the corners of her eyelids, as if she had some nice things there which she wanted to keep all to herself. She sang a song, and there was no applause. Whereupon the Chairman struck on his bell, and said she would oblige again. She obliged again. The audience did not seem to mind her one way or another. She obliged a third time, and the refrain to her third song catching the sympathy of her hearers, she finally retired in triumph, and then the audience wanted to see her again, and she didn't come. Felix did not like to think of Lily in association with these things, and he walked away from the place in no wise soothed by his visit. Naturally light-hearted as he was, a strange sadness was upon him to-night, and whether it was by chance or because his gloomier mood induced him to observe them more closely and take them to heart, the darker shadows of life forced themselves upon his attention; turn which way he would, he could not escape from them. He had just passed a throng of night-birds, dressed in gay plumage, when sounds of mirth arrested his attention, and he saw before him a child-girl, perhaps fifteen years of age, with blue ribbons in her hair, with mocking flowers in her brown hat, with a white cloud round her throat, with a green dress, and with a petticoat marvelously fashioned and colored, staggering along, drunk, swaying her body, waving her arms, and protesting with feeble imploring, even in the midst of her helpless degradation, against the gibes and laughter of a grinning mob. The men and women composing the mob laughed and nudged each other in the ribs with a fine sense of humor, and made witty remarks, and winked and flashed their fingers at the girl, and pointed her out to chance acquaintances, and indulged in other expressions of delight at the piteous spectacle. An omnibus conductor jumped down to have a look, and jumped up again, refreshed; a man with waxed mustaches followed the girl with undisguised delight and admiration; a cab-driver stopped his horse, and laughingly pointed at the girl with his whip; a beggar stamped his curiously clothed toes in approval as the mob scrambled past him; and a fair-haired girl smiled pleasantly to herself, and hugged her furs as she walked through the crowd. Not one stopped to pity; not one among them stepped forward to save the miserable drunken child-girl from the taunts and word-stings which were flung at her from all sides, until a policeman came, and, with a merciful harshness, seized the girl's arm, and pushed her before him to the police station.

O London's Heart! Laden with the sorrow of such life-blood as this! What purifying influence can be brought to bear to lessen the pain that beats in every sob? In this great land, filled as it is with preachers social and political—in which every hour children are born to suf-

fer, to grow up to shame and sin and sorrow—can no medicine be found to cool your fevered blood, and no physicians, unselfish, wise, and merciful enough, and sufficiently regardless of the pomp of power, capable of administering it? Some few healers there are, who toil not in the light, and whose earnest lives are devoted to their work. Blessings on them, and on every heart that dictates benevolent remedy, even although it can only reach a few out of the many suffering! Blessings on the head that devises it, on the hand that administers it! You who walk through life wrapped in the cruel mantle of selfishness, heedless of the wails of your helpless brothers and sisters, stand aside; you who only heed your own comfort, your own ease, your own well-doing, who have no ointment for your neighbor's wounds, stand aside; let the gloom of night encompass you and hide your faces! But you whose hearts bleed at the sight of suffering, whose nerves quiver at the sound of it, whose hands are eager to relieve it, come into heaven's light, and let it shine upon you and the aureola which crowns you, in which every kind impulse that finds life in action gleams like a blessed star!

It was past midnight as Felix walked home to his lodgings. The humble streets through which he walked as he neared his home were not quite deserted; night-birds were there also, but of a low degree, night-birds with soiled plumage and ragged feathers, night-birds whose voices grated upon the ear, like the harsh cawing of crows. High up, from dingy garret windows, glimmered pale gleams of light. What mysteries were being wrought within those chambers? How beat the pulse of London's Heart? What links in the greatness of the mighty city were there being woven? Perchance within sat some poor seamstress stitching for bread sleepily through the night, wearing—oh, dreadful paradox!—wearing her life away so that she might live. Not fables, nor legends of the past, are such life-struggles—they are of to-day. Perchance within was hatching some crime, the execution of which would quicken for a day the pulse of the great city's heart. Who knew, or who could tell? Crime and patient endurance, purity and vice, are but divided by a narrow strip of wall, and none can see the mysteries that lie beneath a single roof but the sleepless Eye which shines above them all!

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. SHELDRAKE SUGGESTS THAT IT IS TIME FOR MUZZY TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF.

CONGRATULATING himself mentally upon the escape he had had of losing his precious liquor in his encounter with Felix on the stairs, Muzzy, hugging the bottle to his breast, mounted to the one room in the garret which formed his home. The room was not so dark that he could not see shadows on the walls, which as he opened the door seemed to be imbued with weird animation. His own shadow, as he stood in the centre of the room, assumed monstrous proportions, and covered one side of the wall and ceiling; there was something so threatening in it and so dreadfully suggestive to the old man that he hastened, with trembling fingers, to light a candle, still keeping the bottle hugged to his breast the while as tenderly as if it were human. The candle being lighted, he felt as if he had escaped some great danger, and his manner became more assured. Before laying the bottle on the mantel-shelf he looked at it wishfully, and uncorking it, was about to drink, when he closed his lips with a snap, and resisted the temptation. Taking off his hat, he produced from the interior a flower, which was stuck in the lining for safety. This flower was evidently intended for a special purpose, which, had he needed any reminding, recurred to him as he looked round the room. It was very poorly furnished, containing merely a bed, two or three chairs, and a table. But every thing was tidy and in its place. The bed was made, and the little piece of faded carpet in front of the fender had been newly swept and put straight. He opened a little cupboard, and saw the few pieces of crockery it contained set in their proper places. Indeed, there was about the whole place an order and cleanliness which one would scarcely have expected from the appearance of the owner.

"Good girl, good girl!" muttered Muzzy, as he noted these evidences of comfort; "there ain't many like her, I should say."

He went into the passage, and called, "Lizzie, Lizzie!" receiving no reply, however. He tapped at the door of the room next to the one he occupied, and after a moment or two turned the handle, but the door was locked. Disappointed, he returned to his own room, and wandered about in a restless, uncertain manner, as if, being alone, he did not know what to do. Every now and then he came near to the bottle, and sometimes turned his head resolutely from it, and sometimes could not resist the temptation of gazing at it. "No," he said aloud, once, as if answering some inward questioning or argument, "no; I promised Lizzie I wouldn't, and I won't. What is this?" He had laid the bottle on a piece of folded paper, containing a key. "The key of her room," he said. "Good girl, good girl!" He took his candle and went into Lizzie's room. It was in every respect more comfortable than his own, although the furniture, with the exception of a smart little sewing-machine, was of the same humble kind. There were two or three cheap ornaments on the mantel-shelf, the table could boast of a cover, and a carpet was laid down which nearly covered the floor. "She can't have gone out long," said Muzzy, who, having no one else to talk to, talked to himself, in defiance of an old-fashioned proverb not very complimentary to such self-communings. "She knew I would be home soon, and thought I should like to sit here." On the

table were some needle-work and a work-box, and behind the door hung a dress, which Muzzy touched with his hand, as the most civilizing influence within his reach. A picture on the wall evidently possessed a fascination for him, and presently he sat gazing at it dreamily. It was the picture of a woman's face, fair and comely, and the eyes seemed to follow his as he gazed; but the reflections raised by the contemplation were not pleasant ones, and he rose and walked about in the same restless, uncertain manner. Soon he was in his own room again, and the bottle was in his hand uncorked. "I could have kept from it if she had been here," he muttered; "but how can I when I am alone—alone?" He repeated the word two or three times with desolate distinctness. "Alone—alone—always alone until she came. What should I do if she went away? And she may—she may. That young fellow who comes to see her so often—who is he? who is he? I wish he was dead. I mustn't go into the room when he's there—Lizzie hasn't told me so, but I know I mustn't. And there they sit, laughing and talking—Laughing and talking! No, not always. He made her cry once; I heard her. I'll ask Lizzie who he is. If he wants to take her away, I'd like to kill him—secretly, secretly!" The feeble old man scowled as he said this, and mechanically took a glass from the cupboard and poured some gin in it. But a restraining influence was upon him even then, and he did not immediately raise it to his lips. "I promised her I wouldn't," he said; "I swore I'd give it up. But how can I when I have no one to talk to? So old a friend, too; so old a friend! I should have gone mad without it many a time. I'll take one drop—just one little drop. But she mustn't know—she mustn't know." Looking round warily, he, swiftly and with a secret air, drained the glass, and immediately afterward endeavored to assume an unconsciousness that he had broken his promise and his oath. But although presently he took a second draught in the same secret manner, it was evident that he could not quite satisfy his conscience, for he pushed the empty glass from him, retaining the bottle in his hand. "What made me buy it? I didn't intend to, and didn't intend to pass the public; but I got there somehow, and I couldn't resist going in. It seemed to draw me to it. But it'll be my ruin, my ruin, my ruin! The governor said it would, and it will." As he sat there, battling with himself, with his deeply lined face and his thin hair straggling over his forehead, did he have no ambition, no aspiration, no hope, outside the walls of brick which formed his home? This Lizzie of whom he spoke was, according to his own showing, not an old friend. Had he any other link of love, or had other human affection quite died out of his life? It was hard to tell. It seemed that but for this girl, to whom he was not linked by ties of blood, his life was colorless, purposeless. But every living breast contains a smoldering fire, and even to this man, wreck as he was, a spark might come to kindle once more into a flame the fire that must have burned when he was young. Supposing him to have been bright and handsome in his youth—as he must have been, despite his worn and almost hopeless face—how, could he have seen it, would he have received a vision of the future which showed him truthfully what he was to be in years to come? A vision of some sort was upon him now, as, sitting with no purpose in his mind, he fell into a doze; from which, after a lapse of a few moments, which seemed to him hours, he awoke with a bewildered air, and looked about him, and listened wonderingly for voices which he might have heard in his dream, or as if the dead past had cast up its ghosts and he had seen them. He saw something more tangible as he raised his eyes to the door, and recognized his governor, Mr. David Sheldrake. The bottle was still in Muzzy's hand, and he tried to put it out of sight as he rose to welcome his most unexpected visitor.

"Surprised to see me, eh, Muzzy!" exclaimed Mr. Sheldrake, in an easy tone.

"You're welcome, Sir; you're welcome," said Muzzy, his looks contradicting his words. "Any thing wrong, Sir?"

"No, old man, don't be alarmed; there's nothing wrong."

Mr. Sheldrake was smartly dressed, and presented quite a gay appearance in his cut-away velvet coat and his cane and fashionable hat, and with his mustache carefully curled. He did not remove his hat, but looked round upon the room and its poor furnishings superciliously, with the air of a suzerain, and looked also at Muzzy with more than usual interest.

"Will you take a seat, Sir?" asked Muzzy, humbly, and with inward trepidation; for any occurrence out of the usual run of things filled him with fear.

Mr. Sheldrake seated himself by the table and took up the empty glass. "Been drinking, Muzzy?"

"No, Sir, no," replied Muzzy, striving to look Mr. Sheldrake in the face as he told the untruth, but failing most signally. "I've given it up, Sir; I've given it up."

Mr. Sheldrake smiled and nodded, as much as to say, "I know you are lying, but it's of no consequence;" and said aloud, with another disparaging look round the apartment, "Not a very handsome lodging, old man."

"As good as I can afford, Sir," said Muzzy.

"You sly old dog," said Mr. Sheldrake, merrily; "it's my opinion you have a pot of money put by somewhere."

"No, Sir; indeed, Sir, no; if I had, I should live in a better place than this."

"A flower, eh?" taking up the flower which Muzzy had bought for Lizzie. "You amorous old dog! What lady fair is this for?"

"For a friend who lives in the next room, Sir."

"I thought you told me you had no friends?"

said Mr. Sheldrake, with a swift but searching glance at Muzzy's drooping form.

"More I have, Sir; only this one, a good girl who tidies up my place, and cooks a bit for me now and then. I told you the truth, Sir. I have not known her long."

"Can she hear us talk, this charmer of yours?"

"She's not at home, Sir."

"But if she came in quietly—women are sly ones, some of them; like cats—could she hear us?"

"No, Sir; not when the door is shut."

Mr. Sheldrake rose and closed the door.

"Now, Muzzy, let's to business."

"Yes, Sir."

"I haven't come here for nothing to-night, old man. You're getting too old for the work at the office—"

"Don't say that, Sir," implored Muzzy; "don't say that!"

"Don't put yourself in a flurry, old man. We want younger heads than yours now: they're looking sharper after us than they used to do, and in the case of a blow-up they'd frighten all sorts of things out of you. The fact is, we're going to break up the office here, and start a new one in Scotland. But I've something better in view for you, if I thought I could depend upon you."

"Don't think, Sir; be sure. I'll do any thing you tell me, Sir. You'll find the old man faithful to the last. I didn't think you'd throw me off, Sir; you're not that sort."

this, with not a soul to speak to? It is a terrible lonely life, Sir, and grows worse and worse as one grows older. If I wasn't afraid, I should like to die, but I'm frightened to think of it."

Muzzy shook and shuddered and raised his feeble hand; had he been alone, with this fear upon him, he would undoubtedly have emptied his bottle of gin in a very short time. Mr. Sheldrake, with an air of thoughtfulness, lit a cigar, and slowly paced the room for a few moments. Pausing before the trembling old man, he said, "This girl Lizzie, how old is she?"

"About eighteen I should say, Sir; but I don't exactly know."

"Where are her parents?"

"She has none, Sir."

"Does she live alone?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How does she get her living?"

"By the sewing-machine, Sir; and sometimes goes out to work."

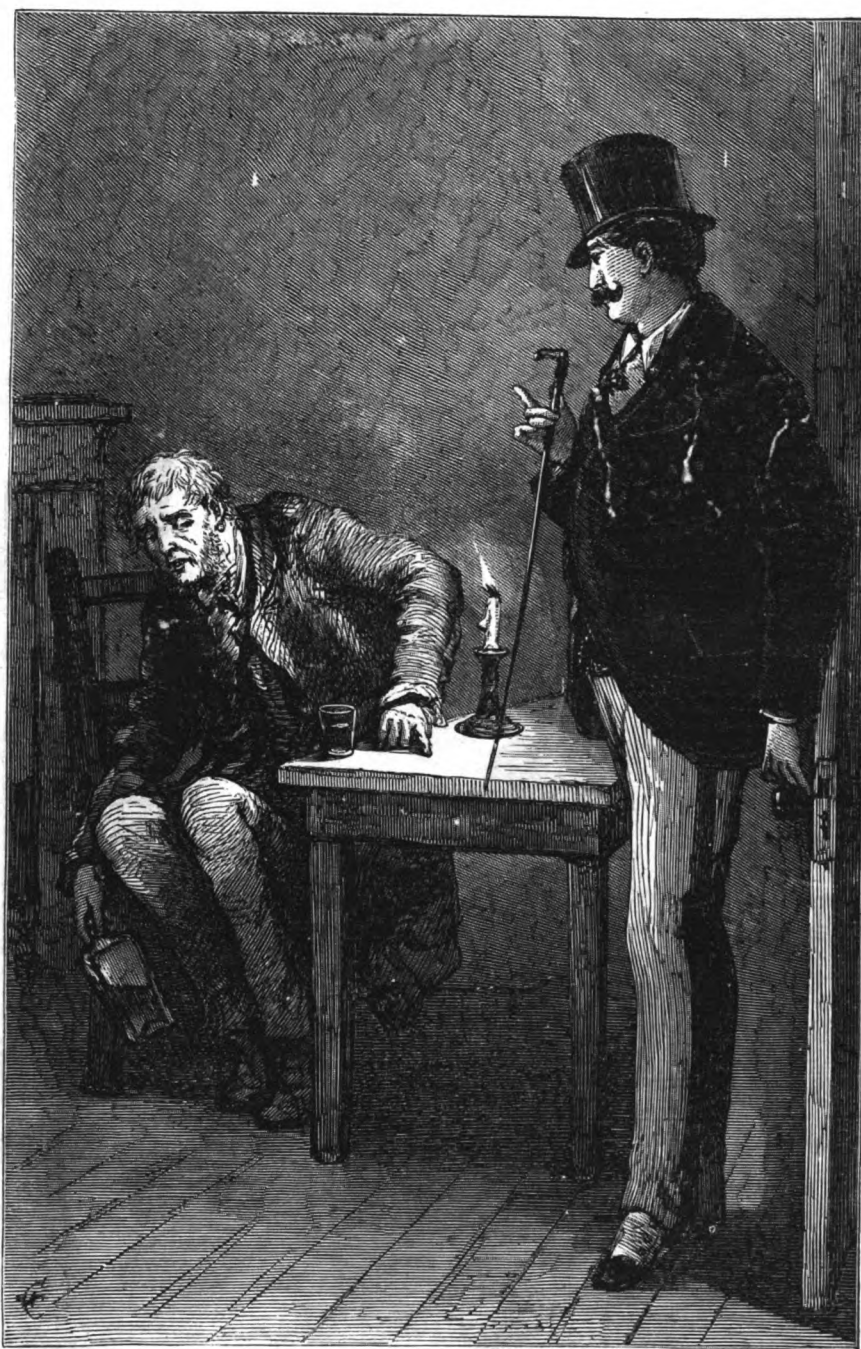
The sound of laughing voices on the stairs stopped this cross-examination. A look of astonishment flashed into the eyes of Mr. Sheldrake.

"Who's that?" he asked, abruptly.

"It must be Lizzie," answered Muzzy; "no one else but her and me lives on this floor."

"Come and listen—quick! come and listen!"

In his impatience he almost dragged Muzzy to the door. The persons outside were laughing and talking on the landing.



"SURPRISED TO SEE ME, EH, MUZZY!" EXCLAIMED MR. SHELDRAKE.

"I suppose you would be faithful, as it would be for your interest to be so. I could ruin you, old man, and you know it. I have kept a pretty good account of certain things—"

Mr. Sheldrake did not finish his speech, but he had said enough to strike terror to Muzzy, who sat before him shaking and trembling with fear.

"I asked you," continued Mr. Sheldrake, after a sufficient pause, "a little while ago if it was possible you could keep sober if it was worth your while."

"I remember, Sir."

"And you told me, as you told me just now, that you had given up drink."

Muzzy's only answer was a frightened, nervous look.

"Look here, old man," exclaimed Mr. Sheldrake, sternly, "once and for all—no more of your lies to me. You've been drinking to-night. I saw you hide the bottle as I came into the room."

"There's no concealing any thing from you, Sir," said Muzzy, in an imploring tone. "I felt lonely, and I did buy a little—not much, upon my soul, Sir!—and I tried to keep from it, but wasn't quite able. If Lizzie had been here—"

"Lizzie?"

"The girl in the next room, Sir. If she had been at home I shouldn't have tasted a drop. But what can an old man do in such a place as

"Yes, it is Lizzie," said the old man.

"And the other?" questioned Mr. Sheldrake, with strange eagerness. "The other? who is he?"

An expression of displeasure, almost of envy, passed across Muzzy's face. "It's a young man who comes to see her sometimes."

"Her lover?" Muzzy did not reply, and Mr. Sheldrake demanded again, impatiently, "Her lover?"

"I suppose so," answered Muzzy, reluctantly; "it looks like it."

"Do you know him—what is he like?"

"I haven't seen him, but I know his voice; I hear it often enough."

Mr. Sheldrake laughed—a triumphant, self-satisfied laugh, as if he had made a gratifying discovery. By this time the persons outside had entered Lizzie's room; the listeners heard the door close.

"Muzzy, old man," cried Mr. Sheldrake, heartily; but he checked himself suddenly, and opening the door, stepped quietly into the passage, and listened to the voices in Lizzie's room. Returning with a beaming face, he repeated, "Muzzy, old man! the time has come for you to turn over a new leaf."

"I am quite ready, Sir," acquiesced Muzzy, without the slightest consciousness of his patron's meaning.

CHAPTER XX.

AN UNEXPECTED PROPOSITION.

BUT although the tone of Muzzy's acquiescence in the turning over of a new leaf was almost abject, his manner denoted inward disturbance. His restless eyes became more restless in the endeavor to look steadily into Mr. Sheldrake's face, and his lips twitched nervously as he passed the back of his hand across them with the air of one who is thirsty. The sudden interest which Mr. Sheldrake exhibited in Lizzie and her lover was evidently distressing to him, and he waited anxiously for an explanation. Mr. Sheldrake did not notice these symptoms; he was too much engrossed in his own musing, the satisfactory nature of which was evidenced by the bright look he turned upon Muzzy.

"This girl, this Lizzie," he said, following the current of his thoughts, "who has no parents—She has none?"

"None, Sir."

"Must find it dull work living up in a garret by herself."

"Lizzie is happy enough," said Muzzy; "I have never heard her complain; she is a good girl, Sir."

"Doubtless; but nevertheless would jump at the opportunity of living in a pretty detached house in the suburbs, say in St. John's Wood or Kensington, or, better still, near to the river—a pretty house, cozily furnished, with a garden round it. How would that suit you, old man?"

Muzzy stared in amazement at his employer, who continued, gayly,

"Respectably dressed, living a quiet, respectable life as a widower, say, with an only child, a daughter—"

"Sir!" exclaimed Muzzy, rising in his agitation.

"Steady, old man! A daughter ready-made, Lizzie the charmer—what can be better? If you object to father and daughter, say uncle and niece; it will serve the purpose equally well. Fifty neat stories can be made up to suit the case, if there is need of explanation. Of course it will not be kept secret that the man who enables you to do this is Mr. David Sheldrake, that he is your best friend, and that in your declining days (excuse me for referring to the unpleasant fact) you owe it to him that you are enabled to live in ease and comfort."

"I don't understand, Sir," stammered Muzzy.

"It isn't so very difficult, either. I want a place where I can come for an hour's quiet now and again, and where my friends would be welcome. You have served me well up to this point—"

"I have tried to do so, Sir," murmured Muzzy.

"And in serving me well, have served yourself at the same time. Continue to do so, but ask no questions, and don't look a gift horse in the mouth." (This was somewhat sternly spoken; for notwithstanding Muzzy's humble acquiescence in his employer's plans, there was something in his manner that did not please Mr. Sheldrake.)

"I may have a purpose to serve in what I propose, and I may not. That is my business. The prospect I open out to you is not an unpleasant one. It is better than the work-house." (Muzzy shivered.) "I will put you in such a house as I have described, where you may enjoy the comforts of a home, instead of living the pig's life you are living now. But only on the understanding, mind you, that Lizzie lives with you." "The same increased restlessness in Muzzy's eyes, the same nervous twitching of his lips, the same action of his hand across his parched mouth, were observable in Muzzy's manner at this fresh reference to Lizzie." "Tell her that a stroke of good fortune has fallen to you suddenly, and that you owe it to me to give or to withhold. Ask her to share your home as your daughter or your niece. You want nothing from her. If she wishes to continue her needle-work, let her do so; it will be a pleasanter place to do it in than here, and it will keep her in pocket-money. As for you, I promise that you shall not be quite idle; for I intend to pay you your salary, besides keeping the house, and you must do something to earn it. I dare say we shall start a new firm at the new address, one, say, that undertakes discretionary investments—a good game, old man" (this with a laugh)—"and so shall manage to pay expenses. Then if you like to do a little private betting on your own account, you can do so. You may make a hit with that system of yours which you say you have discovered."

"I could make a fortune, Sir," cried Muzzy, eagerly—"a fortune if I had a little money to speculate with."

"So that's settled," said Mr. Sheldrake, easily, "and you can speak to Lizzie to-night."

But Muzzy's diversion from the cause of his uneasiness was only momentary.

"I thank you, Sir," he said, hesitating over his words, "for all this. Whatever position you place me in, I shall endeavor to serve you faithfully."

"It will be to your interest to do so," was the masterful rejoinder, "or something unpleasant might happen."

"But I want to ask you—"

"I told you not to ask questions, old man," interrupted Mr. Sheldrake, with a frown.

"I must ask you this one," said Muzzy, with a courage that surprised even himself.

"If you must, you must. What is it?"

"Lizzie's a good girl, Sir."

"Who said she wasn't?"

"She has been almost a daughter to me, Sir. I have lived a lonely life for many, many years, until she took the room next to me, and then after a little while every thing seemed changed. If you were to ask me who in the whole world I would sooner serve than any other, I would mention her—excepting you, Sir, of course."

"What are you driving at, old man?"

"Rather than any harm should come to her through me, I would never see her again. I

would go away. And you don't know, Sir, what it is to live alone, to feel that you are growing older and older, and to be tormented with bad dreams and bad fancies, and not to have one person in the world to give you a smile or a cheerful word."

"Drives you to drink, eh?"

"What else can a lonely man do, Sir?"

"That's just the reason I'm offering you this chance with Lizzie, and just the reason why you should jump at it. But you haven't asked me your question yet."

Muzzy could not for a few moments muster

"I don't want him there," cried Muzzy, jealously.

"He'll come, depend upon it, old man. Why, Muzzy, if you were not too old to play the lover, I should say you were jealous. Let the youngsters alone; let them enjoy themselves. You were young yourself once, and I've no doubt played the gay Lothario often enough. Let me see—Muzzy means Musgrave, doesn't it?"

"That's my name, Sir."

"Well, Mr. Musgrave, I'll wish you good-night. You can report progress to me at the office to-morrow. Show me a light."

ing-glass, and wondered whether Mr. Sheldrake was really in earnest. "I never saw him so serious as he was to-night," he muttered. "He has some new money-making scheme in his head, and he wants the old man's assistance. Yes, that is it. I thought at first that he meant harm to Lizzie; and rather than that—" He thought out the alternative, still looking in the glass. "As father and daughter," he said; "father and daughter!" What memories of the past did those words conjure up? If any, not pleasant ones; for he sighed and grew more thoughtful, and, letting the glass slide upon the table,

few moments; and then Lizzie's voice asking in the passage,

"Daddy, are you awake?"

"Yes, Lizzie; come in."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"FAITH."

IT is not easy to say any thing about such a subject as this. Criticism would be out of place, and therefore we can but refer our readers to that celebrated treatise on faith, which



"FAITH."

sufficient courage to put it; but at last he said, in an imploring tone,

"You don't mean any harm to Lizzie, Sir?"

Mr. Sheldrake laughed loud and laughed long; he seemed to be relieved from an embarrassment by Muzzy's question.

"Why, man," he said, boisterously, "I've never set eyes on this charmer of yours, so how can I mean any harm to her? Nay, more; I should not have the slightest objection to this lover of hers who's chatting with her now visiting her at the house—"

Muzzy waited on his patron with the candle until Mr. Sheldrake was out of the house; then listened for a moment in the passage to ascertain if Lizzie's companion was still with her, and hearing the sound of conversation, returned to his room, leaving the door ajar. The prospect opened to him by Mr. Sheldrake was very pleasant. A house in the suburbs, with a garden, and with Lizzie for a companion—it was paradise. "I should like to live by the riverside," he thought; then looked at his shabby clothes, and at his worn face in a cracked look-

covered his eyes with his hand, and looked through the darkness into the time gone by. Into life's seasons. Spring, when the buds were coming. Yes. Summer, when the buds had blossomed. No. The leaves withered as they grew. Autumn. Cold, despairing, cheerless. Winter. It was winter now, and no sweet winds came from the time gone by to temper the bleak present. His musings were disturbed by the opening of Lizzie's door. "Good-night," he heard the man say. "Good-night," Lizzie replied, in a pleasant voice. Silence then for a

will be found in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Doubtless they have read it before, but it will not harm them to read it again, especially as faith is a grace somewhat lightly regarded in these easy-going, luxurious days. To people wandering about in sheepskins and goat-skins, destitute, afflicted, tormented, existence without faith would have been intolerable. To people clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, the things which are seen appear amply sufficient; indeed, they shrink instinctively from the invisible.

HOLIDAYS, AND HOW TO KEEP THEM.

REST is one of the essentials of a holiday. And sometimes people who bustle off to keep one miss the first charm of its purpose. Determined energetic pleasuring is hard work; and before a man sets about devoting a period of leisure to it, he might often do well to begin by taking his fill of sleep and sheer inaction.

Change is another essential in a

even though you withdraw your support. If you are afraid of being lost sight of, label yourself as well as your luggage. The world is a small place, and it is difficult to hide, even if you try to do so. Let those who are fortunate in having the chance of a holiday accept the fact that they may slip for a little while from the place they fill. Let them decline the persecuting train of letters, and the interrupting long shots of telegrams, and when they come back find that the grass is still growing, the sun still shining, people still rising up and



Fig. 7.
SLEEVE FOR FIG. 6.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 14.

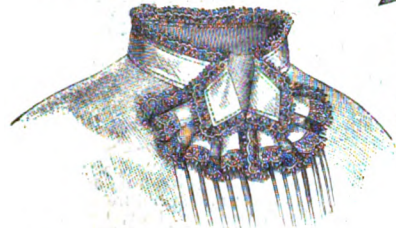


Fig. 6.—LINEN, SWISS MUSLIN, AND LACE COLLAR.—[See Fig. 7.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 11-13.

holiday, which, be it observed, does not necessarily demand what we understand by traveling. A man, *e. g.*, who has a "hobby" is always provided with one of the chief materials for the making of a holiday. I do not particularly care what his hobby is, but a more useful animal can not be kept. It is always ready saddled and bridled, and though we can not say that it never costs much—for some hobbies are terribly expensive—yet there are plenty cheap enough. Let a man have some pursuit or occupation distinct from his ordinary work—let him botanize, collect beetles, butterfly, chipped flints; let him take an interest in



Fig. 10.—LINEN AND LACE COLLAR.—[See Figs. 11 and 12.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 31-34.

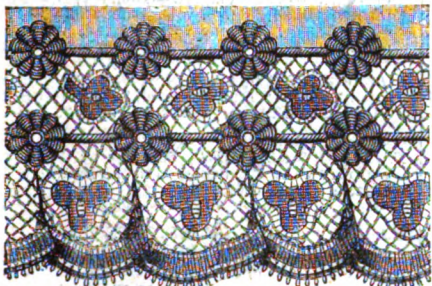


Fig. 12.—TRIMMING FOR COLLAR AND CUFFS, FIGS. 10 AND 11.—FULL SIZE.

the stores of human knowledge, and may even be derided by conceited experts, they are of incalculable value to himself. He is never at a loss when he gets a holiday, even a few spare hours, for he is always prepared with a wholesome change from the pressure or monotony of his business; and when he travels he has sources of interest opened to him which are shut to the man who seeks recreation by the mere "change of scene," as it is called.

Another requirement of a holiday—a real holiday—is that it should be divested as much as possible of responsibility. There are some excellent people who seem to think that directly they stop working their world will stand still. And thus when they quit home they leave precise directions as to where they may be found on certain days, have all their letters forwarded to them, and take ever so many other pains to undo what they profess to be doing. When you get the chance of liberty, use it. Believe that the skies will not fall



Fig. 16.—CRÈPE LISSE AND LACE FICHU. FRONT.—[See Fig. 17.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 66.

Fig. 4.—SWISS MUSLIN, NEEDLE-WORK, AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR. FRONT.—[See Fig. 5.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 22 and 23.

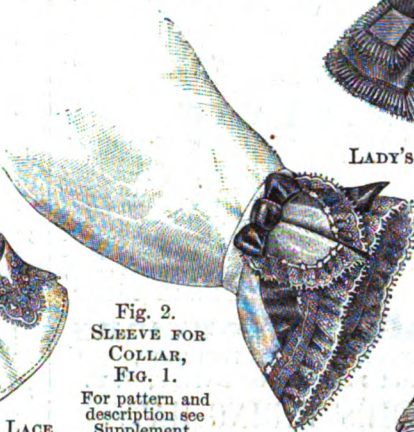


Fig. 2.
SLEEVE FOR COLLAR, FIG. 1.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 19.

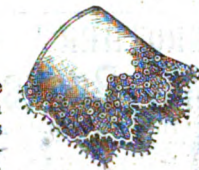


Fig. 11.—CUFF FOR FIG. 10.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 35.

chronicling the variations of the barometer, the rain-fall, and the weather; let him sketch, fish, amuse himself with a turning-lathe; let him carpenter, garden, keep an aquarium, what not. If he can not swim or wade deep, let him dabble in something. And though his works, observations, and collections may not be any great or definite addition to



Fig. 1.—SWISS MUSLIN, LACE, AND NEEDLE-WORK COLLAR.
[See Figs. 2 and 3.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 17 and 18.

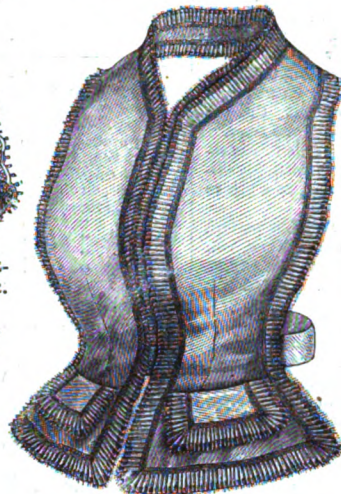


Fig. 5.—SWISS MUSLIN, NEEDLE-WORK, AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR. BACK.—[See Fig. 4.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 22 and 23.

LADY'S WHITE PIQUÉ VEST.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 24-26.



Fig. 3.—SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE SLEEVE FOR FIG. 1.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 20 and 21.

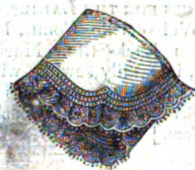


Fig. 14.—CUFF FOR COLLAR, FIG. 13.
[See Fig. 15.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 28.

STRAW HAT WITH TARLATAN COVER AND BLUE RIBBON TRIMMING.
For description see Supplement.



SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE OVER DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1, 1a-4.



Fig. 13.—LINEN AND LACE COLLAR.—[See Figs. 14 and 15.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 27.

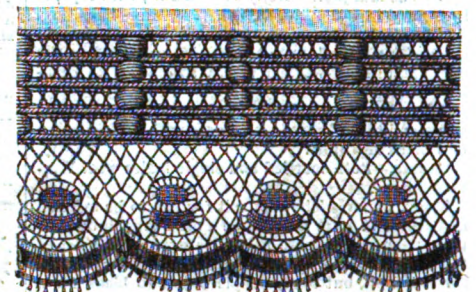


Fig. 15.—TRIMMING FOR COLLAR AND CUFFS, FIGS. 13 AND 14.—FULL SIZE.

vital element of the holiday. This word has been abused, and has somehow got to degrade itself with a lower sense than it deserves. In a true holiday we gather new life for work. We generate fresh steam in our boilers. We give ourselves and our small family of wits an airing in the sunshine, that they may get another store of energy. How close this thought of recreation comes to divine rest! We go that we may accumulate fresh strength for our duty; not to kill time, not to fill gaps in an idle life, but to subject the soil of our minds to what used to be called in some parts of the country a "summer tilling." A "summer tilling" was a field which was let alone for a season. Now-a-days people want crops off every acre every year. And the land is made drunk, is stimulated, if you prefer the word, with guano, or what not; and I dare say it is all right. But there was some sense in the old-fashioned "summer tilling," and at any rate it is a fair illustration of what the purpose of a holiday should be—true recreation: not mere indulgence, not debauch, not



Fig. 17.—CRÈPE LISSE AND LACE FICHU.—BACK.—[See Fig. 16.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 66.

the wanton yielding to the sheer spirit of license; but recreation, renewal, for the wholesomer, stronger discharge of our duty when we get home. That is no "holy" day when the man comes back to his work with bleared eyes, a racking headache, and a shaky hand. Such holidays do no real good. It is true that in this age in some places work is so pressing that a man is drained of more strength than he ought to part with, and then nature avenges herself, and tempts him to accelerate the process of escape from care by indulgence in that intemperance which is the curse of our land. A delusive attempt. The drunken holiday may indeed put away all thought or remembrance of toil for a few hours, but it is itself a terrible draft upon the life which the holiday-maker professes to renew.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. W.—Scant ruffles of the cloth, with bias gros grain bands, will be a suitable trimming.

JOSEPHINE.—Girls of fourteen wear basques buttoned in front, and blouses buttoned behind.

EULALIA.—Wear your hair on a Pompadour roll in front; braid the back, and coil it around your head.

MADAME; CAMILLE.—A long basque and demi-train skirt is all you can make of your twelve yards of silk. Turned-over linen collars and inch-wide gros grain ribbons for ties are worn by little boys. Striped black or gray grenadine, ruffled to the waist, with a tablier and basque, is the accepted dress suit for summer.

MISS ANNIE B.—We do not reply by mail.—Put a deep kilt pleating on your black silk skirt, and make an upper skirt and basque without any trimming. Have them faced and left plain on the edge. Satin and brocade are too dressy for mourning.

A. C.—Make a Marguerite polonaise and ruffled skirt. You should only line the waist and sleeves of your polonaise. Upper skirts should not be lined. Their beauty consists in soft drapery.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Any print store will furnish the pictures you want. We do not give addresses.

MEUNIER.—Get guipure net and make a lace sacque for your summer wrap, or else make a cashmere tulle. Side pleating and kilt pleating are made the same way, but the latter name is given to the deep pleating on the lower skirt, and is taken from the kilt petticoat worn by Scotchmen. Put slightly gathered rows of lace on your hat frame, or else cover with plain tulle without dots.

Mrs. J. L. S.—It is too early to predict the fashions of next season further than we have already done. In a short time the furnishing houses will begin making fall suits, and we will announce the earliest indications.

HARRY L.—White twilled Cheviot suits are preferred to linen by gentlemen.

D. C. S.—Pleats in boys' kilt skirts should not be stitched near the bottom, but are merely pressed flatly and allowed to hang from the belt. The fullness of the skirt should be altogether in the pleats, without any gathering.

MOLLIE.—If you have not enough lawn for side pleating, a wide hem will look well both on your polonaise and skirt. A coil of braids is more worn than French twists with braids. Wear your silk sacque belted. Cambric wrappers are made by the Watteau pattern, but simpler patterns are more easily washed.

TERESA.—The first short clothes reach to the ankle. *Bazar* No. 37, Vol. IV., will give you hints about Gabrielle and walking coats.

SLY-BOOTS.—It is not customary for a widow to have her daughter's wedding-cards edged with black.

J.—The Marguerite Dolly Varden Suit, with cape, is illustrated in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. V.

H. S.—Trim a postillon-basque polonaise of Victoria lawn with a wide flounce of the lawn, scalloped on the edges and needle-worked, or else trimmed with Hamburg embroidery.

DETROIT.—Make a Dolly Varden polonaise of your green and black brocade, and wear with a plain green or a black silk skirt.

CARRIE.—Both married and single ladies wear Watteau bows.

ETHEL TERRY.—The best suit for you to be married and travel in next fall will be a dark gray, brown, or plum-colored cashmere polonaise over a silk skirt of the same color. A black silk suit would be serviceable for travelling, but many people object to black for a wedding dress. A morning dress of checked silk or of violet-colored cashmere would be pretty for late in the fall; but any simple costume that is worn in the street is now thought suitable for a breakfast dress also.

Mrs. C. M. J.—The "Vision of Sir Launfal" was written by James Russell Lowell.—We can not give or describe the special designs you ask for.

SARA.—Make your brown Irish poplin with a Marguerite polonaise, and trim with velvet. For the lavender use the Plain-basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V., and for the black alpaca we commend the Loose Polonaise pattern shown in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V. Make your drab silk wedding dress with many narrow flounces on the skirt, reaching to the waist behind and the knee in front; add a ruffled apron and make a postillon-basque. Wear pale pearl-colored gloves.

A BUSY HOUSEKEEPER.—The best and easiest way to lengthen your skirt is to place it at the top, and hide the joining under your apron and basque. Satin is not now used for trimming; but as yours is so prettily arranged, why not keep the flounce as it is, and add narrower flounces of bias silk, merely hemmed? Put them on all that part of the skirt not covered by the apron you mention. Such flounces are of various widths; some dresses have five on the back breadth, while others have twice as many.

HESTER A.—"Ugly Girl" articles are found in *Bazar* Nos. 26, 30, 33, 38, and 43 of Vol. III., Nos. 22 and 35 of Vol. IV., and Nos. 6 and 31 of Vol. V.

Mrs. C. C.—Silks like your samples are more worn for the house and country than on the streets of a city. Make Dolly Varden polonaises of them, or else basques with long looped upper skirts, and wear over black, brown, or blue silk skirts. Ruffles of the silk are the trimmings. The cashmere is suitable for a polonaise. Make it by the Loose Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V., and trim with black gros grain bands. The black Japanese silk is of poor quality, and will not justify expensive trimming.

MARY M.—The Plain-basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V., is the best model for you to make over your black silk dress by.

Mrs. M. J. M.—You failed to inclose the money for the pattern of Gabrielle and walking coat. We have not the other pattern you want.

JANE L.—We do not make purchases or provide samples for our readers.

SKOWHEGAN.—Make your brown cashmere with a Loose Polonaise like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V. Put kilt pleating on the skirt, and trim with wide bias bands of thick brown gros grain. Your hat should be a toque of the gros grain, trimmed with a wing and brown velvet.

KATE L.—For your wedding dress get a creamy white faille. Make a train seventy inches long, and have a polonaise with heart-shaped neck and antique sleeves. Trim with point lace and orange flowers. Make your black gros grain with demi-train flounced to the waist, an apron, and postillon-basque. Get London-smoke faille for a carriage dress, and make like the black one. If richly embroidered, it will be most stylish. Get a cameo Irish poplin, and make by loose polonaise pattern. This will answer for traveling on land. The English water-proof of dark plum-color, and a flannel wrapper, are what you want on board ship. A cloth suit with polonaise and fur trimming will be handsome. It is the wrong season to buy a velvet wrap. Wait until you get to Paris.

R.—Information about cosmetics is given fully in the "Ugly Girl" articles published in the *Bazar*.

CHESTER.—Read Madame Raymond's letter from Paris in *Bazar* No. 31, Vol. V., for hints about fall fashions.—An over-skirt and cape is probably the best pattern for your gray cashmere, and embroidery is the trimming. Make your silk by hints given above to "Kate L." for making a black gros grain. Use the polonaise suit pattern for a little girl of seven years.

Mrs. M. G. L.—Get a set of stud-buttons or sleeve-buttons, a new book, some handkerchiefs with his embroidered initials, or send a box of gloves, as a gift to your cousin.

MARIE LYNN.—Make your Japanese silk by pattern of Plain-basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V., and trim with bias bands of the same and fringe. You are not too old to wear your hair crimped and flowing.

BLONDE.—A gray pongee or cashmere made by the Loose Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V., will be suitable for a traveling dress in September. A large gray linen duster, made by the pattern of Water-proof Cloak illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. IV., will be necessary. Your hat should be of black straw, with gray wing and black trimmings.

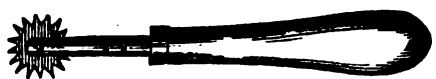
THE HISTORY OF A GREAT ENTERPRISE.—In eighteen hundred and fifty-four, the original incorporators of the Wilson Sewing Machine Company embarked in the manufacture of sewing machines, and from that time to the present their time, talent, energy, and capital have been employed in making *First-Class Sewing Machines*, with varied success attending their efforts. It being their constant aim to produce a *Shuttle or Lock-Stitch Machine* that should be simple to handle, durable as steel and iron could make it, with unlimited capacity, unexcelled by any other machine, regardless of name or price, and withal to confine the price within the reach of all classes of people; and success has crowned their efforts in the production of the celebrated *Wilson Under-Fixed Shuttle Sewing Machine*, which combine all the *Elegance, Simplicity, Durability, and Strength* possible for any sewing machine to attain, and they are the *First and only First-Class moderate-priced machines* put in the market. Salesroom, 707 BROADWAY, N. Y.; also for sale in all other cities in the U. S.—[Com.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. M. C. WHEELER, Wolcottville, Conn., has used a Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine constantly since 1858, in family sewing, with no expense for repairs and only two needles broken. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[Com.]

COLGATE & CO.'S CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP is a most fragrant and ornate soap, manufactured solely by themselves, and has reached a most wondrous popularity in a very short time. It softens the skin, and leaves it smooth and perfumed.—[Com.]

To have elegant light Biscuits, Rolls, &c., you should use Dooley's Yeast Powder. Ask your Grocer for it. It is a pure Baking Powder.—[Com.]

BRILLIANT OF COMPLEXION.—For its preservation, Burnett's Kallistion is guaranteed.—[Com.]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, the well-known, reliable, and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations of the Face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists.

MRS. O. G. PARKER
MAKES PURCHASES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION for ladies, at a moderate charge. Samples sent on receipt of 25 cents. Refers, by permission, to Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., 713 Broadway; Mr. James McCall, 648 Broadway; Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., New York City. For Circular (free), address MRS. O. G. PARKER, 713 Broadway, New York City.

JEFFERS, 1179 BROADWAY,

LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES
AT POPULAR PRICES.

MRS. C. C. THOMSON
Continues to purchase upon her usual terms. Send for Circular containing references and particulars.
Mrs. C. C. THOMSON, 341 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

LASSITUDE, Nausea, Faintness, Headache, Furred Tongue, Bitter Mouth, Bad Breath in the morning, yield to Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS. They are a specific for Bilious Complaints.

LADIES Send for Circular giving description of the most wonderful discovery in the world for beautifying the complexion. Freckles and Moth Patches removed in ten days. Warranted. Address Mrs. SHAW, 841 6th Ave., New York.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.,
Broadway, cor. Nineteenth Street, N. Y.,

Will continue to offer the BALANCE of their

SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

SUMMER SILKS,

SUMMER UNDERGARMENTS,

SUMMER HOSIERY,

TRAVELING-DRESS MATERIALS,

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S OUTFITTINGS,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

PARIS-MADE SUITS,

LINEN, LAWN, AND PIQUE SUITS,

&c., &c.,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

GREAT HUMAN HAIR Sale!

Every lady should embrace this opportunity at once, and purchase from the only hair importer in the United States who retails at wholesale prices.

First quality, fine, even, full length, and warranted not dyed, clean hair.

14 inches long, \$1 80 an oz.	24 inches long, \$3 40 an oz.
16 " " 1 55 " "	26 " " 3 90 " "
18 " " 1 90 " "	28 " " 4 00 " "
20 " " 2 45 " "	30 " " 5 80 " "
22 " " 3 00 " "	32 " " 6 85 " "

No charge for weaving or making up.

The above are the same prices I charge hair-dealers.

CHARLES V. PECKHAM, Importer of Hair,

687 Broadway, near Amity Street,

[Established 1843.] New York City.

Send order by mail. Will send hair, C.O.D., by express, with privilege of examining; or, to save express charges, will send by registered mail, prepaid, on receipt of post-office money-order, or money in registered letter. Correspondence answered by inclosing two 8c. stamps.

A. SELIG,

Successor to S. M. Peyser, 813 Broadway, Importer of Zephyr Worsteds; Silks for Embroidering; Embroideries on Canvas and Leather—Slippers, Cushions, Light Screens, Suspenders, Stripes for Oriental and Camp Chairs. Also, *Guipure and Point Lace*, and materials for making the same. Novelties in Fringes, Gimpes, Buttons, Ornaments, and Laces. Fringes and other Trimmings made to order. All kinds of stamping done. Monograms and Crests designed and embroidered in gold, silk, or worsted, in artistic style, at the lowest prices.

Daniel D. Youmans,

IMPORTER OF ENGLISH HATS,

719 and 1103 BROADWAY, N. Y.

LADIES' RIDING HATS.

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' HATS

In every variety.

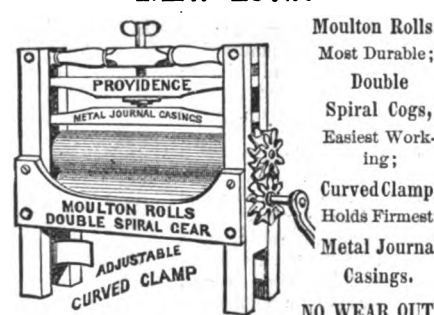
ROBERTS BROTHERS' New Summer Books.

GEORGE MACDONALD'S THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER. With 12 full-page illustrations. Price \$1 50.

This new autobiographical story, which is a sequel to "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood" and "The Seaboard Parish," will be ready August 1st.

ROBERTS BROS., Publishers, Boston.

Providence Wringer, NEW 1872.



Moulton Rolls, Most Durable; Double Spiral Cogs, Easiest Working; Curved Clamp, Holds Firmest; Metal Journal Casings. NO WEAR OUT.

PROVIDENCE TOOL COMPANY,

11 Warren St., N. Y., and PROV., E. I.

MOTHERS,

S NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS FARINA, Y

A THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE. O

V Extensively used and recommended by the most eminent physicians. U

E H. ASTIE & CO., Sole Agents, R

15 South William Street, New York.

INFANTS.

\$500,000 IN CASH!

Second Grand Gift Concert,

IN AID OF THE

PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY,

[Authorized by Act of the Legislature of Kentucky, March 16, 1871.]

The Public Library of Kentucky occupies a splendid building, recently purchased at a cost of \$210,000. It is now open and free to the world.

1000 Gifts in Cash (highest \$100,000, lowest \$100) will be distributed, amounting in all to \$500,000.

Tickets, \$10 each; halves, \$5; quarters, \$2 50.

Concert and distribution will take place Sept. 28, 1872, and is under the management of Hon. THOS. E. BRAMLETTE, late Governor of Kentucky, who has been appointed to represent the Trustees.

The Farmers and Drovers' Bank is Treasurer.

For full information and for tickets apply to

THOS. E. BRAMLETTE,

Agent Public Library Kentucky, Louisville, Ky.

For Circulars (giving full particulars) sent on application.

\$10 BUYS a Beckwith Sewing Machine. For circular, &c., address VARIETY Co., Saco, Me.

Harper & Brothers' Latest Publications.

1. THE SCHOOL AND THE ARMY IN GERMANY AND FRANCE, with a Diary of Siege Life at Versailles. By Brevet Major-General W. B. HAZEN, U. S. A., Colonel Sixth Infantry. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 50.

2. THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "Ralph the Heir," "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite," "Phineas Finn," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, \$1 25.

3. THE UNITED STATES TARIFF AND INTERNAL REVENUE LAW (approved June 8, 1872), together with the Acts of which it is amendatory, and a full Alphabetical Table of the United States Tariff; also a Table of Internal Taxes, a copious Analytical Index, and full Sectional Notes. Compiled by HORACE E. DRESSER. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1 00.

4. LORD KILGOBBIN. A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

5. THE DESERT OF THE EXODUS. Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings; undertaken in connection with the Ordnance Survey of Sinai and the Palestine Exploration Fund. By E. H. PALMER, M.A., Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. With Maps and numerous Illustrations from Photographs and Drawings taken on the spot by the Sinai Survey Expedition and C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake. Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$3 00.

6. HARPER'S GUIDE TO EUROPE. Harper's Handbook for Travelers in Europe and the East; being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. PENNICK, F.R.S., Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book," "History of the Paris Commune," &c. With more than Ninety Maps and Plans of Cities. Eleventh Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Tucks, \$5 00.

7. A GOOD INVESTMENT. A Story of the Upper Ohio. By WM. FLAGG, Author of "Three Seasons in European Vineyards," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

8. THE STUDENT'S GREEK GRAMMAR. A Grammar of the Greek Language. By Dr. GEORGE CURTIS, Professor in the University of Leipzig. Translated under the Revision of the Author. Edited by WM. SMITH, LL.D., Classical Examiner in the University of London, and Editor of the Classical and Latin Dictionaries. For the Use of Colleges and High-Schools. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00.

9. IS IT TRUE? Tales, Curious and Wonderful, collected by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Being Vol. IV. of Books for Girls. 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents.

10. ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1871. Edited by SENEZAR F. BAIRD, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00.

11. ALBERT LUNEL. A Novel. By the late LORD BROUGHTON. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

12. ROLFE'S SHAKESPEARE. Shakespeare, edited, with Notes, by WM. J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of Cambridge High-School. (The Merchant of Venice.—The Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Julius Caesar.) Illustrated. 4 vols., 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents each; or bound in one volume, handsomely ornamented, \$3 00.

13. A BRIDGE OF GLASS. A Novel. By F. W. ROBINSON, Author of "True to Himself," "For Her Sake," "Carry's Confession," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

14. TALMAGE'S SERMONS. Sermons by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00.

15. HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD DICKENS.

OLIVER TWIST. With 98 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1 00.

MARTIN CHuzzleWIT. With 50 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

16. A SMALLER ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST, from the Earliest Times to the Conquest by Alexander the Great. Including Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phoenicia. By PHILIP SMITH, B.A. With Woodcuts. 16mo, 816 pages, Cloth, \$1 00.

17. TYERMAN'S WESLEY. The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. LUKE TYERMAN, Author of "The Life of Rev. Samuel Wesley." Portraits. Complete in 3 vols., in a Box, Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$2 50 per vol.

18. LIBRARY EDITION OF MISS MULOCK'S WORKS.

12mo, Cloth, \$1 50 per vol.

Hannah.—Olive.—Ogilvies.—The Head of the Family.—John Halifax.—Agatha's Husband.—A Life for a Life.—Two Marriages.—Christian's Mistake.—A Noble Life.—A Hero.—Studies from Life.—The Fairy Book.—Unkind Word.—Mistress and Maid.—The Woman's Kingdom.—A Brave Lady.

19. HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of their works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

20. HARPER'S CATALOGUE mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.

Are You Musical?

If so, be also prudent. Do not throw away money on high-priced publications when you can purchase 10 or 20 pieces of excellent sheet music, arranged for the Piano, for one dollar. Call or inclose stamp for new catalogue. BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, 439 Third Avenue, New York.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE

OF THE NEW YORK INFIRMARY,

128 Second Avenue, N. Y. Winter Session begins 1st of October. For particulars, address the Secretary,

EMILY BLACKWELL, M.D.

THE STRUGGLE OF '72.

A GRAND CHANCE. Nothing ever offered like it before. A Novelty in Political and Popular Literature. Agents, address UNION PUBLISHING Co., Chicago, Ill., Phila., Pa., or Springfield, Mass.

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key-Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples, and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

BAZAR

Cut Paper Patterns,

For Ladies, Misses, Girls, and
Children of Both Sexes.

The great design of the proprietors of the Bazar Patterns is to furnish cut paper patterns of every description, and for every size, at a moderate price. These patterns are intended to be the most perfect, the most practical, and the most economical ever produced in this country, and so arranged as to be easily understood by those not accustomed to making their own garments. We avoid as far as possible every form of extravagance in cutting up material, at the same time combining all that is desirable with fashion and good taste. Our business will be conducted in a spirit of progress. Every pattern we issue will be the product of the ablest and most experienced gentlemen dressmakers in the country, all under the supervision of Mr. Moschcowitz, a gentleman who stands at the head of his profession, and who is unquestionably the ablest dressmaker in the United States. What Worth is to Paris, Moschcowitz is to New York—the highest authority on all matters pertaining to fashion. We have carefully prepared a catalogue of 98 pages, containing over two hundred figures, showing the leading fashions of the day. From this catalogue may be selected patterns of every description and of every size, ranging from 10 to 16 years of age, and for children of both sexes under 10. On receipt of postage stamp, the above catalogue will be sent to any address free of charge. In this catalogue will be found a list of two valuable premiums, both of which are offered to subscribers for *Harper's Bazar*. One subscriber will get at least one of these premiums, and we confidently assert that, for liberality and magnitude, the premiums offered to each and every new subscriber for the *Bazar* have no parallel, an offer in which thousands of families will be benefited, and will, we trust, be the means of adding much to the comfort and economy of every household. We are confident that this premium will be hailed with delight by every lady in the land. For terms to Agents, or for catalogues, address

JAMES M'CALL & CO.,
643 Broadway, New York.

Important to Ladies.—Read the following extraordinary offer: The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co. manufacture and warrant two different Sewing Machines, one called the *Elliptic*, the other called the *Wheeler & Wilson*. The *Elliptic* Machine excels in many important points. It is so light that a child can run it with ease; or an invalid, whose strength is sufficient to walk about the house or to do the work of a child ten years old, can sew all day without being over-fatigued. It is impossible to convey by language a tithe of the merits belonging to this deservedly popular Machine. To see it perform the different operations, such as hemming, felling, gathering, embroidering, tucking, cording, frilling, quilting, fringing, etc., it seems more like a thing of life than a machine moved by the will of the operator. It has adjustable gauges for every description of work, and can be changed in a moment to suit any material, coarse or fine. The economy of the *Elliptic* Machine in a family is almost incredible—with one, a good operator can do the work of twelve hands. A breadth of a skirt can be sewed in less than a minute; a gentleman's fine shirt can be made in three hours; or a child's dress, with many tiny pleats, in less time than the hands can fold them—in fact, every description of sewing is reduced from a question of hours to one of minutes. We make the following offer: Any person in the United States desiring one of these celebrated Machines can buy one and pay for it in work (not sewing) furnished at their own home. The work is pleasant and profitable, and can be accomplished by any lady, old or young. We send circulars on receipt of stamp. Address

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,
643 Broadway, New York.

THE "LIGHT RUNNING"
"DOMESTIC"



A DOMESTIC
Luxury.
A DOMESTIC
Blessing.
A DOMESTIC
Necessity.
"WILL LAST A
LIFETIME."
Address
"DOMESTIC" S. M. Co., 96 Chambers St., N. Y.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.
The popularity of *McClintock & Strong's Cyclopaedia* having become general, now that its importance is universally acknowledged, and the inducements offered to Agents being liberal, experienced and successful canvassers are daily applying for an opportunity to sell this and other valuable publications of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. There is some desirable territory not yet assigned. For further particulars, address
AVERY BELL,
Care Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!! WITH A NOVELTY PRESS!

The best ever made for the purpose. THE most valuable addition to the *Business Office*; the most efficient instructor in *Schools*; the most fascinating and instructive amusement in the *Family*; and is unsurpassed for the use of *AMATEUR AND REGULAR PRINTERS*. Send for descriptive & illustrated Pamphlet to BENJ. O. WOODS, MANUFACTURER, 36-381 Federal & 128 Kneeland Sts., Boston; WM. Y. EDWARDS, 543 Broadway, N. Y.; KELLY, HOWELL & LUDWIG, 917 Market St., Philadelphia; J. F. EDWARDS, 120 N. Sixth St., St. Louis; A. C. KELLOGG, 55-55 N. Jefferson St., Chicago.—Manufacturers' Agents.

LUNDBORG'S
NEW PERFUME,
ARCADIAN PINK,
The most beautiful and natural Perfume of the age! Entirely original, and made by no other perfumer.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, &c.

AGENTS WANTED.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. S. BRINSON & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.



J. B. SMALL,
Mfr and Designer of
CUT PAPER PATTERNS
For Ladies', Misses', Boys', and Children's Garments,
ALL AGES AND SIZES.

The qualities which recommend our Patterns over all others are as follows:
First.—Our Patterns are of different sizes, enabling a large as well as small person to obtain a Pattern which will require little or no variation.
Second.—Each garment is fitted in cloth, and made to fit perfect, before the different sizes are graded.
Third.—Each Pattern has a label with picture of garment, and full instructions how to cut, make, trim, amount of cloth and trimming required, and size.
Fourth.—Our Patterns are not cut by a QUART OR DRESS model; and no Pattern can be correct unless the garment is fitted in cloth, and submitted to an actual test.
Fifth.—Our Ladies' Patterns of Outside Garments are in nine sizes, 30 to 46 inches bust measure; no odd sizes; plain waist, in nineteen sizes, 28 to 46 inches bust measure. Misses' Garments, nine to fifteen years, seven sizes. Children's Garments, one to eight years. Boys' Coats, Vests, and Pants in various styles, from three to fifteen years.

Sixth.—All the difficult parts in each piece of the Pattern are notched and punched, so that the garment can be put together by the most inexperienced.
We warrant every Pattern we sell to be the exact size printed on the label, and the garment, when made, will be exactly like the picture given with the Pattern, if proper attention is followed to our printed directions. Our Patterns are all of the latest styles, and two weeks in advance of any others. Our prices are within the reach of all. Twenty-five cents is the highest price for any Pattern. Prices ranging from ten to twenty-five cents.

We supply HARPER & BROTHERS with all the suits of Cut Paper Patterns given in each issue of the *Bazar*, and they have been sent to all parts of the United States and Canada; and we have yet to hear of the first case where they have failed to give entire satisfaction.

Illustrated Summer Catalogue sent to any address on receipt of stamp to prepay postage. Agents will be supplied with our Patterns on reasonable terms. Any of the Patterns specified in the Catalogue can be procured at the Salesroom, or sent by mail, postpaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price, size, and number of Pattern. Please write your Name, Town, County, and State very plain.

J. B. SMALL,
643 Broadway, corner Bleeker St., N. Y.

A full assortment of our Patterns can be had at any of the following Branch Offices:

FAGAN & CONKLIN, 2904 Third Avenue, Harlem, N. Y.; WILCOX & GIBBS S. M. CO., 76 Court St., Brooklyn; 55 Fourth St., Brooklyn, E. D.; 142 Tremont St., Boston, Mass., General Agents for New England States; 1 Martin Hall, South Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.; 1 Union Block, Church St., Burlington, Vt.; 678 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; 270 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio; 20 Water St., Newburgh, N. Y.; 68 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.; 113 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.; 308 North Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo.; 67 Dauphine St., Mobile, Ala.; 543 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.; 373 Main St., Memphis, Tenn.; 111 Church St., Nashville, Tenn.; 177 Fourth St., Louisville, Ky.; 5 Cedar St., Newark, N. J.; KETCHUM & CAIN, 1027 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn; MISS JULIA DENIER, 655 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn; PRICE & CO., 15 North Charles St., Baltimore, Md.; SAMUEL WHITE, 221 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio; WM. A. COLTER, 4400 Butler St., Pittsburgh, Pa.; CHAS. BAUM, 408 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

WEBSTER'S PATENT BUTTON-HOLE WORKER,



The most perfect Button-Hole Worker invented. So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can without it. It does away with pricking the fingers, straining the eyes, and with imperfect and irregular - worked button-holes. They give universal satisfaction. Ladies who use them say they are worth their weight in gold. Sample worker, with full directions for use, sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents. Local and traveling agents wanted for this and other useful articles. Address GEO. DAVIS, 91 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

LADIES!
Dr. Kennedy's Hair Tea
will prevent the hair from
falling out, and preserve
its health and beauty. Sold by
Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

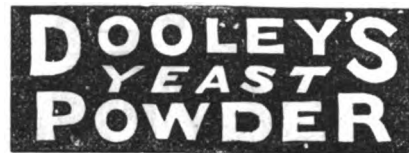
A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred Pianos, Melodions, and Organs, of six first-class makers, including Waters', at extremely low prices, for cash, during this month, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

LADY AGENTS WANTED
To introduce our Justly Celebrated and Immensely Popular Inventions in every Village, Town, and County. They Sell Rapidly, Give Perfect Satisfaction, Every Female Absolutely Requires them. Indispensable to every Household. Smart Agents can realize Fortune. County Rights free. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, with full particulars. Address
"La Perle" Mfg Co., 90 Chambers St., N. Y.

YEAR IN And give out the STAR-SPANGLED BANNER gives its readers the best of Stories, Sketches, Wit, Humor, &c., &c. Shows up every swindler, quack, and humbug, and gives every one a superb chronicle, all for only 75 cents a year. Specimens, 6 cents. Address BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H.

THE ENEMY SURRENDERS.

The Dragon slain by St. George, and the snake that stopped the march of Regulus, were mild nuisances compared with CIRONIO INDIGESTION and its accompaniments; yet this foe of health and life, with all the brood of bilious and nervous ailments of which it is the parent, surrenders to TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT, and is banished from the system. At this season, when the physical powers are so apt to droop and languish, and the spirit to give way, the toning, purifying, refreshing, renovating, and regulating operation of this most agreeable of all correctives is especially conducive to a healthful and vigorous condition of the system. Sold by all druggists.



IS THE
STANDARD BAKING POWDER,
And the Best, Cheapest,
and Healthiest Article
Prepared for Making
Delicious and Wholesome
BREAD, BISCUITS, ROLLS,
WAFFLES, CAKES, and
ELEGANT COOKERY
OF ALL KINDS.

IT IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST, BUT NOT
LOWEST PRICED.

In Tins of ¼ lb., ½ lb., 1 lb., and 5 lbs., FULL WEIGHT.

Sold by Grocers and Tea and Fruit Dealers, &c., generally.

Ask for "DOOLEY'S," and take no other.

DOOLEY & BROTHER, Manufacturers,
69 New Street, New York.

Established 1858.

Cut Paper Patterns OF LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS IN HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are fitted with the greatest accuracy, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, SO AS TO BE ADJUSTED BY THE MOST INEXPERIENCED. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.	
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER.....	No. 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK.....	" 11
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 17
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old).....	" 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 9 to 8 years old).....	" 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old).....	" 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 29
BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, and KNICKERBOCKERS (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old).....	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt).....	" 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 37
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER.....	" 39
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP.....	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt.....	" 49
WATTEAU MANTLE, with 3-Pleat Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 50
MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 52
WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt.....	" 53

Vol. V.	
DOUBLE-BREADED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER.....	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers).....	" 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 8
DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT.....	" 11
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postilion, and Walking Skirt.....	" 13
MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT, with Cape.....	" 15
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Dolly Varden Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER.....	" 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse; Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 28
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 13 years old).....	" 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt.....	" 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 29

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for \$2.00. No patterns separated or exchanged.
In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

THE SCHOOL and THE ARMY

IN
Germany and France,
With a Diary of Siege Life at Versailles.

By Brevet Maj.-Gen. W. B. HAZEN, U. S. A.,
Colonel Sixth Infantry.

12mo, Cloth, \$2 50.

This is by far the most interesting and important work on the Franco-German War which has yet appeared. The author, who served with distinction in our own war, not only studied the military operations around Paris with the eye of an experienced and intelligent soldier, but sought to discover, in national traits and methods of civil and military education, the causes of which the triumph of the Germans and the humiliation of the French were the natural results. His account of the different systems of training, in the schools and military academies of both nations, is clear, instructive, and interesting, and throws light on many problems connected with the war. Not less important, and perhaps even more interesting, are his graphic sketches of siege life at Versailles. While in the German camps about the beleaguered capital, Gen. Hazen was brought into personal contact with Bismarck, Von Moltke, and other distinguished soldiers and statesmen, of whom he gives very attractive pen-portraits and personal anecdotes. Probably no visitor to the scene of conflict had better opportunities for observation than Gen. Hazen, and he has made admirable use of them in the work now before the public.

We heartily recommend this interesting book to our readers. There is much in our own military situation and experience analogous to what has been seen in France, to whose system our own bears too close a resemblance. General Hazen, with great fairness and clearness, brings the defective points to light, and shows how they may be remedied. His book is not, however, only didactic. It contains, as we have already said, many graphic sketches of camp scenes and incidents, and anecdotes of the great statesmen and soldiers with whom he came in contact; while his account of the systems of military and civil education in France and Germany is by far the clearest and most interesting we have ever seen.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

His narrative—if it may be called a narrative—is in the form of a diary, and is made interesting by the terse, comprehensive style of the notes, and the quick sense and good taste of the writer, who never wears the reader by long disquisitions on unimportant matters. It is a soldier's note-book rather than a leisurely traveler's diary. He tells briefly and pointedly what he saw, and if any comments are made they are pointed and pertinent, suggestive rather than full. The diary, however, makes but little more than one-third of the book. The remainder contains the results of a careful study of the military systems of the two parties to the great conflict, and their relations to the systems of military and civil education fostered in the two empires.—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

General Hazen is one of the most cultivated, intelligent, skillful, and intrepid of our army officers. During the recent civil war he was commonly contrived to do as much work with a brigade as many others could do with a division. His assault on Fort McAllister was a model of energy and skill, achieving an important result without sacrificing a single man unnecessarily. His present book is very valuable and readable. He analyzes the French and German systems of civil and military education and the organization of their armies, as well as gives interesting details of the war.—*Boston Daily Globe*.


PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of \$3 50.

B. M. COWPERTHWAIT & CO.,

(Established 1807),
155 CHATHAM ST., NEW YORK.
FURNITURE, CARPETS, BEDDING.

BARGAINS FOR CASH.
Payments received in installments if desired.



PRICE \$290
You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 octave Pianos for \$290? We answer—It costs less than \$300 to make any \$400 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per cent profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant Five Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to 300 Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories.
U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, New York.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year.....\$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year..... 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year..... 4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, \$10 00; or any two for \$7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR will be supplied gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS at \$4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for \$20 00, without extra copy.

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the new and old one must be given. In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS for ADVERTISING in HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, \$500; Half Page, \$250; Quarter Page, \$150—each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, \$2 00 per Line; Outside Page, \$4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—\$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, \$1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

FACETIÆ.

A COMICAL instance of a man playing upon his own name sprang out of absent-mindedness. Sir Thomas Strange, calling at a friend's house, was desired to leave his name. "Why," said he, "to tell the truth, I have forgotten it!" "That's strange, Sir," exclaimed the servant. "So it is, my man; you've hit it," replied the judge, as he walked away, leaving the servant as ignorant as before.

A well-bred dog generally bows to strangers.

"BIRATIONAL."—The *Herald* is in receipt of a perfumed note asking, "Why does Mr. Byron, who used to write such nice, sweet poetry, keep so quiet of late?" The editor "bironically" replies that one reason is, he is dead.

An Omaha paper advises the people "not to make such a fuss about the shooting of a constable, as there are forty candidates for the office."

Fish are so thick in Clear Lake, California, that a voracious citizen says, "It is only necessary to wade in and choose your fish, the difficulty being which fish to choose."

Why is the tread-mill like a true convert?—Because its turning is the result of conviction.

SINGLE AND MARRIED.—When you see two young persons seated in the centre of a pew in church, you may make up your mind they are engaged, or going to be; but when one is at the head and the other at the foot of the pew, you can immediately determine that they are married.

MA REINE.

While out with Leebia in a storm—
Oh, what a lucky fellow!—
I sheltered her fair, fragile form
Beneath an old umbrella.

The gracious gingham helped my plan,
Amid descending showers;
Ma reine made me a happy man
In those same rainy hours.

In tones quite low, with bill and coo,
I spoke Love's message clear;
I thought—as lovers always do—
Ma reine was a reine-dear!

To church we went the following day:
I had not asked in vain;
And now, of course, I always say
A word for Mr. Rain!

MARKET REPORTS.—Tongue, plenty, but going fast; brains, scarce and wanted; cheek, full supply; pluck, market bare; hearts, unsteady, price fluctuating, mostly sold for cash on delivery.

It is the gentlemen at "large" who go home at the "small" hours.

THE VALUE OF KINDNESS.—It is reported that a man was killed somewhere in the country a few days since "while crossing the rails." It only shows what an excellent thing is kindness. If that man had shown consideration for the feelings of dumb things, and conciliated instead of crossing those rails, he might be alive to read this paragraph. Even the best steel rails are not invariably of the best of tempers: take our advice and never cross them.

A Connecticut sheriff says: "If any man doubts the doctrine of human depravity, I only ask that he be sheriff of this county for one year."

What mechanic never turns to the left?—A wheel(w)right.

FOR MEN OF METTLE.—An iron will, a silvery voice, plenty of brass, and a little tin, are sure to meet with golden opinions.

A Colorado saloon-keeper said of a rough crowd: "I couldn't get their whiskey strong enough for them, so, after trying every way, I at last made a mixture of poison-oak and butternut. That fetched them. I called it 'the sheep-herder's delight,' and it was a popular drink. The first fellow I tried it on yelled with delight; the next one took two drinks, and turned a double somersault in the road before the house. A podler came along, and after he took several drinks of my 'sheep-herder's delight' he went off and stole his own pack, and hid it in the woods."

A honey-comb is made up of many cells—a honeymoon of one cell: a good big one sometimes.

TO MILLINERS.—What is most likely to become a fair-haired woman?—Why, a fair-haired little girl to be sure!

MAXIMS.

BY OUR OWN BARBAGE.

It has been observed that two and two make four—but what for?

It is frequently argued that three twos make six—but then a rough sea-voyage will do the same.

The conjunction of four and four constitutes eight, but the union of a couple is not always productive of love.

What relation is a loaf of bread to a steam-engine?—A steam-engine is an invention, and bread a necessity; therefore Necessity is the mother of Invention.

AN EPIGRAPH ON A DEAD ROASTED DUCK.—"Pease to his remains."

Storms and babies generally begin with a squall.

Many lackadaisical young ladies would be ashamed to talk of their long stockings, but you hear plenty of their heighos!

Mice harm the cheese when they can, and the girls charm the boys, and they can't help it.



A DISAPPOINTMENT.

ELIGIBLE BACHELOR (gallantly). "Of course your Daughter's engaged for every remaining Dance, Mrs. Jones? I need scarcely ask such a Question!"
ANXIOUS MAMMA (delighted). "No, indeed, Mr. Moneybags!"
ELIGIBLE BACHELOR. "Oh—er—I am!"



THE RULING PASSION.

FASHIONABLE PATRONESS (to Charity Girl, who has been away for a Holiday).
"Well, Betsy Jane, and what did you do when you went to see your Friends?"
BETSY JANE. "Please, M'm, I wore a Fanier!"



A SUGGESTION FOR THE PARK—TOILETTE À LA SHEPHERDESS.
WHY HALF COPY THE OLD COSTUMES? MUCH BETTER COME OUT IN THIS STYLE AT ONCE.

MANLY ART.—A patriotic citizen boasts that "no people on earth can excel the Americans in the manly art of sitting on a bench and watching eighteen men play base-ball."

Aberdeen can not, will not, have its School Board too soon. A pupil being asked what A. M. stood for, responded, with alacrity, "Amen."

What species of bats fly without wings?—Brick-bats.

An imitation of ice-speckled leaves is a novelty for young ladies' dresses. They are said to be quite cool, and a muslin dress looks like ice muslin. They would suit a (nice) young lady, and, singularly enough, they are invented by Herr Kuhlman.

They have "Dolly Varden" chills in Georgia. The sufferer turns all sorts of colors, and is terribly humped up.

"See Naples and die," says the proud old Italian proverb. "I didn't quite die," said a recent traveler, "but I did very nearly; the bouquet de sewer was awful."

A SELL.—An old gentleman with several suspicious red spots on his face entered a railway car the other day, and quietly took the only seat which was vacant. An inquisitive chap asked him if he had had the small-pox, and he said "yes." There was a general scramble among the passengers, all of whom wanted to get out at once, and in about a minute the old gentleman had the car to himself. The conductor, cautiously peeping in, demanded how long it was since the afflicted individual had recovered. "Well, Sir," replied the victim of disease, "I can't say exactly; but as near as I can recollect, it was about thirty-five years ago."

ODE.

BY AN IMPECUNIOUS POET.

How fresh and innocent the breeze
That skims the morning milk, and meads!
It hovers now among the trees,
And then to other spots proceeds.

I love the air, so calm, so cool,
That breathes upon my fevered brow.
It wakes my appetite—poor fool!
I'd break my fast, but don't know how.

For, ah! the wind I love so well,
Unfeeling, mocks me while I praise it,
Because I can not—can not tell
What means I can adopt to raise it!

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

PETER. "Mornin', squire! You be up early!"
SQUIRE. "Good-morning, Peter; I'm obliged to be up and out early to get an appetite for my breakfast. But what brings you out?"

PETER. "Well, I be tryin' to get a brekfus for my appetite!"

How sound and sweet is the sleep which follows a long day's toil! The car conductor, for example, when at last he retires to his well-earned rest, realizing the truth of the poet Thomson's line, may be said to be

"Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare."

A country correspondent writes to say that his pig has tied his tail in a knot, and wants to know whether this can be called a pig's-tie.

A DOUBT FOR DISCOUNT.—If distance lends enchantment to the view, is it right to expect interest of the spectator, and is the bill at long date?

OH, THE BRUTE!—That dreadful man P—says he never saw a public execution, but he was once party to a marriage.

A friend says the income tax is nothing, the poor-rates are nothing, compared to his wife's rates and taxes. She actually "taxed" him one night (the curtains being drawn) with being "far too attentive, Sir," at that party, to that forward Miss Prettigail, and "rated" him soundly accordingly. We fear the poor fellow has no "appeal," except "a peal" of laughter from his bachelor friends.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

—A young friend of ours, whose opinions derive a tinge of bitterness from the beer he imbibes, says that although it is quite true that "one swallow does not make a summer," a summer like this makes one swallow—a good deal of liquid.

No one wishes to have a bald head, but no one wishes to lose it when he has.

Good intentions are like fainting ladies—all they want is carrying out.

Does a widower recover from the grief for the loss of the dear departed when he re-wives?

CURE FOR A BLIND MAN—Get married; that will be sure to open your eyes.

AN ODD SORT OF SHIP—Courtship, which has two mates, but no captain.

Why are all shop-keepers hoisers?—Because they all have a stock-in' trade.

"DOUBLE, DOUBLE TOIL AND TROUBLE!"—An artist of some eminence has recently given his notions of the characteristics of color. He says white signifies purity, blue fidelity, etc., etc., but appears to be in serious error in one point. He speaks of yellow as indicative of domestic trouble. We always thought black and blue stood for the domestic brews of trouble.

When is a steamboat like a witness in a trial?—When it is bound to a pier.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

Vol. V.—No. 33.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1872.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Ladies' and Children's Suits, Figs. 1-4.

Fig. 1.—GRAY LINEN WALKING SUIT. This suit consists of a skirt and polonaise. The former is trimmed with a wide flounce, puffs, and narrow ruffles; the trimming for the polonaise consists of bias strips of the material, which are ornamented in embroidery with gray silk, and with bows and narrow ruffles. Black Neapolitan hat, trimmed with feathers, lace, and ribbon.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD. The white piqué dress is trimmed with insertion and strips of guipure embroidery. Blue silk belt with sash.

Fig. 3.—ÉCRU BATISTE WALKING SUIT. This suit consists of a double skirt and basque-waist. The skirt is trimmed on the bottom with a wide kilt-pleated ruffle; the over-skirt and waist are trimmed with folds and narrow and wide embroidered ruffles. Yellow English straw bonnet, trimmed with ribbon and flowers.

Fig. 4.—SILK AND CASHMERE WALKING SUIT. The dress of fawn-colored gros grain is trimmed with pinked and box-pleated ruffles, and with folds and bows of the material. The mantelet of cashmere in a darker shade is ornamented in embroidery with brown saddler's silk, braiding, and brown silk fringe.

FIRE-PROOF DRESSES.

THE season for light dresses has come, and fabrics of silk and wool have given place to those made of cotton and linen. With this change has come a greater liability to accidents from fire, for while animal matter, such as wool, is difficult to burn, dry vegetable fibres like cotton and linen burst into flames and burn with great rapidity on the slightest provocation. Matches carelessly thrown down before they have been blown out, or ignited by being stepped on, have often set fire to ladies' dresses. Kerosene lamps, if the oil be not good, or the mere accident of a breath of air blowing a dress against a stove, may produce equally disastrous results. It is not many years since the wife of one of our most gifted poets lost her life by an accident of this kind—a light summer dress having been set on fire by a drop of burning sealing-wax. Such accidents occur in the most unforeseen ways, and from causes entirely beyond our control. Thus a few days ago a young lady returning from a picnic was severely burned, her dress having caught fire from

a spark from the locomotive. And when we remember that a burn which extends over a square foot of the surface of the body will almost certainly prove fatal, it is really a wonder that more lives are not lost from such accidents, and it is a still greater wonder that more earnest precautions are not adopted to prevent them.

We have mentioned the most common causes of such fires. Matches and kerosene lamps are probably responsible for two-thirds of all the accidents that occur, and it is impossible to exercise too great care in the use of these articles.

It can not be too often repeated that none but the very best kerosene should ever be used in families; that kerosene which when spilled on the floor will ignite, even on a warm summer day, by contact with a lighted match or the burning wick of an overturned or broken lamp, is more dangerous than so much gunpowder, for the powder would merely scorch, while the kerosene would produce deep and dangerous burns. Matches should be carefully kept in proper safes, and if one be dropped accidentally, it should be sought for and picked up immediately, not be-

cause the loss of the match would be of any consequence, but because it might, if left carelessly on the floor, give rise to serious accidents.

With all our care, however, accidents will occur; but science fortunately enables us so to prepare the most combustible material that it can not be made to burst into flames. It is not to be supposed for an instant that any means known to chemists will render cotton and linen fabrics fire-proof in the full acceptance of that term. But we can so prepare any sample of goods that though they may be destroyed by exposure to

intense heat, they will not inflame and burn of themselves, and consequently, when exposed to flames and sparks, no evil beyond their own injury or destruction will ensue. While, therefore, the glowing descriptions which sometimes find their way into the papers, and which would lead us to believe that the easiest thing in the world is to render dresses and houses absolutely fire-proof, are to be received with a good deal of allowance, it is certain that any lady can so prepare her own or her children's dresses, and the muslin curtains of her room, that all risk of serious accident from fire may be avoided.

There are various chemical substances which prevent rapid combustion. Even common salt has this effect; and it used to be an old trick among school-boys to suspend a ring by means of a stout thread, and burn the thread to ashes without letting the ring fall. If the thread be soaked in strong brine, its ashes will cohere so strongly that they will continue to support the ring even after the thread has been apparently burned. But there are other and very necessary conditions which must be fulfilled by a substance selected for the purpose of rendering dresses, etc., non-combustible. In the first place, it must not injure the fabric even at the temperature of a hot smoothing-iron, which is frequently a good deal above that of boiling water. Many of the recipes that we find in the papers fail in this respect. Thus borax, when used in quantities sufficient to be effective, destroys the fabric at temperatures above 212°, and yet it has been frequently recommended as an agent for rendering dresses fire-proof.

In the second place, it must not interfere with the starching or ironing of the goods; and in the third place, it must not discolor them. The action of all the common chemical preparations in respect to these points was very carefully examined under the



LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS.

Fig. 1.—GRAY LINEN WALKING SUIT.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 3.—ÉCRU BATISTE WALKING SUIT.

Fig. 4.—SILK AND CASHMERE WALKING SUIT.

direction of the late Professor Graham, who undertook the investigation by direction of Queen Victoria, and the value of most of the compounds that are at all suitable for this purpose is very fully known. A very complete account of these experiments is given in the American Supplement to Ure's "Dictionary of the Arts," under the article "Muslin."

It would appear that by far the best and most efficient compound is the *tungstate of soda*. We have prepared light muslin curtains by means of this salt, and found that they not only made up well in the laundry, but that they could not be set on fire by a candle. By holding the flames of the candle for some time on one spot the goods could be scorched and destroyed, but they could not be made to burn. The articles may be rendered fire-proof either by dipping them in a solution of this salt and drying them before the process of starching, or the solution may be mixed with the starch itself.

Tungstate of soda can now be readily obtained in all our large cities, but in many places it is not easily procured. In such cases sulphate of ammonia may be used, as this salt can be found in most country drug stores, or at least may be readily prepared by adding common carbonate of ammonia to sulphuric acid until the liquid smells strongly of ammonia. The sulphuric acid should be largely diluted, and the carbonate should be added very gradually. After the lapse of half an hour or so the liquid should be filtered, when it will be ready for use. The great objection to sulphate of ammonia is that it sometimes acts on the smoothing-irons and produces stains of iron-mould on the goods. This can not occur where the irons are nickel-plated, as is frequently the case nowadays, but even where common smoothing-irons are used all risk of stains may be avoided by placing a thin sheet of white printing-paper between the fabric and the iron.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1872.

Charles Reade.
Wilkie Collins.

In the August Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is commenced a NEW NOVEL by CHARLES READE, entitled "A SIMPLETON: A STORY OF THE DAY."

A new novel by WILKIE COLLINS will be commenced in the October Number of the MAGAZINE.

New Subscribers will be supplied with HARPER'S MAGAZINE from the commencement of CHARLES READE'S story, in the August Number, 1872, to the close of the Volume ending with November, 1873—making SIXTEEN NUMBERS—FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Corsets, Shoulder-Braces, Dresses, Mantlets, Talmas, Blouses, Fichus, Jackets, etc.; Work-Baskets, Watch Stands, Jewel Cases, Work-Bags, Embroidery Patterns, etc.; with attractive literary and artistic features.

THE PARLOR.

THE superfine apartment of many of our modern houses, ordinarily termed drawing-room or parlor, is an abomination to taste and common-sense. To set apart the main portion of a structure intended to live in, and after filling it with a variety of tawdry furniture, too fine for use, to close it hermetically, is evidently an absurdity. This absurdity, however, obtains so commonly that it may be almost regarded as national. Palaces and the imposing mansions of the rich and great are designed more or less for the display of architectural art, and the effect depends much on spaciousness. They have accordingly a superfluity of room, which may be appropriated for purely decorative purposes. This would be in harmony with the main design of these structures; and no one, provided the laws of art are faithfully obeyed in the construction and ornamentation of a palatial hall or apartment, is entitled to condemn it merely on the ground of its uselessness for the common purposes of life.

The grandeur and spaciousness of palaces and stately mansions may, indeed, be said to have a practical use, inasmuch as they are more or less essential to the periodical show and entertainment exacted by society from their inhabitants. The ordinary citizen, however, is under no social obligation that we know of to renounce the use of the best part of his dwelling-place. His wife can surely do proper honor to the rare visits of the Reverend Ignatius of her parish, and the formal annual call of the wife of rich Bullion, the broker opposite, without reserving an apartment expressly for the purpose.

The parlor, of which we propose to discourse, is not the show or lumber room of fine upholstery, but the sitting-room of the family, and this should be essentially adapted to that object. The largest and best-situated apartment may be appropriately used for the parlor, since it is the usual

rendezvous for all the inmates of the house during periods of leisure and enjoyment, and at times is the place of reception for a greater or less number of visitors. Extent of space, as well as freedom of ventilation, is therefore especially necessary to the room which must be more frequently thronged than any other in the house. An open fireplace, with blazing wood or a grate of sea-coal, affords an excellent ventilator during the winter, when almost every other means of entrance or exit of air is closed, and, if economy will permit, may be used, though the general warmth of the dwelling is sustained by the ordinary furnace. A brisk, visible fire is, moreover, always a cheerful object and an attractive point for the concentration of the family about the domestic hearth-stone.

As we consider an abundant supply of the sun's light to be essential to the wholesomeness of every occupied apartment, we would insist more especially upon the freest allowance to the general sitting-room, where so much of the life of the family is passed. We heartily agree with the joyous SYDNEY SMITH, who, as he burst into the parlor, would throw aside curtain, blind, and every other obstruction, and letting in a flood of daylight, exclaim, "Let us glorify the room!" The sitting-room should always be situated, if possible, on the sunny side of the house, not only for the sake of health, but cheerfulness. There is in many of our modern dwellings a dark middle chamber between the drawing-room in front and the dining-room in the rear. This is not rarely the chosen dungeon for the self-immurement of the family. There is no more ingenious contrivance for torture of soul and body. It is, however, particularly favorable to delicacy of complexion and gravity of demeanor. Health and happiness are, of course, trifling considerations in comparison with the fashionable paleness of face and formality of behavior!

The common practice of shutting out the daylight has ordinarily for its motives the saving of the delicacy of tint of the superfine carpets and hangings of the parlor, and of the complexion of its inhabitants, or concealing their want of it. We do not admit either of them to be proper. We have no hesitation in preferring the pure brightness of heaven's light to all the fantastic colors of Paris and Brussels art, and the natural ruddiness of health to the real or affected paleness of fashion.

The furniture of the parlor, which is not only the family sitting-room, but the place for the reception of visitors, may be unquestionably of a choicer kind than that of the rest of the apartments. Finery, however, should always be kept in due subordination to utility, and we do not admit of chairs and sofas so gorgeous that they must be generally concealed from sight and secured from touch under the cover of ugly smocks, and carpets so delicate of tint that only the glass slipper of a Cinderella can safely tread upon them. The parlor, which may be regarded more or less as the school of manners of the family, is to a certain extent to be used ceremoniously. Children are not expected to lounge and romp in it with the same freedom as in the nursery, and its usual occupants, young and old, are supposed to hold themselves ever in readiness for the visit of a friend or a chance visitor. While, however, a certain formality of decorum may thus be proper, there should be nothing allowed to restrain the freedom of intercourse of the family, and prevent the physical care and comfort of any of its members. Superfine furniture, with the ever-watchful care it enjoins, is sure to do both; it checks movement and stiffens the manners. The modern drawing-room, with its vulnerable splendor and chilly formality, is a great discouragement to genial companionship and hospitality. The shams of so-called society are fitly enacted within the glare of its gilded unrealities, and those who tread its tinted carpets and sit upon its glistening sofas are no more the personages they represent than those who walk and attitudinize upon the painted stage of a theatre.

We prefer large rugs or movable carpets to immovable ones, as they can be readily lifted for the sake of cleanliness, and at a moment's notice to give opportunity for an extemporized dance or a permitted romp of the younger folk. The arabesque patterns and combined and deep-toned colors of the Persian rug are, according to our sense of the fitness of things, more suitable to be trod upon than the bouquets of brilliant flowers and the surface of milk, on which they are seemingly afloat, of many fashionable carpets.

The parallelograms into which the requirements of the town lot has shaped most of our rooms leave four walls, the ugly stiffness of which it is difficult to break by any ingenuity of taste. If the builders would take our advice, they would never construct a parlor without a bow or bay window to

interrupt somewhat the necessary formality of the parallelogram. Something can be done, however, to mitigate the box-like arrangement of the modern sitting-room by appropriate frescoing of the walls, and breaking their continuity by pictures, statues, or brackets, and hanging book-cases. The color of the walls should never be white. The tint (although this should vary according to circumstances) which seems most generally becoming is a light maroon, and it harmonizes well with the ordinary dark wood of parlor furniture and paintings without interfering with their effect. We need hardly say that good engravings are better than bad pictures. As but few can afford masterpieces of the painter's and sculptor's art, most had better confine their desires to the possession of well-executed engravings and plaster casts, which are so cheap that persons even of humble means can afford to purchase them. There seems to be a growing taste for frames of dark wood for mirrors and pictures. We can not sympathize with this funereal taste, and we never saw either mirror or picture which was not seriously damaged in effect by such a surrounding. Gilding is indispensable in most cases.

To complete the idea of the parlor as the family sitting-room, books for general use are requisite. The library or study of the studious may be left for the moment entirely out of the question; but, apart from its requirements, the parlor should always contain certain works, especially of reference: an encyclopedia, gazetteer, atlas, dictionaries of various languages, a few of the standard classics, and a Shakespeare above all, that there may be at hand a means of settling at once the various literary and scientific questions which are sure to arise in every family of ordinary intelligence. A small book-case, then, so filled, must be a part of the furniture. The photograph album, the portfolio of sketches, the chess and checker boards, and other permissible games and sources of diversion, are, of course, indispensable in that habitual resort of the family, as we regard it—the parlor.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Mountain Air.

MY DEAR ANDREW,—I had scarcely returned from a little trip to kiss the Blarney Stone when I met an enthusiast who told me that the only true solace for the exhaustion of the summer heat was a long draught of mountain air. "It is the very elixir of life," he said. "There is no cordial so reviving. People go to Saratoga and drink the water of the earth: why do they not climb the mountains and drink the air of heaven?" His words had the spell of strange music. The busy street in which we were standing faded from my eyes, and I was again one of a merry company at old Tom Crawford's, at the Notch in the White Mountains. Remembering the Legend of the Great Carbuncle, we strayed into the Notch and gazed with awe at the site of the Willey house, of which we had read and studied in the school history. We plucked the mountain raspberry. We listened to the dash of the Saco. We beheld the beautiful cascade—what do they call it?—"Maiden's Veil?" "Crystal Water?" And here comes the coach from Centre Harbor, crowded and crowned with pleasure-travelers, at whom we curiously gaze, seeing ourselves of yesterday, of to-morrow.

But what an excursion it was to the summit of Mount Washington! The long file of equestrians began to ascend soon after leaving the house. Through damp primeval woods, over slimy logs and slippery stones, through the mire and over the soft turf, always in the cool shadow until we emerged upon some clearing, whence we saw only still ascending heights and the shaggy sides of other hills. Higher and higher, and the woods became thinner and thinner, and we came upon points whence the prospect was far down into ravines and forests, with sheer sweeps of the precipitous flanks of the mountains, so that the sense of possible peril if a horse should slip stilled the murmur and occasional laugh. Silently ascending, we were among the patriotic peaks—Mount Adams, Mount Jefferson, the vast conclave of the first fathers; and far beyond, over, away, the rounding rocky summit of Mount Washington, chief of all, whither we were bound.

Presently we were there, the horses painfully clambering among rough stones like the remnants of creation, unused and residuary chaos. And into primeval chaos we seemed to look as we gazed into the vast, vague expanse. Somebody said that a faint white gleam in the mist was the ocean—the Great Carbuncle, rather. The wind blew cold. Around us were shelves of broken rock, and nothing else. Far below were the edges of forests that reached down into the region of green fields and crops and human homes.

Our voices were strangely audible in the stillness. The world was dissolving in faint blue haze. But what an air! We breathed electricity. It was a wonderful stimulant. If the pale, blue-eyed girl whom we had left tenderly watched at the inn below could but have climbed to inhale this purity and strength, she would have renewed her life. I wished that she might breathe that air of heaven for an hour. But a few weeks later she breathed the heavenly ether, and had renewed her life forever.

Breathe the mountain air, said my enthusiast. And as he spoke I stood upon the Jura looking over the valley of the Aar to the Bernese Alps. They were piled and commingled with illuminated clouds; they rose and stretched so vast, so sublime, that when I recall them I seem to have lain upon some Indian plain seeing the heaven-supporting Himalaya. And later in the same summer—summer of enchantments and wonder—we came up from the valley of the Rhone to the Col-de-Balme, and in a single instant, instead of the path before us, we saw "bald awful Blanc," from the Arve raving ceaselessly at its base to the calm, shining, rounded dome. Thou forlorn but fairy cabaret of the Col-de-Balme! and thou amber juice of happy vineyards, sparkling, foaming vino d'Asti! We drained every bottle in the cabaret. Alas, there were but four! We held the cloudy glasses to heaven. We shouted, we danced, we sang. 'Twas intoxication! Yea, by my halidom! But not the exhilaration of earth. 'Twas not the sweet draught of the Savoyard vineyard; 'twas the divine wine of mountain air. It was the cordial, the elixir, the inspiration of those celestial heights.

Is it so invigorating, so purifying, so elevating because it is nearer heaven? The enthusiast was right. If you would restore the waste of the heat and wrestle of the lower world, the daily familiar street of traffic, of gossip, of wearisome detail, go to the mountains and breathe their air. I thought of it as my friend sped along and told me that the boat left at four o'clock, and that I could be among the mountains before midnight. But I reflected also that they could go and breathe that air in spirit who could not afford to go in the body. There is a mountain air which inflates the spiritual lungs and invigorates the spiritual life, is there not?—a mountain air which will mend the manners of us fellow-travelers by making them simple, modest, sincere?

I have a friend who habitually reads only the best books, and those fondly and intelligently. There are some authors whom we all read, Andrew, and who are very much in vogue to-day, whose names, even, I think that he never heard, and whose books I am sure that he never saw. But Homer and Shakespeare and Plutarch and Montaigne and Milton and Dante and Bacon are his familiar and customary reading. They are the pastures in which chiefly he delights to browse. Pastures? Yes, they are his Alpine pastures; high, silent, pure, like that in which the men of Rütli met and swore the oath that freed their country. A man who habitually reads such books, who lives in the society of those authors, dwells among mountains and breathes the inspiring air that floods the loftiest peaks. He is conversant with the most masculine thought, with the simplest and purest feeling, and the atmosphere of his life is a serene coolness in which the heats of passion die. When certain Indians went from Virginia, after its settlement, to England, it was said that to the splendid drawing-rooms of London they brought a nobler grace than the palaces knew. In like manner, when my friend mingles with the rest of us, who are so feverishly busy with our grimaces and gossip, he is like a mountaineer descending among city dandies. His tone is large and generous. His judgments are humane and clear. He has none of the little sophistries and meanness and evasion of our manners and talk. His soul respires the mountain air. He has breathed the tonic of the everlasting hills.

There are characters and events which have the same character, and affect us in the same way. A boy who reads in the newspaper some heroic incident has been to the mountains. I saw one recently, eagerly, with flushed face, intent upon a paper, which presently he laid aside, and went silently out, that I might not remark the tears that were in his eyes. I took up the paper, and soon found what had touched him. It was one of the little tales which are constantly told around us, and which make Sidney and Bayard as familiar to our experience as they are beautiful to our imagination. A boy is bathing, and the strong sea receding from the shore draws him away. A young man near by, stalwart, self-possessed, a perfect swimmer, sees the peril and strikes out for the boy. Reaching him and holding him up, he turns toward the beach. In vain: the sea closes over both, and moans remorseful on a thousand shores. The boy who read the

tale arose quietly and went out, that I might not see his tears. Young, gentle heart! It will beat more kindly now. There will be more manly thoughtfulness, more sympathy, more care. The contemplation, the mere knowledge of such simple self-sacrifice, is a tonic for his own selfishness. He has breathed the pure mountain air, the heavenly ether. When he read Plutarch he saw heroism through a glass, darkly; but in the morning paper he has seen it face to face.

Thus we go to the mountains even more quickly than I was told that I might arrive. Indeed, sometimes when Mohammed can not go, the mountain comes to him. I was sitting in my room the other morning, reading, perhaps, Taine's "Notes upon England," which every body should read who would have one of the truest pictures ever painted. It is the hand of Teniers, indeed, but with the feeling of Raphael. A knock at the door was followed by the entrance of my old friend from the country, Buckfield. He is one of the quaintest, simplest, and truest of human beings, whose coming seemed somehow to extinguish the city. His talk was of crops and wood-craft, of simple details of life and rustic incidents. But the candor and freshness of his mind and heart make him at seventy beloved of boys and the counselor of men. Shrewd, honest, humorous, racy in conversation, he is full of practical resources; reads a few good books often; keeps the political situation in mind, so as to vote rightly, but without heat, without injustice.

Yet Buckfield has been always poor, and proposes to remain poor. "That is to say," he remarks, "I am poor compared with you. But isn't a man rich who has what he wants? True, wants increase with civilization; but does not civilization pay more for luxuries than they are really worth? By living upon an income at which you would smile I have leisure to study and read, and travel in a moderate way about the country; but I wear clothes that would disgrace you, and I drive a horse and wagon that would raise a mob in the Central Park." But whatever he wears or drives or does, the sturdy manhood of Buckfield is so magnetic that to see him and talk with him, after a little life with my Bohemian friends, Andrew, or with my Belgravian friends, is like ascending from the warm, rank, damp, miasmatic atmosphere of the undrained meadows to the mountain peaks and their air of heaven. My enthusiast was right. Whenever you feel heated and uncomfortable in body or in mind, go to the mountains, even if you can not stir an inch from home.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FALL GOODS.

IN the heat of midsummer merchants are receiving their fall and winter goods. The earliest importations are of fine silks and woolen stuffs. Among these solid colors will prevail. The Jacquard, or raised figured goods, will be a conspicuous feature this season; stripes will be bolder than those of the summer; plaids are almost extinct. In fine fabrics there is a variety of quaint antique shades that are not positive colors, but neutral tints made up of two colors so intimately blended that the identity of each is lost. Unmixed colors and all high colors, such as bright crimson, scarlet, clear blue, and green, have disappeared from among choice goods, and are only found in the cheap materials made for the million.

FAILLE.

The bulk of silk importations is of faille—a soft gros grain with distinct, even, round threads of medium size and admirable lustre. Among these bronze brown and sage green tints prevail. Brown tinged with green will probably be the popular fancy of the coming season. This is displayed in a variety of shades, beginning with the olive brown of last year; next is *rouille*, or rust-color; myrtle brown is very dark and almost black; a new pistache shade has much more brown than green; *écorce*, or bark-color; the darkest shade is sepia, or India ink. Next these are grayish-brown shades called *pousière*, or dust-color; *fumée*, or smoke brown; desert sand, a light shade; *rocher*, or rock-color; Zanzibar, a sandy brown; *rossignol*, or nightingale; dove-colors such as *tourterelle*, and *ramier*, the wood-pigeon; *marmotte*, a dark ashes-of-roses shade; and finally, some soft shades are called antelope and reindeer.

Of grays pure and simple but few are found, as these also have greenish hues. First is lichen, or mossy gray; absinthe, a dark shade of the sage green worn this season; *amphibole* is an uncertain, indescribable blending of green and gray; and *mésange*, a blue-gray named for the tomtit. Sphinx and salamander are also mongrel tints. Sarde, the color of the stone, is the clearest gray shown; *feutre* is felt gray; *argile* is the color of potter's clay; alligator gray is retained from last year; and *bouleau*, or birch-color, is the darkest shade possible.

We have said there are no more bright blues and greens, but there are many combinations of these, forming the hues seen in the throat and breast of birds. Last winter these were all called peacock colors; and now we have various shades of plumage, such as the lophophore, with

more blue than green, while the reverse is true of the *martin-pêcheur*, or kingfisher-color; *lézard*, or lizard green, and serpent-color are also similar shades. Sombre greens, that are almost black, are shown for street tints; of these are *chasseur*, or hunter's green, myrtle, cypress, and bottle green. The old-time puce shades and plum-color, with both blue and reddish tints, are largely imported.

For evening dresses are silks of the faded hues that are now so popular. Among the prettiest new hues are aurora, a pale pinkish-gray, an unmixed soft gray called *gris fin*, and a delicate buff called *chamois-color*. The blue tints are *ciel pâle*, or bright sky blue; paradise blue is of deeper hue; Indienne and turquoise are the dim lack-lustre shades introduced two years ago. The rose-colors are *rose frais*, or newly blown rose; tea-rose, with yellow tints; and faded-rose, a lovely pale shade. Pink coral, Nile green, lavender, blé or wheat-color, and the silver shades are again imported.

FANCY SILKS.

A novelty in fancy silks is broché silk serge. This is a soft thick twilled silk, like old-fashioned levantine, and is imported for polonaises. The ground is usually black, and the figures, flowers, and vines wrought upon it are of one dark color—blue, green, or brown.

Stripes are no longer mere hair lines, but are half an inch or more in width. There are plain solid stripes at wide intervals, but the newest designs are clusters of lines and irregular groups. White or brown stripes on black grounds will remain in favor.

WOOLEN GOODS.

The mongrel tints described for silk goods are all reproduced in cashmeres, delaines, and merinos. These soft clinging fabrics, so beautiful for drapery, are largely imported, while there are very few poplins and harsh wiry materials. Twilled goods are still preferred to reps. Colored French cashmeres will, in a measure, supersede the favorite black cashmere of last winter. Delaines are of finer quality than those of former importations; they are also wider, come in double fold, and are more expensive.

ÉCRU WOOLENS.

A feature of French importations is fine woolen goods in their *écrû* or natural state, uncolored, raw, and undressed, as they are taken from the loom. These are thickly twilled fabrics in odd grayish-brown colors, warm and heavy enough for service, and so uncommon-looking that they will find favor with lovers of novelty.

JACQUARD GOODS.

Another conspicuous feature is the rich Jacquard or damask-figured woollens, antiquated, odd-looking stuffs like India goods. These have soft wool grounds covered with raised silk figures wrought in the Jacquard loom. They are designed for polonaises to be worn over velvet or faille skirts. They are usually monotonous—dark bronze or gray grounds with the figures of lighter shade—but sometimes two colors are used, as black with gray or bronze figures. These are the richest fabrics for over dresses found among the new goods.

Among cheaper goods are Jacquard poplins. These are French poplins made softer and less bulky than formerly, and ornamented with raised flowers and vines of the same shade as the ground. Olive, gray, and maroon colors prevail among these, also soft wood tints and plum-color. The designs are sometimes arranged in stripes at broad intervals; these are to be used for polonaises over solid-colored poplin of the same shade.

New French *satines*, less heavy and stiff than those formerly imported, are shown in all the quiet new colors and in the damask figures already described. Still more inexpensive goods are the various woolen mixtures. These have black or brown grounds, not with mere solid lines for stripes, but mottled columns of color arranged in irregular clusters.

ABOUT PLAIDS AND STRIPES.

Very small plaids for children are the only plaids shown. These are irregular and of but two colors, blue, green, or brown, with white or black. The plaids of the past two or three years have been too large and gay for people of taste, and have consequently lost favor. Merchants of experience predict that the bold stripes brought out for this winter will also bring stripes into disfavor, and we warn the reader that this is probably their last season.

FRENCH CALICOES.

French calicoes show some novelty of coloring, but the designs are still the Watteau flowers and figures. The present fancy is to have the ground of one of the new unique colors strewn with frescos of other shades of the same color, lighted up here and there with a bright bit of scarlet, a rose-bud, a blue convolvulus, or a cluster of bright green leaves. Black grounds are also shown, and many are striped with wide columns overrun with leaves.

TRIMMING LACES.

Quantities of the Spanish lace used this summer will be found among the new importations. This lace is not made in Spain, but in France, and is an imitation of the heavily figured Spanish blonde. It will be used for veils, and also for trimming silks and cashmere. The colored woolen guipures used for trimming summer dresses are being manufactured in heavier designs and in the new shades for trimming suits of the woolen fabrics for next season. Among white laces point duchesse is considered *passée*, and Valenciennes remains the standard lace.

VARIETIES.

Spirals of lace—that is, lace arranged back and

forth in shell shape—are used for trimming dresses, jackets, and polonaises. On the back of guipure lace sacsques and net polonaises these spirals are far more effective than plain Watteau folds. A handsome polonaise of Spanish sprigged net is trimmed with these spirals down the entire front and on the back of the corsage. The price of this garment is \$75.

Suits of Byzantine, a kind of grenadine *barège*, are worn for mourning at this season and in the early fall. A model that dispenses with flounces is worthy of description. The skirt is covered to the hips with clusters of bias folds, each two inches wide when doubled, placed three in a group, and separated by straight side pleating an eighth of a yard in depth. The polonaise is of the loose polonaise shape, the waist lined with silk, and for trimming a cluster of folds and one row of pleating. The coat sleeves have two wide folds near the wrist shaped like inverted cuffs, and made to sit smoothly and plain.

For information received thanks are due Mademoiselle SWITZER (successor to Madame DIEDEN); Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

THE daughter of Mr. JAY, our minister to Austria, is about to be married to General DE SCHWEINITZ, the envoy of the German empire at the same court. The JAY blood is quite as good as any that runs in foreign veins. The great-grandfather of Miss JAY was the illustrious JOHN JAY, who graduated at Columbia College, in this city, one hundred and eight years ago, was a member of the first Continental Congress, that met in 1774, and was president of it in 1778. In 1779 he was minister to Spain; in 1784 was Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and served until the election of WASHINGTON as President, in 1789, who appointed him the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In 1794 he was minister to England, and while absent was elected Governor of New York, which position he held for six years. Under his administration slavery was abolished in this State. His son, WILLIAM JAY, was an eminent lawyer and philanthropist, one of the founders of the American Bible Society, and prominent in the benevolent enterprises of his time. The father of Miss JAY is also a man of culture and ability. And this is the good "blue blood" that Miss JAY gives to the ambassador of Kaiser WILLIAM.

—Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF states as a matter of fact, and interesting as a matter of physiology, that there are no "peaked" looking children in California. The women begin to take on fat at an early age, and lose their figure before they are twenty-five.

—Mrs. ABRAHAM LINCOLN has presented to the State of Illinois a valuable oil portrait of the late Colonel E. D. BAKER, one of the finest soldiers, best generals, and best men ever produced in Illinois.

—RUBINSTEIN will get \$30,000 gold and his expenses for his American engagement.

—Mrs. MARY GRAY, of Greenup County, is the oldest woman in Kentucky. She is one hundred and fourteen, and in good health. Little JOSEPH GRAY, her youngest son, is seventy-nine. She has a daughter-in-law over eighty, and more grandchildren and great-grandchildren than one can "shake a stick at."

—On the 10th of October next a nuptial ceremony of much interest will be celebrated in Brooklyn—the silver wedding of HENRY WARD BEECHER with Plymouth Church. The jubilation will continue four days. The first will be the Sunday-school day. This will bring together between 2000 and 3000 children. It is also proposed to reassemble those who have at any time belonged to the school. On the second day it is proposed to have a reunion of all the present and past members of the church then living, their number being 3310. The remaining days are to be devoted to appropriate exercises, including the delivery of addresses and reading of papers pertinent to the wedding.

—Mlle. ALBANI holds her own bravely in Italian opera in London. The London *Times*, speaking of her appearance in "Linda," says she steadily and surely advances, and that each new character she essays shows it. As an actress she displays talent of a high order, and her industry, resolution, modesty, and practical good sense are sure to result in placing her in the front rank of lyric artists.

—Commander DAVID RITCHIE, of the revenue service, made one jump from the rank of common seaman to that of a commander. It was he who swam ashore three miles from off Beaufort, South Carolina, with the American flag in his teeth, to prevent the capture of the colors by the Confederates. His capture of the Cuban privateer gives him another step on the ladder of fame.

—It is spoken of in New England papers as a pleasing circumstance that GAMALIEL ROWE, of Seabrook, New Hampshire, aged seventy-two, has recently married a widow of fifty-five with thirteen children.

—The Princess CLOTILDE, who with her husband, Prince NAPOLEON, was here a few years ago, is sister of King AMADÉUS, whose life was in imminent danger a few days ago from the bullets of three assassins. She is a very pious woman, and recently, while attending mass, remarked that many people were watching her, and inquiring the cause, learned that the mass was by the order of the Duchess of Madrid for the triumph of the Carlitas, and, of course, the downfall of the princess's brother.

—Mr. ALEXANDER DUNCAN, founder of the house of DUNCAN, SHERMAN, & Co., now a resident of London, celebrated the Fourth of July by a subscription of \$10,000, for Mrs. DUNCAN and himself, in aid of the free library at Providence, Rhode Island, of which city Mr. D. was for many years a resident.

—Professor HUXLEY has made contracts with publishers to write certain works which will fully occupy his time for the next five years.

—We do not wonder that Miss FOX, the adopted daughter of Lady HOLLAND, married Prince LICHSTEINSTEIN. Besides being what is called a good fellow and a gentleman, he has certain comforts in the way of property that are enough to touch the heart, if not turn the head, of almost any girl in Christendom. The prince is

said to own, among other things, the following desirable and improved real estate: a château in the Bavarian Alps, with grounds that seem to have exhausted the ingenuity of the horticulturist; a *petite maison* on the shores of Lake Geneva, so lovely that affianced lovers avoid it in sheer envy; a palace or two at Vienna, adorned with masterpieces of the *Renaissance*; and a marine villa by the Adriatic as complete, if not as extensive, as Miramar itself.

—Controller GREEN was astounded a few mornings since. Into his office stalked one Captain BATES of Kentucky. Captain BATES of Kentucky stands a little over eight feet in his stockings. The object of Captain BATES of Kentucky in invading the office of Mr. GREEN is not stated, but the results were peaceful.

—"George Elliot," the distinguished novelist, whose "Middlemarch" is fresh in the minds of readers of *Harper's Weekly*, was brought up and educated by HERBERT SPENCER. Long before she became famous, long before the unpracticed eye could detect any thing of genius in her, he predicted that he would make something out of her. And he did. Mr. and Mrs. LEWES live quietly but elegantly, and Mr. SPENCER is their frequent and always welcome guest.

—The marriage of Miss NILSSON, which occurred July 27 in Westminster Abbey, was noticeable in certain respects: all the dresses—bride's and bride-maids—were made by the famous WORTH, of Paris. The bride was given away by Baron ROTHSCHILD. The bridegroom's first man was Prince PONIATOWSKI, author of the new opera "Geimina," written for PATTI; and among the bride-maids were Miss BENTINCK, daughter of Lord GEORGE CAVENTISH BENTINCK, Miss KATE VIVIAN, Miss DODGE, of Boston, United States, Miss BURNHAM, and Miss SPOONER—the last three being ladies whose acquaintance Miss NILSSON made on her voyage from America.

—It is the felicity of STRAUSS to be forty-seven, and worth a million of dollars. A million in Germany goes much further—many further—than it does in this fussy young country.

—"CREOLA FERRETTI" is spoken of enthusiastically by Louisianians as a young lady who is yet to be the greatest prima donna in the world.

—The jewels of the ex-Empress EUGÉNIE were sold recently at auction in London, and attracted to the bidding a large assemblage of titled and untitled wealth. There were one hundred and twenty-two lots, and the whole brought about \$230,000. Among the purchasers were Baron ROTHSCHILD, the Marquis of Bristol, Madame FÉLISSE, Earl CARYSFORT, and several eminent pawnbrokers.

—Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, now seventy-four years of age, and somewhat infirm, contemplates an early retirement from the Russian premiership. He commenced diplomatic life just fifty years ago, and since then has been uninterruptedly in the public service. His successor will probably be M. VALOUYEFF, a very able, highly cultivated, industrious, and moderate statesman, who is now Minister of the Crown Domains. General IGONATIEFF, at present Russian ambassador at Constantinople, is also ambitious of succeeding to the position.

—When Madame SCHNEIDER was engaged for an opera-bouffe season recently, the manager demurred to her exorbitant terms, remarking that her income would be higher than that of a Marshal of France. "Well, then," said she, "get a Marshal of France to sing for you."

—President JACKSON, of Trinity College, Hartford, has gone to Europe to study the principles and effects of collegiate architecture in the finest English colleges. His intention is that the new buildings for Trinity shall be the most beautiful and complete college structures in America.

—The Baroness DE ROTHSCHILD, unlike most ladies born to wealth and high position, is an artist of more than ordinary merit. On former occasions she has sent pictures to the National Exhibition, but this year she has sent a painting called "Interior of a Court at Dinan," which the critics pronounce a work of rare excellence.

—The business of banking does seem to be conducive to longevity. They have, for instance, in Salem, Massachusetts, a cashier who has filled that position nearly fifty years. Mr. JOHN ANDREWS, of Newburyport, has been forty-five years in the Mechanics' Bank, during which time he has never asked for a vacation, and there have been periods of seven or eight years without his absence from his desk for a single day.

—Monsignore CAPEL, a distinguished prelate of the Roman Catholic Church, and the original of DISRAELI's Catesby in "Lothair," intends to make a little tour of this country during the coming autumn.

—M. VICTORIEN SARDOU, the brilliant dramatist, was married on the 25th of June to Mlle. SOULIE. Many dramatic authors, journalists, and members of the Chamber of Deputies were present at the ceremony. President THIERS was asked, but couldn't come.

—MARY HOGAN eloped from a Connecticut Shaker community and married Brother JACKSON on the sly. She quietly remarked to a friend after the ceremony, "You can make your applesauce and warrant it to keep; but gals ain't apples, and you can't bile 'em down so they won't sour on your old rules about marrying."

—M. DE SAINTE-BEAUVE once fought a duel. When the principals took their positions it was raining hard. SAINTE-BEAUVE had his pistol in one hand, and with the other held his umbrella. The seconds protested. "I have no objection to being killed," said he, "but as to being wet—no!"

—General JOSEPH LANE writes from his ranch in Oregon that he is robust and healthy, although over seventy years of age, and that his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren are well and doing well. General L. has been more or less in public life for fifty years, commencing as a member of the North Carolina Legislature in 1822. He distinguished himself in several battles in the Mexican War, was a United States Senator from Oregon for two years, and in 1860 was nominated by the Southern Democratic Convention for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, but the experiment was not crowned with success.

—Concerts, even with the most attractive of prime donne, are not always successful as speculations. The expenses of the PESCHKA-LEUTNER concert at the Rink, in Brooklyn, were \$4778 23; the receipts were \$4841 09; profits, \$62 86. Madame P.-L. received for her services \$1000, nor did she labor to the point of exhaustion to earn the money.

Toy Harness and Whip, Figs. 1-4.

THIS toy harness and whip will be found to serve children well in their favorite amusement of playing horse.

Figs. 1 and 4.—CARRIAGE-LEATHER AND WORSTED-BRAID HARNESS. The front, belt-like part of the harness is made of strips of double red carriage leather, which are button-hole stitched with blue zephyr worsted, and trimmed with red and blue worsted tassels and with brass bells. The lines are of red worsted and blue silk ribbon, and are ornamented in point Russe embroidery with red zephyr worsted. Cut, first, two strips of double carriage leather each thirty inches and a half long and one inch wide, which are folded on one side, then a similar strip thirty-three inches and a quarter long, one strip eight inches long, and two strips each six inches and seven-eighths long; all these strips should be one inch wide, and pointed on the ends as shown by the illustration. Edge the strips all along the outer edge with long button-hole stitches of blue zephyr worsted, passing the needle through the double material. Sew the two strips which are thirty inches and a half long each together, slanting on the ends seven-eighths of an inch long, first on one side and then on the other, so that a space is left between the strips in the middle. On these strips first baste the strip eight inches long, and on both sides of this, after an interval of an inch and three-quarters, baste on the two strips which are six inches and



Fig. 1.—CROCHET GARTER.

BAT OF STEEL SPRINGS, CARRIAGE LEATHER, AND CORD.

buckle on each end of the horizontal strips for fastening the lines. The latter are made of a piece of double red worsted braid of the requisite length and one inch wide, through the middle of which a piece of blue silk ribbon half an inch wide, ornamented in herring-bone stitches of red zephyr worsted, is sewed on. Fig. 4 shows a full-sized section of the lines.

Figs. 2 and 3.—CARRIAGE-LEATHER AND KNOTTED TOY WHIP. To make this whip cover a willow wand eighteen inches and a half long with red carriage leather, and wind on two threads of blue double zephyr worsted, as shown by Fig. 3, so that regular windings are formed. After finishing the knot-work, sew on the windings at both sides with a double thread, as shown by Fig. 3, so that they are clearly defined. On the point of the wand wind blue worsted closely, at the same time fastening in a small loop of carriage leather. On the under end of the wand fasten a strap of red carriage leather nine inches and three-quarters long, ornamented with brass bells as shown by the illustration; finish one end of the strap with blue worsted cord, the ends of which are trimmed with red worsted tassels. Furnish the under end of the whip with a cut blue worsted ball, and in the loop at the point of the whip fasten a braided cord of gray thread; at the end of the cord leave several threads unbraided six inches, and knot them together two or three times.

Bat of Steel Springs, Carriage Leather, and Cord.
To make this bat take a thick brass ring an inch and a

seven-eighths long each in a vertical direction, as shown by the illustration, so that the horizontal strips are an inch and three-quarters apart in the middle, and the upper point of each vertical strip projects one inch. At intervals of an inch and three-quarters each from the ends of the longest strip, as shown by the illustration, which is put around the neck in adjusting the harness; the ends of this strip should project an inch and a half long each from the under horizontal strip. On the intersecting points of all the strips basted on in this



Fig. 1.—CARRIAGE-LEATHER AND WORSTED TOY HARNESS.—[See Fig. 4, Page 541.]



Fig. 2.—CARRIAGE-LEATHER AND KNOTTED TOY WHIP.—[See Fig. 3.]

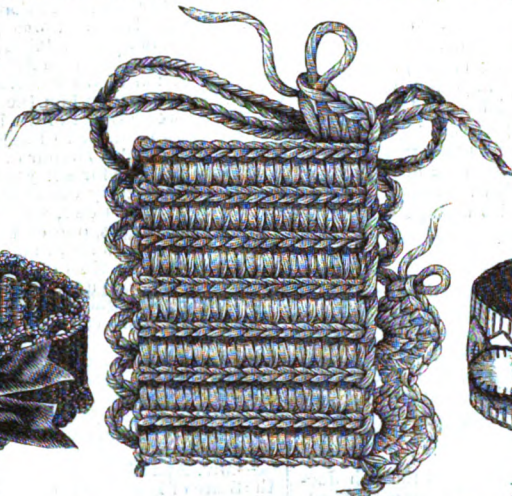


Fig. 2.—MANNER OF CROCHETING GARTER.

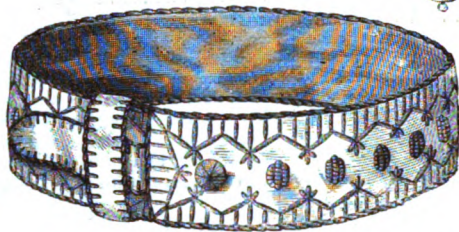


Fig. 3.—EMBROIDERED FLANNEL GARTER.

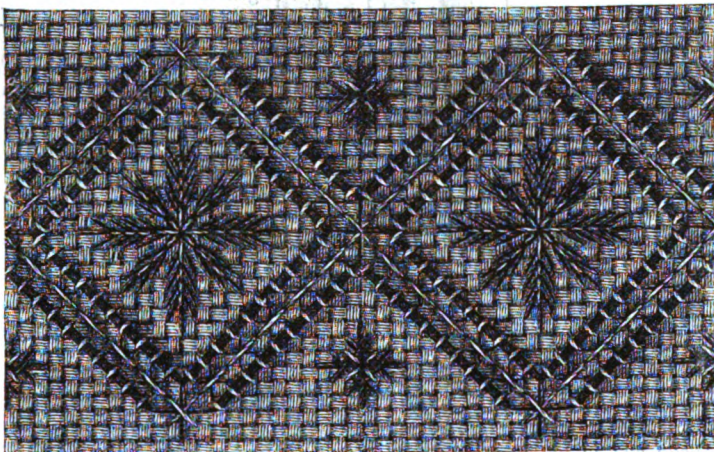


Fig. 3.—EMBROIDERY FOR PANAMA CANVAS WORK-BASKET.—FULL SIZE.



SECTION OF SKIPPING-ROPE WITH BRAID AND CORD COVER.—FULL SIZE.



Fig. 3.—MANNER OF COVERING HANDLE OF TOY WHIP, FIG. 2.

ameter, cover it closely with blue worsted, and in doing this at the same time fasten the netted part on the ring, surrounding one foundation st. in working every third following button-hole stitch. Ornament the 5th and 6th and the 14th and 15th rounds of the netted part (counting from the beginning) with a row of brass rings each seven-eighths of an inch large and covered with blue worsted, as shown by the illustration; to do this always lay one ring

quarter in diameter, and cover it with twenty-four double knots of red worsted cord, forming one picot after each double knot; the picots should be two inches and a half long on the sides and somewhat longer on the upper and under edge. For the rim of the bat take a steel spring half an inch wide and twenty-three inches and a quarter long, one spring of the same width and thirty-six inches long, and one spring thirty-six inches long and only a quarter of an inch wide. Close the shorter spring in a ring, sewing the ends on each other, cover it and the narrower spring with red carriage leather, and on the wider spring, which is thirty-six inches long, wind blue worsted closely. The ends of the two springs not closed in a ring should be left free to a length of five inches and three-quarters each. Then lay these two springs (the narrower one uppermost) on the spring closed in a ring so that the ends project in an even length, wind the picots of the brass ring on the steel springs with blue cord as shown by the illustration, and plait blue cord through the picots several times close to the middle ring, as shown by the illustration. For the

handle lay on a thick piece of cane five inches and three-quarters long, in which two holes are bored an inch and a quarter and an inch and a half from the upper end, in the middle at the

bottom of the spring closed in a ring. First tie the projecting ends of both outer steel springs on the cane bar with gray thread, in doing which slip the thread several times through the holes, and at the same time fasten the ends of the cord with which the picots are fastened



NETTED AND CROCHET BALL NET.

on the spring; then lay a steel spring, a quarter of an inch wide and eleven inches and a quarter long, covered with red carriage leather, around the inner spring closed in a ring, above the cane bar, in the manner of a loop, so that the ends project evenly, and tie the latter on the cane bar with gray thread also. Wind worsted on the under end of the handle thus formed, then cover it with red carriage leather, and on the upper and under end set a tassel, each of loops crocheted in chain stitch with blue worsted, and wind blue and red worsted cord on the handle, observing the illustration.

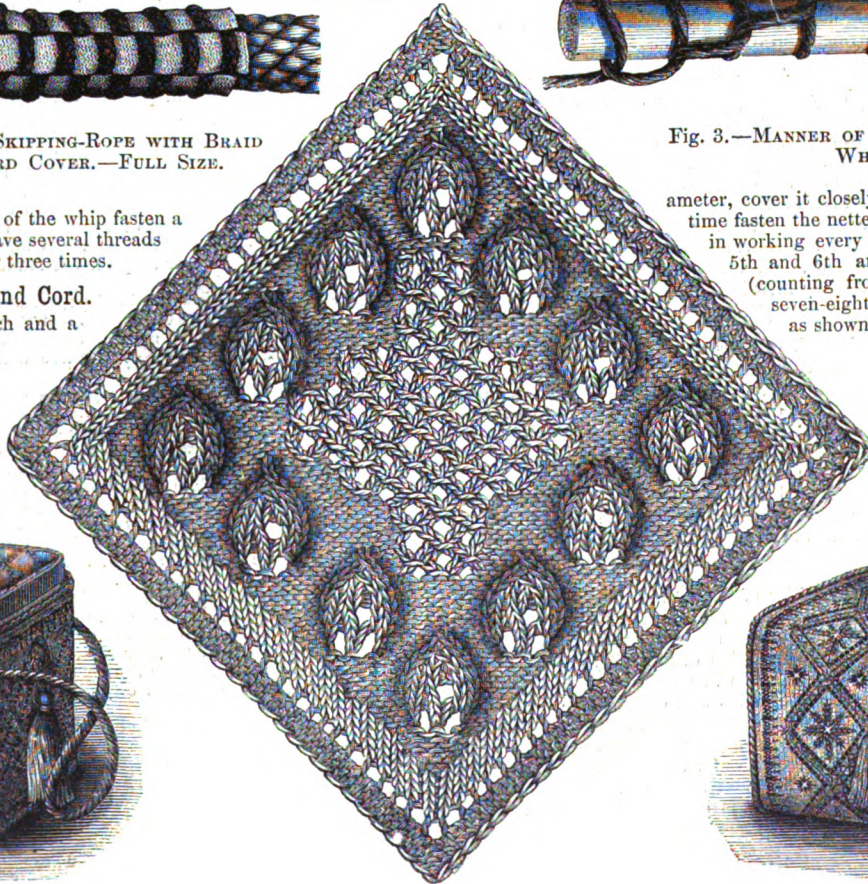
Netted and Crochet Ball Net.

THIS ball net is worked in netting with red zephyr worsted, and ornamented with covered rings and crochet chain stitch loops of blue zephyr worsted. The loops, which surround the net, are held together so that points are formed. Brass bells are fastened at the ends of the points. Begin the net from the middle at the bottom with a foundation of 28 st. (stitch), close these in a ring, and net 30 rounds,

always going forward, on a netting mesh seven-eighths of an inch in circumference. Then take a brass ring an inch and a quarter in diameter, cover it closely with blue worsted, and in doing this at the same time fasten the netted part on the ring, surrounding one foundation st. in working every third following button-hole stitch. Ornament the 5th and 6th and the 14th and 15th rounds of the netted part (counting from the beginning) with a row of brass rings each seven-eighths of an inch large and covered with blue worsted, as shown by the illustration; to do this always lay one ring



Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED PANAMA CANVAS WORK-BASKET.—OPEN.



KNITTED SQUARE FOR COVERLETS, ETC.



Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED PANAMA CANVAS WORK-BASKET.—CLOSED.



Fig. 1.—BLACK FIGURED TULLE JACKET.—BACK.

three chain stitch loops previously crocheted for the point trimming, and ornament them with a brass bell. Finally, work on the upper edge of the net with blue worsted three rounds of scallops turned upward as follows: 1st round.—* 2 sc. separated by 1 ch. on both sides of the next knot in the netted round before the last, 15 ch.; repeat from *. 2d round.—Like the preceding round, working the sc., however, on both sides of the knot in the last netted round; in working the sc. of these two rounds always surround two thread bars of the netting as in the point trimming. 3d round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the next st. of the last netted round, 15 ch. Underneath this scallop trimming run two blue worsted cords crosswise through the netted stitches of the ball net, and trim the ends with red worsted tassels.

Black Figured Tulle Jacket, Figs. 1 and 2.

This black figured tulle jacket is trimmed with a black gros grain revers collar, folds an inch and seven-



Fig. 2.—BLACK FIGURED TULLE JACKET.—FRONT.

on every second following square of the corresponding two netted rounds, and cover the ring with close button-hole stitches, surrounding the four thread bars of the square. For the point trimming crochet on both sides of the knots in the 7th and 13th netted rounds (counting from the beginning) one round of chain stitch loops, each as follows: * 1 sc. (single crochet) before the next netting knot, 1 ch. (chain stitch), 1 sc. after the same knot, 24 ch.; repeat from *, always going forward. The chain stitch loops should be turned toward the foundation stitches of the netting, and in working the sc. always surround the two thread bars of two rounds that come together at the knot. Crochet for the trimming at the under point of the net on both sides of the knots in the second netted round one round as follows: * 1 sc. before the next knot, 1 ch., 1 sc. after the same knot, 60 ch., again 1 sc. before and 1 sc. after the next knot, between these work 1 ch., 5 ch.; repeat from *; in working the sc. proceed as before. Having finished this round, fasten all the long loops together in the middle with several stitches, set on a cut ball of blue worsted there, as shown by the illustration, and fasten three red worsted tassels on the ball. Fasten together every three and

eighths and two inches wide, rolls half an inch wide, and bows of black gros grain; and also with black lace edging an inch and seven-eighths and two inches and seven-eighths wide.

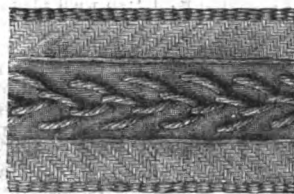


Fig. 4.—SECTION OF TOY HARNESS.—[See Page 540.]

Black Figured Tulle Bedouin Mantilla, Figs. 1 and 2.

This Bedouin mantilla is of figured black tulle. The trimming consists of black lace edging an inch and three-quarters and three inches and a quarter wide, fringed and box-pleated black gros

grain ruches two inches wide, and loops and ends of black gros grain ribbon an inch and a quarter wide. For the mantilla cut of figured tulle a straight piece eighty inches long and twenty-eight inches and a half wide, and slope it off from the under to the upper edge so that the latter is only seventy-one inches and a quarter long; cut a slit thirteen inches and a quarter long from the under edge in the middle of the back. Along the upper edge of the tulle sew the edging an inch and three-quarters and three inches and a quarter wide (the former is turned upward and the latter turned downward), border the free outer edge also with edging three inches and a quarter wide, and cover the seam with a gros grain ruche. Then fold the tulle half its length, and sew the double material together on the upper edge fourteen inches and seven-eighths from the fold with several stitches, so that a Bedouin fold is formed. Fourteen inches and seven-eighths from the middle of the back and eight inches and a half from the up-

per edge arrange the mantilla in several pleats, and cover the layers of pleats with loops and ends of black gros grain ribbon. Furnish the mantilla with hooks and eyes on the corners at the upper edge for closing, and set on a bow of black gros grain ribbon as shown by the illustration.

Crochet and Flannel Garters, Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 540.

Figs. 1 and 2.—CROCHET GARTER. This garter is worked with red Saxony wool in sc. (single crochet) on a cord foundation crocheted of ch. (chain stitch). The garter is closed with a button and loop, and is finished with a bow of red silk ribbon. Crochet with red Saxony wool the foundation cord of ch. in the length required. Then make a foundation of 13 st. (stitch), lay on the cord so that the ends hang down equally long, and now work, passing over the last foundation st., 1 sc. in the upper vein of each foundation st. and on the cord at the same time. At the end of the round work 1 ch., * turn the work, and work 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the back veins of each st. in the preceding round, without paying any attention to the cord; 1 ch. at the end of the round.



Fig. 1.—BLACK FIGURED TULLE BEDOUIN MANTILLA.—FRONT.



Fig. 2.—BLACK FIGURED TULLE BEDOUIN MANTILLA.—BACK.

Turn the work, cross the ends of the cord, and work 1 sc. over the double cord on the back vein of each stitch in the preceding round (see Fig. 2); 1 ch. at the end of the round, and repeat from * until the garter is of the requisite length. On the scallops formed by the cord on both lengthwise sides of the garter work * 1 sc. on the next scallop, 5 dc. (double crochet) on the following scallop; repeat from *. Finish with a bow and a button and loop.

Fig. 3.—EMBROIDERED FLANNEL GARTER. This white flannel garter is ornamented in point Russe and twisted stitch with red Saxony wool, and lined with red silk; it is closed with a button and button-hole. Cut of flannel and silk lining each one straight strip an inch and a half wide and twelve inches and three-quarters long. Button-hole stitch the outer edge of the flannel strip, and work the embroidery in point Russe and twisted stitch as shown by the illustration. On one end of the garter fasten a double tab of flannel three inches and a half long and three-quarters of an inch wide; this tab is slightly rounded on one end and button-hole stitched on the outer edge. At a distance of an inch and three-quarters from the other crosswise edge sew a flannel band half an inch wide and two inches and a half long, which is also button-hole stitched. Line the garter with silk, and finish with a button and button-hole.

Skipping-Rope with Braid and Cord Cover.

See illustration on page 540.

To make this skipping-rope, a full-sized section of which is shown by the illustration, take a thick hemp rope, and on one end of it sew five pieces of red worsted braid of the width shown by the illustration, and a piece of blue worsted cord; then plait the cord through the pieces of braid. Having finished the plaited work, fasten the ends of the braid and cord. Finish each end of the skipping-rope with a cut ball of blue worsted, or with wooden handles.

Embroidered Panama Canvas Work-Box, Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 540.

This work-box consists of two parts, which are joined by a hinge, and between which is also set a card-board handle three-quarters of an inch wide, which serves to hold the parts together when the work-box is closed. The original is made of double card-board, covered on the inside with a wadded green silk lining quilted in diamonds, and on the outside with Panama canvas ornamented in point Russe embroidery. Green silk cords ornamented with tassels, and an elastic cord loop furnished with a small green tassel and a bronze button, complete the work-box. Cut first for each half a strip of card-board fifteen inches and a quarter long and four inches and a quarter wide, and one strip fifteen inches and a half long and four inches wide. Cut a slit in each of these strips half an inch from one end; then cut three more slits, so that regular intervals are formed between all the slits (the card-board should only be cut through half its thickness, however). Bend the card-board along the slits in order to obtain the four-cornered shape shown by the illustration, and close it, pasting one end half an inch wide under the other. For the bottom of each half cut of card-board two square pieces of the requisite size and round the corners of both pieces slightly. Cover the bottom and rim of the narrower piece of card-board on the inside with the quilted silk lining, in doing which at the same time join both parts; cover the rim, besides, on the outside at the upper edge half an inch wide with green silk. The cover for the wider part of card-board is made of Panama canvas, which is ornamented in point Russe embroidery, as shown by the illustrations, with green and black filling silk and with golden-yellow saddle's silk. The edges of the outer cover are finished with green silk cord. Slip both pieces of card-board of each half covered in this manner into each other, having first covered the bottom of the outer piece of card-board on the inside with gum-arabic. For the handle cut two card-board strips three-quarters of an inch wide and fifteen inches and three-quarters long, furnish them with cross slits in order to form the corners, paste the ends of each strip together, and cover the inner strip smoothly with silk and the outer strip with an embroidered strip of canvas. Paste the narrower strip into the wider one, in doing which slip a piece of green silk ribbon an inch and a quarter wide, for the hinge, between both strips, through the middle between two corners. Fasten the ends of the hinge on the upper edge of both parts of the work-box. Finish with the cords and tassels as shown by the illustration.

Knitted Square for Coverlets, etc.

See illustration on page 540.

This square is worked with white knitting cotton and two steel needles in rounds going backward and forward. Begin from one corner (see the under corner on the illustration) with a foundation of 3 st. (stitch), and going backward and forward on these knit three rounds, which appear purled on the right side of the work; slip the first st. of every round, and on the last of the last in each of these three rounds work 2 st.—1 p. (1 stitch purled), 1 k. (1 stitch knit plain). 4th round.—Sl. (slip 1 stitch), 2 k., t. t. o. (thread thrown over), 3 k. 5th round.—Sl. 2 p., 1 k. on the t. t. o. in the preceding round (the threads thrown over are always knit off as stitches), 3 p. 6th round.—Sl. 2 k., t. t. o., 1 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 7th round.—Sl. 2 p., 3 k., 3 p. 8th round.—Sl. 2 k., t. t. o., 3 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 9th round.—Sl. 2 p., 5 k., 3 p. 10th round.—Sl. 2 k., t. t. o., 5 k., t. t. o., 3 k. 11th round.—Sl. 2 p., 7 k., 3 p. 12th round.—Sl. 2 k., t. t. o., 7 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 13th round.—Sl. 2 p., 4 k., 1 p., 4 k., 3 p. 14th round.—Sl. 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 1 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. 15th round.—Sl. 2 p., 4 k., 3 p., 4 k., 3 p. (It must be observed that the first and last 7 st. of every round denoted by an odd number, to the 51st round, are knit exactly like the st. of the 15th round; they will not be referred to again in the course of the work.) 16th round.—Sl. 2 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 3 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k. The first and last 8 st. of every round denoted by an even number (the t. t. o. is counted as a st.), to the 52d round, are worked like those of the 16th round, and will therefore not be referred to again. 17th round.—5 p., 18th round.—5 k., 19th round.—3 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 3 p. 20th round.—3 k., 3 p., 3 k. 21st round.—4 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 4 p. 22d round.—4 k., 5 p., 4 k. 23d round.—5 p., t. t. o., 2 k., twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 5 p. 24th round.—5 k., 3 p., work 3 st. on the twice t. t. o. of the preceding round—1 p., 1 k., 1 p.—then 3 p., 5 k. 25th round.—6 p., 1 st. n. (narrowed; always narrow in the following manner: sl. the next st., 1 k., draw the sl. st. over), 5 k., k. 2 together, 6 p. 26th round.—6 k., 3 p., p. 2 together, 2 p., 6 k. 27th round.—7 p., 1 st. n., 1 st. n., k. 2 together, 7 p. 28th round.—7 k., 3 p., 7 k. 29th round.—3 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 4 p., k. 3 together (in doing this always sl. the first st., k. the next 2 st. together, and draw the sl. st. over), 4 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 3 p. 30th round.—3 k., 3 p., 9 k., 3 p., 3 k. 31st round.—4 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 9 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 4 p. 32d round.—4 k., 5 p., 9 k., 5 p., 4 k. 33d round.—5 p., t. t. o., 2 k., twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 9 p., t. t. o., 2 k., twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 p., t. t. o., 5 p. 34th round.—5 k., 3 p., on the twice t. t. o. work 1 p., 1 k., 1 p.; 3 p., 9 k., 3 p., on the twice t. t. o. work 1 p., 1 k., 1 p.; 3 p., 5 k. 35th round.—6 p., 1 st. n., 5 k., k. 2 together, 9 p., 1 st. n., 5 k., k. 2 together, 6 p. 36th round.—6 k., 2 p., p. 2 together, 3 p., 3 k., t. t. o., 3 p. (draw the third of these over the first two so that only 2 p.

remain on the needle; always work the 3 p. marked * in this manner), t. t. o., 3 k., 2 p., p. 2 together, 3 p., 6 k. 37th round.—7 p., 1 st. n., 1 st. n., k. 2 together, 3 p., 4 k., 3 p., 1 st. n., 1 st. n., k. 2 together, 7 p. 38th round.—7 k., 3 p., 2 k., 3 p., *, t. t. o., 3 p., *, 2 k., 3 p., 7 k. 39th round.—3 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 2 st. n. (sl. the next st., k. the next two st. together, and draw the sl. st. over), 2 p., 5 k., 2 p., 2 st. n., 4 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 3 p. 40th round.—3 k., 3 p., 4 k., 1 p., 2 k., 1 p., t. t. o., 3 p., *, t. t. o., 1 p., 2 k., 1 p., 4 k., 3 p., 3 k. 41st round.—4 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 7 p., 6 k., 7 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 4 p. 42d round.—4 k., 5 p., 7 k., 3 p., *, t. t. o., 3 p., *, 7 k., 5 p., 4 k. 43d round.—5 p., t. t. o., 2 k., twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 7 p., 5 k., 7 p., t. t. o., 2 k., twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 5 p. 44th round.—5 k., 3 p.; on the twice t. t. o. work 1 p., 1 k., and 1 p.; 3 p., 7 k., 1 p., t. t. o., 3 p., *, t. t. o., 1 p., 7 k., 3 p.; on the twice t. t. o. work 1 p., 1 k., and 1 p.; 3 p., 5 k. 45th round.—6 p., 1 st. n., 5 k., k. 2 together, 7 p., 6 k., 7 p., 1 st. n., 5 k., k. 2 together, 6 p. 46th round.—6 k., 2 p., p. 2 together, 3 p., 4 k., three times alternately 3 p., *, t. t. o.; then 3 p., *, 4 k., 2 p., p. 2 together, 3 p., 6 k. 47th round.—7 p., 1 st. n., 1 st. n., k. 2 together, 7 p., 11 k., 4 p., 1 st. n., 1 st. n., k. 2 together, 7 p. 48th round.—7 k., 3 p., 5 k., t. t. o., three times alternately 3 p., *, t. t. o.; then 5 k., 3 p., 7 k. 49th round.—3 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 2 st. n., 5 p., 10 k., 5 p., 2 st. n., 4 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 3 p. 50th round.—3 k., 3 p., 4 k., 1 p., 1 k., five times alternately 3 p., *, t. t. o.; then 3 p., *, 1 k., 1 p., 4 k., 3 p., 3 k. 51st round.—4 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 6 p., 17 k., 6 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 4 p. 52d round.—4 k., 5 p., 6 k., 1 p., five times alternately t. t. o., 3 p., *, t. t. o.; then t. t. o., 1 p., 6 k., 5 p., 4 k. The whole number of stitches is again described in the following four rounds: 53d round.—Sl. 2 p., 4 k., 5 p., t. t. o., 2 k., twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 6 p., 18 k., 6 p., t. t. o., 2 k., twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 5 p., 3 k., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 2 p. 54th round.—Sl. 3 k., 3 p., 5 k., 3 p.; on the twice t. t. o. work 1 p., 1 k. and 1 p.; 3 p., 6 k., five times alternately 3 p., *, t. t. o.; then 3 p., *, 6 k., 3 p., on the next twice t. t. o. work 1 p., 1 k. and 1 p.; 3 p., 5 k., 3 p., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 2 k. 55th round.—Sl. 2 p., 3 k., p. 2 together, 4 p., 1 st. n., 5 k., k. 2 together, 6 p., 17 k., 6 p., 1 st. n., 5 k., k. 2 together, 4 p., p. 2 together, 2 k., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 2 p. In the course of the work the first and last 7 st. of every round denoted by an odd number, to the 91st round, are always worked like the st. of the 55th round, and the first and last six st. of every round denoted by an even number, to the 92d round, are worked like the st. of the 56th round, and are therefore not further described. 56th round.—Sl. 3 k., 2 p., 5 k., 2 p., p. 2 together, 3 p., 6 k., 1 p., five times alternately t. t. o., 3 p., *, then t. t. o., 1 p., 6 k., 2 p., p. 2 together, 3 p., 5 k., 2 p., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 2 k. 57th round.—3 p., 1 st. n., 1 st. n., k. 2 together, 3 p., 18 k., 6 p., 1 st. n., 1 st. n., k. 2 together, 3 p. 58th round.—4 k., 3 p., 6 k., five times alternately 3 p., *, t. t. o.; then 3 p., *, 6 k., 3 p., 4 k. 59th round.—2 p., 2 st. n., 4 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 3 p., 13 k., 3 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 2 st. n., 2 p. 60th round.—3 k., 1 p., 4 k., 3 p., 4 k., 1 p., three times alternately t. t. o., 3 p., *, then t. t. o., 1 p., 4 k., 3 p., 4 k., 1 p., 3 k. 61st round.—6 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 12 k., 4 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 6 p. 62d round.—7 k., 5 p., 4 k., three times alternately 3 p., *, t. t. o.; then 3 p., *, 4 k., 5 p., 7 k. 63d round.—5 p., t. t. o., 2 k., twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 6 p., 7 k., 6 p., t. t. o., 2 k., twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 5 p. 64th round.—6 k., 3 p.; on the twice t. t. o. work 1 p., 1 k. and 1 p.; 3 p., 7 k., 1 p., t. t. o., 3 p., *, t. t. o., 1 p., 7 k., 3 p., on the twice t. t. o. work 1 p., 1 k. and 1 p.; 3 p., 6 k. 65th round.—4 p., 1 st. n., 5 k., k. 2 together, 7 p., 6 k., 7 p., 1 st. n., 5 k., k. 2 together, 3 p., 6 k., 7 p., 1 st. n., 1 st. n., k. 2 together, 3 p. 66th round.—5 k., 2 p., p. 2 together, 3 p., 7 k., 3 p., *, t. t. o., 3 p., *, 7 k., 2 p., p. 2 together, 3 p., 5 k. 67th round.—3 p., 1 st. n., 1 st. n., k. 2 together, 3 p., 6 k., 7 p., 1 st. n., 1 st. n., k. 2 together, 3 p. 68th round.—4 k., 3 p., 7 k., 1 p., t. t. o., 3 p., *, t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 3 p., 6 k., 3 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 3 p., 3 p., 3 k., 3 p., *, t. t. o., 3 p., *, 3 k., 3 p., 1 p., 3 k. 71st round.—5 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 3 p., 5 p., 3 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 5 p. 72d round.—6 k., 5 p., 3 k., 1 p., t. t. o., 3 p., *, t. t. o., 1 p., 3 k., 5 p., 6 k. 73d round.—4 p., t. t. o., 2 k., twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 12 p., t. t. o., 2 k., twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 4 p. 74th round.—5 k., 3 p., on the twice t. t. o. work 1 p., 1 k. and 1 p.; 3 p., 2 k., k. 2 together, 1 k., k. 2 together, 1 k., k. 2 together, 2 k., 3 p., on the twice t. t. o. work 1 p., 1 k. and 1 p.; 3 p., 5 k. 75th round.—3 p., 1 st. n., 5 k., k. 2 together, 9 p., 1 st. n., 5 k., k. 2 together, 3 p. 76th round.—4 k., 2 p., p. 2 together, 3 p., 9 k., 2 p., p. 2 together, 3 p., 4 k. 77th round.—2 p., 1 st. n., 1 st. n., k. 2 together, 9 p., 1 st. n., 1 st. n., k. 2 together, 2 p. 78th round.—3 k., 3 p., 9 k., 3 p., 3 k. 79th round.—1 p., 2 st. n., 4 p., t. t. o., 1 k., t. t. o., 4 p., 2 st. n., 1 p. 80th round.—2 k., 1 p., 4 k., 3 p., 4 k., 1 p., 2 k. 81st round.—5 p., t. t. o., 3 k., t. t. o., 5 p. 82d round.—6 k., 5 p., 6 k. 83d round.—4 p., t. t. o., 2 k., twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., 4 p. 84th round.—5 k., 3 p., on the twice t. t. o. work 1 p., 1 k. and 1 p.; 3 p., 5 k. 85th round.—3 p., 1 st. n., 5 k., k. 2 together, 3 p. 86th round.—4 k., 2 p., p. 2 together, 3 p., 4 k. 87th round.—2 p., 1 st. n., 1 st. n., k. 2 together, 2 p. 88th round.—3 k., 3 p., 3 k. 89th round.—1 p., 2 st. n., 1 p. 90th round.—2 k., 1 p., 2 k. 91st round.—1 p. 92d round.—3 k. In the following rounds the whole number of stitches is again described: 93d round.—Sl. 2 p., 2 k., k. 2 together, 1 p., k. 2 together, 1 k., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 2 p. 94th round.—Sl. 3 k., 2 p., 1 k., 2 p., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 2 k. 95th round.—Sl. 2 p., 2 k., 2 st. n., 1 k., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 2 p. 96th round.—Sl. 3 k., 3 p., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 2 k. 97th round.—Sl. 2 p., 1 k., 2 st. n., t. t. o., p. 2 together, 2 p. 98th round.—Sl. 3 k., 1 p., t. t. o., k. 2 together, 2 k. 99th round.—Sl. 2 p., k. 2 together, t. t. o., p. 2 together, 2 p. 100th round.—Sl. 3 k., k. 2 together, 2 k. 101st round.—Sl. 1 p., p. 3 together, 2 p. 102d round.—Sl. k. 3 together, 1 k. 103d round.—P. 3 together. This completes the square; fasten the threads and cut them off.

POLLY'S VICTORY.

AN extemporized stage, a princess lovely as the light, a French count, brilliant costumes, and acting that is not to be spoken of made up the *tout-ensemble* that delighted the good people of Pittston, for one night at least. The proceeds were to be devoted to charitable purposes. Thump went the canes and umbrellas, and with every "coming on" of Kitty Bessom, the beauty of Pittston, such a vigorous clapping of hands ensued that one was fain to hold his ears, or be deafened with the applause.

The National Hall was decorated with banners. Deacons and doctors and lawyers had spent a week on its embellishments. The Pittston band had been practicing for months, and wound up by playing "Hail, Columbia," in their grandest style.

Very reluctantly the people left the scene of entertainment, all talking together.

The wide green in front was brightened all over by the illuminated windows, save where the posts and primitive chains made long shadows in the grass.

"It beats all holler," said Deacon Simpson; "but I felt sort o' guilty."

"Well, I dunno," responded Aunt Methuin; "it's got up for a charitable puppos; but I reckon 'tain't a gret many removes from a theatre arter all. What an awful smart young man that French count was! They say he's a clerk to the

new store. And I declare for't if I didn't feel kinder bad for Bob Langton when he was a-makin' love to Kitty, all in gold and scarlet, with his bobbin' white feathers."

"Wasn't Kitty just a little witch?" queried Libby, the deacon's daughter: "she looked so sort o' real pleased. If I'd bin Bob Langton, I'd ruther took the count myself than the clod-hopper. What a country lad he was, to be sure! I never could a' b'lieved that was Bob, never; and the count was so handsome!"

The crowd began to thin. Sundry vehicles, being filled with "wimmin folks," drove off at a jog-trot pace.

Pretty little Polly Lee, who had taken the part of a country lassie, stood at the foot of the steps, revealing under her carelessly arranged shawl a pair of snowy shoulders and the knots of crimson ribbon that adorned her white dress.

Polly's little heart was aching, despite the red lips and the bright color of her cheeks. For that one night, at least, Bob Langton had been her lover. Had she lived a century in those few ecstatic hours? How she gloated over the thought that Bob had been at her very feet! Had talked all the romantic nonsense in which lovers generally indulge as if he meant it, little thinking what the light of Polly's eye, the trembling of her hand and voice, all indicated—little dreaming, while he thought it very good acting, and looked jealously on at the back of the stage at the French count on his pink and silver knees at the feet of his own betrothed, that little Polly had loved him long before she exchanged her pinafores for the maiden's dresses—had loved him with an overwhelming passion that but few natures experience.

"Well, it's all over," sighed Polly, tying the strings of her chip hat under her dimpled chin, angry with herself that she said it—that she could not crush this unhidden passion that seemed in her sweet eyes unmaidenly.

Suddenly the lights were extinguished, and Bob stepped out of the vestibule.

"Polly, have you seen Kitty?" he asked. "She promised to wait for me."

"I saw her," said somebody under the lamp-post—probably one of Kitty's rejected suitors. "She was a-going home along of that French count."

Bob's face grew white as he stood there, and he shut his teeth, once, with a click.

"Polly, you've a good way to go," he said, in a voice as calm as before, "and there's no moon."

"Caleb promised to come," said Polly, peering out into the road.

"Caleb is old and forgetful," responded Bob; "so we'll play out the rôle a few moments longer. I go right by the gate, you know."

Polly took Bob's left arm, quite frightened to feel the heavy, rapid beating under it, and listened to his purposeless talk, and was so grieved for him that she almost forgot her own great trouble; for she knew that Bob loved Kitty, and she feared that Kitty was not true to Bob—not, at least, as she would have been.

"Good-night, and good-by, little Polly," said Bob, as they reached the gate that led to Widow Lee's cottage. "You've always been my steadfast friend: you mustn't forget me, Polly."

"Forget you!" half sobbed the girl, who felt the meaning in his words. "Oh, I—never, never—"

"No, I'm sure you never will," Bob responded, with a new pang; for in one swift moment he divined that this sweet child loved him.

"You see, Polly," he went on, in a lower voice, "circumstances may compel me to leave Pittston. I've a fine offer from a friend of mine in the Melton factories, and very likely I shall accept it. If I do, I shall leave in the six-o'clock train to-morrow afternoon. Good-night, little friend." And his voice sounded in Polly's ears just as it had in that memorable never-to-be-forgotten moment when he had said, in the parlance of the play, how fondly he loved her.

At all the Pittston breakfast-tables next morning the little drama was discussed. Some half regretted that they had lent their countenance to a play; others recalled the mimic scenes with real pleasure; and still others, would-be critics, pointed out defects and laughed at comical mistakes.

"I say, Kitty," said boisterous Tom Bessom, "I didn't blame the count for going on as he did last night—though it's my opinion that he's a scalawag in private—for you did look confoundedly handsome. I'd have kissed you myself if I'd been in his place."

"He didn't kiss me," said Kitty, offended on the instant. "He only seemed to, and you know it."

"Now, Kitty—honor bright!" said Tom, in such a comical manner that he set the whole table to laughing, and brought flaming roses into his sister's cheeks.

"And if Bob wasn't jealous! My! wasn't he, though?" cried precocious young William, a boy of ten. "I seen him a-peekin' in at the back there. I seen his eyes snap!"

"Hold your tongue, sonny," said his mother, smartly. "The idee of babies like you talking that way! I'm sure Kitty only did what she had to, and she made the prettiest princess ever I saw."

"How many may you have seen in the course of your life, mammy dear?" queried Tom.

"No matter," was the somewhat tart reply. "I rather think I have seen as many as you have. Kitty, do take some toast."

"I haven't any appetite, mother," replied Kitty, languidly; and the petted beauty sauntered away from the breakfast-table, and going into another room, began to set back the somewhat disarranged furniture. Then she took up her photograph album, and turning to a meek but rather handsome face, she stood studying it for some moments.

"He can't hold a candle to Bob!"

This inelegant but forcible sentence she repeated, and then started at Will's rap on the window.

"I say, sis, the store clerk's coming, and so was Bob; but Bob he saw t'other and stepped into the potecary's shop to git some sody, I guess, and steddily his nerves. I tell you Bob looked cross!"

"Let him look cross," muttered Kitty, as she smoothed her hair, and cast a rapid glance in the mirror. "I never saw such a tyrant. He'll scold me, I suppose, for walking home with Mr. Loyd. Well, he should have come out sooner, not left me the last thing to attend to. You're not married yet, Mr. Robert Langton;" and, flushed with resentment, looking more beautiful than ever, she responded to Mr. Loyd's modest knock.

That gentleman, with auburn locks freshly curled, a spotless tie of the latest fashion, and kids that had not been cleaned too often, hoped Miss Kitty's exertion had not been too much for her. He had heard on all sides the most charming compliments, etc., etc.; to which Kitty replied graciously, thinking all the time of Bob, and what he would say.

"I thought I must call on my way to the store," said Mr. Loyd, as, rising, he saw the album open at his picture. The crimson flew to Kitty's cheeks as she caught his glance.

"What a fool I was!" she exclaimed, mentally.

"Do you know, I think it would be a sweet idea to be photographed in character, you and I," he said, his eyes shining, and ill-concealed triumph in his manner. "I am sure you looked every whit a princess: I never saw better dressing on any stage. I think I will act upon that idea," he continued, seeing that Kitty remained silent; "and if you will allow me, Miss Kitty—" "I wouldn't be taken in that costume for a kingdom!" blurted Kitty. "I'm sure I should feel foolish every time I looked at the picture."

Her vehemence silenced him, and after a few more commonplaces he left, wondering what had come over Miss Kitty.

This had come over her: the remembrance of Bob in his smock-frock and top-boots, his straw hat and whip in hand—nothing of all this had detracted from the nobility of his appearance.

"And yet he sha'n't tyrannize," she muttered, conscious that she was too willing to exonerate her lover, and almost ready to apologize, but yet determined to rule her little kingdom still. She trembled when she heard his step, but drew her head up haughtily and pressed her lovely lips together.

"Good-morning, Kitty!" said Bob, and her quick ear detected the constraint in his voice: so she steeled her heart.

"I met Mr. Loyd at the gate," he said; and now it was not constraint, but passion, that changed the rich tones.

"Yes, he has been here," Kitty said, quietly.

"He's a fool!" cried Bob, and threw his hat violently on the table. The album had not been shut. He had never liked seeing that simpering face in the same book with his own; now he took the leaf in his hand and rudely tore it out.

"There!" exclaimed Bob, reducing card and page to atoms; "that's what I'll do to him if he isn't careful."

Bob looked magnificent, and Kitty thought so for all her anger; but she was angry.

"I wouldn't act like a madman if I was jealous," she said, passionately.

Bob calmed himself in a moment, and by a mighty effort.

"It was foolish," he said, with a strange smile: "not at all like me, was it? Kitty, I'm come to say good-by. You promised me on your honor that you would never let that fellow go home with you again. What must he think of you, seeing that he knows you are engaged to me? However, that's all over; I made up my mind this morning. The woman who deliberately breaks her promise is no wife for me. Good-by, Kitty; I'm off to-night. You won't see me in Pittston again; and I wish you joy of your new conquest."

A word might have changed him, but Kitty could not speak. A frightful dizziness seized her, though she was conscious of holding out her hand mechanically; and when her mother came to look for her, she found her all huddled up on the sofa, utterly unconscious.

At the depot that night Bob met little Polly. She had come down, with her brother, to send a letter by him, and she slipped a little bouquet of heart's-ease in his hand.

"That's the girl I should have loved," he said to himself, bitterly; "but oh, my God! my heart is bound up in Kitty Bessom, and she has played me false. But I'll forget her, so help me Heaven!"

"If ever you want a friend, Polly, remember me," said Bob, and sprang on the train.

Pittston heard of him no more. There was a rumor that Kitty Bessom was engaged to Mr. Loyd, but nobody really knew.

Two years had passed, and Bob said often to himself that he had unlearned his lesson. One day, when he was in the overseer's room, a card was brought to him. He read the name: his whole face brightened. Hurrying down stairs, he entered the office.

He saw a small, womanly figure, her head turned away from the light, and by her side sat a boy not half grown.

"Why, Polly!" he said, in the old rich voice that had once made such sweet music in Pittston choir. "You don't know how really glad I am to see you! Why, child, you look thin and sick!"

"Yes, Mr. Langton, I have been quite ill, and so has little Harry; but we are both well now. You know you said once if ever I want-

ed a friend, I must remember you. Well"—she made a little pause—"mother is dead, and—and—Caleb would go to the poor-house. So here we are, you see."

Her voice trembled, but she restrained her tears.

"My dear little friend!" exclaimed Bob, ruefully, a world of sympathy in his honest eyes.

"And I thought I might get a place in the mills," she added, unsteadily.

"Yes, yes," said Bob, reflectively; "I have it: just the thing for you—light, easy work. You shall board with Mrs. Crisp, over the way, and Harry shall go to school. How will that suit?"

"Oh, Mr. Langton!" cried Polly, with a great sob, and hid her face in her hands.

"Well, it's all settled," said Bob, who had turned away for a moment. "Let us try to look things bravely in the face, my little friend."

So Polly found a home and easy work, and Bob found himself thinking of her. The old conviction forced itself upon him: it was she he should have loved; and seeing often her gentle face, with its timid soft brown eyes, there grew in his heart the sweetest sympathy, so near akin to love that it deceived him.

One day he asked Polly to marry him. He had taken her for a walk, and they had strolled together into the edge of the sweet-smelling woods, where the checker-berry peeped up from the mosses at their feet. Poor little Polly had just been saying to herself, "Why won't he speak of Kitty?"

"I think I could make you happy, little Polly—I am sure I could. My circumstances are very easy. I have earned a home, and you will be to me the sweetest, most constant companion that ever man could have," said Bob.

Polly clasped her hands, and felt as if her heart would leap from her bosom. Oh, what a life spread out before her!—what love, what hopes, what rich fulfillments! Never had mightier temptation beset a human bosom. She paused a moment, then turned round, the light of victory shining in her gentle eyes.

"Why won't you speak of Kitty?" she asked. He started. The tell-tale blood flew to his cheeks, his brow. She could see him tremble from head to foot.

"Kitty is"—nothing to me, he tried to say, but could not—"is buried, or married, for all I know," he answered, in a harsh voice.

"No; Kitty Bessom is neither married nor buried," said brave Polly, steadily. "Misfortune has overtaken her, as it did me. Her father lost his farm, and it's killed him; her mother died soon after; her oldest brother went to sea; and Willy is in a store. Oh, Sir, perhaps I should not tell it, but I know that ever since you left her senseless that morning she has been very sorry and very true. I know she would come here to the mills but for her pride; I know"—dear little Polly! her voice trembled now—"she has refused some good offers of marriage, because—because her heart was not her own to give. Oh, ought I to tell you all this?—have I a right to plead her cause?"

"You blessed little angel!" he murmured, brokenly.

"And she is living out—sweet and beautiful as she is—a servant; and she will live so all her life, working hard for others, unless—unless—"

Polly broke down. Bob had never been so moved in his life. The old sweet love had rushed back upon his soul.

"But I have asked you to be my wife," he said, in a low, almost indistinct voice.

"And I say no! a thousand times no!" sobbed Polly. "Let me be always your friend—yours and hers. Kitty is noble; noble enough even for you." She faltered, then added, in even tones: "Did you know it was getting very dark? I must go home, Mr. Langton; Harry will be wondering about me."

And months after, when Kitty Langton knelt down to call blessings upon her husband, and Polly bowed the knee in her own lonely, humble home, there was a crown upon each beautiful head, but Polly's was the brightest.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WE can already foresee that no radical change will be made in ladies' dresses during the coming winter. The trial has been made and has failed, and there is no likelihood that a second attempt will soon be essayed. For six months, at least, the double skirt will continue to be worn, with the under-skirt long or short, according to circumstances. Polonaises and over-skirts appear to too good advantage by the side of single skirts, and are too well adapted to tasteful combinations of materials and colors, to be easily abandoned; they appear in all the dresses that are being made for the autumn and winter, with short skirts for the street, and trains for dinners and evenings.

And as harmony is essential in the toilette, as long as dresses are puffed and trimmed, it is impossible that bonnets should be low and coiffures plain. The hair will continue to be drawn back from the face and massed on the top of the head in a volume more apparent than real, since the tresses are wound over light crêpes. There is also, but only for young girls, what is called the natural style. The front hair is rolled back over crêpes and braided, the braids crossing each other in the nape of the neck; the back hair is curled its whole length, and falls gracefully behind. But this coiffure, I repeat, is only for young girls; for all other ages the hair is built up in a tall structure on the top of the head, and crowned with a bonnet resembling a saucer.

The costumes of the last three reigns before the Revolution—Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI.—still set the law of fashion. As I

have said before, the stay of the Assembly at Versailles has something to do with this, as it gives the fashionable world an opportunity to compare the grace, richness, and fancifulness of these costumes, as displayed in the historical pictures there, with the shabbiness and ugliness of the dresses of the Restoration, and even of the monarchy of 1830. From the age of Louis XIV., and from the Grand Monarch himself, we have borrowed the large square vests, from that of Louis XV. the Pompadour stuffs and high coiffures, and from that of Louis XVI. the polonaises, which at that time were called *déshabillés*. It has been the merit of our day to fuse these toilettes and gracefully combine their best features.

We will describe some of the autumn toilettes. Here is a costume made of two fabrics—plain black faye, and faye with a white ground thickly covered with Pompadour designs. The skirt is composed of perpendicular bands of black faye four inches wide, alternating with stripes of the white figured faye of the same width; no trimming. Polonaise of white faye with Pompadour designs, trimmed with a pleated flounce of black faye, and draped quite high on the hips. I have seen the same suit of écarlate faye with Pompadour designs combined with black faye.

A suit of black faye with a polonaise, designed for a stout lady, had a skirt trimmed with a simulated flounce; that is, bands of écarlate silk were set on the lower edge in such a manner as to outline large pleats. The polonaise of the same material was tight-fitting on the back and loose in front. The bottom of the front was trimmed with a narrow pleated flounce of the same faye. The polonaise was closed from the throat to the bottom with écarlate buttons, embroidered with silk, and was trimmed from the hips and across the bottom of the back with very wide écarlate fringed guipure, made of thread.

A strange fashion which has sprung up within the last few days, and which, we hope, is not destined to last long, is faded flowers. Formerly, when a flower had run its course on a bonnet it was thrown aside, and returned to dust, like all the rest of mortality. Now, the more withered a flower looks the more it is prized. Marguerites with tarnished hearts, withered roses, dahlias rusted by decay—all these are admirably imitated by the Parisian flower-makers, who are the first artists in the world in this specialty. But it is difficult to understand what satisfaction can be found in these decaying flowers, of which head-dresses are composed for the reunions that will be held in the chateaux and country-seats in the months of October and November, and with which bonnets are being trimmed at this moment. It is a depraved taste, against which every woman ought to protest, instead of propagating it. Ripe fruits—cherries, strawberries, raspberries, etc.—are also used for the trimmings of bonnets and head-dresses. I should not complain so much of fruits, did I not fear that they might be followed by vegetables. Did not the ladies during the last years of the reign of Louis XVI. adorn their heads with bunches of radishes, young carrots, and small beets and turnips?

The only innovation worthy of note that is likely to appear for the next season is large cloaks, and even these will not be universally adopted. In this day of popular suffrage the majority rules. Large cloaks are excellent for those who ride in carriages, but very inconvenient for those who have no carriage, and whose equipage is represented solely by an umbrella and a pair of overshoes. Now as there are a great many more who go on foot than ride in a carriage, large cloaks will remain an exceptional fashion. They will therefore appear, perhaps, but will probably speedily vanish; for it is worthy of remark that ladies, however elegant, quickly abandon a fashion that is not followed by all womankind. The majority henceforth will rule, and the problem to be resolved in dress is to find garments graceful in shape, but easily adapted to all ranks in life, and to modify them according to the degree of wealth, while retaining the general characteristics which render them universal. This is the secret of the success of suits, and especially of the polonaise, which may be made of linen as well as of silk, satin, and velvet, and trimmed with cotton braid, or with rich lace and passementerie.

I have much more faith in the success of the cloth redingotes and the silk douillettes which are being made for next winter, and which are well calculated to suit the present taste. The cloth redingote may be worn with any kind of skirt, and is nothing more than a flat polonaise without drapery. The douillette is of the same character, and soft, warm, and pleasant to wear. It is made either of silk or velvet, and is wadded and lined with silk, adjusted in the back and loose in front. When the douillettes are of velvet, they are trimmed with rich silk lace and passementerie. They are also made of cashmere, in which case they are trimmed with woolen lace, or simply with wide worsted braid.

One of the most original dresses that I have seen for the coming season has a skirt of réséda green faye, trimmed with three flounces, with a border and heading of velvet of the same color, but a darker shade. Redingote of velvet, like the border of the flounces. The redingote, waist and skirt, is cut in one piece, but entirely flat, without drapery or looping, and is embroidered with silk of the same color as the skirt, and consequently lighter than the velvet. The designs of the embroidery divide the garment into slender columns, so as to form large leaves rounded at the bottom. Pluck the petals of a dahlia and arrange them side by side on a sheet of paper, and you will have an idea of the form of this redingote. On the lower edge it forms rounded points, corresponding to the dimensions of the divisions made by the designs. The latter branch upward from these points and spread

out in gaba. The same embroidery is repeated in miniature on the waist, the broad cuffs, and the short, bouffant sleeves which are set at the top of the long sleeves. The redingote is open in front over the skirt, and is edged with a rouleau of the material of the latter. It is raised up a little from underneath, so as to be bouffant on the hips.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

REQUIESCAT.

More was buried with you, love,

Than just the beautiful clay

You left to chill the passionate kiss

When you passed from our life away.

More was buried with you, love,

Than the spring of your young renown,

And the glow of the fresh green laurel leaves

That were weaving to make your crown.

More was buried with you, love,

Than golden hopes and dreams—

Than all the glittering halo hung

Round a true heart's noble schemes.

For oh! when the heavy sods lay straight,

In the black December weather,

The light of a home and the strength of a life

Were left 'neath their weight together.

There were many around your grave, love,

With an honest tear and prayer,

But one, as she knelt beside it, knew

Her youth, too, rested there.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

SHORT excursions have many advantages over long ones; and as there are thousands in the city who have, to be sure, some spare time and money, but can not leave their daily duties for any length of time during the summer, they might as well look at the matter philosophically, and see how they can obtain the greatest amount of restful recreation in the circumstances. We do not propose to give a list of all the delightful places within a short distance of New York city which may be visited in a single day, for they are many; but an hour spent in studying up the vicinity of our city would be time well employed. A dozen charming trips could be quickly planned; and to take one a week would greatly refresh and invigorate those who can not make long absences from business. Moreover, a dozen of such excursions, judiciously planned, need not cost as much as a single week at a fashionable watering-place. The North and the East rivers afford a passage-way to numerous pleasant localities within an hour's sail; a dip in the cool, invigorating surf is easily attainable; and Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, and our own Central Park present finer landscape views, purer air, and more romantic walks than most summer resorts. We do not half appreciate our Park. A drive of about five miles may be taken in one of the Central Park carriages for twenty-five cents; a sail of nearly a mile around the lovely lake costs ten cents; strolling through the Ramble is delightful; and refreshments are furnished in various parts of the Park at a reasonable rate. None need complain that summer recreation is not within their reach.

The resident population of Cape May City is about fifteen hundred, and the summer visitors are variously estimated from eight to ten thousand. Cape May is about eighty miles from Philadelphia.

Those who are unable to procure ice may find it useful to know that if a jar or pitcher filled with water be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, and be constantly wet, the evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside, and reduce it to a low temperature. In India and other tropical countries where ice can not be procured this expedient is common.

The systematic visiting among the poor of this city has developed numerous cases of distressing poverty and sickness. Some of the money which has been contributed to the Children's Fund has been most wisely appropriated to the relief of sick children. Many of the cases reported are exceedingly distressing. Such cases as the following are not unusual ones, but simply of the most common kind: In a garret of a wretched frame house was found Mrs. C—, with three children, aged respectively five years, three years, and seven weeks old, and their great-grandmother, aged seventy-five years. The father had been subject to epilepsy, and was last week taken to the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island. Previous to being taken there he had fallen down stairs in an epileptic fit while having in his arms the second child, Teresa, aged three years. The fall brought upon the child a sickness which might have ended fatally but for the fact coming under the notice of the *Times* missionaries, who caused the case to be given in charge of a physician. Nourishing food was also supplied to the mother and the children, and strengthening medicines to the great-grandmother to enable her to assist in taking care of the sick child while the mother was engaged at her work. One feature was noticeable in this case—that everything about the house, though of the poorest description, was scrupulously clean. Another family consisted of father, mother, and seven children, all living in four rooms on the top floor of a tenement-house. Two children lay sick with the measles, and two others were somewhat affected by the heat. The mother, as the father was absent at his work as a picture-frame maker, had her hands full with her sick little ones, and could do but little to relieve them. A sad case was found in Ludlow Street. A man who was formerly a cigar-maker has for twenty months been sick with consumption and rheumatism. For a long time the wife managed to support the home, but recently she was taken sick, with but little promise of ever getting well again. Their three young children would have been entirely without care, and perhaps without food, but for the kindness of the neighbors. The case of the sick woman was placed in the hands of a physician, and measures were taken to relieve the little ones. We might mention hundreds of cases similar to these, and

many even far more distressing. It is evident a good work is now being done by the system of relief for the sick which has been recently instituted.

Correspondents in London complain of the "tropical" weather with the thermometer at 75°, and say they have soothed their sweltering misery by thinking how much worse off they would have been in New York. We should think so. However, English habits of life are all based on the idea that the climate is cold and uncongenial, and when hot days come nobody is prepared for them. People there do not begin business until the sun is pretty high, and the very busiest period is mid-day. And then they do not don light summer clothing, as Americans do; consequently in crowded London, with its brick walls, the heat is more suffocating than in a purer atmosphere.

Two hundred and fifty workmen are constantly employed on the new post-office in New York city.

One Professor Hermann, of the University of Zurich, confesses that the great number of female students at Zurich—there are about eighty in the university—"fills him with apprehensions." Apparently he has been alarmed by the brilliant graduation of Miss Atkins, an English lady, who recently received the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

Among the prominent churches at Long Branch are, the Sea-side Chapel, built under the auspices of the Reformed Church; the Star of the Sea, a neat little chapel, built for the accommodation of Roman Catholic worshippers; the St. James (Episcopal) Chapel; and the Centenary (Methodist Episcopal) Church, one mile from the beach, where President Grant and family attend regularly. The Village Church is a pretty little structure, and has a large congregation. The Long Branch Baptist Mission have a meeting-room in Music Hall.

A vivacious correspondent of the *Evening Mail* thus describes the effect of a Newport fog:

"I shall never forget a drive on the Ocean Road, not long since, when suddenly, out of the beautiful sea, clouds of vapor came and swept over the land and us, leaving our horses' heads hardly visible. Kate wore a spotless jaunty white driving jacket, and a hat on which wild flowers of every hue encircled the crown. The fog settled on us in great drops, and soon from the pretty hat little streams of red, blue, yellow, and green meandered over the blonde hair and down the white jacket. A scarlet poppy rained great drops of blood on nose and cheek and chin, and the child imagined she had been shot in the head by an unknown hand. I think nobody ever takes cold in these fogs, and they are styled healthy, and the regular thing to say is, 'Nice, isn't it?' and I say, 'No, it isn't!'"

Brain-workers need holidays. The masses who depend mainly upon their physical exertions for a livelihood are apt to fancy that mind-work is light labor. This is a great mistake. No kind of toil more rapidly exhausts the bodily energies than incessant thought. Happiest, healthiest, most likely to live long and to enjoy life, are they who judiciously blend intellectual with mechanical exercise. With that delicate and wonder-working organ, the brain, all the elements of the body—"marrow, bones, and all"—directly sympathize. Delicious are its seasons of perfect rest, when the cares and troubles of business are cast aside, and nothing is permitted to intermeddle with its dreary trance, and Sabbaths are the God-ordained holidays of the brain.

Midsummer heat is often severe, even in the Northern cities of the United States. But let us not complain when we remember that in Thibet, in Central Asia, the intense heat often reaches 150° in the daytime, while at night it is really cold. In Senegal, Africa, on the island of Guadeloupe, in the West Indies, and in the Great Desert of Sahara, the temperature often rises to 180°. The plagues and pestilences of Persia are engendered by an atmosphere heated to 125°, while in Calcutta and in Central America the mercury reaches 130°. Some of the interior valleys of California have a maximum temperature of 110°, and in some parts of Utah Territory 105° is the midsummer heat. The extreme summer heat in Montreal is often 108°—as high as that of the deserts of Arabia. The summer limit in New York State is 102°; the scale goes downward till we come to bleak Nova Zembla, where, in these midsummer days, the mercury does not rise above 34°.

A writer in *Nature* asserts that he has suffered from skin diseases caused by impurities in brown Windsor-soap. He further states that most of the brown Windsor-soap in market is made from bone grease—an article that has in almost all cases reached a stage of incipient putrefaction before it is made into soap. In addition to this, splinters from the putrid bone are almost always present, and these scratch the skin and introduce poisonous matter. Soap-making should be investigated.

There are scores of so-called remedies for seasickness. Sometimes one is efficacious, sometimes another, and often none of them do any good. Still it is always well for those at sea to know how seasickness may be alleviated and possibly prevented. Sir James Alderson, in discussing this subject, says that it is not only necessary to take a recumbent position, but also to lie in the right direction. A person lying down with the feet toward the bows of a ship is, while it descends in pitching, in the same position as a person in a swing descending forward, in which case we have seen that sickness is produced by blood being forced upon the brain. On the contrary, a person lying down with his head toward the bow is, during the descent of the ship, in the position of one descending backward in a swing, in which case the pressure by the blood will be toward the feet, and therefore relief, rather than an inconvenience, will be experienced, the tendency being to reduce the natural supply of blood to the brain. It is necessary not only to lie down, but to do so with the head to the bows, and it is highly desirable that this position should be assumed before the ship begins to move. There is a secondary advantage to be gained by closing the eyes, and so shutting out the confusion arising from the movement of surrounding objects.



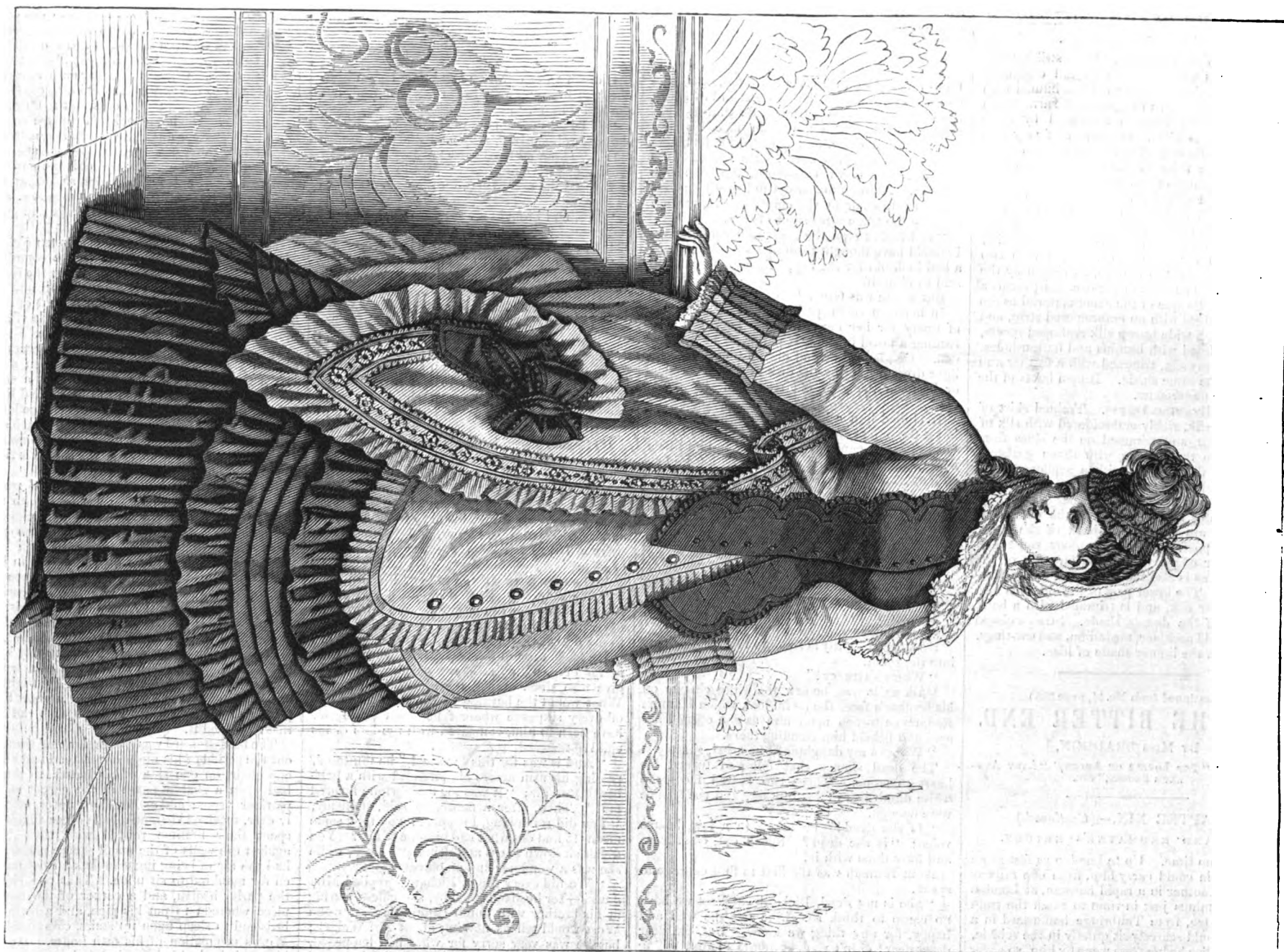
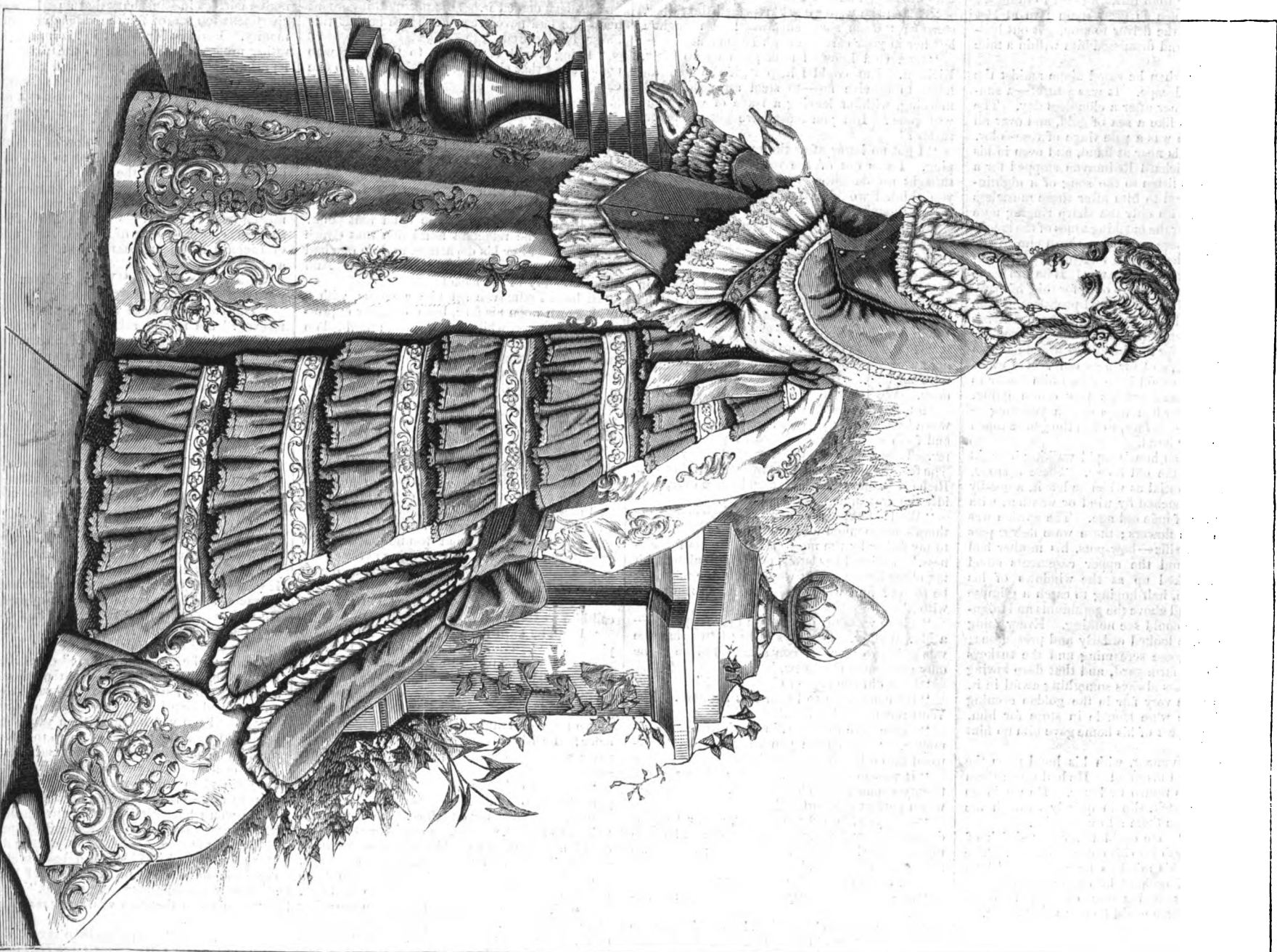


FIG. 1.—WALKING SUIT.



WATERING-PLACE TOILETTES.—[See Page 546.]

FIG. 2.—EVENING DRESS.

WATERING-PLACE TOILETTES.

See illustration on page 545.

Fig. 1.—WALKING SUIT. This striking toilette is an early indication of fall costumes. Skirt of dark reddish-bronze silk, trimmed with a kilt pleating set on in curves, and surmounted by two gathered flounces separated by three rather wide bias folds. Over-skirt of very pale pearl gray cashmere, closed in front with black buttons. The front of the over-skirt is edged with kilt pleating of the material, headed with a narrow fold edged on each side with black cord. A long leaf-shaped tab on each side of the over-skirt extends far below the front. A large bow, with ends of silk like the under-skirt, scalloped on the edge and trimmed with two rows of cord, finishes the tab, as shown by the illustration. The back of the over-skirt forms a large pouf. Basque of the same material as the over-skirt, edged with an embroidered strip, and furnished with wide brown silk scalloped revers, which are closed with buttons and button-holes. Pale pearl gray silk, trimmed with a feather and ribbons of the same shade. Brown boots of the color of the under-skirt.

Fig. 2.—EVENING DRESS. Trained skirt of lilac-ancien silk, richly embroidered with silk of the same tint, and trimmed on the sides from the waist to the bottom with seven gathered ruffles of a deeper tint, with a scalloped edge and embroidered heading of the first shade. Two broad ribbons of the deeper tint, edged with a lighter ruffle, pass from the side trimmings, and are tied in the back of the skirt, forming a pouf. The Pompadour waist and short tablier edged with white lace are of the deeper tint, as is also the upper part of the flowing sleeve. The lower part of the sleeve is also of the lighter silk, and is trimmed with a band and bow of the deeper shade. Straw-colored gloves. Gold necklace, medallion, and ear-rings. Hair bow of the lighter shade of lilac.

(Continued from No. 81, page 515.)

TO THE BITTER END.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUNT-LEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

RICHARD REDMAYNE'S RETURN.

He lost no time. Up to London as fast as an express train could carry him, from one railway station to another in a rapid hansom, at London Bridge terminus just in time to catch the train for Tunbridge, from Tunbridge homeward in a fly. He could scarcely sit quietly in the vehicle, as the familiar hedge-rows went by him, so eager was he to arrive at the end of his journey. "I could walk faster than this," he said to himself; and this impatience so grew upon him at last that he called to the driver to stop, got out hurriedly, and paid and dismissed him within a mile of Brierwood.

He felt freer when he stood alone amidst the still evening landscape. It was sunset—a sunset in early summer after a cloudless day. The western sky was like a sea of gold, and over all the heaven there was a pale tinge of rose-color. There were woods near at hand, and even in his feverish haste Richard Redmayne stopped for a minute or so to listen to the song of a nightingale—a new sound to him after those musicless forests yonder, with only the sharp ringing note of the bell-bird, or the mocking tones of the laughing jackass. There was not a shorn elm in the hedge-row that he did not recognize. How familiar, how sweet the scene was! If he had come across that waste of waters only for this, his voyage would hardly have seemed profitless. The landscape moved him as if it had been a living soul—a human creature he had fondly loved.

But it was not for this he had returned; it was for Grace's sake, and for hers only. On every other account it would have suited him better to remain yonder, and set his new estate going. His homesickness had been only a yearning to see that one beloved face, to feel the gentle touch of that one dear hand.

A quarter of an hour's rapid walking brought him in front of the old house. There it stood, stout and substantial as when he left it, a goodly homestead, untouched by wind or weather, with the sturdy air of hale old age. The garden was all abloom with flowers; there were flower pots on the window-sills—bow-pots, his mother had called them—and the upper casements stood open. He looked up at the windows of his daughter's room, half hoping to catch a glimpse of her bright head above the geraniums and mignonette; but he could see nothing. Every thing about the house looked orderly and prosperous; he heard the geese screaming and the turkeys gobbling in the farm-yard, and that deep lowing of cows which has always something awful in it. All things were very fair in the golden evening light. If there were trouble in store for him, the outward aspect of his home gave him no hint of that trouble.

At the last moment, with his hand upon the bell, he changed his mind. He had given them no notice of his return by letter. He would go round to the back, slip in quietly through the garden, and take them all by surprise.

And Grace? He could fancy her shriek of joy, her wild rush into his outspread arms. The picture was in his mind as he went round by a narrow strip of orchard into the garden behind the house. It had never entered into his thoughts that there could be any thing amiss.

All was very still; the day's work was over; it was the one delicious hour of breathing-time before supper—the hour in which even Aunt Hannah's tongue was wont to be at rest, while

she sat with folded hands and slumbered—an hour in which the fumes of Uncle James's pipe ascended like incense burned before the shrine of the goddess Hestia.

The parlor window was wide open; he went up to it softly over the close-cut grass, and looked in. Yes, his brother and sister-in-law sat in the very attitudes he had fancied: James Redmayne, smoking with a solemn face, his legs stretched on a chair, and a huge silk handkerchief spread over his knees. He looked older and a shade more care-worn, the wanderer thought. Aunt Hannah slept in her stiff-backed wooden arm-chair by the empty hearth, and on her face too there were signs of care.

"If I hadn't seen the grass as I came along, I should have thought from Jim's face there was a bad look-out for the hay," Richard Redmayne said to himself.

But where was Grace?

In her own room, perhaps, making some bit of finery for her next Sunday's adornment, or reading a novel in the best parlor, or in the garden. He glanced behind him, but could see no light dress fitting by the distant flower borders, or between the gray old trunks of the apple-trees.

It chilled him a little. The delay would be but a few moments, doubtless. She was somewhere near at hand, and would fly to him like a mad thing at the sound of his voice; but he had so languished to see her that the briefest delay was a kind of disappointment.

"Jim," he said, gently, not wishing to awaken Aunt Hannah too suddenly from her slumbers.

James Redmayne let his long church-warden pipe slip through his fingers.

"My God!" he cried, "is it a ghost?"

"A very substantial one, old fellow—thirteen stone in the saddle. It's your affectionate brother Richard in the flesh, and sharp-set enough to enjoy an honest English supper presently."

He stepped lightly across the low window-seat into the room.

"Where's Grace?"

Dusk as it was, he saw the white change on his brother's face, the awful look which Hannah Redmayne turned upon him as she opened her eyes and beheld him standing there.

"Where's my daughter?" he cried, sharply.

The dead silence that followed turned his heart to stone. Those two scared faces, the white dumb lips of his brother, and the silence were enough.

"Is she dead?" he asked, in a low, hoarse voice; "is she dead? Speak out, can't you, and have done with it!"

Aunt Hannah was the first to find courage to speak.

"She is not dead, Richard—at least we have no cause to think so. She may be well and happy, for any thing we know. But, oh, dear dear, dear! didn't you get James's letter, telling you every thing, with a copy of the letter she wrote to me when she went away?"

"When she went away!" repeated the father, sternly; "when she went away! I thought I left her in your care, Hannah Redmayne?"

"And God knows I took good care of her, Richard. But could I help it, if she had the heart to deceive me—to steal away one dark morning, without leaving a trace of where she was gone? But you must have got the letter, surely?"

"I got no letter after the one about the hopping. I was out of the way of letters; and I thought my daughter was safe with you. Do you think I would have left her, woman, if I hadn't thought that?"

He dropped heavily into a chair, and sat looking at them with an awful face. He who had been all life and eagerness five minutes ago seemed changed into a man of stone.

"What has become of my child?" he said, in the same stern, accusing tone. "Begin at the beginning. She is not dead; but she is gone. When did she go, and how?"

"On the 11th of last November, secretly, stealing away one morning at seven o'clock, when we were all busy. But her letter will tell you the most. We know so little."

Mrs. James went to a side-table where there was a huge mahogany desk, which she unlocked, and from which she took Grace's poor little letter. It had been read and re-read many times. The folds of the paper were almost worn through. Richard Redmayne read it aloud twice over, rapidly the first time, then very slowly.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "a runaway marriage; there's not so much harm in that. 'I shall write to my father by the next mail to beg his forgiveness.' I missed her letter, poor child, along with my other letters. But why should the marriage be secret? and who the devil did she run away with?"

"There was only one person ever suspected—a Mr. Walgry. She says in her letter that she was going to marry a gentleman, and he is the only gentleman she knew."

"How did she come to know him?"

"He came here to lodge last summer. Mr. Wort recommended him."

"Come here to lodge!" roared Richard Redmayne. "Who gave you leave to turn Brierwood into a lodging-house?"

"It was to oblige Mr. Wort, and to make a twenty-pound note to help you on, Richard. He was a perfect gentleman."

"—you!" cried the father, with a tremendous oath. "A perfect gentleman; and he stole my daughter! A perfect gentleman; and he has ruined my daughter!"

Mrs. James pointed to the letter.

"She was going away to be married," she faltered.

"Going away to be married! As if every one didn't know that old story! Is there any thing easier than for a villain to promise that? And my darling, that was little more than a child,

and knew no more than a child! Keep out of my way, woman!" cried Rick Redmayne, rising suddenly, with his hands and arms twitching convulsively. "Keep out of my way, for I feel as if I could murder you!"

Hannah went down on her knees before him. She was not a woman to be easily moved, but she had a heart.

"If I had act or part in this trouble, Rick," she said, piteously, "may God and you forgive me! He knows I tried to do my duty, and that I loved that poor child truly. As I have a soul to be saved, I did every thing for the best. I trusted Grace."

"Yes, and brought a stranger into her home, and trusted him."

"I had John Wort's word for his character."

"And to please John Wort you made Brierwood a lodging-house, and brought about my daughter's ruin."

"Why should you look at it on the darkest side, Richard?" asked Mrs. James, who for her own part had never since Grace's flight taken any but the darkest view of the subject. But to console this grief-stricken man she was ready to affect a hopefulness she had never felt.

"Has she written to you since she went away?"

"No."

"If she had been honorably married, and happy, do you think she would have been silent?"

There was no answer to that question.

"Was she so ungrateful, so wanting in affection, that she could turn her back upon her home, leave her own flesh and blood to think her false and heartless, to blush for her, perhaps, and never write a line to tell them whether she was dead or alive?"

"She may have written to you, Richard."

"She may. O my God! what a fool I was to be so careless about getting my letters! I never thought of trouble. I was coming home to my daughter, coming home to find—this!"

He looked round the room, with utter despair in his eyes, with the look which a man might give who stood among the ashes of his home. What would the burning of Brierwood, the loss of every sixpence whereof he stood possessed, have been to him, compared with the loss of his child?

"And it was for this I worked," he muttered, passing his arm across his forehead with a half-bewildered air; "it was for this fortune favored me!" Then, after a pause, he said, suddenly, "You did something, I suppose; you took some means to find out what had become of her? You didn't sit down to eat and drink and sleep, while she was a wanderer and an outcast?"

"We did every thing, Richard," replied Mrs. James—her husband stood by, speechless, staring at his brother with dumb compassion. "John Wort would tell us nothing about Mr. Walgry; but he was very sorry for what had happened, and he went up to town to see Mr. Walgry, and taxed him with having tempted Grace away, and Mr. Walgry denied it. He knew nothing about her. He had never seen her since he left this house, he declared."

"Lying would come easy to the man who could tempt that child away. Was there no one else you suspected?"

"No one else."

And then, little by little, Hannah Redmayne told the whole story of Hubert Walgrave's residence at Brierwood. He had been attentive to Grace, it is true; but no more attentive than any man might be who happened to find himself in daily association with a very pretty girl. From first to last he had shown himself a gentleman. Mrs. Redmayne was emphatic upon that point. Then came the reluctant admission that Grace had drooped after his departure, and no one had thought of putting the two facts together. And then the story of the locket.

Richard Redmayne sat like a statue, with a dark frown upon his face, but no farther expression of his anger, while Aunt Hannah rambled on helplessly. His heart was on fire with resentment against these kindred of his who had suffered his darling to be lost. In his mind it was a certain thing that they could have saved her, that she had perished by reason of their carelessness. But he said very little. Such a grief as his is apt to be dumb, and as yet there was a kind of numbness about his feelings that dulled the sense of grief. The news had stunned him.

When Aunt Hannah had said all she could say, with no interruption save a few words mumbled now and then feebly by Uncle James, Richard Redmayne rose abruptly and put on his hat.

"You're not going out to-night, Richard?" exclaimed his sister-in-law, glancing at the clock. It was half past nine—a late hour according to Brierwood habits.

"I am going to John Wort. I am going to call him to account for this business."

"Don't be hard upon him, Rick," Mrs. James pleaded. "He did every thing for the best."

"Hard upon him! Between you, you have let my daughter go to her ruin. Do you think there can be much softness in me for any one of you? Hard upon him—hard upon the man who sent a scoundrel into my house with a false character! I wish to God the days were not over when men shot each other down like dogs for a smaller injury."

"He's an old man, Richard, and has been a good friend to you. Remember that."

"I'll remember my daughter. You've no call to look so scared, woman. I shall keep my hands off him. Nothing I could do to him would be any good to her. I want to find my daughter. Do you think any shame that has fallen upon her will lessen my love? I want to find her, that's all, to take her away with me to the other end of the world. Once let me hold her in my arms, I'll answer for the rest. There doesn't live upon this earth the man who could divide us: no, not if he was her husband."

He went out into the calm summer night, all the stars shining down upon him from the vault above, not with the fiery lustre of those planets which he had watched of late, but with a milder, holier beam, that touched his heart like a memory of the past. Oh, dear familiar garden, where he had been so happy with the child of his love! the dumb, inanimate things cried out to him like living voices. The home look of the place struck him with a sharper anguish than he had suffered yet. Every thing was unchanged—and she was gone! He passed quickly through the garden, steeling himself against this anguish, out at the wicket gate, through the fragrant meadow, and on by that foot-path along which Grace had gone to her doom.

Kingsbury was awake yet. It was ten o'clock when Richard Redmayne crossed the common, after half an hour's sharp walking; but the lights still trembled feebly in the general shop, and the three public-houses, which made a kind of fiery triangle, a terrestrial constellation on the village green, were still in the full flush of trade.

How strange all things seemed to the wanderer, and yet how familiar! Had he been away half a century, or only a week? What a stagnant world it was compared to that he had lived in of late! It seemed as if the same village idlers were gossiping at the open door of the Coach and Horses; the same clumsy figure leaning against the door-post, pipe in mouth; the same carrier's horse drinking at the trough.

He passed them by, with a sense of seeing them dimly, as in a dream; yet even with this dream-like feeling there was blended the thought of how he should have come upon this same spot, these same people, had all been well with him, their noisy welcome, their eager interest in him as an adventurer and a hero. He could see the picture of himself amidst a circle of curious friendly faces, telling the story of his travels.

He passed them by unnoticed, and walked straight on to the green palings before Mr. Wort's trim dwelling—one of the neatest habitations in Kingsbury—a square box of a house, with dazzling green blinds, and a little flight of dazzling stone steps leading up to a great brass plate, so large as almost to extinguish the door that sustained it.

The land-steward was a bachelor, and throughout the period of his mature manhood had sat on one chair, on one side of his hearth, so that he had worn a shabby patch in the carpet at that particular spot; and as Mr. Wort never, or hardly ever, received visitors, all the other chairs had spent their lifetime ranged with their backs against the walls of the small square parlor, and had the air of being immovable, and not intended for mankind to sit upon. That one side of the parlor hearth, and a corner of the mantel-piece whereon to put his pipe, and a little iron bedstead to sleep upon up stairs, comprised Mr. Wort's occupation of his own house. He took his meals in the kitchen: it saved messing in the parlor, his housekeeper told him—there being a notion current in Kingsbury that a parlor was an apartment too sacred for the vulgar uses of humanity. Perhaps Mr. Wort in his inmost heart rather preferred the kitchen to the parlor, with its bright Kidderminster carpet, and glass chandeliers on the mantel-piece. For his actual work he had a little shed of an office, built out at the side of his house, where he paid wages, and wrote letters on a battered old ink-stained desk.

There was a light in the window of this office; so Mr. Redmayne went straight to the narrow half-glass door, turned the handle, and went in.

John Wort was looking over a bundle of papers by the light of his office lamp, frowning meditatively as he did his work. He looked up suddenly on the opening of the door, and at sight of Richard Redmayne started as if he had seen a ghost.

"Rick!" he cried. "Why, I thought you were in Australia!"

"Did you think that I was going to stay there forever?" the farmer asked, grimly. "I suppose you did, or you would hardly have turned go-between, and sent a villain into my house to ruin my daughter."

The steward bounded off his stool, crimson to the roots of his iron-gray hair.

"If any man upon earth but you said as much as that to me, Richard Redmayne, I'd knock him down."

"I want to know who this man is—by what right you put him into my house," the other went on, without the faintest notice of Mr. Wort's remonstrance.

"The man I introduced to your family is a gentleman. I had no reason to suppose that any harm would come of the introduction, nor have you any right to say that harm has come of it. He denies act or part in your daughter's disappearance, and I can see no evidence against him. He had been away from Brierwood two months and more when she left her home. There is nothing to connect him with the event."

"Who is he? Tell me that!" cried Richard Redmayne, with his back against the office door, as if he would have barred the steward's egress until he had heard what he wanted to hear.

"I shall tell you no more than you know already. I took the trouble to go up to town and see him about this business; taxed him with being concerned in your daughter's disappearance—in plain words, with being the man she went away to marry—and he denied it as plainly. I won't have him bothered any more about it. I'm very sorry for you, Richard Redmayne; and, upon my soul, I believe I loved your daughter Grace as well as if she had been a child of my own; but I won't be the means of bringing about any mischief between you two."

"You mean that you won't tell me where to find him?"

"Certainly not. He has been taxed with the crime, and denies it. What more could you do than I have done?"

Richard Redmayne smiled—a smile that made the steward shiver.

"What do you think a father should do whose child has been stolen from him like that?" he asked. "Never mind what I could do. Tell me who he is and where I am to find him—that's all I want from you, John Wort."

"If you questioned me till doomsday you'd get no more out of me than I've said already. The man is a gentleman—I can't believe him capable of playing the villain. What evidence is there against him? Why fix upon him in this savage way? Why must he needs be your daughter's only admirer? She was the prettiest girl for twenty miles round Kingsbury, and may have had half a dozen sweethearts."

"She was as pure as a child!" cried the farmer. "Granted; but she may have listened to some gentleman lover, for all that, and may have been tempted away by a promise of marriage. The man may have kept his word. She may be a happy married woman, for any thing we know to the contrary."

"That's not likely," said Richard Redmayne, with a groan. "She wouldn't have kept aloof from those that loved her—if she wasn't ashamed to face them. But I won't stop to bandy words about my girl. Let me find her when and where I may, she can't have sunk so low but she'll be high enough to reach her father's heart; yet it's hard to think of such a flower trampled upon. Good-night, John Wort. I've counted you a friend for the last twenty years, and to-night you have taught me the value of friendship. By—, man, if it wasn't for your gray hairs, I'd wring the answers I want out of you as if you were a wet rag! And you fancy you'll prevent my finding that villain? Why, if London was twenty times bigger than it is, I'd hunt him down; or if he had turned his back on London, and gone to the other end of the earth, I'd find him out. Be sure of that, John Wort; and when I do find him, you'll hear of it."

He left the office as abruptly as he had entered it. The steward stood by his desk fumbling nervously with his papers, his eyes downcast, his aspect conscience-stricken. The criminal himself would have faced the situation boldly enough, no doubt; but this innocent accessory before the fact drooped under the burden of another man's evil-doing. He had loved Grace Redmayne, and had a warm regard for Grace's father. But he held it a duty to shield Hubert Walgrave—if he were indeed the offender; and who could be sure that he was until Grace's own lips denounced him? At present there was so little evidence against him, and he had denied any knowledge of her flight. John Wort was strong upon this point; although, as a man of the world, he attached no great value to the denial.

"If a man had committed a murder, he'd hardly tell any one for the asking where he'd hidden the knife," the steward had remarked to his housekeeper and confidential adviser, an ancient dame much tormented by rheumatism, and attached to him by the bonds of cousinship and long service.

"A pretty kettle of fish! And all brought about by doing that young man a kindness," he muttered by-and-by, as he sat with his papers before him, trying to bring back his mind to that calm level of business-like meditation from which Richard Redmayne had disturbed him. "But he comes of a bad stock, and I ought to have known that no good could ever arise out of any dealings with that lot. He seemed so different from his father, though; such a steady, studious kind of fellow. I had every reason to suppose he might be trusted."

CHAPTER XX.

"WHAT IS IT THAT YOU WOULD IMPART TO ME?"

WHEN the passage of time had familiarized Richard Redmayne with the fact of his loss, when he had grown a little more accustomed to the aspect of Brierwood without Grace—and at best it seemed to him like a house in which a corpse was lying—he was able to sum up the few facts that much questioning had elicited from Mrs. James.

The uttermost that she could tell him came to very little. She had fancied herself watchful and careful enough of her niece's honor, and had seen no ground for suspicion of the stranger's integrity.

"I don't think for the first three weeks I ever had my eyes off Grace while he was in the house," she said, defending herself against her brother-in-law's charge of neglect, "for fear he should be turning her head with foolish compliments, or any thing of that kind."

"For the first three weeks!" echoed Richard Redmayne, bitterly; "and after that I suppose you shut your eyes and ears, and let him say what he pleased to her."

"I mayn't have watched them quite so close, Richard. I knew Grace was a good girl, and he seemed a perfect gentleman: fifteen years older than her, too, if he was an hour; and wrapped up in his books."

And then Hannah Redmayne told the story of that vanished summer-time as it had seemed to her unpoetic mind—a bald bare outline of commonplace facts, which evoked no image in the brain of the listener. There had been a picnic, and Mr. Walgrave had been attentive to Grace, but not remarkably attentive. She had fainted, and he had been sorry, and very kind. And shortly after leaving Brierwood he had sent her a handsome gold locket as an acknowledgment of her aunt's attention to him. That was all: let Richard Redmayne make out of it what he might.

He could make very little of it: only that his daughter was gone from him, and that this was the only man who had come athwart her pathway. Investigation showed him that the means his

brother and his brother's wife had taken to find the missing girl were of the slightest. James had gone up to London, and had consulted an old school-fellow, a solicitor in a very obscure way of business, who had sent him to a private-inquiry office. The chief of the private-inquiry office had said "advertise," and had opened an eager paw for funds with which to pay for advertisements; but this James Redmayne had positively refused to do. He didn't want the whole county of Kent to know that his niece had gone astray. The private inquirer had suggested that his advertisement might be so worded as to be intelligible only to the niece herself; but James was inflexible. To advertise was to publish the family dishonor—if dishonor it were.

"No," he said, doggedly; "if you can't find Grace without putting her in the papers, I'll wait till her father comes home. He'll find her fast enough, I'll warrant."

Simple-hearted James had an inordinate faith in his brother Rick. Whatever mortal man could do, Rick could do; and the service of professional private inquirers would be as nothing compared with the untutored intelligence of Richard Redmayne.

The first thing Richard did was to advertise in the *Times*, two other London daily papers, and the two local weeklies:

"GRACE.—Your father is at home. Return or write. Love, welcome, pardon."

The advertisement appeared day after day, week after week, month after month. People speculated about it, became familiar with the sight of it, and at last came to regard it as a standing portion of their journal, like the printer's name and address at the foot of the last column.

And while they speculated and wondered, and anon grew indifferent, Richard Redmayne paced the streets of London in the long summer days, and far into the dismal autumn, looking for his daughter and his daughter's seducer.

He did not even know the name of the man he wanted to find. Hannah Redmayne had never called her lodger any thing but Mr. Walgrave, and it was as Mr. Walgrave she described him to her brother-in-law. When asked to write the name, she made several wild attempts, and in every one of them lost herself in a labyrinth of consonants. She could have as easily written the titles of John Milton's prose works.

"How should I know how to spell his name?" she exclaimed at last, feeling that those various combinations of consonants hardly looked feasible. "I never saw it wrote any where, and I never was much of a hand at writing. I can keep my dairy accounts with any one, and keep 'em correct to a sixpence; but it ain't likely I should be able to write a name as I've never seen. I know he was called Walgrave, and that's all I do know about it."

It was for a man called Walgrave, therefore, that Richard Redmayne made his search—a hunter not gifted with those attributes most needed for the following an obscure trail and the tracking down of a foe, but with an indomitable resolution, and a firm belief in his own power to discover the man who had wronged him.

He looked for a man called Walgrave, ignorant of almost every particular of the man's existence, assisted only by the faintest word-picture of the being whom he sought: and behold! even the man called Walgrave had vanished off the face of the earth, so far as the name is the man, and had given place to H. W. Harcross, Q.C., of Mastodon Crescent, Grosvenor Place; an elliptic arc of monster newly built mansions a little more florid in their architectural embellishment than the mansions of Acropolis Square, but cast more or less in the same mould. Hubert Walgrave was gone, and there remained only this H. W. Harcross, popularly known as the man who had married old Vallory's daughter. The time had yet to come in which the barrister should make a reputation strong enough to outweigh his wife's fortune.

There is no need to dwell upon those dreary days, and the heart-break that came with them. The strong man, who had returned from his two years' exile full of pride and triumph, was not broken yet—was, indeed, of a stuff not easily crushed; but there were gray streaks in the yeoman's dark brown hair, deeply cut lines about the bright gray eyes, a look of settled weariness in his face, as of one who has hoped against hope until the faculty of hoping has been worn out of him.

He had not been content with that advertisement in the London and Kentish papers, but he had advertised in *Galignani* and other foreign journals. His appeal had been published so widely that it seemed hardly possible it could have escaped Grace's notice—and could she see it and resist his prayer?

He had written to Nicholas Spettigue by the first mail that left England after his return, entreating his late partner to hunt up any letters that might have arrived for him before or after he quitted the colony; and Mr. Spettigue had made all necessary inquiries, and had duly forwarded him James Redmayne's labored epistle containing the tidings of Grace's flight: but no other letter—not that promised letter which the girl herself was to have written to her father.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

The Submission of the Peers.—The Menace to "the Land."—Hereditary Story-telling.

"I THOUGHT to pass away before," as the Queen of the May says in Tennyson's ballad, and to be by this time far from Lakeland, and at my post in town; but "one must stop somewhere," as Charles Lamb observed, speaking of honesty, when he kept the sucking pig that was directed to his friend and ate it himself, and I am stopping here at Windermere still. Of

course your Own Correspondent is not idle. Every morning I study the philosopher Bias—playing at bowls on a green that has paradise on all sides of it; and in the afternoon I go forth upon the lake to gather water-lilies to set forth the dinner-table. I was engaged in that employment yesterday, exploring a reed-bordered little river, across which the dragon-flies shot "like golden boats on a sunny sea," and haunted by one solitary sea-gull (he has mistaken the lake for the ocean, and can't make out how none of us are taken ill upon it), when I heard the post-horn blowing, blowing, blowing, and the echoes going, going, going it among the purple hills, just as the Bugle Song of our laureate describes them, and presently the silver splash of oar-blades, rowing, rowing, rowing. Some good creature had brought me out the newspaper with the great news in it that the hereditary Chamber had "given in" upon the ballot question, and passed the bill (though they had sworn they wouldn't) just as it came up from the Commons, with one exception. They have limited its action to eight years—a proviso that is not of much consequence in any case (for retrograde legislation is impossible in this country, though we are so slow to advance), and which will probably be given up like their other amendments. I told you some three months ago that our people were resolute, whether for good or ill, to have secret voting in reality, not hampered by restrictions that would render it nugatory; and the House of Lords have at last perceived this, and eaten the big words which they uttered but a fortnight ago. This conduct can scarcely recommend itself to those who rely upon that august assembly "to make a stand against the waves of democracy;" but the fact is that it has a very fine sense of self-preservation, and it has acted on it. Another source of danger has now arisen to this (in my opinion) doomed portion of our constitution in the growing proportions of the agricultural strike. *Punch*, which, after Jerrold's death, abjured its liberal opinions, and has ever since grown more and more devoted to the "gentlemanly interest," had a cartoon the other day in which a peer of the realm, a farmer, a starved laborer, and a professional agitator were the four *dramatis personæ*. "Don't you think, farmer," says the peer, "that we can settle our little disagreement with poor Giles here without that fellow's interference?" But the fact is that neither landlord nor farmer would have given themselves any trouble about poor Giles had it not been, I don't say for the agitator—for the agitator is not from without at all—but for the strike. (Canon Girdlestone, by-the-by, has described in *Macmillan* this month the hopeless poverty and wretchedness of the agricultural poor from personal observation in his own parish, and the facts he narrates may well evoke a blush on England's cheek.) Now the farmer says he can afford to pay no more; so any increase of wages (and they are rising, I am glad to say, even in Dorsetshire and Devonshire) must needs come out of the pockets of the landlords; and the landlords, speaking generally, are the House of Peers. In this affair they have not, as in similar cases, the conservative cotton lords at their back; not, indeed, that these have any particular regard for the agricultural laborer, whose wages do not concern them, but because they are secretly pleased to see compulsory legislation threaten a body who were willing enough to legislate for mechanics and factory girls to their own (the mill owners') particular inconvenience. So here again the peers are standing, and without support from their most powerful allies, in an attitude of selfish opposition to the cry of the poor.

The news of the Lords' submission set my companion—who is Lakeland-born—and myself talking of the hereditary question generally, apropos of which he told me a charming story of Harriet Martineau.

When writing the "Crofton Boys" she fell ill (it was the beginning of that illness of which mesmerism cured her, as she says, and which was more debated at the time than any complaint—except, perhaps, possession by devils—ever has been), and, in consequence, her charming child's story remained unfinished. A small school-boy, "cheated of his hours of play" by the perusal of the first portion of it, wrote her the following letter:

"DEAR MISS MARTINEAU,—I am sorry to hear that you are so unwell. I hope sincerely that you may recover; but if not, I do trust that one of your family will finish the tale of the 'Crofton Boys,' in the beginning of which I am immensely interested."

Of course this idea amused the good-natured authoress very much. But why, when one comes to think of it, should the art of legislating run more "in the family" than that of writing story-books? The fact is, there is nothing in the way of argument to support the principle of a hereditary Chamber, but only the cuckoo cry that "it works well." The fact is, as you may see by the very small number of noble lords who ever trouble themselves to appear in the House, it works very little; and when it does work, as under the present circumstances, it has, like a bad seamstress, to rip it up again.

This apology for a bad system—"it works well"—was a favorite one with the great Duke of Wellington, of whom I lately heard a characteristic anecdote from a friend of the late Lord Clarendon. The latter was a member of the Palmerston ministry at the time when it was decided to give up to the French nation the body of Napoleon. This decision having been arrived at, it was considered only courteous to inform the Great Duke, though a political opponent, of what was about to be done with his ancient foe. Word was accordingly sent to him that Lord Clarendon (then, I think, Foreign Minister) requested an interview. An answer came forth from Apsley House to say that "F. M. his Grace the Duke of Wellington was waiting to receive his visitor." On Clarendon's arrival

he was ushered into a large apartment containing absolutely nothing but a couple of chairs. "This was the duke's hall of audience, furnished in that meagre manner especially to abbreviate interviews. Clarendon told his news, and the duke sat silent. "I hope what we have done has your grace's approbation. We thought it only a graceful act toward the French nation, with whom we are now on the best of terms, and one likely to cement our alliance." "Did you?" said the duke; "I hope you will not find yourselves disappointed. It is my opinion that what you are about to do will only make them think that we are afraid of them; and, to use a phrase of my lamented friend the late Duke of Richmond, I don't care 'two twopenny damns' if they do!" This may be relied on as a fact, and shows how simply and naturally the opinions of great statesmen are expressed, whatever fine words may be attributed to them in Parliamentary Blue-Books.

Of the undesirability of using too fine words there was an example in the Windermere Hotel coffee-room the other day which may amuse you. Says one cockney (who is about to "do the lakes") to another cockney (who has just done them), "Which do you think is the most beautiful, Keswick Lake or Derwentwater?" "Why, my dear Sir, they are synonymous." "I know that," returned the first, "but which do you consider is the most synonymous of the two?"

This is a dreadful anecdote to intrude upon the hallowed ground of Lakeland, but sometimes things do occur here, even among the aborigines themselves, of a very unsentimental kind. For example, they are much given to drink. I overtook a Westmoreland individual last evening in the most beautiful part of Langdale who was walking unsteadily and muttering to himself. "He is probably," thought I, "quoting Wordsworth." But he wasn't. This is what he said, in a tone of remonstrance, addressed, as I suppose, to his constitution: "Three-and-sixpence gone, and not fuddled yet!"

R. KEMBLE, of London.

SKETCHES AT NAPLES.

See illustrations on page 548.

"IT was not fair for me," says the artist to whose pencil these sketches are due, "to pass a judgment on Naples during my late visit, when it was under a dark cloud, but I could not help continually regretting Rome. I missed first of all what little heaven of *contadino* costume still lingers there. I missed, too, the grand old façades of the churches, and the brilliant color and fretted surface of their travertine. Even the goats struck me as being an inferior set of animals, wanting the big horns, the shaggy coats of their Roman cousins, and having their tails set on in a much more ridiculous way. Then the quiet of Rome, they say it is passing away; but, oh, it is a still and sheltered nook compared with Naples! The noise of this place; the shrieking of the people; the importunities of the rascally cabmen; the cracking of their villainous whips! Naples is a babel, a pandemonium, compared with Rome. Every trade under the sun is really carried on under the sun in Naples—in the open streets. Tile-making, macaroni-making, horse-breaking, chair-making, hair-dressing, boot-making, every shop-keeper, in fact, turns out of his shop and prefers the gutter. Then the fishermen, and the fishermen's wives net-making, or hair-combing, or cooking, and the fishermen's urchins, sometimes naked as they were born—what a medley they make among their nets and their boats! It's too crowded, in fact; you feel that there really is not air enough for all. And even the bay does not compensate for the horrors of the shore. And yet how lovely the bay is! I disagree with the Irishman who said he had seen the Bay of Naples and the Bay of Baie, and neither of them came up to the Bay of *Dublin*! Just look at the view from my window, the big, brown Castello del Ovo in the foreground. Then the blue sea, and the blue line of hills that rise above Castellamare and Sorrento. In the middle of the waves look at the jagged outline of little azure Capri, and then lean out, and to the left there is that tremendous bugbear, Vesuvius—but enough of him. Let us take cab and drive right away in the opposite direction to Baie. Where is Pietro Rocca, the trusty guide, recommended by Bædeker? 'I am Pietro Rocca,' said a tall figure. 'Then on thee, Peter, do we found our hopes. Mount the box, O twice-called 'Rock,' and lead on. Ah, this little pause has sufficed for the disappointed vagabonds to catch us up. 'Buy a rare bronze,' says one, 'found at Baie;' 'Buy this rich intaglio,' says another. 'Drive on,' we shout, 'they were all made at Naples.' We stop at the temple of Serapis, not to visit it, but to have four torches rammed down our throats. I refuse, begin by disbelieving Peter the Rock, and before the end of the day is out have to own that I am wrong. Drive on! Peter meets a brother of his, and shakes his head, as a sign that he has an unruly customer behind who will not be guided. Now and then he tells us a thing or two, e. g., 'That, Sir, is Monte Nuovo, an extinct volcano, upheaved in a single night.' How pretty the cactus flowers that cover the banks of the road! But what scraggy sheep! They look as though they fed on dust and ashes on the sides of an extinct volcano. Down goes the horse on his knees, and is lashed unmercifully by the cabman. 'Get down,' says Peter, and I obey. 'Where are we off to now?' 'To Avernus. There's the Lucrine Lake to the right,' and we have to walk along this conduit. 'Why was the lake called Avernus, Peter?' 'Because it was the entrance to the infernal regions; because no bird could fly across it.' Marvelous erudition of a guide! Bless my soul, said I, there's nothing hellish about this lake. It's pretty enough, with sloping



NAPLES—A STREET STALL.



AFTER THE ERUPTION—A SKETCH NEAR PROFESSOR PALMIERI'S OBSERVATORY.

banks, covered with chestnut saplings, looking, of course, like an extinct crater; but nothing more. How it must have altered! Off went Peter at a terrible rate between the chestnut saplings. I couldn't keep up with him. Peter outwalked me completely. 'Peter,' said I, panting at a distance, 'do you walk like this when you guide the ladies?' 'No,' he said; and in a twinkling, 'Ecco the Sibyl's grotto.' From a cottage at the corner two men had seen us racing by, and followed at a gallop. We waited for them, for they, not Peter, held the keys. The door is opened, the torches lighted,

and I really feel that this may be possibly the entrance to hell. Yet there was no 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here,' on the door. We turned down a low, narrow, slimy loop-hole, and after a few paces one of the men 'tucked in his twopenny,' and told me to get on his back. I hadn't ridden pickaback for years, so complied somewhat awkwardly. We were soon wading through water knee-deep. One would rather have expected fire. But the only fire was our torch carried by the other man, a very old fellow, with very lean legs. Ugh! how they shuddered when they stepped into the water! This was to

excite my generosity; but I discovered afterward that the water was lukewarm all the while. Aha! here we are in the famous shrine of the Sibyl! 'This is the place; stand still, my steed,' said I to my Pegasus. Hush! We felt not the approach of the god; we heard no bellows; no voice said, 'Avaunt, avaunt, ye profane ones.' Only the little old man uttered an oracle, and said, 'To the left you will see two baths—one was for the Sibyl, and the other for Nero; and to the right you will see two beds—one for the Sibyl, and the other for Nero. At the head of the Sibyl's bed you will see the hole

through which she uttered her oracles without getting out of bed.' It made an absurd picture—my patient steed gradually foundering with crimson face under my weight; the lean old man with the torch declaiming, and I in rapt attention, writhing painfully to keep my toes and knees out of water; and, best of all, it was all for nothing, for the grotto was without form, and perfectly void. It might have been a flooded coal-cellar. And yet, to a poet's eye, surely the old man was the Sibyl, my man was Æneas, and I Anchises, though Æneas never carried his father into hell."



NAPLES—CONSULTING THE ORACLE OF THE CUMÆAN SIBYL.

THE ENGLISH LABORER'S HOME.

FOR some time past public attention in England has been directed toward the improvement of the laborers' cottages, and much has been done to alleviate the wretched condition in which they are found in many parts of the king-

dom, and in which it is impossible to preserve unimpaired those feelings of decency which form the surest safeguards of order and morality. The size, form, and general character of the laborer's cottage vary according to the locality in which it is found; but the deficiencies are invariably the same. Insufficient sleeping accommodation, defective ventilation, paucity of light, and al-

stone districts—a considerable portion of Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, and the adjoining counties being rich in stone suitable for building purposes. A Northamptonshire village is seldom the reverse of picturesque, owing to most of the cottages having thick stone walls, with mullioned windows and gable dormers, and not unfrequently slate roofs—a style of cottage architecture

iron-stone, rudely dressed. The window of the living-room looks into the street, as does that of the bedroom above, both having clean white curtains, made of cotton or cheap muslin. The street-door opens direct into the living-room, which is usually paved with red tiles, or stones mixed with tiles, wooden floors being luxuriously in Northamptonshire cottages. The walls of

THE ENGLISH LABORER'S HOME—EVENING.



dom. The tenement-houses of New York, about which so much is said, find their parallels in the dirt and squalor which prevail in these wretched dwellings in spite of the pure air and running water at their very doors. In some parts of the kingdom, notably in Dorsetshire and Somersetshire, there are numerous dwellings tenanted by laborers and their families which are mere hovels—places wholly unfit for human habitation,

most utter absence of drainage, constitute the leading evils which render the laborer's cottage—so picturesque when viewed from without—a source of social demoralization, against which the influence of the clergyman and the schoolmaster is powerless to contend. In the Midlands the cottages are frequently of a more substantial character than in most other parts of the kingdom, especially in what are termed the

stone districts—a considerable portion of Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, and the adjoining counties being rich in stone suitable for building purposes. A Northamptonshire village is seldom the reverse of picturesque, owing to most of the cottages having thick stone walls, with mullioned windows and gable dormers, and not unfrequently slate roofs—a style of cottage architecture

which seems to have prevailed without intermission from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, and of which another and perhaps chief characteristic is the handsome chimney of squared stone, with bold cornice, and of excellent proportions.

Our illustration affords a fair idea of the ordinary dwelling of a Northamptonshire laborer. Imagine a small cottage, built of sandstone or

the room are generally plastered and colored; sometimes they are papered, stenciling having become a lost art. The furniture is of a strong but somewhat primitive description, the table being of plain, unpainted deal, and the chairs being an importation from the neighboring county of Buckingham. Ornaments are few and far between, seldom comprising more than one or two cheap earthenware figures, a couple of cheap

photographic portraits, several common sea-shells, a memorial card, and a few knickknacks. No books are to be seen save the family Bible, a couple of hymn-books, together with a volume from the village library, serial literature being represented by a copy of the local penny paper. Of other aids to mental development or intellectual recreation there are none, save the conversation, such as it is, enjoyed with neighbors; and of this there is no stint, the cottagers using each other's houses as they would their own. Of this we have an example in our illustration, where the privacy of the laborer's home is broken by the entrance of two of his neighbors, a shepherd and a hedger or woodman, eager to discuss the latest tidings of the labor movement in Warwickshire. A rather large family is this of our laborer. There is his father, still hale and hearty as far as his years will permit him, sitting near the fire-place, and close by him is the granddaughter, wearing one of those pink cotton hoods, so useful in preventing the faces of the laborers' daughters from becoming tanned by too much exposure to the sun. She does not have much time for play, for when not at school there are the meals to take to her father when working in the field. Next we have the laborer's wife, busily engaged in suckling her infant. She was pretty once, but hard work and hard fare have taken all the loveliness out of her features, leaving in place thereof high cheekbones and numerous lines of care. Behind is the old-fashioned cupboard, in which the family crockery is kept; and close by is the door leading to the wash-house, where stands a rather good-looking girl, who has returned from her employment as a sewing-machine worker in the neighboring town. The laborer himself is sitting at the table, amusing himself by taking some of the "weed" out of his tobacco-box, preparatory to filling his pipe and listening to the arguments of his neighbors.

The tea-things, in process of being cleared away by the girl at the table, tell of the completion of the labor of the day, for on Saturdays farm-work is seldom prolonged beyond tea-time; and when our laborer goes out to look after his allotment there will be rare bustle in the cottage, for, however poor they may be, the Northamptonshire villagers always delight in having their homes clean and tidy on Sunday. That stolid-looking lad will have plenty to do in making the best pairs of boots and shoes bright and glossy; and as for the children, their toys will be ruthlessly put away, preparatory to the customary ablutions which cause Northamptonshire youngsters invariably to associate the close of the week with hard soap and still harder towels. But on Sunday comes the reward. Never does man enjoy his rest more than the laborer. It is most sweet to him, and well has he earned it.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EIGHTEEN.—Get pearl gray kid gloves to wear with blue and green dresses. Arrange your front hair on a Pompadour roll; braid the back in plaits of three tresses and coil it around your head; or else plait all the back hair in a thick chataleine of three tresses.

BLANCK.—You can place a bow on the left side of your head, or on top, in the Alsatian style. Find out which is most becoming, but do not use several bows.

L. B. H.—Make your wedding dress, evening dress, and black silk by directions to "Kate L." in *Bazar* No. 32. Make a polonaise of your blue-striped silk, and wear over solid blue, black, or white skirts; or else make the striped part a short skirt, and get a blue polonaise or a blue silk box-pleated blouse to match the ruffles. Match your poplin and make an over-skirt or a polonaise. Get gray or plum-colored cashmere for a fall suit and for traveling. Get a black hat for dress occasions. It should be a mixture of velvet and black tulle.

Mrs. R.—A plain untrimmed skirt and a loose polonaise bordered with dull black silk bands is the best model for your fall suit of cloth.

LOVER OF KNOWLEDGE.—Athenasius was the bishop of Alexandria in the fourth century, and the creed which bears his name was formulated especially in opposition to Arianism, its leading features being an affirmation of the Trinity and the Incarnation. This creed, which is the foundation of the orthodox systems of faith, is too long to be summed up here.—A pessimist is one who always looks on the dark side of things, and is consequently apt to be a most depressing person in society.—The Jesuits are the disciples of Ignatius Loyola, who was born in the year 1491, and died in 1556. We can not discuss their checkered history here.—The English titles of nobility are sovereign, prince, duke, marquis, earl, viscount, baron, knight, and knight, the last two being subordinate to the five orders of peers.—Harper & Brothers publish translations of the classic authors.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Women are not employed as librarians at the Astor Library.—You can obtain the business addresses of New York merchants from the directory. We can not give them in this column.

OLIVIA.—You may accept an invitation from a mutual friend in which your hostess is not included, though it would be bad taste to do so if any slight were implied to her thereby.

W. H. H.—Gelerstein is pronounced *Gi-er-stine*.—We do not think that any picture of "George Eliot" has been published in this country.

JOSEPH G.—The date of the wedding is sometimes engraved in the wedding-ring; also the initials of the bride and groom. The bride is usually congratulated first.

Mrs. CLARA D.—The suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V., is what you want. As you have a short pattern, make merely a French blouse, an untrimmed skirt, and an over-skirt simply hemmed.

SUBSCRIBER FOR '72.—You can obtain odd numbers of the *Bazar* for 1871, at ten cents a number, by applying at this office.

Mrs. A. B.—Make your woolen striped dress by plain waist pattern, and your cambrics by the polonaise patterns sent you.

LOU.—A talma is what you want for a fall wrap. Make by pattern given with suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 20, Vol. V.

S. R.—Your sample is very stylish grenadine barège. Make by Marguerite polonaise pattern sent you, or else with bias ruffles to the waist. An apron front and postilion-basque.

G. H. L.—White organdy is the most inexpensive white bridal dress.

ANNA.—The bottoms of walking skirts are bound with braid, or else simply turned up on the facing. Few skirts are lined at this season; they are merely faced to the depth of the trimming. *Fichu* is pronounced as if spelled fish-u.

MADON.—Little boys do not wear stiffly starched skirts beneath kilts. The kilt looks best when hanging straight, plain, and almost clinging to the limbs.

Mrs. ELLA E.—Your suit will require from eighteen to twenty-three yards, according to the amount of trimming. Fifty cents will be returned you, as the entire suit pattern costs but twenty-five cents, instead of the seventy-five cents forwarded.

Mrs. L. B. D.—Use the loose polonaise pattern sent you, and trim with bias overlapping folds of the same.

L. K. O.—Old-fashioned curl-papers give the only safe assistance to hair inclined to curl. Silk, or else thin flannel rags, are preferred to curl-papers by many.

A. D.—We have no cut paper pattern of the jacket-blouse. You can easily add the front of a Zouave jacket to a plain blouse, sewing it in with the shoulder and side seams, and in front of the armhole.

Mrs. W. E. W.—Make your black silk with a plain postillon, an apron-front over-skirt simply hemmed and well tied back to be bouffant, and put five or seven overlapping ruffles on the lower skirt.

INQUIRER.—Black cashmere is preferable to alpaca for a cape. You had better use the Marguerite Dolly Varden polonaise pattern, and make the cape of same as the polonaise.

GEORGIA.—Make your black alpaca for fall with a loose polonaise and plain skirt. Trim with kilt pleating or with clusters of overlapping folds.—An English pound is nearly \$5.

Mrs. F. E. L.—We do not reply by letter.—*Eoru* is the French for unbleached.

AN INQUIRER.—Read Madame Raymond's letter in the present number of the *Bazar*. Why not make your wedding dress with flounces to the waist, an apron, and basque? Shorten the train of your wine-colored silk, and wear with an over dress of black net or lace or Swiss muslin.

FANNY AND CORAL.—For hints about improving the complexion read the articles to "Ugly Girls," published in the *Bazar*. Young girls of fifteen braid their hair in a thick plait of three tresses, catch it up as a chataleine, and wear an Alsatian bow on the top of the head just back of the frizzles. Thin white is not unbecoming to girls of your age, no matter whether blondes or brunettes. Buff tulle, flounced to the waist and worn with a black velvet sash and bows, would be becoming.

MATTIE H.—Your sample is not India silk, but Japanese silk of very poor quality—cotton one way and silk the other. It is sleazy, will not wear well, and is injured by water. Hence you should make it as inexpensively as possible—a simple polonaise and skirt without trimming.

TIMOTHY.—A loose polonaise of black net worn with a black sash would improve your white dress.

LILLIE.—It will require twelve or fourteen yards of silk to make a skirt ruffled to the waist behind and the knee in front. The loose polonaise without lining is what you want to wear over different-colored silks. Make your boy's flannel suit a kilt skirt and jacket.

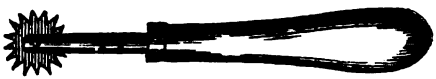
FACTS WORTH KNOWING.—The New Wilson Under-Feed Shuttle Sewing Machine is to-day the simplest, most perfect, most easily operated, best made, most durable, and in every way most valuable sewing machine in existence, and it is sold fifteen dollars less than all other first-class machines, on easy terms. Sales-room, 707 Broadway, N. Y.; also for sale in all other cities in the U. S.—[Com.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. C. G. DODD, Bloomfield, N. J., has used a \$50 Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine since 1860, in family and general sewing, without repairs, and but one needle broken. See the new improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[Com.]

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE awards the premium to *Electro-Silicon* as being the best article for cleaning and polishing Silver, Plated Ware, &c. Sold by Jewelers, Druggists, and Grocers. COFFIN, REXINGTON, & CO., Agents, 9 Gold St., N. Y.—[Com.]

THERE is scarcely a lady in the States who has not heard of COLGATE & CO.'S CASHEMERE BOUQUET SOAP. We are no longer dependent upon Paris or England for our perfumed soaps, but have in this article a preparation unexcelled in the world.—[Com.]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE gives new life to the hair.—[Com.]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, the well-known, reliable, and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations of the Face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by Druggists.

MRS. C. C. THOMSON Continues to purchase upon her usual terms. Send for Circular containing references and particulars. Mrs. C. C. THOMSON, 341 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

JEFFERS, 1179 BROADWAY, LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES AT POPULAR PRICES.

LADIES Send for Circular giving description of the most wonderful discovery in the world for beautifying the complexion. Freckles and Moth Patches removed in ten days. Warranted. Address Mrs. SHAW, 341 6th Ave., New York.



THE ENEMY SURRENDERS.

The Dragon slain by St. George, and the snake that stopped the march of Regulus, were mild nuisances compared with Chronic Indigestion and its accompaniments; yet this foe of health and life, with all the brood of bilious and nervous ailments of which it is the parent, surrenders to

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT, and is banished from the system. At this season, when the physical powers are so apt to droop and languish, and the spirit to give way, the tonic, purifying, refreshing, renovating, and regulating operation of this most agreeable of all correctives is especially conducive to a healthful and vigorous condition of the system. Sold by all druggists.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO., Broadway, cor. Nineteenth Street, N. Y.

Will continue to offer the **BALANCE** of their

SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

SUMMER SILKS,

SUMMER UNDERGARMENTS,

SUMMER HOSIERY,

TRAVELING-DRESS MATERIALS,

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S OUTFITTINGS,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

PARIS-MADE SUITS,

LINEN, LAWN, AND PIQUE SUITS,

&c., &c.,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

SACRIFICE Of Mourning Goods In all the Departments.

CLOSING OUT an Immense Stock regardless of cost.

IRON GRENADINES Positively at less than half cost of importation.

JACKSON'S MOURNING STORE, 729 BROADWAY, Corner Waverley Place, N. Y.

A SELIG,

Successor to S. M. Peyer, 818 Broadway, Importer of Zephyr Worsteds; Silks for Embroidering; Embroideries on Canvas and Leather—Slippers, Cushions, Light Screens, Suspenders, Stripes for Oriental and Camp Chairs. Also, *Guitare* and *Point Lace*, and materials for making the same. Novelties in Fringes, Glmps, Buttons, Ornaments, and Laces. Fringes and other Trimmings made to order. All kinds of stamping done. Monograms and Crests designed and embroidered in gold, silk, or worsted, in artistic style, at the lowest prices.

Daniel D. Youmans,

IMPORTER OF ENGLISH HATS,

719 AND 1103 BROADWAY, N. Y.

LADIES' RIDING HATS.

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' HATS in every variety.

ERYSIPELAS, Salt-Rheum, Rheumatism, Gout, Boils, Fever Sores, Cancer result from impurities of the Blood. Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are the great Blood Purifier, and cure these diseases.

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, BOSTON, MASS.

Employs the most eminent instructors in the land, and offers better facilities for procuring a musical education, at **Lower Rates of Tuition**, than any similar Institution. **Fifteen Dollars per term** the highest charge in any department. The College of Music of Boston University is connected with it under the same general management. Situations procured. **Fall Term opens Monday, September 16.** Circulars containing full information mailed free upon application to

E. TOURJEE, Director.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF THE NEW YORK INFIRMARY,

128 Second Avenue, N. Y. Winter Session begins 1st of October. For particulars, address the Secretary, **EMILY BLACKWELL, M.D.**

NATIONAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC,

Established by the *Mendelssohn Quintette Club*, at Tremont Temple, Boston, begins Sept. 16, 1872. Only artists of high grade as teachers. Address **THOMAS RYAN, Boston, Mass.**

MOTHERS, Y A THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE. O V E H. ASTIE & CO., Sole Agents, 15 South William Street, New York. R INFANTS.

SAFEST & PUREST OIL IN THE WORLD. **DENSLAW & BUSH'S** "Premium Safety" Oil, fire test 150°. "This oil will not explode or ignite if a lamp be broken."—*N. Y. Tribune*. Sold by all dealers in the U. S. Address **DENSLAW & BUSH, 130 Maiden Lane, N. Y.**

Are You Musical?

If so, be also prudent. Do not throw away money on high-priced publications when you can purchase 10 or 20 pieces of excellent sheet music, arranged for the Piano, for one dollar. Call or inclose stamp for new catalogue. **BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, 439 Third Avenue, New York.**

B. M. COWPERTHWAIT & CO., (Established 1807),

155 CHATHAM ST., NEW YORK.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, BEDDING. BARGAINS FOR CASH. Payments received in installments if desired.

Cut Paper Patterns

OR LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are Graded to Fit ANY FIGURE, and are fitted with the greatest accuracy, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, SO AS TO BE ADJUSTED by the most inexperienced. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.	
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER.....	No. 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK.....	" 11
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 17
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old).....	" 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old).....	" 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old).....	" 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 29
BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, and KNICKERBOCKERS (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old).....	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Skirt).....	" 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 37
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER.....	" 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 8 to 15 years old).....	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP.....	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt.....	" 49
WATTEAU MANTLE, with 8-Plait Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 50
MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 52
WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt.....	" 53

Vol. V.	
DOUBLE-BREADED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 3
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER.....	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers).....	" 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 8
DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT.....	" 11
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postillon, and Walking Skirt.....	" 13
MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT, with Cape.....	" 15
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postillon Waist, Dolly Varden Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kilt-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER.....	" 23
POINTED CAPE, with 6-Plait Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 25
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old).....	" 26
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt.....	" 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 29

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for \$2.00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

THE "LIGHT RUNNING" "DOMESTIC"

A DOMESTIC Luxury.
A DOMESTIC Blessing.
A DOMESTIC Necessity.
"WILL LAST A LIFETIME."

Address **"DOMESTIC" S. M. Co., 36 Chambers St., N. Y.**

LUNDBORG'S

NEW PERFUME.

ARCADIAN PINK,

The most beautiful and natural Perfume of the age! Entirely original, and made by no other perfumer.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, &c.

MAGNETIC TIME-KEEPER, COMPASS AND THERMOMETER. A perfect TIME-KEEPER for the pocket of every traveler, trader, lawyer, farmer, and the general public. Usual watch-work, steel works, glass crystal, all in a watch case. **WARRANTED** to be accurate, correct time and to keep in order if fairly used—two years. *Testing like this!* This perfect time-keeper of magnetic will run in a box, and is brought to any address, for only \$1.50 for U. S. Currency sent from N. Y. One. Order from the Sole American Agents, **ALING & CO.,** Brooklyn, N. Y.

BAZAR Cut Paper Patterns, For Ladies, Misses, Girls, and Children of Both Sexes.

The great design of the proprietors of the Bazar Patterns is to furnish cut paper patterns of every description, and for every size, at a moderate price. These patterns are intended to be the most perfect, the most practical, and the most economical ever produced in this country, and so arranged as to be easily understood by those not accustomed to making their own garments. We avoid as far as possible every form of extravagance in cutting up material, at the same time combining all that is desirable with fashion and good taste. Our business will be conducted in a spirit of progress. Every pattern we issue will be the product of the ablest and most experienced gentlemen dressmakers in the country, all under the supervision of Mr. Moschowitz, a gentleman who stands at the head of his profession, and who is unquestionably the ablest dressmaker in the United States. What Worth is to Paris, Moschowitz is to New York—the highest authority on all matters pertaining to fashion. We have carefully prepared a catalogue of 28 pages, containing over two hundred figures, showing the leading fashions of the day. From this catalogue may be selected patterns of every description and of every size, ranging from 80 to 46 inches bust measure; also for misses from 10 to 16 years of age, and for children of both sexes under 10. On receipt of postage stamp, the above catalogue will be sent to any address free of charge. In this catalogue will be found a list of two valuable premiums, both of which are offered to subscribers for *Harper's Bazar*. One subscriber will get at least one of these premiums, and we confidently assert that, for liberality and magnitude, the premiums offered to each and every new subscriber for the *Bazar* have no parallel, an offer in which thousands of families will be benefited, and will, we trust, be the means of adding much to the comfort and economy of every household. We are confident that this premium will be hailed with delight by every lady in the land. For terms to Agents, or for catalogues, address

JAMES MCCALL & CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

Important to Ladies.—Read the following extraordinary offer: The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co. manufacture and warrant two different Sewing Machines, one called the *Elliptic*, the other called the *Wheeler & Wilson*. The *Elliptic* Machine excels in many important points. It is so light that a child can run it with ease; or an invalid, whose strength is sufficient to walk about the house or to do the work of a child ten years old, can sew all day without being over-fatigued. It is impossible to convey by language a title of the merits belonging to this deservedly popular Machine. To see it perform the different operations, such as hemming, felling, gathering, embroidery, tucking, cording, frilling, quilting, fringing, etc., it seems more like a thing of life than a machine moved by the will of the operator. It has adjustable gauges for every description of work, and can be changed in a moment to suit any material, coarse or fine. The economy of the *Elliptic* Machine in a family is almost incredible—with one, a good operator can do the work of twelve hands. A breadth of a skirt can be sewed in less than a minute; a gentleman's fine shirt can be made in three hours; or a child's dress, with many tiny pleats, in less time than the hands can fold them—in fact, every description of sewing is reduced from a question of hours to one of minutes. We make the following offer: Any person in the United States desiring one of these celebrated Machines can buy one and pay for it in work (not sewing) furnished at their own home. The work is pleasant and profitable, and can be accomplished by any lady, old or young. We send circulars on receipt of stamp. Address

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER

IS THE
STANDARD BAKING POWDER,
And the Best, Cheapest,
and Healthiest Article
Prepared for Making
Delicious and Wholesome
BREAD, BISCUITS, ROLLS,
WAFFLES, CAKES, and
ELEGANT COOKERY
OF ALL KINDS.

IT IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST, BUT NOT
LOWEST PRICED.

In Tins of $\frac{1}{4}$ lb., $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 1 lb., and 5 lbs., FULL WEIGHT.

Sold by Grocers and Tea and Fruit Dealers, &c., generally.

Ask for "DOOLEY'S," and take no other.

DOOLEY & BROTHER, Manufacturers,
69 New Street, New York.
Established 1858.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!! WITH A NOVELTY PRESS!!

The best ever made for the purpose. THE most valuable addition to the Business Office; the most efficient instructor in Schools; the most fascinating and instructive amusement in the Family; and is unsurpassed for the use of AMATEUR AND REGULAR PRINTERS. Send for descriptive and illustrated Pamphlet to BENJ. O. WOODS, MANUFACTURER, 349-351 Federal & 132 Kneeland Sts., Boston; WM. Y. EDWARDS, 543 Broadway, N. Y.; KELLY, HOWELL & LEWIS, 917 Market St., Philadelphia; J. F. EDWARDS, 120 N. Sixth St., St. Louis; A. C. KELLOGG, 53-55 S. Jefferson St., Chicago.—Manufacturer's Agents.

VENTRILOQUISM.—ALL ABOUT IT. How to imitate birds, animals, and human beings. The only GENUINE book. Largest and best. Sent for 25 cts., by HUNTER & CO., Hinesdale, N. H.

WEBSTER'S PATENT BUTTON-HOLE WORKER,



traveling agents wanted for this and other useful articles. Address GEO. DAVIS, 91 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

HARPER'S GUIDE TO EUROPE For 1872

Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East: being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. PEMBRIDGE FRIDGEX, Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book," "History of the Paris Commune," &c. With more than Ninety Maps and Plans of Cities. Eleventh Year. Large 12mo, Leather Tucks, \$5 00.

The new edition of this popular HAND-BOOK OF TRAVEL contains the following Maps and Plans of Cities, etc.: The Alhambra; Ancona; Antwerp; Atlantic Steamers, Routes and Distances; Augsburg; Austria; Belfast; Berlin; Bologna; Bonn; Bordeaux; Brussels; Cairo and the Pyramids; Carlsruhe; Cologne; Cork; Dresden; Dublin; Edinburgh; Egypt and Northern Nubia; General Map of Europe; Ferrara; Florence; The Uffizi Gallery, Florence; France; Frankfurt; Genoa; Germany; Glasgow; Northern Part of Great Britain; Southern Part of Great Britain; Great Western Railway, Liverpool to London; Greece and the Ionian Islands; Hamburg; Ireland; Italy; Jerusalem; Plan of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem; Lakes of Killarney; English Lakes; Plan of London; Environs of London; Madrid; Mantua; Marseilles; Mayence; The Mediterranean and Coasts; Metz; Milan; The Moselle, from Coblenz to Trèves; Munich; Naples; Museo Nazionale, Naples; Environs of Naples; Nice; Nuremberg; Palermo; Palestine; Paris; Plan of Paris; Environs of Paris; Pesth and Ofen; Pisa; Pompeii; The Emperor's Garden, Potsdam; Prague; The Rhine, from Basle to Baden; The Rhine, from Baden to Coblenz; The Rhine, from Coblenz to Düsseldorf; Modern Rome; The Forum, Rome; Ancient Rome; The Vatican, Rome; Russia; St. Petersburg; Spain; Stockholm; Strasbourg; Sweden; Switzerland; Thebes; Trieste; Turin; Turkey in Asia; Turkey in Europe; Venice; Verona; Versailles; Vienna; Wales.

"Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East" keeps pace with the age. It puts forth its leaves annually, and grows in bulk and increases in accuracy with each successive issue. The volume for 1872, just published, is an improvement on that for 1871, which was remodeled, rewritten, and enlarged. The contents of the volume are some years later than those of any hand-book of travel published in Europe. To Americans on what used to be called the grand tour this handsome and comprehensive, but not cumbersome, volume will be of the greatest use. Indeed, others will profit by it, for it sells largely in London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and the leading cities of Italy. It gives the information, and much more, which is spread over a dozen of Murray's red-covered books. Our advice to intending tourists is very practical: Take "Harper's Hand-Book," and read it carefully through; then return to the parts relating to the places you have resolved to visit; follow the route on the maps, and particularly study the plans of cities. So you will start with sound pre-knowledge which will smoothen the entire course of travel.—*Philadelphia Press*.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of \$5 00.

CAUTION!

All genuine Liebig's Extract of Meat bears the signature, in blue ink, of BARON LIEBIG, the inventor, across the label.

NONE OTHER IS GENUINE.
This Extract is made under Baron Liebig's control, and guaranteed from the finest Beef. Physicians, in prescribing, and purchasers will please take notice and ask for the Extract with Liebig's signature, thus:

J. MILHAU'S SONS, Sole Agents,
183 Broadway & 15 Dey St., N. Y.

LADIES!

Dr. Kennedy's Hair Tea
will prevent the hair from
falling out, and preserve
its health and beauty. Sold by
Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

J. B. SMALL, Mfr and Designer of CUT PAPER PATTERNS

For Ladies', Misses', Boys', and Children's Garments,
ALL AGES AND SIZES.

The qualities which recommend our Patterns over all others are as follows:

First.—Our Patterns are of different sizes, enabling a large as well as small person to obtain a Pattern which will require little or no variation.

Second.—Each garment is fitted in cloth, and made to fit perfect, before the different sizes are graded.

Third.—Each Pattern has a label with picture of garment, and full instructions how to cut, make, trim, amount of cloth and trimming required, and also.

Fourth.—Our Patterns are not cut by a CHART OR DRESS MODEL; and no Pattern can be correct unless the garment is fitted in cloth, and submitted to an actual test.

Fifth.—Our Ladies' Patterns of Outside Garments are in nine sizes, 30 to 46 inches bust measure; no odd sizes; plain waist, in nineteen sizes, 28 to 46 inches bust measure. Misses' Garments, nine to fifteen years, seven sizes. Children's Garments, one to eight years. Boys' Coats, Vests, and Pants in various styles, from three to fifteen years.

Sixth.—All the difficult parts in each piece of the Pattern are notched and punched, so that the garment can be put together by the most inexperienced.

We warrant every Pattern we sell to be the exact size printed on the label, and the garment, when made, will be exactly like the picture given with the Pattern, if proper attention is followed to our printed directions. Our Patterns are all of the latest styles, and two weeks in advance of any others. Our prices are within the reach of all. Twenty-five cents is the highest price for any Pattern. Prices ranging from ten to twenty-five cts.

We supply HARPER & BROTHERS with all the suits of Cut Paper Patterns given in each issue of the *Bazar*, and they have been sent to all parts of the United States and Canada; and we have yet to hear of the first case where they have failed to give entire satisfaction.

Illustrated Summer Catalogue sent to any address on receipt of stamp to prepay postage. Agents will be supplied with our Patterns on reasonable terms.

Any of the Patterns specified in the Catalogue can be procured at the Salesroom, or sent by mail, postpaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price, size, and number of Pattern.

Please write your Name, Town, County, and State very plain.

J. B. SMALL,
643 Broadway, corner Bleeker St., N. Y.

A full assortment of our Patterns can be had at any of the following Branch Offices:

FAGAN & CONKLIN, 3204 Third Avenue, Harlem, N. Y.—WILLCOX & GIBBS S. M. CO., 76 Court St., Brooklyn; 55 Fourth St., Brooklyn, E. D.; 142 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. General Agents for New England States: 1 Martin Hall, South Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.; 1 Union Block, Church St., Burlington, Vt.; 578 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; 970 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio; 20 Water St., Newburgh, N. Y.; 65 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.; 113 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.; 808 North Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo.; 67 Dauphin St., Mobile, Ala.; 545 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.; 373 Main St., Memphis, Tenn.; 111 Church St., Nashville, Tenn.; 177 Fourth St., Louisville, Ky.; 5 Cedar St., Newark, N. J.—KETCHAM & CAIN, 1037 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn.—MISS JULIA DENIER, 655 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn.—PRICE & CO., 15 North Charles St., Baltimore, Md.—SAMUEL WHITE, 231 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.—WM. A. COLTER, 4400 Butler St., Pittsburgh, Pa.—CHAS. BAUM, 408 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

F. K. PHOENIX, Bloomington Nursery, Ill.; 600 E. acres; 21st year; 12 Green-Houses; Trees, Bulbs, Hedge Plants, Nursery Stock; 4 Catalogues, 30 cts.

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key-Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples, and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.
For particulars, address AVERY BILL, Care Harper & Brothers, 331 Pearl St., New York.

You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 octave Pianos for \$290? We answer—It costs less than \$300 to make any \$600 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per cent profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant Five Years. Send for Illustrated circular, in which we refer to 300 Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories. U. S. Piano Co., 855 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

New Subscribers will be supplied with HARPER'S MAGAZINE from the commencement of CHARLES READE'S story, in the August Number, 1872, to the close of the Volume ending with November, 1873—making SIXTEEN NUMBERS—FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year.....\$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year..... 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year..... 4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, \$10 00; or any two for \$7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR will be supplied gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS at \$4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for \$20 00, without extra copy.

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the new and old one must be given. In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS for ADVERTISING in HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, \$500; Half Page, \$250; Quarter Page, \$150—each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, \$20 per Line; Outside Page, \$4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—\$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, \$1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Harper & Brothers' Latest Publications.

1. **THE SCHOOL AND THE ARMY IN GERMANY AND FRANCE**, with a Diary of Siege Life at Versailles. By Brevet Major-General W. B. HAZEN, U. S. A., Colonel Sixth Infantry. 12mo, Cloth, \$3 50.

2. **A GOLDEN SORROW.** A Novel. By Mrs. CARREL HOXY. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

3. **THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.** A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLOPE, Author of "Ralph the Heir," "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite," "Phineas Finn," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, \$1 25.

4. **THE UNITED STATES TARIFF AND INTERNAL REVENUE LAW** (approved June 4, 1872), together with the Acts of which it is amendatory, and a full Alphabetical Table of the United States Tariff; also a Table of Internal Taxes, a copious Analytical Index, and full Sectional Notes. Compiled by HORACE E. DRESSER. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1 00.

5. **LORD KILGOBBIN.** A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

6. **THE DESERT OF THE EXODUS.** Journeys on Foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years' Wanderings; undertaken in connection with the Ordnance Survey of Sinai and the Palestine Exploration Fund. By E. H. PALMER, M.A., Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic, and Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. With Maps and numerous Illustrations from Photographs and Drawings taken on the spot by the Sinai Survey Expedition and C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake. Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$3 00.

7. **HARPER'S GUIDE TO EUROPE.** Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East: being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. PEMBRIDGE FRIDGEX, Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book," "History of the Paris Commune," &c. With more than Ninety Maps and Plans of Cities. Eleventh Year. Large 12mo, Leather Tucks, \$5 00.

8. **A GOOD INVESTMENT.** A Story of the Upper Ohio. By WM. FLAEG, Author of "Three Seasons in European Vineyards," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

9. **THE STUDENT'S GREEK GRAMMAR.** A Grammar of the Greek Language. By Dr. GEORGE CURTIUS, Professor in the University of Leipzig. Translated under the Revision of the Author. Edited by WM. SMITH, LL.D., Classical Examiner in the University of London, and Editor of the Classical and Latin Dictionaries. For the Use of Colleges and High-Schools. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00.

10. **IS IT TRUE?** Tales, Curious and Wonderful, collected by the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Being Vol. IV. of *Books for Girls*. 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents.

11. **ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1871.** Edited by SPENCER F. BAIRD, with the Assistance of Eminent Men of Science. 12mo, Cloth, \$2 00.

12. **ALBERT LUNEL.** A Novel. By the late Lord BROUGHAM. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

13. **ROLFE'S SHAKESPEARE.** Shakespeare, edited, with Notes, by WM. J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of Cambridge High-School. (The Merchant of Venice.—The Tempest.—Henry VIII.—Julius Caesar.) Illustrated. 4 vols., 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents each; or bound in one volume, handsomely ornamented, \$3 00.

14. **A BRIDGE OF GLASS.** A Novel. By F. W. ROBINSON, Author of "True to Himself," "For Her Sake," "Carry's Confession," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

15. **TALMAGE'S SERMONS.** Sermons by the Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, delivered in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. 15mo, Cloth, \$2 00.

16. **HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD DICKENS.** OLIVER TWIST. With 28 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1 00.

MARTIN CHuzzleWIT. With 59 Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

17. **A SMALLER ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST**, from the Earliest Times to the Conquest by Alexander the Great. Including Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, Asia Minor, and Phoenicia. By PHILIP SMITH, B.A. With Woodcuts. 16mo, 816 pages, Cloth, \$1 00.

18. **TYRMAN'S WESLEY.** The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. LUKE TYRMAN, Author of "The Life of Rev. Samuel Wesley." Portraits. Complete in 8 vols., in a Box, Crown 8vo, Cloth, \$2 50 per vol.

19. **LIBRARY EDITION OF MISS MULOCK'S WORKS.** 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50 per vol.

Hannah.—Olive.—Ogilvie.—The Head of the Family.—John Halifax.—Agatha's Husband.—A Life for a Life.—Two Marriages.—Christian's Mistake.—A Noble Life.—A Hero.—Studies from Life.—The Fairy Book.—Unkind Word.—Mistress and Maid.—The Woman's Kingdom.—A Brave Lady.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of their works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS
P. O. BOX 1409, PITTSBURGH, PA.
Breech-Loading Shot Guns, \$40 to \$300. Double Shot Guns, \$2 to \$150. Single Guns, \$3 to \$25. Rifles, \$2 to \$75. Revolvers \$2 to \$25. SEND STAMP FOR PRICE LIST. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for.

THE STRUGGLE OF '72.
A GRAND CHANCE. Nothing ever offered like it before. A Novelty in Political and Popular Literature. Agents, address UNION PUBLISHING CO., Chicago, Ill., Phila., Pa., or Springfield, Mass.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. BRINSON & CO., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

FACETIÆ.

The following has been communicated to us by one who has just recovered from sun-stroke. We hope so mighty an effort of the human mind won't cause a relapse: "As rivers have no legs, how can they run, except at the mouth? They industriously wind without arms, irreligiously dam without tongues, rarely leave their beds, though not crippled, and they tirelessly play with their Eddies."

Those who don't believe that a fly has 309,303 pores in his body should catch one and count them.

PUGILISTIC PUNCTUATION.

A suit came off the other day in which a printer named Kelvy was a witness. The case was an assault and battery that came off between two men named Brown and Henderson.

"Mr. Kelvy, did you witness the affair referred to?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, what have you to say about it?"

"That it was the best piece of punctuation I have seen for some time."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, that Brown dotted one of Henderson's eyes, for which Henderson put a period on Brown's breathing for about half a minute."

"The Court comprehended the matter at once, and fined the defendant five dollars."

DOLLY VARDENISM.—A California editor thus cases himself: "Dolly Vardenism, viewed from a philosophical stand-point, is the realization in material form of all that is most loud, glaring, odd, gaudy, glittering, and outlandish. It is the expression of a long-concealed yearning after barbaric display, a spasmodic exhibition of a hitherto unsuspected instinct of savagery and anti-civilization."

No wonder stolen kisses get buzzed about: they always travel from mouth to mouth.

A man in Wilmington, Delaware, whose feelings have been disturbed by the impertinences of the local press, writes to the *Commercial* of that city to know if he has a right to whitewash his chicken-coop.

It doesn't matter how watchful and vigilant a girl is; if a rude fellow kisses her, it is ten to one he will do it right under her nose.

KEEPING LATE HOURS.

William S.—is a teamster, who is noted for keeping late hours, as he usually goes home at two o'clock in the morning. Well, one stormy night about a year ago William concluded to go home early, and accordingly he arrived at his house at just midnight. In answer to his knock his mother opened a window and inquired, "Who is there?"

"William," was the reply.

"No," said she, "you can't come that over me: my William won't be home for two hours yet."

Poor Bill had to wait till his usual time.

A fish can see in the water in the dark. Is it because of his pair o' fins?

A book-binder said to his wife at their wedding, "It seems that now we are bound together, two volumes in one, with clasps."

"Yes," observed one of the guests, "one side highly ornamental Turkey morocco, and the other plain calf."

If thine enemy wrong thee, buy each of his children a drum.

In what way does a lady treat a man like a telescope?—When she draws him out, looks him through, and then shuts him up.

INSTINCT OR REASON?—An instance of rare honesty, and showing how a dog may desire to pay his board bill, recently occurred in Fitchburg, Massachusetts. A lady saw a dog frequently about her house picking up odd bits which had been thrown out, and one day she called him in and fed him. The next day he came back, and as she opened the door he walked in and placed an egg on the floor, when he was again fed. The following day he brought another egg to pay for his dinner; and on the fourth day he brought the old hen herself, who, it seems, had failed to furnish the required egg.

When may a man be said to be literally "immersed in his business?"—When giving a swimming lesson.

THE "SHAKERS."—An excellent old deacon, who, having won a fine turkey at a charity raffle, didn't like to tell his severe orthodox wife how he came by it, quietly remarked, as he handed her the turkey, that the "Shakers" gave it to him.

A WEATHER REPORT.—A clap of thunder.

The measures spoken of in music generally refer to time. An exception is made in the case of hand-organs, which furnish music by the barrel.

DEBTS OF NATURE.—Bills of mortality.

A man having a cock that was much given to crowing by night as well as by day, gave him the name of Robinson. The reason was, because Robinson Crusoe.

A BOW-IDEAL.—Cupid.

A FACT.—An old friend of ours hearing that a raven will live for two hundred years has just bought one to try.



LIGHT MARCHING ORDER (BACHELOR).



HEAVY MARCHING ORDER (MARRIED MAN).



"JUST HINT A FAULT."

LITTLE TOMMY BODKIN TAKES HIS COUSINS TO THE GALLERY OF THE OPERA.

PRETTY JEMIMA (who is always so considerate). "Tom, dear, don't you think you had better take off your Hat, on account of the Poor People behind, you know?"



DRAWING-ROOM MINSTRELS (WHAT THEY HAVE TO PUT UP WITH SOMETIMES).

AFFABLE MRS. BENTON (the Fashionable Leader of Society, to Amateur Tenor, who has just been Warbling M. Gounod's last). "Charming! Charming! You must really get Somebody to Introduce you to me!"

JUSTIFIABLE SUICIDE.—Is suicide ever justifiable? A Pittsburg paper states that a melancholy case of self-murder occurred on Sunday near Titusville, Pennsylvania. The following schedule of misfortunes was found in the victim's left boot: "I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, and fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterward my wife had a son: he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife—i.e., my step-daughter—had also a son: he was, of course, my brother, and at the same time my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grand-mother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time; and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather."

A 'bus is usually oblong in shape; a kiss a lip-tickle.

A South Carolina editor offers his paper free one year to the man who brings him the largest water-melon of the season. In the mean time he intends to live on the melons that don't take the prize.

ANOTHER LOOK AT THE WOLF.—During the brief existence of the Maine liquor law a showman made his appearance in a certain town with a small, dirty, tattered canvas tent, a half-starved wolf, and a suspicious-looking keg. The admission fee of ten cents was cheerfully paid by a number of persons, who manifested a peculiarly strong desire to see this very common and villainous-looking specimen of the animal kingdom. But the oddest part of the show to the by-standers was that one visitor went in to "take another look at that wolf" no less than seven times during the afternoon. The secret was at last revealed. After some unsuccessful attempts to start for home, he approached the tent door with an unsteady step, and handing his last dime to the showman, said, "I believe I'll take just one look more at the wolf!"

USEFUL HINT.—If you want to make your coat last, make your trousers and waistcoat first.

SEWING INSPIRATION.—An editor thinks, from the manner in which shirts are made in this city, there ought to be an inspection of sewing. He says he went to the expense of a new shirt the other day, and found himself when he awoke in the morning crawling out from between two of the shortest stitches.

Bad carvers ought always to have a joint brought up nearly raw, because what's done can't be helped.

LEMON-PIE.

I am particularly fond of lemon-pie for dessert. At I went on peacefully for a couple of weeks, but always eating lemon-pie under a silent protest, for I was a stranger, and did not like to make objections. Finally I called a waiter, and said, "John, what kind of pie is this?"

"What kind did you order, Sah?"

"I ordered lemon-pie, but this appears to be dried-apple."

"Dat's lemon-pie, Sah. You know dey has a way of mixin' dried apples in de lemon-pie here, Sah, to dat extent it requires a man of ability to 'stingulish 'em apart, Sah. De lemons are scarce, you know, and dey has to 'conomize 'em so as to make one lemon do for sixteen pies."

When is a murderer like a gun?—When he's let off. We've heard lots of these reports lately.

THE ART OF BREAKING-IN EXPLAINED.—Somebody wrote to the editor of a paper to inquire how he would break an ox. The editor replied as follows: "If only one ox, a good way would be to hoist him, by means of a long chain attached to his tail, to the top of a pole forty feet from the ground. Then hoist him by a rope tied to his horns to another pole. Then descend on to his back a five-ton pile-driver; and if that fails to break him, let him start a country newspaper and trust people for subscriptions. One of the two ways will do it."

By OUR SAGE.—To dispel darkness from about you, make light of your troubles.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.—When a good shot fires at a lot of partridges he makes them all quail.

A correspondent at Utah informs us that "Brigham Young announces that he sha'n't marry any more."

Why is troy-weight like an unconscientious person?—Because it has no scruples.

"Mamma," said a little boy who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when it's brown?"

THE SHORTEST ROUTE.—The cut direct.

A BIT OF ADVICE.—Laugh not at any man for his nez retroussé, for you never can tell what may turn up.

UNFASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—At the recent wedding of the daughter of the chief of the Pinte Indians with a young Lieutenant, at Salt Lake, the bride was "attired in a blanket décolleté, with oyster-shell necklace, and ate heartily at the wedding-feast of fricasseed prairie-dog."

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 35.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1872.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



Fig. 1.—BROWN SILK AND ÉCRU BATISTE DRESS.

Fig. 2.—FIGURED FOULARD DRESS.

Fig. 3.—BLACK GROS GRAIN AND BUFF FOULARD DRESS.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 5.—PLAIN AND STRIPED BARÈGE DRESS.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 571.]

THE MESSENGER BEE.

By MRS. E. B. STODDARD.

A BEE flew in at my window,
And soon flew out again.
I said, as I pined in the shadow,
"He visits no house of pain."

A bee without hive or honey,
Of the fields a citizen free,
Dead leaves, or a flower-strewn pathway,
Came with a lesson to me.

My thoughts flew out of the window,
Following far away
A web in the air that was woven
Of invisible threads of gray,

Till we came to familiar pastures,
Where clover and buttercups spread,
Dog-roses, the bell-wort, strawberries:
How long had my youth been dead?

I recognized there my childhood,
As soulless as this wild bee,
When into the world I wandered,
Holding youth, my all, in fee.

Now youth and its visions have vanished,
There comes this wandering bee,
So soulless he knows not who sent him
To return a soul to me!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1872.

WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be published the Sixth Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is sent out gratuitously in Monthly Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Charles Reade.
Wilkie Collins.

In the August Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is commenced a NEW NOVEL by CHARLES READE, entitled "A SIMPLETON: A STORY OF THE DAY."

A new novel by WILKIE COLLINS, entitled "THE NEW MAGDALEN," will be commenced in the October Number of the MAGAZINE.

New Subscribers will be supplied with HARPER'S MAGAZINE from the commencement of CHARLES READE'S story, in the August Number, 1872, to the close of the Volume ending with November, 1873—making SIXTEEN NUMBERS—FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of a choice variety of Bridal Dresses and Coiffures; Ladies' and Children's Fall Walking, House, and Evening Dresses; Peasant Waists; Portfolios; Footstools; Work-Stands; Work Bags and Boxes; Pen-Wipers; Florentine Guipure Borders; Medallions, etc.; together with a rich assortment of Tapestry Designs, and attractive literary and pictorial features.

STORY-TELLING.

PERHAPS the world never was so flooded with any thing since the days of the Deluge as it is at the present day with the article technically called Fiction.

There is the three-volumed novel and the condensed novel; the bread-and-butter novel and the pistol-and-coffee novel; the novel on stilts and the novel in the gutter; the reformatory, the pious, and the CHARLES READE novel; and in addition to all this repertoire there is the weekly press playing arithmetical changes on the passions with its myriads of short stories.

Beginning with a willingness to be entertained, as our ancestors did, by what amounted to a charming gossip concerning our neighbors—the true province of the old-fashioned novel; fairly whirled out of one's own identity, as our mothers and fathers were, with the WALTER SCOTT novels; hibernating but lately ourselves in the biennial periods between the novels of THACKERAY and DICKENS, the appetite has grown by what it fed upon, and we have become insatiate and omnivorous; and for the one *bonne bouche* whose flavor lingers on the palate and in the memory, as that of the roast goose did with HAWTHORNE'S custom-house officer, we rise, how many times, with only a bitter taste of nothingness in our mouths!

For such disappointment there is a class of persons largely responsible: persons averaging in mediocrity, but with a certain

aptitude in the matter of stringing words together, which, if not a *cacothetes scribendi*, is at any rate an itch for fame or for money—the pen being in such hands only an instrument more genteel and full as laborious as the sewing-machine. To these persons it probably never occurs that story-telling is a gift as separate as picture-painting, or modeling, or improvising, and that, unpossessed of it, their efforts are little better than a fraud upon the reader. Nor have they ever seemed to think that a story is not something to be built up by slow mechanical construction, but, if genuine, is crystallized and evolved at once in the maker's brain as perfect as a star. On the contrary, they seem to regard this field of literature as the mere opportunity for a livelihood at slop-work.

We are led to these remarks by notice of how few really satisfactory short stories are produced in the present day. Indeed, they have always been few, though never more so than now, when their readers are numbered by multitudes, and for no other reason than that persons of genius so seldom write them. We no longer expect such wonderful tales as those of Undine's creator, as those with which POE used to thrill his generation, or with which HAWTHORNE led his readers into the land of shadows. It is said to be a law that the demand of the public taste produces the material for its own entertainment; and yet it may be that it is these very writers of mediocrity who, by means of work from which they should have recoiled as from the profane intrusion upon mysteries to which they had no right, have brought about this debasement of the public taste, till it is entirely satisfied with the day of small things.

We are a sensational people, leading sensational lives, requiring, to be sure, a sensational literature—a literature whose fiction shall be something a little more startling than the events of our daily experience; for those marching to the sound of the trumpet and all-inspiring music are not likely to hear the whistle of a penny pipe. It requires a power quite above mediocrity to give us this, and at the same time to combine with it enough of close observation of nature, of facts, and of people to suffuse the whole with such *vérité* that our sense of possibility shall not be shocked for an instant.

It is true that much attention to narrow detail is impossible on a smaller canvas than the novel in three volumes affords; but the writer of genius does not need to descend to such minuteness: the same stroke that tells with finishing force upon his characters and plot indicates every thing else, and indication is all he uses. With him some sharp-shooting word fits in its place is more effective than whole columns of description and explanation with another.

We once heard an actress, distinguished in both hemispheres, declare that on the stage exaggeration, so far from being censurable, was the life of dramatic representation; that the time, place, characteristics, intervals of the play were all on such a compressed and concentrated scale, and the size of stage and auditorium usually so vast, that only the most heightened gesture, gait, attitude, and facial expression would compare with the scenery, and animate a part with either spirit or intelligence; that acting itself, in short, was like sculpture, in which all things strong and male are presented, if not in the colossal, at least in a size larger than life, and all contrary things with a corresponding diminution toward delicacy. And we fancy that the same truth underlies the secret of the short story, which should, in the end, be looked at as the three-volumed novel, with every tang and relish still in it, but boiled down to an emphatic pungency.

We think the great writers of fiction have always appreciated these ideas; and although it has been said—and the saying is frequently repeated—that no good composer of the long story ever wrote a good short one, we not only have at home the author of "The Scarlet Letter" and of "The Artist of the Beautiful" to disprove the statement, but abroad, together with many others of less note, BULWER, whose story of the "Haunted House"—with the ghostly foot-prints falling on the ooze before the narrator—is unrivaled in its own way; and DICKENS, whose little tale of the two lovers of the Holly-tree Inn is pure perfection. Indeed, we can not recall an instance of a fine short story whose workmanship has not been successful through the judicious use of strength rather than from the sparing hand of weakness. From all which we draw the conclusion that it takes the same power to shape a rose that it takes to shape a star; and that if these principles were properly apprehended, mediocrity would abandon the pen for some less ambitious weapon in the great fight against the world; while, receiving due recognition, flashes of genius would once more illumine the world of minor fiction, now darkened with a cloud of balderdash.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of a Pot of Gold.

MY DEAR HARRY,—In the earlier days of our journey, when its present stage seems endless and wonders are not marvelous, the older travelers tell us, as we look at the rainbow, that if we will dig at its base we shall find a pot of gold. How often, when after summer showers I used to watch the beautiful bow, I have wondered whether I could not reach the wood, or get just over the crest of the hill where the base of it evidently was, and find that most golden gold! I never knew a boy who tried, but I know men and women who are trying to find it all the time. They see always the bow of hope spanning their lives, and they dig zealously for the treasure. Philomel sits in his room, or walks over the fields and through the glens. He is conscious of his talent and of his accomplishment. Sweet songs sing themselves in his mind, which he warbles for the delight of the world, sure that it will listen and rejoice. His name will be a welcome sound, and men will be glad that he has lived. The whole firmament glows and glitters to his eye with the splendor of a universal rainbow, and at its base the pot of gold is fabled.

I watch him at his task. He is hastening to reach the end of the bow. His face is lighted with joy and expectation. He treads on air, and pities those who are not off upon a quest like his. "Tis there!" he says; "just behind that rock, just beyond the stream, just over the hedge. How inspiring this morning air! How perfect this dewy landscape! And the dew is but drops from my rainbow, and how huge my pot of gold will be!" At noon he is still blithely running on. "Tis there!" he says; "just up the hill, just over the ridge, just under the summit. How soft and bright the day! To tell you the truth, 'tis my rainbow that sheds this delicious warmth, and my pot of gold which I am just about to find glows with the gathered brightness of a hundred summers." Sunset throws Philomel's long figure eastward, still eager, still pursuing. His hair is white, and his cheek furrowed. But still, "Tis there!" he cries; "just over the deep calm river. The colors of my arch are fading, but 'tis only because I am just on the edge of its base, where I shall find the pot of gold, the most precious treasure in the world." Philomel returns no more. Has he found the gold, and gone away over the sea to be a prince in far countries?

Or it is Romeo who has seen Juliet, and the earth is at once spanned with promise and the heaven is full of glory. I do not mean Romeo in velvet doublet and cap with a fine feather, but Romeo whom we all know in commonplace coat and trowsers—Romeo in the counting-room, or college, or workshop, or grocery; the same Romeo that Shakespeare knew, but in another time and dress. And oh! what an enormous pot of gold at the foot of his rainbow, and how bravely he digs for it! Next week he will be married. He will begin housekeeping with all the virtues and the graces. Hard looks, harsh words, misunderstandings, disappointments, will be no more possible than broken china or torn napkins. How clear the coffee will always be! How done to a juicy turn the Sunday sirloin! And oh! what a perpetual vision of delight Juliet in a perfect cap descending to breakfast! All is sweetness and courtesy and felicity. There never was such a pot of gold as lies hidden at the foot of Romeo's rainbow.

I have seen him sometimes after the happy day, even some years after it. There had been some mistake, probably, as to the precise point where the foot of the rainbow lay; for I have seen something like a broken cup, or a pitcher not of perfect grace, or a darned rent in the table-cloth, or even a slight spot upon Juliet's morning dress, and I think that I have heard a sound rather of quarreling children than of chanting cherubs, and even words not like the dripping drops of Hybla, but sharp and crisp and leaving a sting. The foot of the rainbow had moved on a little. That pot of the gold of unclouded happiness Romeo was very sure was there, but it was not in the precise spot that he had supposed. It was a step in advance only, just at the point where his boys would reach maturity, and the morning vapors and clouds would be swallowed up in clear noontide splendor. Indeed, the promise of Romeo's boys was so brilliant that I have sometimes thought the day of their justification of his faith and expectation seemed to him even more full of felicity than that of his marriage.

Time surely brings all the days, and this one with the rest. But I have observed that it did not always—did it ever?—bring what Romeo had foreseen. Somehow the foot of the rainbow had slipped again. It was as bright as ever, but it was not exactly in that spot. The boy so cherished, so beloved, so trusted—the boy of genius and of grace, who should be the Orpheus of his world and move its very stones and blocks

with his witching music, was gone. He had utterly vanished, or he was lost in a feeble figure, wasted with self-indulgence and excess. The grave Romeo has said to me when I met him, "That pot of gold is there, but I made a mistake in the point where the rainbow touched the ground. 'Tis a little beyond. I half think sometimes that it is in the air, not on the earth." And I observe that his eyes are raised, and that he seems to see the end of his rainbow above.

But Mercury is also bent upon that pot of gold, and the agile fellow seems, as it were, to rush in every direction at once to secure it. I go down to Wall Street to draw my slender dividend, and to consult gravely about its investment, as if I were one of the Medici. Mercury is always there, and always knows a hundred of the most excellent, the surest opportunities, calculated to a nicety upon the doctrine of chances, he assures me. He wishes that he had a hundred thousand dollars to spare, that he might quadruple them in a year. There never was such an opening, and I should be unpardonable if I did not seize it. But I observe that Mercury not only has not the hundred thousand dollars, but seems never to have the one dollar to spare. There never was a man so surrounded with unprecedented chances to make money, and to double and quadruple any amount, who made so little. I observe, too, that every time I go down town he is in a new office, and the unprecedented opportunity is entirely different. If I ask him about that of last month, which was absolutely unequalled, I discover that somehow—by the oddest luck—nobody knows how—the whole world was confounded. "In fact," he says, "not to be vulgar, the bottom of the whole thing suddenly fell out in the most inexplicable manner, and you made a wonderful escape. But this, now, this chance of first mortgage bonds upon the moon, or these shares in the Milky Way, really offer such inducements that I expect they will all be taken up before to-morrow morning."

They are the very words, the same spirit, the same faith, with which he urged the bottomless bonds last month. Remarkable man, he does it continually. Every morning at nine o'clock he begins, and if you could see the pinched poverty of his household you would wonder and wonder. The rainbow of his cheerful confidence never fades, and he is as sure of that enormous pot of gold at its foot as if he had it in his hands. In the drawers of his little pine table at home he keeps plans of the town house and country house that he means to build, and he has such an eye for horses and carriages that you would think that he owned Bucephalus and Eclipse, with a stud of their peers, and housed them all in mother-of-pearl stalls. He is so happily sure of the rainbow gold that he seems entirely unconscious that his life is a Barmecide feast—and not even that, for it is not the form of something splendid but squalid. He has said a thousand times, in the most cheerful way, that the foot of the rainbow is not where he supposed, but that he has now ascertained the exact spot, and he will proceed to dig for the gold forthwith.

It is a happy faith. And, my dear Harry, do we not all share it in some degree? Is any thing else the secret of cheerfulness? Could we live if we did not believe in the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow? The rainbow, what is it but illuminated drops of water high over us in the air? It is the bow of promise, says the preacher, set in the sky. But we can not touch it. Romeo can not drape his Juliet in that liquid splendor, nor Mercury skim down its slope to the gold in which he believes. But if in the storm and darkness through which so often we travel there were no vision of glory hanging over us, although intangible—if, when Romeo finds that there are thorns and crosses in that boundless felicity which he foresaw—if, when his fond anticipation lies in ruins around him, hope also died in his heart, what fate so miserable as his, what power so cruel as that which would have imposed it! But even in the depth of the Valley of the Shadow he looks up through the thick gloom, and lo! the rainbow spanning the abyss, and he smiles to think that there is a sun beyond the clouds, a sun fixed, eternal, glorious.

Is that sun, perhaps, the pot of gold which tradition tells us is hidden at the rainbow's foot? Is that gold not a metal, nor the pot a casket, but a heavenly confidence? Is the foot of the rainbow not beyond the hill, or in the distant wood, or far over the stream, because it is every where? Is the man who in the hard circumstances of his life is serene and full of faith that somewhere, somehow, the inexplicable shall be clear and he be satisfied—who, though he bends, does not break, and amidst all wreck and confusion bears a steady soul—who, as old George Herbert truly says,

"Like seasoned timber, never gives"—

is he, perhaps, the man who has found the

gold at the foot of the rainbow? I really believe it; and I think also that only they who have found that gold have the most perfect manners upon our journey. When I see any fellow-traveler who is charitable and gentle, both firm and kind, not easily believing ill, and always interpreting character and conduct with generosity, helping the weak, and sitting at meat with publicans and sinners, I think, reverently, with old Dekkar, of

"The first true gentleman that ever breathed," and know that my fellow-traveler has followed the rainbow and found the pot of gold.

Your friend,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BONNETS.

THE new bonnets are of eccentric and indescribable shapes. Frames are not larger than those of last season, but they are so elaborately trimmed that they appear large. The front is a rolled coronet, the head piece is broad, and the crown is high and tapering, with a tendency toward a round top. The trimming is massed behind, leaving the front almost bare; the bonnet is worn quite back on the head, and the whole effect is high and slender.

VELVET, FELT, ETC.

Velvet is the material most used for the bonnet proper. Royale and turquoise silks are frequently combined with velvet, and are much used for trimming. There is a large importation of felt bonnets. They are in all the new colors, sage green, réséda, and bronze.

SHADES AND CONTRASTS.

Shaded bonnets differ from those of last winter by being made of two widely different shades of a color, such as very light and very dark blue, instead of having two or three shades that nearly approach each other. Contrasting colors appear on many of the handsomest bonnets. The fashionable réséda, or mignonette, a greenish-gray tint, is found to contrast favorably with almost any color, hence there are bonnets of réséda velvet with faille facings, and feathers of blue, rose, or green. Ciel blue is associated with various dark colors. Sage green, bronze, and peacock colors are handsome when shaded, but are also often seen in contrasts. Cremorne, a new shade called after the great racer, is a faint reddish-brown. Gris souris is mouse-color. Carmelite, a new reddish plum-color, contrasts handsomely with blue and green. Bright red, such as scarlet and cherry, is scarcely seen any more, and there is very little of the dull sultan and Corinth reds. Few black bonnets are shown, and there is a persistent effort to bring them into disfavor; but we predict that they will be imported later in the season, and will remain the standard favorites.

WATERED AND GLACÉ RIBBONS.

Watered ribbons are largely imported, and will probably be very commonly worn. A glacé ribbon shows the new contrasts prettily by having the warp of one color and the woof of another. Gros faille ribbon, soft, and very richly repped, will remain the first choice with people of taste, notwithstanding the introduction of novelties. All bonnets have long strings to tie under the chin, and also many loops, knots, and bows of ribbon. The widths marked Nos. 16 and 20 are most used for strings.

JET ORNAMENTS.

Jet trimmings will be the most conspicuous feature of winter bonnets. They are seen on nearly all the importations, both of colored and black bonnets, but are especially well used to light up black velvet. The variety and novelty of these bead ornaments are most pleasing. They are not massive balls and blocks and buckles of jet, but are small, fine, round beads strung on wire in light and fanciful designs that have the effect of embroidery. The bandeau is the favorite jet ornament. Instead of heavy-looking squares, bandeaux are now made with medallions of tiny beads, with festooned links between, or else they are formed of vine leaves and flowers; there are also jet pieces wrought in lattice designs to cover the entire front of the bonnet. A pretty novelty is the jet scarf, a flexible ribbon of fine beads with tasseled ends, worn tied in a bow on the side of the bonnet. A fringe of jet will fall over the forehead from under a coronet. Ostrich tips, as flexible as the natural feather, small pointed wings, and aigrettes are made of fine, glossy beads, there are also butterflies, bows, and tiny quivering sprays.

MODE OF TRIMMING.

The material is laid plainly on the frame, showing its unique outline. This is the rule, though occasionally very bold fronts are relieved by soft, puffed crowns. Narrow overlapping folds of uncut velvet, faille, or turquoise trim the front of the bonnet. A pointed half-handkerchief of velvet, edged with lace, droops on the front from the crown, and a jet bandeau passes across the head piece. One or two short ostrich tips extend upward from the left side, and a quantity of loops of ribbon and long ends cover the back and hang over the crown. Lace streamers and long sprays of leaves also droop on the chignon. Few bonnets have face trimming, but a slight ruche of tulle, black lace, or else of colored turquoisequilling, is very becoming. Strings are over a yard long. Facings of a light shade of blue, rose, or fawn appear on black and dark velvets. For instance, long loops of velvet, pendent behind, are lined with light-colored

faillie. Tiny scarfs of colored turquoise silk are drawn through the openings of jet bandeaux. The Alsacian bow is again seen on many imported bonnets. Great quantities of thread lace are used, making the bonnets very expensive.

ROUND HATS.

New round hats have very narrow brims and high tapering crowns approaching sugar-loaf shape. The Revere hat has its modicum of brim turned downward, while its rival, the Mont Blanc, with still higher sloping crown, has a closely rolled brim in turban fashion. These hats are brought out in black and white English straw and in felt. Two or three bands of black watered ribbon are folded around the high crowns, the brim is faced with velvet, a jet ornament is directly in front, and long loops of ribbon, with perhaps an ostrich feather, droop behind. Sometimes short tips are arranged to soften the sharp effect of the crown. Single ostrich tips are in two and often four colors. One half the length of the feather is blue, the other half gray; while other plumes are mingled bronze, rose, réséda, and blue. The only original idea in trimming is the manner of arranging wings. These are no longer inverted and perked up saucily, but are allowed to droop in the way natural when the bird is at rest. Some very fanciful gypsy hats are shown with brims scooped in front and back. They are of black velvet, with pale blue facings under the brim.

FIGURED DRESS GOODS.

Figured goods are conspicuous among fall importations for suits. The richest fabrics brought to the country are covered with arabesques and damask figures of the same, or a lighter tint than the ground. These show what is called façonné goods—that is, with the figure wrought by the loom; broché goods, with a design like embroidery done by separate bobbins; and rayé figures, damask wrought in stripes.

Sicilienne, a repped fabric of silk and fine wool, introduced last year, is again brought out in the quaint bronze, réséda, and peacock colors, but is too costly ever to become common. It is intended for polonaises of street suits, and is also in pale tints for evening over dresses. Plain Sicilienne is shown, and also Sicilienne façonné, overwrought with arabesques and intricate tracery. Another novelty is Sicilienne crape, with the ground crinkled like China crape, and partly covered with damask figures wrought in lighter shades.

A soft, rich, antique-looking silk, called gros d'Écosse, is imported in the dark stylish colors for suits. This also shows heavy damask figures.

EVENING SILKS.

Plain faille and brocaded silks are shown for evening. Pale illusory tints are found among those intended for full evening dress, while those for dinner and carriage costumes are deeper toned. India sky is a faint blue that requires gas-light to develop it; another deceptive tint that appears white by day deepens into buff under artificial light, and is called illusion; faded-rose has the faintest blush possible; brownillard, or fog-color, is a mist-like gray, and Azof has even less color than Nile green. Among deeper tones are the aquatic colors, such as Neptune, gray with blue tinges; Rhone green and Rhone blue, combinations of the two colors. Next are the bronzes, such as Hindostan, a yellow bronze; St. Domingo, bronze with red hues; and Bengal, with greenish cast.

Two colors appear in elaborate evening dresses, and these are of original and quaint contrasts. Peacock and yellow bronze are worn together, réséda and olive, India blue and rose, and marine blue with the palest ciel.

POMPADOUR SILKS.

Notwithstanding assertions to the contrary, we are assured by a leading dry-goods merchant that the Dolly Varden dress is not tabooed abroad. The idea of reviving this costume originated in England, and has only lately come into favor in France. It appeared in Paris under the name of Pompadour and Watteau costumes, and is now fashionably and tastefully worn there. Consequently the richest goods manufactured in Lyons for the fall and winter repeat this fancy, and fine failles, satins, and velvets worth \$15 a yard are now being imported in brocaded and damask figures. These are used in France for fête dresses, and will appear this winter as parts of evening costumes.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. WORTHINGTON & SMITH; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

Ladies' and Children's Dresses, Figs. 1-5.

See illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—BROWN SILK AND ÉCRO BATISTE DRESS. The skirt and low-necked under-waist of this suit are of brown silk. The skirt is trimmed with a ruffle eight inches wide, which is gathered so that it forms a heading an inch and three-quarters wide. The polonaise is made of écrou batiste, and is trimmed with folds and with ruffles of the material worked in English embroidery. The pattern of the polonaise will be given in the next Supplement, No. II., Figs. 9^a, 9^b—12. Cravat bow of brown gros grain ribbon.

Fig. 2.—FIGURED FOULARD DRESS. This dress is made of white foulard, with bouquets of colored wild flowers; the demi-train skirt is untrimmed. A fichu of pleated Swiss muslin is worn over the heart-shaped waist. The pattern of the waist will be given in the next Supplement, No. III., Figs. 14—16, the neck of the waist being cut heart-shape according to the straight line on Fig. 14, Supplement. The wide ruffle is

sewed to the sleeve; side-pleated Swiss muslin under-sleeves. A bow of rose-colored silk ribbon is worn in front and in the hair.

Fig. 3.—BLACK GROS GRAIN AND BUFF FOULARD DRESS. The skirt of this suit is made of black gros grain, and is trimmed with two, kilt-pleated ruffles, each six inches wide. The polonaise is of buff foulard with black dots, and the trimming consists of rolls of plain foulard. The pattern of the polonaise will be given in No. II., Figs. 9^a, 9^b—12, of the next Supplement. Pay no attention to the X's and O's on Fig. 10. To drape the polonaise fasten one end of a band eight inches long to the point marked: on Fig. 10, and the other end to the bottom of the waist.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD. Dress with square-necked peasant waist of blue cashmere, trimmed with ruffles of the material; tucked white cambric blouse. The latter may be cut from Figs. 45—57, No. XVII., of Supplement to Harper's Bazar, No. 32, Vol. V. Scotch plaid ribbon sash.

Fig. 5.—PLAIN AND STRIPED BARÈGE DRESS. The skirt, with deep kilt-pleated flounce, is of violet barège, and the over-skirt and heart-shaped waist are of white and violet striped barège, trimmed with ruffles and folds of the same. The waist pattern is given by Figs. 14—16, No. III., of the next Supplement, and the sleeves from Fig. 12, No. II., of the same Supplement. Sash of violet silk ribbon. Florentine straw round hat, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and wild roses.

PERSONAL.

MADAME MARIE NYON, the last representative of the oldest-established book-selling firm in Paris, has just died at the age of eighty-five. She was a descendant of GUILLAUME NYON, who set up business as a bookseller as far back as 1580. She carried on business in the same house where the family had resided since 1698.

The wives of great musical composers seem to be very unmusical. Madame VERDI never goes to the opera; Madame GOUNOD is a devout member of the church, and thinks her husband did very wrong to compose any thing for the stage.

There still lives in England a clergyman named CHESSE, who, more than forty years ago, had as pupils two young men named TATE and MANNING. The former is now primate of the Church of England; the latter is the famous Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster.

Madame LUCCA seems to be the especial favorite of royalty. On the 4th inst., when she went to say good-by to the Prince and Princess of Wales, the princess presented her with a splendid turquoise ring and her own portrait, with her autograph, "ALEXANDRA," at the bottom. On the previous day Madame LUCCA was invited to a party given by NAPOLEON and EUGÉNIE at Chiselhurst, and on the following day left for Vienna.

It is thought that the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY will succeed the late Rev. Dr. NORMAN MACLEOD as editor of *Good Words*.

NATHANIEL ROTHSCHILD, the eldest son of Baron JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD, is at work upon a history of his family from its rise in 1806 to the downfall of the Emperor NAPOLEON III. It will contain a number of unpublished letters from NAPOLEON I. and other eminent men during the last sixty years.

See what it is to discover a discoverer! STANLEY has been invited to dine with Lady FRANKLIN, to breakfast with the Duchess of Argyll, and to become the guest of the Mayor of Brighton during the session of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

The Archduke CHARLES, brother of the Emperor of Austria, is soon to be married to the Princess MARIA, youngest daughter of King FERDINAND II. She is only seventeen.

The French Prince Imperial has obtained permission of the Queen to become a student of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich.

Professor LECHLER, of Leipzig, has nearly completed a life of WYCLIFFE, in which much additional light is thrown upon the relations of WYCLIFFE with HUSS and the Bohemian reformers.

General T. Thumb went a-sailing the other day at Bridgeport. He was uncertain whether the centre-board should be hauled to the mast-head or thrown overboard. In attempting the latter he tipped the boat, and was "landed" in water up to his knees—about 8½ inches. The old salt warped his punt into dock, and merrily went home to dry.

The Sultan has sent to the ex-Empress EUGÉNIE a magnificent sapphire surrounded by large brilliants. The jewel is valued at \$15,000.

LORD WENTWORTH, who has just warned London that he is not responsible for the debts of his wife, is the son of Lord BYRON's daughter, ADA, from whom he inherits the barony of Wentworth.

Among the ladies noticeable at Saratoga is Mrs. General JOHN H. MORGAN, widow of the famous raider, and one of the most opulent as well as one of the most agreeable ladies at that quiet summer resort.

A French countess is devoting money and part of her eighty-second year to the restoration of the crumbling tomb of HÉLOÏSE and ABELARD, in Pere la Chaise.

PASQUAL CRUZ, aged ninety-five; RAPHAEL DUVELAS, aged one hundred and six; and IGNACIO SALAZAR, aged one hundred and eleven, were recently called on officially, and made a note of, by a "gentlemanly census-taker" in California.

The following undesignedly whimsical conclusion of an oration in Paris over the grave of a republican was made by a brother Red: "Citizen X—was a true republican, which character he never falsified one instant of his life. He died as he lived—he succumbed from indigestion."

It does seem that people are attaining to greater longevity as the conveniences and comforts of life are diffused. For instance, there is Mrs. DIDAMA RANDALL, of Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, who, on the 14th ult., celebrated her ninety-third birthday by a gathering of thirteen friends, whose united ages amounted to seven hundred and forty years. Mrs. R. was the oldest; the next was a young person of eighty-six;

the youngest an infant of seven. And apropos of this, we may mention that on the day of our writing this paragraph we met, trudging carefully through Fulton Market, the venerable Captain LARREBUSH, who is said to be one hundred and five.

LADY BURDETT-COUTTS is the first lady upon whom has been conferred the honorary freedom of the city of London, the honor being intended as an acknowledgment of her munificent gift of a market to the poor of the East End. The names most frequent on the lips of the London poor are GEORGE PEABODY and Lady BURDETT-COUTTS.

Dr. LANAHAN modestly declined the honor of a public reception tendered to him by the Methodist clergy of Baltimore. In reply to the invitation he said it was sufficient for him that the action of the last General Conference was an ample indorsement of his course, and a virtual admission of the verity of all his charges of knavery and maladministration of the employees of the Book Concern.

The easy, quiet, home-like way in which Mrs. GORE wrote her novels is described by PLANCHÉ in his "Recollections." "In 1837 Mrs. GORE was at Paris writing novels, plays, articles for magazines, etc. 'When and how do you manage it?' PLANCHÉ asked her. 'I receive, as you know,' she replied, 'a few friends at dinner at five o'clock nearly every evening. They leave me at ten or eleven, when I retire to my own room and write till seven or eight in the morning. I then go to bed till noon, when I breakfast, after which I drive out, shop, pay visits, and return at four to dress for dinner, and as soon as my friends have departed, go to work again all night as before.'

MARIO is really coming here next season. The war affected his assets to such an extent that, financially, he "went where the woodbine twined." His creditors in Italy, where he is now residing, refused to let him go to England to sing for a little, but the glorious republic offers inducements so much greater than those of the effete monarchy that hither he will come.

General JAMES GRANT WILSON and wife, of this city, have been on a visit to the ex-empress at Chiselhurst. EUGÉNIE and Mrs. WILSON are both granddaughters of two Scotch kinsmen—KIRKPATRICKS of Dumfries-shire. One was a British consul in Spain, and the other, the American KIRKPATRICK, was Chief Justice of New Jersey for nearly twenty-five years.

Miss EMILY FAITHFUL, well known in the literary circles of England, has accepted some invitations to visit this republic next autumn, and deliver lectures in the principal towns and cities. At present she is the editor of the *Victoria Magazine*.

Mr. WALT WHITMAN soared into the regards of the pundits at Dartmouth, Commencement. "His manner was perfectly nonchalant. His voice is wonderfully electric, and his tall figure, sunburnt face, and intellectual eyes very impressive." Such is the language of a man of Boston.

The fashionable world of London, which was surprised a few days ago by the information that "Mr. Cosman," who in 1869-71 performed as a pantomimist at various theatres, is no other than Viscount HINTON, heir to Earl POULETT, are now surprised anew by the fact that Miss SMYTHE, comic singer and ballet-dancer, who still follows that vocal and nimble calling, is Viscountess HINTON, she having married the noble "Cosman" in 1869, and, what is more, having given a son and heir to the house of POULETT in 1870.

Professor DANIEL C. GILMAN, of Yale College, has accepted the presidency of the California State University, one of the most amply endowed institutions in the country. The position is made comfortable by a salary of \$10,000 a year, gold, a house, and other "comforts of a happy home." They have hit upon an admirable man for the place.

The many friends of Mr. WILLIAM BLACKMORE in the United States will be pained to hear of the bereavement he has met with in the loss of his wife. Mr. BLACKMORE is well known in this country as an ethnologist, having devoted a great deal of time to the subject of American antiquities, and as having purchased from Dr. E. H. DAVIS, of New York, the magnificent collection which served as the foundation of the work on the "Antiquities of the Mississippi Valley," by Messrs. SQUIER and DAVIS, and constituted the first volume of the Smithsonian "Contributions to Knowledge." This collection was offered for sale to the Historical Society of New York, which, however, was unwilling or unable to pay the price asked—\$10,000. Mr. BLACKMORE, hearing of this, at once secured the collection, and made it the basis of an ethnological collection, which he gave to the town of Salisbury, in England, placing it in an appropriate building, erected at great cost to himself. Since then he has, in his various visits to the United States on business or pleasure, devoted much of his time to the increase of this collection, which is now one of the most important museums of the kind in Europe. Mr. BLACKMORE has always taken especial interest in the North American Indians, and during his stay in Washington last spring paid great attention to the various delegations that visited that city for the purpose of seeing their Great Father, the President. On one occasion he chartered a large steamer and took the entire body on an excursion down the Potomac, accompanied by prominent citizens of Washington, furnishing a handsome entertainment, which was made the occasion of much social enjoyment and numerous speeches. He had laid out an extended tour through the Rocky Mountains for the present summer, especially in connection with the explorations of Professor HAYDEN, and in which he was to be accompanied by Mrs. BLACKMORE; and they left on their journey some weeks ago, with the cordial wishes of their friends for a successful trip. It is, therefore, with great pain that we learn of the death of Mrs. BLACKMORE, on the evening of July 13, of a congestive chill brought on by overfatigue and the rapid changes of the weather in the Rocky Mountains. She had gone by stage from Corinne, on the Union Pacific Railway, to Helena, in Montana, and started from Helena on the 16th in good health; but the long journey to Bozeman was too much for her, and before arriving at that place she was attacked with a chill, and died in the course of thirty-six hours. She was buried on a terrace overlooking the Gallatin fork of the Missouri, a stone bearing her name marking the spot of her interment.

Shoe Bag, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS bag is made of pasteboard and gray linen. The trimming consists of gray twine, which is sewed on with long button-hole stitches of blue Saxony wool (see illustration Fig. 2), and crochet fringe of blue Saxony wool and gray thread. The upper edge of the bag is set on a piece of thick cane twenty-eight inches long, which is covered with gray linen; this stick is trimmed on the ends with dark blue worsted balls and blue and tassels. The handles fastened on the stick for hanging up the bag consist of large brass rings which are covered with coarse and fine blue worsted cord, and are joined together at the same time by means of these cords. From the large middle ring depend two double cords eight inches long, which are tied in a knot as shown by the illustration, and trimmed with tassels. To make the bag cut of thick pasteboard for the back one piece twenty-four inches long and fourteen inches and a half wide, which is sloped off on both ends from the upper toward the under edge, so that the latter measures only sixteen inches. Cover this part on both sides with gray linen cut on the bias; but for the flap of the bag cut the double layer of linen ten inches and seven-eighths higher on the upper edge than the pasteboard back. This flap is afterward cut out on the under edge as shown by the illustration; the upper layer is ornamented in embroidery as shown by the full-sized illustration Fig. 2. Along the upper edge of the back sew through the double layer of linen, then, close to this row of stitches, work eyelet-holes at intervals of four inches and seven-eighths on the flap with button-hole stitches of blue worsted, and ornament the eyelet-holes in point Russe with similar worsted. Through these holes run the cords which join the stick with the bag, and which at the same time separate the small pockets designed to hold the shoes. For these pockets, which are made in one piece, cut of double gray linen on the bias one piece forty-eight inches long and twelve inches high. Slope off both ends from the upper toward the under edge, so that the latter only measures forty-four inches, then cut out both sides of this piece toward the middle so that it is only eleven inches and a quar-



Fig. 1.—SHOE BAG.

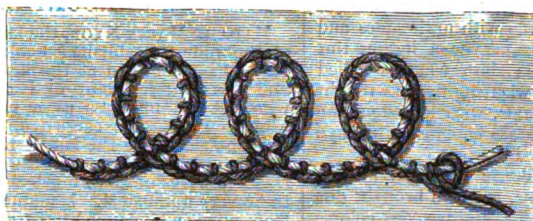


Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERY FOR SHOE BAG.—FULL SIZE.

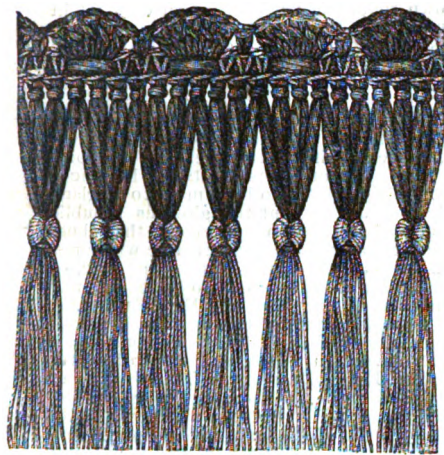


Fig. 1.—NETTED AND CROCHET FRINGE FOR COVERS, ETC.



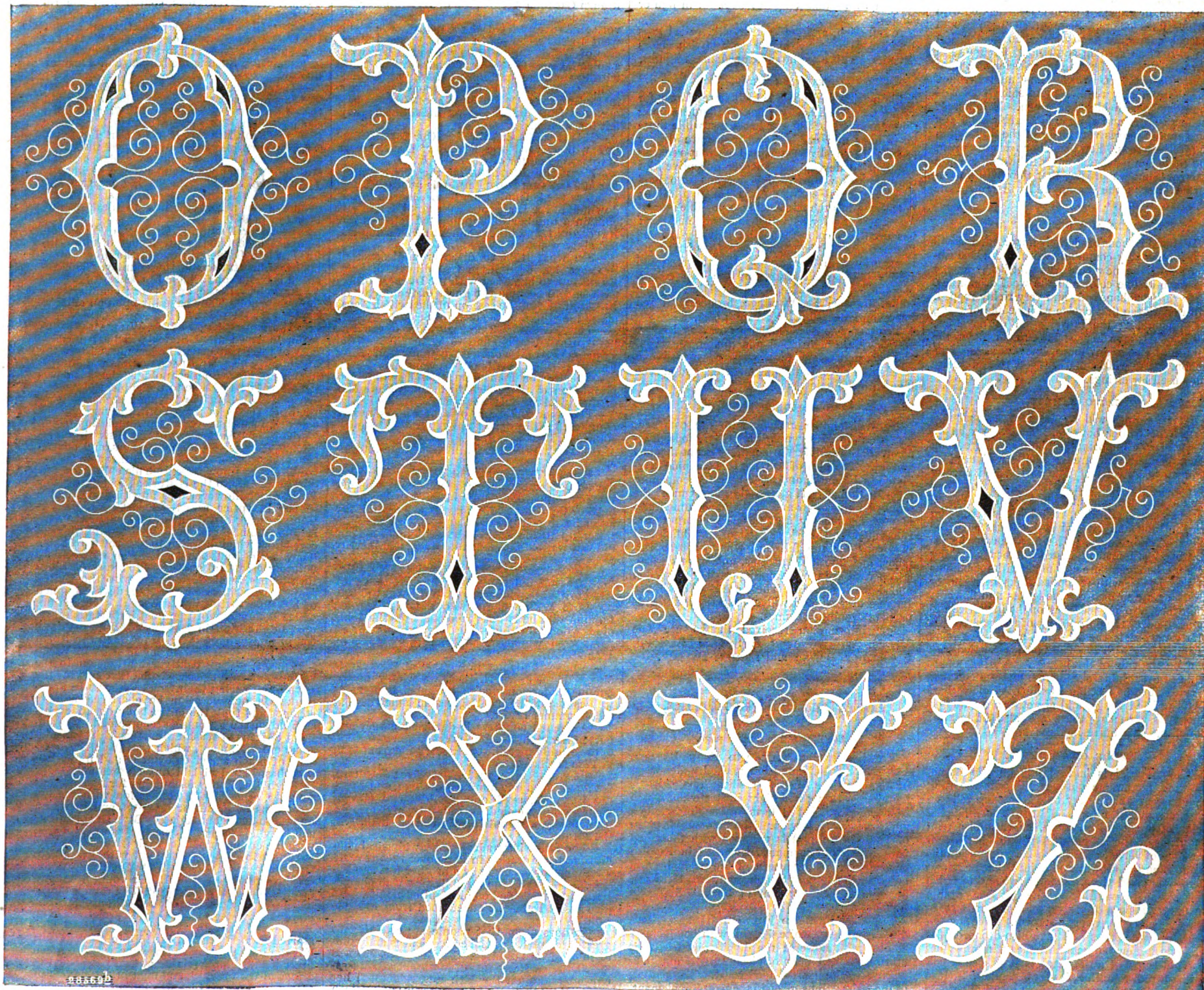
Fig. 2.—NETTED AND CROCHET FRINGE FOR COVERS, ETC.

ter high there. Lay the shorter side of this part in five box-pleats of equal size for the five small pockets, and fasten the pleated edge and the ends to the under edge and to the side edges of the back. Sew this part also on the back between every two box-pleats. Run four blue cords thirty inches and a half long, which are folded double, through the eyelet-holes before described, so as to form loops seven-eighths of an inch long each, through which the stick is run; the double cords which extend to the under edge of the bag are fastened on the bag underneath the flap, so that they lie between the box-pleats. Edge the bag with fringe of blue worsted and gray cotton, which is worked in netting, crochet, and knot-work (see the following description of Fringe, Fig. 1). To make the handle a brass ring an inch and three-quarters in diameter is required. Cover this ring with coarse blue cord so that double knots are formed, and at the same time work the picots, eight inches long, on which the tassels are fastened. This coarse cord also forms the outer connection of all the rings, and at the same time the foundation of the rings one inch in diameter. The latter are covered with finer cord. For each of the four bands of the handle lay on this cord at both sides of the large middle ring so that the ends hang down evenly. An inch and three-quarters from each point of fastening set on a small ring, and cover it together with the foundation cord described, using one cord end for one half of each ring, and the other end for the second half. In this manner work several small rings for each band (see Fig. 1), so that the rings come an inch and three-quarters apart. Fasten the ends of the finer cords underneath the row of knots of the last ring, and loop the ends of the coarse cord several times about the stick covered with linen, which has first been run through the loops at the upper edge of the bag, and trimmed on the ends with worsted balls. Furnish the cords with tassels of gray cotton headed with balls of blue worsted, and fasten similar tassels on both long cords of the middle ring.

Netted and Crochet Fringe for trimming Covers, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

BOTH fringes are worked with colored zephyr worsted, and gray twisted cotton.

Fig. 1.—NETTED AND CROCHET FRINGE. To make this fringe work with double blue zephyr



ALPHABET FOR MARKING BED LINEN, ETC.—APPLICATION, SATIN STITCH, AND HALF-POLKA STITCH EMBROIDERY.
For remainder of Alphabet, see *Harper's Bazar*, No. 25, Vol. V.

worsted on a netting mesh an inch and three-quarters in circumference a foundation of the requisite length. Draw the foundation thread carefully out of the netted knots so that the latter do not become loosened, and work with gray cotton 1 sc. (single crochet) on the short loop above each knot. On this round crochet with gray cotton also on a foundation of double worsted thread one round of always alternately 3 sc., 2 ch. (chain stitch); with the latter pass over 2 st. (stitch). For the upper edge of the fringe work one round of crochet bar scallops with worsted, always alternately 1 sc. on the middle of every 3 sc. in the preceding round, 5 double crochet on the next 2 ch. Finally, fasten every three netted stitches together by means of a thread tassel of gray cotton; each tassel consists of ten threads each three inches and three-quarters long, which are laid double.

Fig. 2.—NETTED AND CROCHET FRINGE. To make this fringe work with green zephyr worsted on a mesh an inch and three-quarters in circumference a foundation of the requisite length, then draw the foundation thread out of the netted knots, and with gray cotton work 1 sc. (single crochet) on the small loop above each knot. On this round crochet one round with worsted as follows: Always alternately 3 sc. on the next 3 st. (stitch) of the preceding round, 2 sc. separated by 3 ch. (chain stitch) on the following st. Then work with a double thread of gray cotton 6 ch. on each netted st., cut off the double thread three-quarters of an inch from the last ch., and draw the end of the thread through the loop on the needle.

Ladies' Coiffures, Figs. 1-10.

Fig. 1.—PUFFED CHIGNON, CURLS, AND RIBBON BOW. The back hair is divided into two parts and combed up over crêpes, so as to form puffs; the ends are arranged in a bow in front. This bow covers the beginning of several curls that fall over the chignon in the back. The curls of the front hair are looped about each other as shown by the illustration, and the ends are fastened underneath the chignon. In the front and back are several short curls. A bow of colored ribbon completes the coiffure.

Figs. 2 and 3.—PUFFS, CURLS, AND BANDEAU. For this coiffure part the hair from ear to ear on the sides. Arrange the back hair and the middle part of the front hair in puffs over crêpes as shown by the illustrations; the short hair in the middle of the front is arranged in curls, and the hair at the temples is combed back; the ends are fastened in the back on the middle of the chignon, and are covered with a bow of colored silk ribbon. Gold bandeau.

Figs. 4 and 5.—PUFFS, CURLS, ROPES, AND HIGH COMB. For this coiffure first part the hair on the sides from ear to ear, then arrange the back hair in puffs over crêpes as shown by the illustration. In the back, underneath the chignon, fasten a row of short curls. Part the waved front hair first evenly through the middle, then divide each half into two parts, and comb down the hair nearest the parting in the middle so that it rests on the forehead (see Fig. 4), comb up the other part of the hair, and rope the ends of both parts together as shown by the illustration, so that they form a twisted diadem; then arrange them in several short puffs in the middle of the front. A tortoise-shell comb with a high front is pinned into the hair as shown by the illustration.

Figs. 6 and 7.—ROPED CHIGNON, CURLS, BRAIDS, AND HIGH COMB. For this coiffure, which can not be arranged without adding false hair, part the hair from ear to ear on the sides. The back hair is tied in the neck and parted into two strands; wind each strand closely around a long roll, and then pin up these rolls in a chignon, observing Fig. 7. The middle part of the front hair is arranged in frizzes and puffs; the latter cover the beginning of a row of short curls, which rest on the forehead as shown by Fig. 6. The front hair at both sides, which was hitherto left unnoticed, is now combed back, and the ends concealed under the chignon at the top. Fasten a row of curls of different lengths underneath the chignon in the neck, and between the chignon and front hair set a three-strand braid. This braid is pinned on by means of a large tortoise-shell comb. At the left side, behind the ear, are several longer curls.

Fig. 8.—ROLLS, CURLS, BRAIDS, AND RIBBON BOW. For this coiffure part the hair from ear to ear on the sides, then part the back hair evenly through the middle. Tie each half of the back hair in the neck with a ribbon, and wind each of them around a long crêpe roll. Arrange both rolls in a chignon as shown by the illustration, fasten the ends to the ribbon in the back with which each half is tied, and cover the ends and ribbons with a three-strand braid; the ends of the latter are fastened under the chignon at the top. Arrange the front hair, which is parted into halves, in curls of different lengths. A ribbon bow is set in front, and several curls behind each ear.

Fig. 9.—SHORT CURLS, THREE-STRAND BRAID, AND COMB. This coiffure is designed for short hair only. Part the hair from ear to ear on the sides, curl all the hair, fasten a three-strand braid like a diadem between the front and back hair, and conceal the ends under the curls of the back hair. The front hair, which is parted in the middle, rests on the forehead, and the curls are looped about each other as shown by the illustration, and pinned down. A tortoise-shell comb on which a hair-strand is wound completes the coiffure.

Fig. 10.—CRIMPED CHIGNON, SHORT CURLS, AND THREE-STRAND BRAIDS. For this coiffure part the crimped hair from ear to ear on the sides, then also divide the back hair into two parts from ear to ear. Comb up the middle part of the front hair and the under part of the back hair over crêpes, and comb down the upper part of the back hair. Then tie the hair combed up and the hair combed down together with a ribbon in the middle of the head in the back, and braid it in one or two three-strand braids, according to its length and thickness. These braids are wound around the head, and the ends are fastened in the back. Divide the front hair at the temples into two parts, which are twisted about each other as shown by the illustration; cover the ends with a colored silk ribbon (see illustration). The short hair in the neck is arranged in several curls.

Alphabet for marking Bed Linen, etc.—Application, Satin Stitch, and Half- polka Stitch Em- broidering.

See illustration on page 572.

This is the remainder of the alphabet shown on page 412 of *Harper's Bazar*, No. 25, Vol. V., which also contains the description.

UNCHANGING FASHIONS.

THE simple robe and outer cloak, rich in beauty, immortalized by the genius of Phidias and Apelles, fashion never changed. The dress Homer saw infolding Helen, when she came to him like Evening,

"Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,"

Aspasia wore when she passed to the bath, and it served to attire Cleopatra when she beguiled Antony. The only modifications it underwent were those of texture and woof, of coquettish folding and arrangement. It was as changeless, otherwise, as the Spaniard's cloak, the Turk's turban, or the Arab's robe. It is only our luxury, semi-barbaric, tasteless luxury, that cries out for monthly fashions, and grudges if it be not satisfied. To change a costume when it once



Fig. 4.—PUFFS, CURLS, ROPES, AND HIGH COMB.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 5.]



Fig. 8.—ROLLS, CURLS, BRAIDS, AND RIBBON BOW.



Fig. 5.—PUFFS, CURLS, ROPES, AND HIGH COMB.—BACK.—[See Fig. 4.]

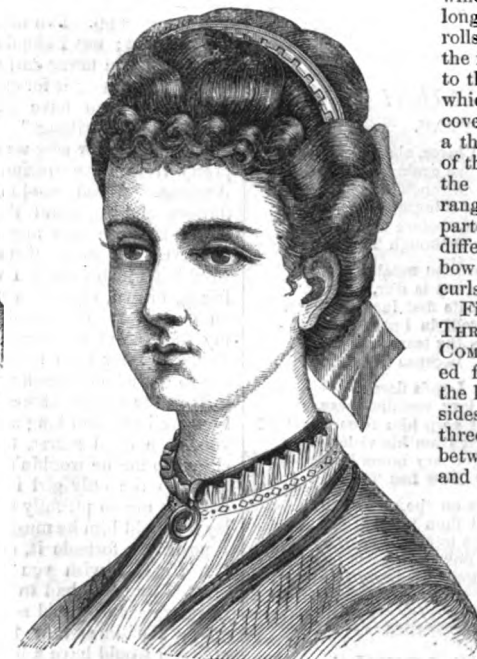


Fig. 2.—PUFFS, CURLS, AND BANDEAU. FRONT.—[See Fig. 3.]



Fig. 1.—PUFFED CHIGNON, CURLS, AND RIBBON BOW.



Fig. 9.—SHORT CURLS, THREE-STRAND BRAID, AND COMB.



Fig. 3.—PUFFS, CURLS, AND BANDEAU. BACK.—[See Fig. 2.]



Fig. 7.—ROPED CHIGNON, CURLS, BRAIDS, AND HIGH COMB.—BACK.—[See Fig. 6.]



Fig. 10.—CRIMPED CHIGNON, SHORT CURLS, AND THREE-STRAND BRAIDS.



Fig. 6.—ROPED CHIGNON, CURLS, BRAIDS, AND HIGH COMB.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 7.]

Figs. 1-10.—LADIES' COIFFURES.

Digitized by Google

answers all wants of climate, taste, and common-sense is as insane as if a collector were to cut up his Raphaels and Titians, throw them into the common dust-hole, and cover his walls with sketches from illustrated papers. This restlessness, therefore, we must assume, is not a mere desire of change, begot of wealth and folly, but an impatient and disappointed search for perfection. If it springs from the latter source, our restlessness is noble, our impatience generous and worthy of admiration. If derived from the former only, it must be allowed by all who reflect to be base, senseless, and contemptible.

TIME FLIES!

A RONDEAU.

Time flies! The laggard lover, absent still,
Compels thine eyes to rove against their will—
Roaming from Poetry's entrancing page,
To note the clock, whose minutes seem an age,
So slow the hands revolve before thine eyes—
Although Time flies!

Thy grief is not because thou must deplore
Thy favorite opera's first act is o'er,
That thou must miss, at its first luscious note,
The nightingale that dwells in Lucca's throat—
Ah, no! 'tis not for this thy tears arise,
Because Time flies!

Alas! to you it seemeth Love's decay
That he, who swore to love, remains away.
What are the spells that keep him from thy side?
What are the clouds that from his vision hide
(While thou art wasting weary hours in sighs)?
How fast Time flies!

Hush! there's a footstep on the outer stair!
His footfall's music, and thou know'st the air.
He comes, he comes—the loiterer too dear!
Minutes—how flee they now that he is here!
Farewell, regret! each doubting fancy dies!
Time flies! Time flies!

ANNETTE'S LOVERS.

ANNETTE was rather an incomprehensible young woman, and her love affairs occupied a good deal of the attention of the neighbors. The sight of a new and unfamiliar horse hitched by the old squire's gate created almost as much excitement as a fire.

Nearly every spot in the garden and orchard and the pretty grove back of the house had been consecrated by lovers' sighs and vows. But none of the discarded could find the heart to hate her, and her old father doted on her fatuously, and could never be brought to believe that there was a drop of guile in the whole of her little body.

Annette loved every thing on the old farm; and when she tripped over the grass fields, and patted the cows, and caressed the calves, and lavished words of endearment even on the plow-horses that poked their heads over the stone fence, the effect upon her attendant cavaliers is said to have been quite heart-rending.

The neighbors' girls could, perhaps, have forgiven the admiration Annette excited if she had tanned and freckled; but she went dancing about bare-headed, with her curls flying and her cheeks in a glow; and the more the sun kissed her the prettier she grew, while her mates were quite tied down to the care of their complexions.

Martha, the elder daughter of the family, kept pretty strict rule in the farm-house. She was leaning toward middle age. There was a shade of red in her hair, and people described her as a capable, energetic, religious woman, who would make somebody a good wife. The truth is, Martha needed a field wider than home afforded. She would have spent herself, and shown any amount of devotion and personal forgetfulness, in a cause where she could manage and direct; but then the old squire was hopelessly bent on humoring Annette, and Annette and her lovers appeared to be unmanageable, so that Martha's peculiar talents were in some sense wasted.

One very lovely day in June Annette sat in a window-seat of the shady old stone house. She sat with her foot under her, which is a favorite position with heroines in moments of unrestraint, and was transferring some pretty work to a lace collar. Her canary-bird over her head trilled out a note or two of his song, a luxuriant bitter-sweet vine twined around the window, and through it came the odors of new-mown hay and roses. Martha was at that moment engaged in putting a conspicuously large patch on a pair of her father's old trousers. She rather prided herself on bringing out a disagreeable, hot piece of work on summer afternoons when the weather was unusually fine. And indeed Martha was given to an oppressive style of usefulness.

"They say Melville Chase has come home from his travels to settle down on the farm his uncle bought for him in the neighborhood," Martha suspended operations on the trousers while conveying this piece of information, and then she added: "I hope his money won't spoil him, but most likely it will. Lib Hardy is the only girl in the village that knows him, and I guess she'll contrive to keep him to herself. At any rate, I do hope, for mercy's sake, he won't get to running here. Folks talk enough already, and I don't say but what they have occasion. This house has been called ministers' tavern ever since I can remember. I don't mind waiting on good men, and cooking for them, and bracing them up for their stated services; but it's a different thing when a pack of your beaux has to be fed."

"I don't ask them to come," retorted Annette, with some spirit, shaking back her curls and holding up her silver thimble on the tip of a bewitching middle finger. "I can't put up a sign-board warning them off the premises, or set the dog on when they come to the house of their own accord."

"You can be more discreet," returned Martha, giving her face a savage little slap, in the

hope of capturing a persistent fly, "and not make every man you meet think you have fallen desperately in love with him at first sight."

Martha delivered herself of this in a manner which showed that if she had it in her power she would do away with such dangerous female seductions by a penal enactment.

"Oh, Puss!" returned Annette, pathetically; "any body to hear you talk would think I was a bold girl."

"I don't say that," Martha answered, her tone a little softened, "for you have been too well brought up. I've toiled over you ever since mother died; but I should be sand-blind not to know that you never curl your hair or stick in a pin without doing it for effect. If you were conscious that you have an immortal soul, you wouldn't be so trifling."

"I don't know why we shouldn't want to look pretty if we have got immortal souls," retorted Annette. "God wouldn't have made all the flowers and beautiful things there are in the world if there was any harm in it. But no girl ever had to go through what I do, and I wouldn't much care if I was a perfect fright in frizzy, brown, pipe-stem curls, with all my teeth on pivots: then I could have a little peace of my life. And there are Lib Hardy and Jane Pearsall, their eyes fairly turning green watching to see who comes here. I do believe all the girls in the neighborhood think they would have been well married long ago but for me. I'll tell you, as a dead secret, that Charley Ferris declared to me he wouldn't marry Jane Pearsall if she was the only girl in creation, and now he looks at me so pitifully in church. Poor Charley! I told him he mustn't come here any more. I positively forbade it, and put my foot down. Oh, Puss, I wish you could have a bean you don't want, and had to manoeuvre to keep him from proposing, you'd see what torture it is, what agony I endure, how I am laid on the rack, and you would have a little more charity."

It is impossible to conjecture what reply Martha would have made to this moving appeal, for Deacon Harmon's wife had come round the "kitchen way," and now thrust her head, in its Shaker bonnet, through the vines of the sitting-room window. Mrs. Harmon was not dowered with the fatal gift of beauty, but she was an excellent, hard-working mother of a family.

"I've just ketched time to run over," said she, "and tell you there's a foreign missionary coming to town. He must put up somewhere, and husband thought mebbe you'd have an extra room. You see, brother Zeph's wife is over to our house. She's sick, or, at any rate, she thinks she is, and it makes her fidgety to have strangers round."

"Oh, of course," returned Martha, sarcastically, "we haven't done our share keeping ministers and helping to support the church. There's an adage, 'Don't ride a free horse to death'; but it would seem nobody ever heard of it in this community."

"You did take in that last cold porter, I know," said Mrs. Harmon, nothing daunted. "But just then my little Sim was coming down with the chicken-pox, and I didn't know but it might be something bad that was catching. But I ought to have told you in the first place that Brother Stickney is on the look-out for a wife. He's around collecting a little money for the missions; but he means to carry back a partner with him to Inja, and, as they say, kill two birds with one stone. His last wife died of the climate. It's pretty apt not to agree with wives, especially if they're weakly to begin with. But a missionary has got to have one, or else he's like a cart with only one wheel. You see, Brother Stickney is fervent in spirit and diligent in business, and his business just now is to get a wife. It always has seemed to me, Martha, that you ought to go on a mission, you'd be so devoted, and would labor in season and out of season to bring the heathen to a sense of sin. Then you have got such a wiry constitution. More than half the girls round here, I'll venture to say, would go into a miasmy so thick you could cut it with a knife for the sake of getting married; but they hain't got no backbone, or there's something or t'other out of gear. I think you ought to be grateful to me for sending the missionary to this house."

"You talk as if I would be led like a lamb to the slaughter," responded Martha, with some asperity. "And as for the heathen, there's enough of 'em right around home."

"Oh, laws, Martha!" laughed Mrs. Harmon, "you're no lamb. Annette there, with her flummediddles and furbelows, is the lamb, and she frisks around and catches the beaux; but you're as good mutton as ever was. And as for our bein' heathens around here, why, we wear clothes and go to meetin' and appear respectable; but from all I hear, the unconverted kind go pretty much as they was born. I guess, from what I know of 'em, they're like the Perizzites and the Hittites and the Jebusites that the Bible speaks of."

"Oh, Mrs. Harmon," cried Annette, in high glee, "how glad I am you have caught a missionary for Martha! My affairs don't keep her busy more than half the time; and it's such a consolation to think that before she's been a month over in India she will have all those improper little boys and girls in tail coats and pan-talons, singing, 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite.'"

Annette was sitting up in her own window when the missionary, a tall, erect, sun-browned man, passed under the porch. He glanced up, and thought to himself, "What a pretty picture!" for the bitter-sweet vine was wreathed about the casement, and the young girl had put a rose in her hair. The stranger had searching eyes that smiled in a still sort of way, and perfect teeth. The heats of a tropical climate had not appar-

ently sapped the vigor of his frame, although his hair was quite gray.

Madge Boyd, a romping girl, who had been sowing the leaves of her geography along the road on her way home from school, stopped now at the gate under the big elm, and called out to Annette:

"Have you heard that Lib Hardy is going to give a big croquet party for Melville Chase? The girls say she don't mean to ask you. It's real mean of her."

"Oh, I shouldn't go if I was invited," returned Annette, pluckily; and then she ran down stairs to where her father, a white-haired, dignified old gentleman, was welcoming his guest.

The squire introduced Annette as his little girl, and kept fast hold of her hand while he talked; and the stranger's eyes sought the maiden's face more than once that evening. He was pleased to see that she listened with interest to his clear, intelligent account of life and things on the other side of the planet. Martha, too, had her eyes and ears open. Perhaps the thought came into her mind that it would not be hard to go to the ends of the earth with a man like that.

When Annette was tucking up her hair preparatory to going to bed she called out rather sleepily, "I say, Puss, if you go on a mission you will live in a bungalow and ride in a palanquin, or else you will ride in a bungalow and live in a palanquin, I don't know exactly which; but it will be jolly either way."

Martha's "help" took herself out of the kitchen in high dudgeon just at one of those moments when she was an absolute necessity. Annette did not love work, but she could work, and briskly too. She meant to be very industrious and self-sacrificing, and give Martha a great deal of time to sit down and converse with the missionary. But Mr. Stickney was not a man to stay put. When he ought to have remained on the piazza or in the parlor, whither Martha had repaired with her basket of mending, dressed in her polka-spot muslin, he seemed seized with a desire to roam over the house, and generally did roam in the direction whence he heard some sound of Annette. Once he found her in the pantry with her sleeves tucked up over a pair of rosy elbows, making cottage cheese. Nothing could have been prettier. The little minx got the minister to be her taster when it came to the salting, and gave him some curd in a long-handled iron spoon, looking almost irresistible as she stood on tiptoe to reach up to his grave and smiling mouth. Annette flew about from one thing to another; but whether she was working the sewing-machine, or weeding her verberna bed, or tying up the rose vines, it made no difference: the minister was not far off. He had given her some little idols out of his collection—ugly, flat-nosed gods they were, carved from soft stone and wood. Annette looked at one of them with a kind of wistful interest growing in her face.

"I couldn't hate such a horrid little black thing as this is," said she, "if I thought it had helped any body, even a poor old heathen. Do you think it would be such a dreadful thing to pray even to a crooked bit of wood, supposing you were in a very great deal of trouble, and didn't know any better?"

The minister made no direct answer to this rather heterodox question, considering that for half his life he had been struggling with the sin of idol-worship; but an eloquent something about his lips and eyes seemed to own that there is an idolatry which springs perhaps from original sin, and is yet very sweet and intoxicating to the human heart.

"So you have been trying your arts on the minister, a man old enough to be your father," said Martha, a little bitterly, as she met her sister in the hall.

"It isn't true!" cried Annette. "And I want to know if Mr. Stickney isn't a great big man, able to take care of himself? And weren't you flirting with him awfully yourself this morning about the number of catechisms sent out last year by the board?"

Annette rushed up stairs without waiting for an answer, and sat alone in the moonlight, feeling that she was a very unhappy, persecuted girl. It was an understood thing that Mr. Stickney had come after Martha, and Annette resolved that night before she went to sleep that she would be very magnanimous, and refrain in the future from giving the missionary a nice word, or so much as a smile.

The next morning a new Biddy was installed in the kitchen; so she remained nearly all day hived up in her chamber, where she could hear the minister pacing back and forth. She did not dare to leave her perch, and after a term of partial imprisonment began to pine for fresh air. Her only alleviation was in the shape of snatches of chat with Madge Boyd, who kept her informed of the progress of preparations for Lib Hardy's grand party. Three croquet sets were bespoken, the ice-cream was to be made in five-minute freezers from Newcombe's, and half the girls in the village were working themselves sick on new muslin over-skirts. There was Spotty's new calf tethered under the trees, and old Ranger in the stable whinnying for his usual allowance of green apples. A hill rose just back of the house, with breezes running octaves through the meadow grass. It was the day of the party, and Annette meant to break bounds that very afternoon, whatever happened. She thought she could do it with safety, for Martha had ordered Major put to the carry-all, to take herself and the missionary round on a circuit among the decrepit, invalid people of the village. So she slipped across the barn inclosure, and was just breathing the timothy and clover of the hill, when, on looking back, she saw the minister putting his tall person over the fence.

Annette knew that she was pursued. She caught a loose bit of the sole of her old boot on

a little stone and almost fell, then she dropped a book she had brought along to press flowers in, but did not stop to pick it up. The minister picked it up and put it in his pocket. In another minute Annette had reached the bars that led into the wood lot. Here she was obliged to stop, for she was panting, and the bars offered an obstacle it would take a little time to surmount. The missionary came on with that steady, powerful pace it is hard to get away from. He looked masterful and all-conquering. His face was in a fine glow, and his eyes spoke volumes. "You thought you could run away from me," said he, gently; "but one of my long steps is worth a dozen of your short ones. And then I did not mean to let you escape. There is something I want to say to you."

"Don't," said she, turning a little pale in spite of the heat she was in, and putting out her hand toward him. "Martha is waiting for you."

Her tone was almost imploring. From the place where they stood the flutter of Martha's skirts, like a danger signal, could be seen on the piazza. The minister took an eager step forward, and Annette sprang over the low bars, and almost fell into the arms of a young man who had just turned out of the wood path.

Mr. Stickney stood as if bewildered for an instant, and then walked slowly along the bush-bordered fence, and finally sat down on a stone under a large tree. A sudden shock had awakened the good man. He realized that he had been on the brink of a very foolish act. Annette, the little witch, had almost carried him off his feet. He had forgotten all about consequences, and given himself up to the spell of this child's dove's eyes and winsome ways. He had quaffed the intoxicating draught all the more eagerly because, though perhaps he knew it not, his nature was fresh and untainted. His life had been given to what he believed was a sacred cause. He had put his Master's work above all personal affections; and even while the music of this young creature had been charming his ear, he had half unconsciously studied the excellent, serviceable traits of her sister Martha's character. These things came back to him now, and he rose and slowly took the path down the hill to where Martha sat waiting, making the rocking-chair creak a little with impatience; and together they got into the carry-all and drove away.

The young man into whose arms Annette had nearly fallen was well bronzed by the sun, a tawny mustache concealed his mouth, and there were many humorous lines about his clear gray eyes.

"Oh dear!" stammered Annette; "I hope you will excuse me; but I was so glad to get away."

"You don't mean to say," retorted the young man, with a sort of cool inquisitiveness, "that that old gentleman was making love to you?"

Annette could not find a word with which to answer. She was covered with confusion, and stood looking down at the toe of her shabby boot. The young man hoped her embarrassment would last an hour, to give him a chance to study her face, for he thought she was the most exquisite young woman he had ever seen.

"I should say," said he, "if I were to give a guess, that you are Miss Annette Benedict, for no other young lady about here has a reputation for this kind of adventure."

"And I should say you are Mr. Melville Chase," retorted Annette, who had now taken herself in hand again, "from the likeness that Lib Hardy carries in her locket. She says she has had heaps of letters from you—love-letters, for aught I know."

"Heaps, indeed!" repeated Melville, opening his eyes wide. "I believe one or two formal little notes have passed between us; and the likeness she begged from my cousin, Lucy Malcolm, who used to be a school-mate of Miss Hardy's."

"I am glad to hear it," said Annette, accepting this as a proper vindication of the young man's character. They were walking along now under the trees almost unconsciously.

"What a queer impression you must have got of me," said Melville, rather thoughtfully; "and, do you know, I had some way taken the stupid notion into my head that you were rather a dangerous young woman."

Annette colored violently. She had never in her life before felt so anxious to stand well in the eyes of another.

"I suppose," she faltered, "the girls have been telling tales."

"I was an addle-pate to take up such impressions," Melville went on, half to himself; "but I will tell you frankly, Miss Benedict, I thought you were a very amusing, irresistible young lady, who enjoyed using her power. I was not sure I should ever care to meet you. My only excuse for such stupidity is, that after a fellow has traveled half over creation, and knocked about from one country to another, he comes to prize a true-hearted girl more than any thing in the world."

"And you had such ideas of me? You thought I was an artful, designing, unprincipled girl?"

They were near a copse of firs and cedars, where a bright little spring bubbled and sang. Annette's feelings obliged her to sit down on a mossy stone, and she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, while two or three tears glittered and fell into her lap.

Her companion was quite overcome, and felt that he must go down on his knees to console the enchanting little girl, and kiss away her tears. "Don't cry, I beg," said he, in a tone of entreaty. "You make me feel like a first-class villain; and I could almost hand my purse to any body that would give me a horsewhipping."

Annette raised her moist eyes, and a cunning little smile curled round her rosy lips. "I want

you to believe that I never meant to do wrong," said she; "and if any body has been made unhappy, I am very sorry. What is a girl to do in a dull little village when there is nothing but scandal and tea-fights for her entertainment? Of course it's pleasant to have a friend, but just as soon as you get him broken in, and think you're going to have a nice, comfortable time, he will make himself disagreeable. Men are so dreadfully perverse. There is that minister you saw just now—such a fine man! And he came to see my sister Martha. It was all understood. Why should he care for a foolish little thing like me? I tried my best not to have him—"

"But he couldn't help it to save his life," exclaimed Melville, with enthusiasm; "and I think the old gentleman is a trump, without meaning any disrespect to his cloth."

Melville Chase forgot Lib Hardy's party that afternoon as completely as if he had been Rinaldo in Armida's garden. When Annette got back home the stars were out, and pale heat-lightnings played through the trees, and dews lay thick on the grass. She crept on to the piazza, and peeped through the blinds into the parlor, where Mr. Stickney was sitting on the hair-cloth sofa beside her sister. She knew then that Martha was going on a mission. The missionary's face did not glow as Annette had seen it; her heart was beating with a new pulse of happiness, but she stole up to her own room in the dark, and sat there quietly for a long time.

The next day Mrs. Harmon saw Melville Chase ride up to Squire Benedict's leading a smooth-skinned bay horse, with a lady's saddle strapped to his back.

"I'll be whipped," said she, "if that sly little tike hain't ketched young Chase. She's the plaguest little creature. But I don't care much, Lib Hardy has been in such a twitter after him. Annette is kind-hearted and generous. I remember how she nursed my Johnny through the scarlet fever. If she marries a man she loves, she'll make the best kind of a wife."

Melville thought so too, and it was on the fourth or fifth ride that Annette proved to his entire satisfaction that she loved him with all her heart. It was also settled that they were to live with the old squire; and, furthermore, to pay for the treatment she had received in the matter of Lib Hardy's party, they decided to invite all the girls of the village to the wedding—a method of heaping coals of fire on the heads of enemies Melville thought he should enjoy.

Nothing can be prettier than to see the old white-haired squire now pottering about the garden with a troop of children. Nor is it strange that Annette has become the most popular person in the village; for "some flowers strike their roots almost as deep as trees."

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Quarrels of Authors; and of Artists.—George Hudson's Will.—M. Dumas's Discovery.—A Buffalo Treat.

THERE have been sad quarrels among our authors and artists lately, which in one case, at all events, can unfortunately not be set down to the account of the high temperature, for one of the belligerents, Mr. Anthony Trollope, is at Melbourne, and "breathes in converse seasons," or, in less poetical language, is enjoying, I suppose, Christmas weather. His grievance is with his brother novelist, Mr. Charles Reade, and arises from the fact that the latter has dramatized his "Ralph, the Heir," without his permission, and added his name to the play-bill. This certainly does look rather like what your Artemus Ward used to call "a high-handed outrage," which is not mitigated by the fact that in Mr. Reade's letter announcing what he has done he remarks that the law is on his own side. "Certainly," replies Mr. Trollope, "I should in no case have applied to the law;" but with all admiration for his friend's genius, he considers what he has done to be very sharp practice. The whole tone of the rejoinder is that of an ill-used man. "If the play succeeds," says he, "you will get the credit; while if it fails, as in spite of your dramatic skill it probably will fail, for the plot is a particularly bad one, I shall be damned as well as you. At all events, I hereby declare that I have no hand in it, and would have the public know as much." This is in substance (for the actual words I have not by me) Mr. Trollope's plaint, and certainly it is surprising that Mr. Charles Reade, of all men, who has fought so vehemently for the privileges of novelists as against playwrights, should have done this thing. More astonishing still is it that he should have selected one of Mr. Trollope's novels for his prey, since "dramatic effects" and "plot" are just the things in which that gentleman's otherwise unquestionable genius is allowed to be deficient, and since "Ralph, the Heir," by the author's own confession, is by no means an example to the contrary. Indeed, Mr. Trollope's warning voice, though it comes from the antipodes too late to stop the catastrophe, was that of a prophet, for the play in question is the very one concerning which I have already written to you, new-named by Mr. Charles Reade "Shilly-Shally," and which, like an unregenerate babe, died weeks ago in its birth, and was damned.

Then, again, Mr. George Cruikshank (this must be the hot weather) has discarded his modest character of humorous artist, and burst into that of an angry pamphleteer. I told you that he lately took it into his head that he wrote "Oliver Twist." Well, I suppose friends have gathered round him and clung to his coat tails so as to induce him to drop that. Dickens was always attached to him, and I dare say fooled him to the top of his bent as to his literary genius; but if you want to know what Dickens really thought of his intelligence, read that ex-

quisite letter of the great novelist's in "Yesterday with Authors," wherein he describes a certain Mr. C— at a funeral. There you have George Cruikshank in *propria persona*, or I'll swallow my pen (which has a porcupine quill for its handle). But, as I have hinted, he does not now insist upon being the literary father of little Oliver; he contents himself with "proving that the distinguished author, Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth, is laboring under a singular delusion with respect to the origin of 'The Miser's Daughter,' 'The Tower of London,' etc., etc." The contents of his pamphlet are neither interesting nor convincing; but what strikes our literary world with wonder is why so really admirable and famous an artist as George Cruikshank should want to be considered to be the author of "The Miser's Daughter." This reminds me of a dreadful epigram on a certain historical incident, which made a great noise in its time:

"I wonder not that erst for gold
The needy Scot his country sold;
But this I very much admire—
Where on earth he found a buyer!"

The merits of Mr. Cruikshank's pamphlet, as a literary work, do not incline one to believe that he could have written "The Miser's Daughter" to save his life; but the novel in question is really not a production worth making a fuss about, and most persons would readily allow that by no means its least attraction lies in its illustrations. The funniest part of this angry little brochure is the strange notion it evidences of the value of testimony. All Mr. Cruikshank's friends who were acquainted with the facts of the case, and whose names he instances, are dead, while those witnesses who are yet alive are comprised in "a clergyman of the city of London; a literary man, a member of the Conservative Club" (as if that made any case the stronger); "and a dear and valued friend, who is a member of the Athenæum, and deputy-lieutenant of a county."

Talking of authors and artists (for Michael Angelo Titmarsh thought he was an artist to the last, and perhaps secretly deemed himself greater with pencil than with pen), what a sermon poor Thackeray would have given upon his favorite text, *Vanitas vanitatum*, concerning the will of one George Hudson, proved this week for exactly two hundred pounds! The testator was once our famous Railway King—the great prototype of your Fisks and Goulds—and had fortunes to give away in his time, and gave them—that is, for a consideration. He was at one time the idol of our nobility, the golden calf before whom the noblest fell down and worshipped; and if his overthrow had but been delayed for a little longer, would certainly have himself been made a peer. His house was one of the finest in London, and his parties were crowded by the world of fashion, though, with the bad taste that has ever distinguished it, it made itself merry over the vulgarities of its entertainer. "How did your dinner go off at Jones's?" said a friend to Brummel, after one occasion on which the Beau had stooped to dine out with somebody not in the Regent's "set." "Oh, the dinner was all very well—unexceptional, indeed; only, confound it! the man had the assurance to sit down with us himself."

In the same way the great and the grand who flocked to Hudson's entertainments derided him among themselves. His wife was a great joke with them; she was, I believe, ignorant and vulgar, but, at all events, the stories that were current about her made her out a second Mrs. Malaprop. I especially remember the astonishment she is said to have expressed at the proposal made by her children's governess that two globes should be procured for the school-room. "No, miss," said she; "my husband may be rich, but that is no reason why I should let him throw away his money on globes in duplicate." For the celestial globe was to her unknown, even by name.

When the first blow of adverse fortune struck this colossus of railways these fair-weather friends deserted him, of course, as rats flee from a sinking ship; whereupon this good lady is said to have observed, "Ah! when they see that things are not so bad as they seem, and my George becomes all right again, won't they cry, 'Peccary!'" Now peccary is a pig inhabiting South America, and it is supposed that she did not mean that, but something else. If she meant *peccavi*, they never cried it, for in a few weeks the railway king was dethroned and ruined; and it was only a few years back that a few kind-hearted persons subscribed together and presented him with a sum wherewith to purchase a small annuity, upon which this once dispenser of millions made shift to live.

M. Dumas, *filis* (as he is still called, though his father is no longer with us), has startled us all by a new discovery. He has found out, rather late in life, that there is really something to be said for the marriage state, and also (which is a subject of even greater congratulation) in favor of Christianity itself. Not long ago, on the occasion of a certain fervent scientific paper that appeared in the *Times*, the *Saturday Review* congratulated its contemporary upon the ingenuity with which it had contrived to keep its contributor in ignorance of all the later discoveries of science, so as to come out fresh and enthusiastic upon a matter that was tolerably well understood even by unlearned men, and scarcely needed an article in the leading journal to introduce it. And so has it happened with M. Dumas. Respectability and religion seem suddenly to have burst upon him from their obscurity, and it is pleasant to know that they receive his approbation. Only with respect to marriage, he finishes a most philosophic and benignant piece of advice to a young husband in this rather unexpected fashion: "If all other means fail to win her to you, and to make her the wife she should be, *tue-la—kill her*."

Before I close this letter, may I ask—"mere-

ly for information," as Miss Rosa Dartell used to say—whether you know any thing of the great buffalo-hunt to be held on the prairies of Nebraska in September, and which we English are importuned by a daily advertisement in all the papers to attend? "Complete arrangements have been made," it says, for this buffalo-hunt, as though it were an Easter-Monday stag-chase; and "return steamship and railway tickets, Pullman palace sleeping-cars, hotel accommodation, tents, saddle-horses, wagons—every thing provided (except liquors, cigars, rifle, and ammunition) for ninety guineas. The tickets extend over six months, and allow of a visit to Niagara Falls." This seems to me almost too great news to be true. Suppose, when one reached "those well-known pastures and favorite feeding grounds of the buffalo," he shouldn't be there! Does the Burlington and Wisconsin River Railroad Company guarantee his presence? And supposing he is there, and proves too many for us cockneys—tosses us, or "stampedes" over us, as described so thrillingly in Captain Mayne Reid's books—does the company make arrangements for insuring its passengers' lives, like our railway lines at home? Your special correspondent pauses—before expending his ninety guineas—for a reply to this vital question.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE statue of Sir Walter Scott, which is to be erected in the Central Park, is nearly completed, and will be shipped from Scotland to this city early in September. It is spoken of by those who have seen it as a magnificent work of art.

A disgusted visitor to Niagara—disgusted not with the Falls, but with the extortions—gives the following sample of "extras": Carriage (ordinarily), \$5; toll for Goat Island Bridge, \$2 25; visit to Cave of the Winds, \$8; fee to guide, \$2; photograph in costume, \$10; ice-cream on island, \$1 50; drinks for party, \$2; toll on bridge to Canada, \$2 25; drinks at Clifton House, \$3; visit to observatory, free; purchases on descending, \$10; looking at the whirlpool, \$2; purchases after looking, \$10; purchases on visiting Indian, Canadian, and Yankee stores, with pretty girls as attendants, probably \$20; total, \$77.

Plenty of sleep seems to be wholesome. An eighteen-year-old girl of Temeschal, California, who has been an idiot all her life, after a deep sleep of seventy-two hours, a few weeks since, awoke as bright and intelligent as others of her age, to the great joy of her friends.

When the first telegram reached Amherst giving the news of the victory of the Amherst crew in the university race, some one, in his joy, began to ring the college bell. The staid and scholarly president soon appeared, and inquired what was going on.

"They've won," was the brief response. "Who? what?" said he. "Why, our crew at Springfield." "Then ring!" shouted the president, excitedly; "ring till it cracks!"

Every body knows the history of the Willey family, who, in 1836, on hearing the rocks falling toward their cottage on the White Mountains, rushed out into the dark night only to be crushed to death by the avalanche, while the house remained unhurt. The Willey House is one of the sights of the mountain district, and is kept in good condition. Another family now occupy it, but visitors are allowed to inspect the interior of the humble cottage. No relics of the Willey family remain except an old table and a Bible.

The "Memorial" to Prince Albert, erected on the site of the original Crystal Palace in London, is now completed, with the exception of the statue of the prince, which has been delayed in consequence of the illness of the sculptor. This memorial was commenced ten years ago, and has cost nearly one hundred thousand pounds. The entire structure is said to be marvelously beautiful. The architect, Gilbert Scott, has been knighted by the queen.

Sportsmen should provide themselves with spy-glasses, if they can not tell a woman from a sea-gull. A man and his wife living at Long Lake, in the Adirondack region, were fishing at dusk. They were sitting on a rock in the lake, the woman with a handkerchief over her head. One Palmer, a guide, with a companion, was rowing across the lake, and noticing the white handkerchief, inquired what it was. The opinion was given that it was a gull, when Palmer, replying that he would soon decide, drew up his rifle and fired. The ball struck the woman in the breast, killing her almost instantly. A man living in San José, California, while riding near the city one evening, saw two men whom he supposed to be highwaymen. He shot one of them dead, and made the other a prisoner. An investigation showed the victim to be an inoffensive French florist, who, with a companion in the same business, was going into the mountains near New Almaden to gather flowers.

A letter has been recently published which was written by the poet Longfellow in 1860, and by which it appears that the author of "Hiawatha" never saw even a photograph of the "Minnehaha," which his poem immortalizes, until after its publication. Some stereoscopes of "Laughing Water" having been sent him later, he remarked, "I have only imaginary associations with the place, having never seen it except in day-dreams."

More than twenty islands have their home in the beautiful Lake Memphremagog. Trout and pickerel also abide there—until they are ruthlessly torn from their home by wicked fishermen.

The French people love birds. In Paris the commerce of the bird market amounts to four millions of francs, and in the whole of France thirteen million francs. There has been recently established in the Rue Montgolfier a notable bird market, which is open every Sunday from

morning till night. It is a large court, shaded with trees, and a fountain in the centre. Every variety of bird seems to be there, even the most rare and costly. Often the birds are found to be artificially colored, by which process a good deal of cheating is carried on.

Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. His unwillingness to attempt one is said to have given rise to the practice of the President sending a written annual message to Congress.

It is said that Niagara is not the favored spot this year to which bridal parties chiefly resort, as they have been wont to do in past years. Perhaps even bridegrooms are becoming impatient under the system of extortion practiced by Niagara hackmen.

Somebody who saw and heard thus describes the performance: It was a young woman, with as many white muslin flounces around her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music-stool a twirl or two, and duffed down on it like a whirl of soap-suds in a hand-basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as if she were going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her hands and wrists, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would nearly cover the key-board from the growling end to the squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if it had been trod on. Dead stop—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump, and another howl, as if the piano had two tails, and you had trod on both of them at once, and a grand clatter and scramble and strings of jumps, up and down, backward and forward, one hand over the other, like a general stampede of rats and mice.

Roasted coffee is now believed to be one of the most powerful of deodorizers, actually destroying noxious animal and vegetable effluvia. Experiments which have been recently made with it have proved most satisfactory. This is a simple, safe disinfectant, and convenient to be obtained.

At the present rate of destruction the forests of Maine will soon disappear. The lumbermen predict that they will not last more than five years longer. This year the lumber is estimated at 700,000,000 feet.

The Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris, has just received a present of six magnificent zebras from the Emperor of Abyssinia. They are valued at £120 apiece. It is promised that they will soon be so tamed as to appear harnessed in the streets of Paris.

Iron springs are found at Long Branch, and promise to add to the popularity of this already very popular summer resort. These springs are two or three miles from the hotels, and the waters are pleasant to the taste.

Advertisers are adepts at ambiguity. A lady advertises her desire to obtain a husband "with a Roman nose having strong religious tendencies." "A spinster particularly fond of children" informs the public that she "wishes for two or three, *having none of her own*." Somebody wants "a young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion;" a draper desires to meet with an assistant who would "take an active and energetic interest in a small first-class trade, and in a quiet family;" and a Boston chemist advertises "the gentleman who left his stomach for analysis will please call and get it, together with the result." Slipshod English is not, however, confined to the advertisement columns, or we should not read of the shooting of a wild-cat "by a little boy five feet eight inches long;" of a procession which "was very fine, and nearly two miles in length, as was also the prayer of Mr. Perry, the chaplain;" nor should we be much scandalized to note the fact, recently stated in some journal, that a "self-made man arrived in California twenty years ago with only one shirt to his back, and since then has contrived, by close application to business, to accumulate *over ten millions*." An English theatrical paper, after announcing a forth-coming benefit performance, went on: "Of course *every one will be there*, and for the edification of those who are absent a full report will be found in our next paper."

An Englishman and his wife were recently traveling in Germany without a knowledge of the language. At Berlin they had been recommended to a hotel, whither they were riding in a hack, when the lady espied an imposing edifice upon which were inscribed in large letters the words "Hôtel Radzivil." She cried out, "There is a beautiful hotel, and the situation is splendid." "Suppose we go there?" suggested the husband. "All right." It was done as soon as said. No one about the hotel seemed to understand English, but by signs and gestures they made known their wants, and were shown to an elegant apartment, and afterward a delicious dinner was served. The travelers were delighted, but speculated upon the exorbitant charges which would doubtless be made. After a couple of days, during which every attention was shown them, they asked for the bill, but it was not brought. While the gentleman and his wife were discussing the matter, a gentleman of distinguished appearance entered, and said, "I am Prince Radzivil."

"To what may I attribute the honor of this visit?" politely inquired the Englishman.

THE PRINCE. "You have evidently taken this house for a public hotel."

THE ENGLISHMAN. "Certainly."

THE PRINCE. "Well, this is my private house, my hotel."

The Englishman was so astonished that he could make no reply, and his wife, in the greatest consternation, began to tell the prince in English that the word "hotel" over the door had caused her error. The prince, who saw their confusion, politely expressed his satisfaction at having given hospitality to English people, and begged them to remain a few days longer. Of course the invitation was politely declined. The Englishman succeeded in making the servants accept a few presents, and the prince insisted upon accompanying them to a real "hotel" in his own carriage. Prince Radzivil is the Russian ambassador at Berlin.



LOUIS XIV. TRANSACTING BUSINESS WITH HIS MINISTERS



APARTMENTS OF MADAME DE MAINTENON.—[SEE PAGE 578.]

LOUIS XIV. AND MADAME DE MAINTENON.

See illustration on double page.

THE career of Madame De Maintenon, though well known to every school-girl, is so full of strange contrasts that its recital never altogether wears by repetition. The granddaughter of one of the chief champions of Protestantism, and herself educated in the reformed faith, she nevertheless became one of the bitterest enemies and persecutors of the adherents of that religion. She was born in a prison, and passed the best part of her life in poverty and dependence, yet she became the guiding spirit of one of the most absolute monarchs who ever lived. In the prime of her youth and beauty she was married to a deformed and elderly buffoon; in her declining years she became the wife of a king. Nor did Louis's passion for her arise from any sudden and overmastering emotion. On the contrary, for years he persistently disliked her, expressed his weariness of the oft-repeated petition of the widow Scarron, and only took her into favor at the earnest solicitations of his mistress, Madame De Montespan. She showed none of the greed for wealth usually displayed by persons in her position, she was chary of asking favors for her own relations, and she manifested few outward traces of ambition. "Shut up in her apartment, which was on the same floor with the king's," says one of her biographers, "she confined herself to the society of two or three ladies as retired as herself, and even these she saw but seldom. The king came to her apartment every day after dinner, before and after supper, and continued there till midnight. Here he did business with his ministers, while Madame De Maintenon employed herself in reading or needle-work, never showing any eagerness to talk of state affairs, often seeming wholly ignorant of them, and carefully avoiding whatever had the least appearance of cavil or intrigue. She studied more to please him who governed than to govern, and preserved her credit by employing it with the utmost circumspection."

Our engraving is from a picture by Sir John Gilbert, A.R.A., recently exhibited in the Society of Painters in Water-Colors, London, and the following extract is from the catalogue: "She (Madame De Maintenon) would sit at work while they proceeded with public business, and the king would occasionally turn round and ask her opinion, which she always gave with modest diffidence, the minister and herself having previously determined how the matter in question should be decided."

LOVE'S REASONS.

WHY do I love my darling so?
Good faith, my heart, I hardly know,
I have such store of reasons;
'Twould take me all a summer day—
Nay, saying half that I could say
Would fill the circling seasons.

Because her eyes are softly brown,
My dove, who quietly hath flown
To me as to her haven?
Because her hair is soft, and laid
Madonna-wise in simple braid,
And jetty as the raven?

Because her lips are sweet to touch,
Not chill, nor fiery overmuch,
But softly warm as roses—
Dear lips that chasten while they move,
Lips that a man may dare to love,
'Till earthly love-time closes?

Because her hand is soft and white,
Of touch so tender and so light,
That where her slender finger
Doth fall or move, the man to whom
The guards of Eden whispered, "Come!"
Beneath its spell might linger?

Because her heart is woman-soft,
So true, so tender, that I oft
Do marvel that a treasure
So rich, so rare, to me should fall,
Whose sole desert—so small, so small—
Is—loving past all measure?

Because she has such store of moods,
So archly smiles, so staidly broods,
So lovingly caresses;
So that my heart may never tire
Of monotone, or more desire
Than she, my love, possesses?

Ah me! what know or what care I?
Or what hath love to do with "why?"
How simple is the reason!
I love her—for she is my love,
And shall while stars shall shine above,
And season follow season.

A VISIT TO THE COMMUNISTS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

IT sounds a little sensational, but it was not so in reality; it was interesting enough, however, to be worth while relating; and so many wild stories have gone the round about the cruelties practiced on the Communists, the way they were pent up in under-ground galleries, without air or proper human food, etc., that I think it a duty to throw in the small feather of my testimony against the story-tellers, and give you a true picture of the prisons and prisoners as I saw them. It was a burning hot day when we took the train from Paris to Versailles. We arrived there at one P.M. with the Messieurs les Députés, who were hurrying off to the Assembly, which is busy saving France and paying her debts. This last no vain and empty boast. Col-

onel Gaillard, the brave and distinguished officer whose enviable lot it is to rule over the Communists, kindly took us over the place—such of it as was curious to visit. A court-martial was sitting in the riding-school, and it was a strange indication of the indifference felt generally concerning its proceedings to see how few were present to watch them. Half the great *manège* was fitted up for the accommodation of the tribunal and the spectators, and hardly one-fourth of the benches provided for the latter were occupied, the remaining half of the hall being entirely empty. A large life-size figure of the Crucifixion hung on the walls over the judges' seats, and gave a character of religious solemnity to the court; otherwise there was nothing to suggest the fact that its judges were dealing with questions that involved the life and death of human beings. We waited to see one of the criminals examined, judged, and condemned. The sentence was one year's imprisonment for having fought against the troops on their entry into Paris. The prisoner, who was a very raw youth, with a hang-dog expression of countenance that went far to prejudice you against him, said in his defense that he did not fight with the Communists, having cooked for them, and that, in fact, he was by nature too timid to fire off a gun. The confession raised a laugh among the spectators, and the timid youth withdrew, evidently congratulating himself on having got off so cheaply. The entire proceeding lasted forty minutes.

From this we went to the large prison called the *Chantier*. In the yard soldiers were being drilled, and prisoners looked on at the exercises from open windows, quietly interested. As we passed the kitchen, which opened on the court, Colonel Gaillard said he would like us to taste the soup. It was just ready to be served for the prisoners' dinner, and had a very fragrant aroma. Moreover, everything looked so exquisitely clean, the monster *marmites* of copper shining like new gold, and the white delf bowls piled on a table, all as bright as any on our own breakfast-table, that we were not the least unwilling to taste the *bouillon*. It was exceedingly good, well flavored, and considerably stronger, I should say, than what is usually served in the best schools in Paris to pupils highly paid for. There were some huge sides of beef and mutton hanging up in an outhouse close by. We went in and looked at them, and pronounced them good. The prisoners cook for themselves, those who are professionals being chosen for the office permanently. This accounts for their being "better fed than the soldiers," who get, it is true, the same food, but have to cook in turns.

We then proceeded to the dormitories, which were not luxurious, certainly, but clean, airy, and as comfortable as was necessary for sound sleep. Every man had his bed and bedding doubled up, all set in rows down the room. There were several of these rooms, but we only went over one. Then there was the school-room, where the prisoners have regular hours for study and instruction of various kinds. The officer who immediately superintends this department gave us a prospectus of the subjects taught. They included reading and writing, arithmetic, French grammar, history, geography, mathematics, English, and drawing. There were some large maps on a board, which were just finished. They were so beautifully done that we took them for engravings; but it seemed they were the work of one of the prisoners, an accomplished draughtsman, who spent all his free time drawing maps and making plans of every description. He drew one of the prison to oblige an officer who expressed a wish for it; but he obstinately refused to assist in giving the drawing-lessons, or otherwise make his talent useful. This was the case with those of his colleagues who knew any thing. They all refused to teach. The prisoners were allowed to employ themselves in any way they could, and to sell the produce of their labor. We saw a quantity of little boxes and other knickknacks made out of bones, the common beef bones from their own table, and all done by one of the men. He sold them, and said it had been many a day since he earned as much in the days of his freedom. He was addicted to drink, which would, perhaps, account for the fact, and, indeed, most likely for his being at the *Chantier* now. There was a little chapel in a recess of one of the dormitories, where mass is celebrated by the chaplain of the prison on Sundays. The prisoners keep it nice and clean, arranging the flowers, etc., themselves. They had most of them a sullen look, but we saw nothing in the faces and manner of any of them to give you an idea of blood-thirsty ferocity, or, indeed, strong passions at all. The general expression was that of dogged weariness. Colonel Gaillard and two other officers who accompanied us on the round confirmed this impression made on us by the prisoners. They said that the most dangerous characters—the ringleaders, in fact—were already eliminated from the prisoners, and those that remained were for the most part the blind instruments who followed without premeditation, and often without knowing whither they were being led, like angry, unreasoning animals. They were most silent among themselves. They seemed to have little spirit left in them. Still, the officers said, as all do who have any knowledge of this class of men in Paris, that if they are set free they will be just as ready to shoulder the musket and follow fresh leaders to-morrow against the government, whatever it may be, and shoot and burn with the same savage, indiscriminating rage. We saw a group of fifteen or so standing with their bundles under their arms at the gate, waiting to be let out. They had been tried and acquitted.

A good deal was made of an outbreak that took place in the *Chantier* during the winter, and we asked Colonel Gaillard if it had been so very serious. He laughed, and said, "No; it ended in

a mere puff of smoke; but it might have given trouble if I had not shown them that I meant to stand no bullying." It seems the meat was bad one day at the first meal, or they said it was (and the colonel inclined to believe it, for just at that moment the number to be fed was so great that occasionally the supply was short or inefficient), and the prisoners took up their portions and proceeded to pelt the soldiers with them, and then rushed out into the court and pelted the officers in the guard-room, shouting and threatening in great excitement as they went. The commandant started off at once to the Justice Militaire where Colonel Gaillard sits all day, and gave him the pleasant news that the *Chantier* was in full revolution. The colonel got on his horse and bore down on the rebels. He is a tall, full-proportioned figure, gentle in his manners, but with something very imposing about him, and he is said to be singularly impressive in wrath. He harangued the Communists, who were taken aback at once on beholding him so suddenly in their midst, and told them without more ado that if they did not forthwith subside, he should order his men to march out and shoot them; if they had any grievance to complain of, they had the remedy in their own hands; they had only to apply to him, and justice would be done them; but if they attempted to create a disturbance, and take the law into their own hands, they would find him too many for them. Did they understand this, and did they mean to abide by it? The prisoners shouted, "Oui, oui, mon colonel!" and raised a cheer for him as if they were school-boys who had just got a holiday. He rode away, and their cries of "Vive le colonel!" followed him beyond the gates. From the *Chantier* he went straight to another large prison, and, contrary to all precedent in similar cases, he announced to the prisoners that there had been an attempt at a rising at the *Chantier* close by, and why and wherefore, and how he meant to deal with any such future demonstration; he hoped they would profit by the incident to prevent his having to threaten them in the same manner; upon which another cheer was raised, and the colonel took himself off to the Justice Militaire, and has never been called on since to suppress a row of any sort among the combustible population under his command.

We went from the *Chantier* to the Justice Militaire, where the colonel showed us a curious collection of Communist photographs and autographs. Numbers of the liberated prisoners sent him their *carte de visite* at the New-Year with some little complimentary words written on the back of it, occasionally thanking him for some kind intervention, etc.; others sent their card simply, but all signed *ex-prisoner* of the *Chantier*, the *Orangerie*, or whatever the prison was that they had occupied, clearly showing that, so far from being ashamed of the fact, they were proud of it. Among these valuable mementoes was one invested with a more tragic interest than the rest; it was a small picture of the Crucifixion with two holes in it; it had been cut clean through by the bullets that lodged in the heart it had lain against. The unhappy man had been shot a few days before at Satory. I observed that it was a good omen that he should have died with the emblem of faith and redemption on his heart; but Colonel Gaillard handed me another picture, and said, "Unfortunately for that consoling view of the case, this was found alongside of it." It proved to be the photograph of that terrible woman, Louise Michel, the *pétroleuse*, who out-Heroded Herod in those days of fire and brimstone. He gave us some strange instances of the reckless indifference of the condemned at the moment of execution; they, as a rule, died like cowards, blubbering and struggling, or like wild Indians, laughing and joking, puffing their cigar as they raised their hand for the soldiers to fire. A day or two before a man named Boudin was sentenced to death; he seemed exceedingly surprised when the officer went to his cell and read the sentence to him—not horrified at all, but surprised. He said he felt sure there was a mistake, and that his name had by some accident got on the wrong list. He was to be shot, he knew, but not with this batch, at least he understood it so, and said he would write to Colonel Gaillard about it. He did so, and the colonel, instead of sending one of his subalterns with the answer, went himself to see the condemned man. He said it was dreadful to let a man die with the feeling on his mind that he had been made the subject of a mistake of that sort, and that his few days had been cut shorter still by any negligence on the part of his judges. The prisoner was dictating a letter disposing of the contents of his portemonnaie when he went in. On seeing the colonel he came forward with *empressement*, thanked him cordially for taking the trouble of coming to see him in person, but that he was quite ashamed of having disturbed him; he never dreamed of giving him so much trouble, etc., and so on, as if the matter that brought the colonel had been a mere question of etiquette or ordinary civility. Colonel Gaillard, who had brought all the documents to prove to him that there had been no oversight or carelessness on the part of the court, was proceeding to show them and explain, but the prisoner "would not hear of his taking that trouble;" all he wanted to make sure of was that there had been no mistake; and since the colonel had been kind enough to look into the matter, he, the condemned man, was perfectly satisfied. He again expressed his thanks and regret, and wished the colonel good-morning. The latter had not reached the door when, taking up his dictation at the point where he had been interrupted, the prisoner called out to his amanuensis, "We were saying then one hundred in notes, fifty in silver," etc. Twenty minutes later he was a corpse, and the great reckoning been made that decided his fate for all eternity. There was another letter from a Communist containing a request for a "wooden

cross to help him to prepare for death;" and a characteristic epistle from Louise Michel, protesting vehemently against "the indignity of being condemned to imprisonment for life, instead of being shot, as she had a right to, seeing that she had fought all through the Commune like a man, and had done as much damage to Versailles as any soldier of the federal troops." The letter was a wild tirade from first to last, and wound up with a *Vive la Commune!* written in large letters, and flanked by three notes of admiration. It is sad to think that this high-spirited *pétroleuse* was robbed of her due, and, in spite of her heroism and her grandiloquent appeal, is undergoing the ignoble penalty of hard labor, instead of having fallen like a man under the bullets of a batch of soldiers on the plain of Satory.

Needless to say that during our progress through the prison, and our perusal of these suggestive fragments of republican literature, the political prospects of the country were discussed, and equally needless to say that nobody said any thing that threw a ray of light on that dark and troubled horizon. It was strange and really painful to note the different views that each one took of the future of France, and believed in exclusively. The officers who had belonged to the Imperial Guard devoutly believed in the return of the emperor; and this seemed rather a general feeling in the army—that is, among the cavalry; the infantry is supposed to be republican, some say of so advanced a color as to be almost *Communard*. The misery is that no strong hand is stretched out to weld these conflicting elements into a unit, and guide the nation out of the dark waters in which it is floundering into a safe port of some kind, republican, monarchical, or even imperial—any thing would be a haven of refuge in the present chaos, and agitation, and stagnant apathy that prevail in all parts, paralyzing the energies of the party of order, and keeping alive the mouldering embers of the Commune.

GRACE RAMSAY.

USEFUL RECIPES.

TENDERLOIN OF BEEF (a sumptuous dish).—To serve up tenderloin as directed below the whole piece must be extracted entire before the hind-quarter of the animal is cut out. This must be particularly noted, because not commonly practiced, the tenderloin being left attached to the roasting piece, in order to furnish a tidbit for a few. The roast must be turned over to get at it, and then it can not serve many. A piece of the tenderloin is also frequently left with the steak piece. To dress it whole proceed as follows: Wash the piece well, put it in an oven, add about a pint of water, and chop up a good handful of each of the following vegetables as an ingredient of the dish, viz., Irish potatoes, carrots, turnips, and a large bunch of celery. They must be washed, peeled, and chopped up raw, then added to the meat; blended with the juice they form and flavor the gravy. Let the whole slowly simmer, and when nearly done add a tea-spoonful of pounded allspice. When there is not a sufficiency of suet to give richness to the gravy, put in a table-spoonful of butter; in fact, the addition of the butter always improves the gravy, if not absolutely required. If the gravy should look too greasy, skim off some of the melted suet. Boil also a lean piece of beef, which, when perfectly done, chop fine, flavoring with a very small quantity of onion, besides pepper and salt to the taste. Make into small balls, wet them on the outside with egg, roll in grated cracker or fine bread-crumbs. Fry these force-meat balls a light brown. When serving the dish put these around the tenderloin, and pour over the whole the rich gravy. This dish is a very handsome one, and, altogether, fit for an epicurean palate.

LARD CURED WITH SODA.—By following this recipe exactly you will have lard so white and sweet as to leave no cause for complaint with the most fastidious of judges. During the whole process remember it is indispensable to work with slow heat. One even table-spoonful of supercarbonate of soda to every five gallons of cut fat—that is to say, just as you cut it up to put it on the fire, measure it, and to every five gallons put an even table-spoonful of soda in a pint of water, and dissolve it thoroughly; then pour it over the fat after it is put in the pot. Let it boil until it boils clear, which will not be for some hours if the heat is properly regulated; then take it off and strain it. We always let the lard stand a few minutes after it is taken from the fire before we strain it, or it is apt to unsolder the tin colander. It is best to strain it into an iron pot, and let it stand half an hour longer before it is put into tin or stone vessels. It requires a longer time to dry up lard with soda than without, yet its improved appearance more than compensates for the trouble. With the entrail fat the cracknels are completely dissolved, and you get very little soap-grease, but a large quantity of lard. Do not let the leaf fat stay on the fire till the cracknels are too brown. Always strain your lard through a cloth inside the colander.

BARKED SHOTS.—Take a quarter, cut the skin in squares, and cover well with bread-crumbs, which spot with butter and pepper. Pour over the whole two or three spoonfuls of vinegar, and bake. This makes a capital dish.

COCOA-NUT CAKE.—Break eight eggs, of which set aside four whites. Beat separately the remaining four whites and eight yolks till very light. One pound and a quarter of flour, sifted; one pound of sugar, pulverized; half a pound of butter, creamed; one cup of sour cream or buttermilk, and a tea-spoonful of bicarbonate of soda—the two latter ingredients to be added the last thing, just before you are ready to bake. Bake in large flat tin plates, so as to form many thin cakes. Grate two fresh, sweet cocoa-nuts, and add to them one pound of sifted white sugar, with the lightly beaten whites of the four eggs laid aside for the purpose; two tea-spoonfuls of corn-starch. Stir all well together, including the cocoa-nut milk drained from both nuts. When the cakes are quite cold, place one in the bottom of a large china plate, cover it well with the prepared cocoa-nut, and continue thus to heap up cake and cocoa-nut in alternate layers, until all of each material is consumed. If for other than every-day use, cover the whole with icing. This quantity makes a very large cake. If only a small one is needed, one cocoa-nut will answer, with half of every thing else. This recipe supplies a cake of delicate yet luscious flavor, and not otherwise than economical in its proportions.

(Continued from No. 88, page 547.)

TO THE BITTER END.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUNTLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

"WHAT IS IT THAT YOU WOULD IMPART TO ME?"

MEANWHILE, during all this bitter period of hope deferred and fast-coming despair, Bulrush Meads, the new estate which was to have been the delight and glory of Rick Redmayne's declining years, lay waste, or flourished only for the advantage of strangers and squatters. It was vital that the farm should be taken in hand speedily, boundaries settled, fences put up, order introduced where all was now only a fruitful wilderness. The consciousness of this was a secondary source of worry and perplexity to the man whose chief absorbing thought was of his missing child. All his dreams had faded. The vision was darkened of that low wide-spreading log-house, with its light verandas and broad balconies, and its romantic aspect, like a Swiss chalet. That airy castle was shattered. He might live to build it up again, he told himself in his more hopeful moods, when he had found his daughter; but in the interval those fertile acres, for which he had paid with the sweat of his brow, were lying waste.

He decided on sending his brother and his brother's family to take the estate in hand. He was fain to confess that James and those two hulking sons of his had done wonders with Brierwood. What might they not do in that wider, richer field? He could manage the Kentish farm himself, and keep a home open for his lost girl—the room in which she had slept from her infancy to the fatal hour of her flight ready to receive her.

He mooted the question one evening, when he had come down from his London lodging to the farm for a few hours' respite: painted a glowing picture of Bulrush Meads, but spoke with a latent bitterness, remembering all the schemes and hopes that had been associated with his possession of the place. His proposal was at first received with horror by Mrs. James, who was the sole voice of the assembly, no member of her family presuming to think or speak for himself in her presence. What! leave Brierwood, and the country in which she had been born and bred, to go and associate with red Indians—people who scalped each other and lived in wigwams, or if not red Indians, something quite as bad—Blackamoors perhaps! She would sooner starve than taste a bit of victuals that had been touched by a Blackamoor.

Rick Redmayne explained that the Blackamoor element need not enter into the business. The aboriginal Australian might be dark of aspect, but did not abound in the vicinity of Bulrush Meads; emigration was the order of the day; she could have plenty of stalwart Irishmen to till her lands and reap her corn.

"I think I'd as lief have to do with Blackamoors as Irish," cried Mrs. James. "It's bad enough to have 'em about at hopping time."

By slow degrees, however, when the map of the estate, with all poor Rick's notations, suggestions, and calculations made on board ship, had been laid out on the table and pored over profoundly by James and the lads, who might have their opinions, but remained discreetly dumb; when the extent and glory of the estate, the managing powers required for its direction, had been brought home to her, Mrs. James softened, listened with increasing interest, began to ask questions about this portion of the land and that, and seemed curious as to the capabilities of the house.

"It would be a fine opening for the boys," James growled at last, perceiving that his chosen partner wavered.

"A fine opening for their galloping about from morning till night shooting wild beasts," said the mother of the boys, contemptuously; "a deal of work they'd do in an outlandish place like that."

It was Mrs. Redmayne's manner to speak with contumely of the two sons whom, in her secret soul, she doted on, urged thereto by a sense of maternal duty. So, no doubt, did Cornelia flout and disparage her Gracchi in their adolescence.

Her speech had for once been injudicious. At the prospect of much slaying of savage beasts the two boys broke out into broad grins and unctuous chuckles expressive of rapture.

"Crikey, wouldn't that be a jolly game!" cried the elder hope. "It ain't often old Wort lets us have a pop at the rabbits in Clevedon Chase, and out yonder there'd be wild buffaloes, and kangaroos, and the Lord knows what to shoot at; eh, uncle?"

"Out yonder," cried Richard, kindling at the thought of that wider world where he had been so successful—"out yonder you'd have as much sport as the kings and their barons had in the days when half England was forest, and it was death for a peasant to kill a stag. You may buy a horse over there, and a good one, for a five-pound note, and may keep as good a stud as Squire Chevenix without feeling the cost. Why, you don't know what life is, boys, till you have lived under the Southern Cross!"

"What kind of a dairy is there, now, at this Bulrush place?" Mrs. James asked, thoughtfully. The boys kicked each other in a friendly way under the table, perceiving that she was veering round.

"Well, there's nothing very ship-shape yet a while; but there's plenty of room and plenty of material, and I shouldn't mind spending a hundred or so on the improvement of the place."

The idea of a dairy of her own planning was almost as tempting to Mrs. James as that vision of perpetual wild-beast slaughter was to the two lads. The dairy at Brierwood was all holes and

corners, she said, with not room in it to swing a cat, though there were inlets enough through which the cats could come to steal the cream.

An archetypal dairy had always been one of the matron's pet day-dreams. The ocean was an untried element, which she regarded with a natural horror; but if any thing could tempt her to cross the world in search of perfect bliss, it would be that idea of a farm-house adapted and improved on her own plan.

So, after much debating of difficulties which at first seemed insurmountable, Hannah Redmayne consented to the enterprise; and with her the whole family: the young men having panted for Australia from the moment the subject was started; James, their father, with the docility of a well-trained husband—if Hannah saw it in a favorable light, why, he had no "objections," he said, in his milk-and-waterish way. He made no doubt but he would be useful as his brother's agent, biding the time when Rick would come out himself and lick the land into a fair shape. He hadn't much of a fancy for a sea-voyage, never having trusted himself on wilder floods than Thames or Medway; but as other folks made light enough of going to Australia, and Rick himself had been there and come back safe and sound, there was no call for him to make any bones about it. In brief, he expressed himself willing to do whatsoever his wife and his brother desired.

All things were settled, therefore, before that evening's counsel was concluded. James and his family were to go out to Brisbane as soon as their traveling arrangements could be made, and thence to Bulrush Meads, where they were to take possession and establish themselves with full power to order all things according to their own discretion. By-and-by, when Grace was restored to him—Richard Redmayne spoke of that event as a certain fact—he would in all probability let Brierwood, and bring his daughter to that wild home in the backwoods; but his coming would in nowise disturb or dispossess James and Hannah. There would be ample room and verge enough for the two families.

"We've worked together pretty well so far, Jim," said Rick, "and there's no reason we shouldn't go on. You can manage the land well for me, and make a good living out of it for yourself; and by-and-by, when I come out, I'll make you my partner, with as big a share of profits as if you had contributed half the capital."

The family, with one accord, pronounced this a very handsome offer, and they shook hands upon it all round. Up in their attic that night in the gabled roof the two lads felt scarcely disposed to go to bed, so completely had this scheme of emigration taken hold of them. They would fain have begun packing their clumsy wooden trunks immediately, and have neither rested nor slumbered till they were on board ship.

"There ain't any overland way to Australia, is there, Jack?" the younger inquired, curiously.

John Redmayne opined that there was not.

"I'm sorry for that," said Charley; "it would have been a jolly game to ride half the way on camels!"

Within a month from this family conference Mr. and Mrs. James and their two sons departed with bag and baggage, after a farewell visit from the married daughter and her bantlings, who came from Chickfield to weep and lament over this uprooting of her race from the soil that had nourished it. The Chickfield grocer came to fetch his wife home, and gave utterance to ambitious and revolutionary views of his own with reference to the great colony. He had it in him, he avowed, to do great things in a new country: had ideas about mixed teas and the improvement of coffee in connection with roasted beans; to say nothing of the manipulation of Dorset butter, for which he had a peculiar gift—only to be developed in a wider sphere than Chickfield, where the prejudices and narrow-mindedness of his customers stifled every aspiration of genius.

They went. Rick Redmayne stood upon the pier at Gravesend and saw the great ship fade into a speck on the blue horizon, and felt that on this side of the world he was now alone—with his daughter.

The year had well-nigh come to an end before the yeoman's courage and confidence in himself wore out; but in the dreary December days, after so many futile efforts, so many false hopes, he did at last begin to lose faith in his own power to find his child or his child's seducer, and to cast about him for help. From the first he had kept his own counsel—telling no one his grief, asking no aid from sage advisers by way of friendship or profession. He wanted to keep his daughter's secret inviolate—his daughter's name from the breath of scandal. No one but those of his own household knew the address of his London lodging—a darksome second floor in a street near the Strand—or the nature of the business that detained him in London. He had paid all his debts, and shaken hands with his creditors and thanked them for their forbearance; had seen little more of his Kingsbury friends or acquaintance since his return from Australia. So far as it was possible he held himself aloof from all who had ever known him. Finally, however, after six months wasted in vain endeavors to discover some trace of his lost daughter, the conviction came slowly home to him that his own brave heart and strong arm were not enough for the work he had to do. He went to a solicitor—a man who had arranged some small business matters for him occasionally—and put a case hypothetically, as if in the interest of a friend.

A young woman was missing, had run away from home to be married, and had never been heard of since. What steps should the father take?

Mr. Smoothey, the solicitor—Smoothey and Gabb, Gray's Inn Place—rubbed his chin meditatively.

"How long has the young woman been missing?" he asked.

"Thirteen months."

"A long time. Your friend should have gone to work sooner."

"My friend has been at work for the last six months."

Mr. Smoothey looked at his client sharply from under pent-house-like pepper-and-salt-colored eyebrows, and suspected the real state of the case.

"What has he been doing during that time?" he inquired.

"Looking for his daughter every where: in public places, churches, theatres, parks, streets, omnibuses, shops, up and down, here and there, from morning till night, till his body has grown as weary as his heart; day after day, week after week, month after month, without rest or respite."

"Pshaw!" cried the lawyer, impatiently. "Your friend might live in one street and his daughter in the next for a twelvemonth, and the two never come across each other. The man must be mad. To look for a girl in London, without any plan or system; why, the proverbial needle in a hay-stack must be an easy find compared to that. Your friend must be daft, Redmayne."

"He has had enough trouble to make him so," the farmer answered, quietly.

"I'm heartily sorry for him. But to go to work in that *ad captandum* way, instead of getting good advice at the outset! In the first place, how does he know that his daughter is in London? How does he know that she isn't in New York?"

"He has some reason to suppose that she is in London. The man who is suspected of tempting her away is a man who lives in London."

"But, bless my soul, if your friend knows the man who ran away with the girl, he can surely find her by applying to the man."

"The man who is suspected denies any knowledge of my daughter—"

Richard Redmayne stopped suddenly, and reddened to the temples.

"The murder's out," he said. "It's my daughter who's missing, Mr. Smoothey. You'll keep my secret, of course. I want to shield her from slander by-and-by, when I take her home."

"I guessed as much before you'd said half a dozen words about the business," remarked the lawyer, in a friendly, reassuring tone; "your face was too earnest for a man who's talking of a friend's affairs. The more candid you are with me the better I can help you."

On this Rick Redmayne told his story, as briefly as it could be told, while the lawyer listened, with a grave and not unsympathetic countenance.

"Have you any grounds for supposing that there would be no marriage—that this Mr. Walgry would deceive your daughter?" he asked, when he had heard all.

"Only the fact of my daughter's silence. If—if all had been well, she would have hardly left her father in doubt as to her fate. My poor child knew how well I loved her. And then a man who meant to act honestly would scarcely steal a girl away from her home like that."

"The manner of the business and the girl's silence look bad, I admit," replied Mr. Smoothey. "Her letter stated that they were to be married in London, you say—you might give me a copy of that letter, by-the-way. Have you made any attempt to discover whether such a marriage took place?"

"How could I do that?"

"Advertise for information on the subject, offering a reward to parish clerks, registrars, and such-like."

"What! and blazon my girl's dishonor to the world?"

Mr. Smoothey smiled ever so faintly at this—as if the world at large were interested in the fate of a Kentish yeoman's daughter.

"You could hardly advertise without making the girl's name public, certainly," he said; "and that might do her mischief in the future. The written word remains. Put an advertisement in to-morrow's *Times* about Tom, Dick, or Harry, and the odds are five to one it may crop up as evidence against Tom, Dick, or Harry at the other end of the world forty years hence. Upon my word, Mr. Redmayne, I can't see that you have any resource open to you except to put yourself in the hands of one of these private-inquiring people."

"My brother Jim did that, and no good came out of it."

"Never mind what your brother did. I know a man who can help you, if any one can; as sharp a fellow as there is to be found in London. He served his articles with me, and practiced as a solicitor for nine years in a small town in the west of England; took to drinking, and went altogether to the bad; then came up to London, and set up as a private inquirer. He drinks still, but has some method in his madness, and can do more work in his own particular line than any other man I ever met with. I'll have him here to meet you, if you like, to-morrow morning, and we can talk the business over together."

"I suppose I can't do better than put myself in your hands," Richard Redmayne said, gloomily. "I reckoned upon finding my girl myself; but I'm sick at heart. I feel as if a few months more of this work would make an end of me."

Mr. Smoothey suggested that fathers and daughters are in the hands of Providence, and that things must not be looked at in this manner.

"What!" cried Rick; "do you want me to think that my child and I are like two pieces upon a chess-board, to be moved this way or that, with no power of our own to shape our lives? I tell you, man, I will find her, will save her, will take her from the villain who stole her away from me!"

"May God prosper your endeavors, my good friend!" said the lawyer, piously; "but that is hardly a Christian way of looking at the question."

"I have never been a Christian since I came home to England and found my daughter missing," answered Richard Redmayne.

He met Mr. Kendel, the private inquirer, at Messrs. Gabb and Smoothey's office early next morning. Mr. Kendel was a tall, bony man of about forty, with dark close-cut hair, a long red nose, a coal-black eye of fiery brightness, glittering as that of the Ancient Mariner, a clean-shaven visage, a good black coat, and as respectable an appearance as could coexist with the aforesaid red nose; a clever-looking man, in whose hands Richard Redmayne felt himself a very child.

He jotted down two or three memoranda in a little black-bound note-book, and then snapped the snap thereof with the air of a man who saw his way to the end of the business.

"If a marriage took place in London, I shall have the evidence of it in a week," he said. "If any where in England, I pledge myself to know all about it within a fortnight." And on this the council broke up, Mr. Smoothey having done nothing but take snuff and look ineffably wise during the consultation.

At the end of a fortnight Mr. Kendel wrote to Richard Redmayne, stating that to the best of his belief no marriage between Miss Grace Redmayne and any individual whatever had been celebrated within the British dominions since last November twelvemonth. He had put the business into good hands on the Continent, and hoped shortly to be able to speak as definitely with regard to any foreign marriage which might or might not have been contracted. In the mean time he was hunting for information about Mr. Walgry, but as yet had not been able to get on the track of any person of that name answering to the description of the suspected party.

Richard flung the letter from him in a rage.

"Easy enough to tell me what he can't find out," he muttered to himself, moodily. "Jim was about right; these fellows are no good."

He left Mr. Kendel's letter unanswered, and went on with his own unsystematic wanderings: now in the remotest purlieus of the east, or in the haunts of sailors at Wapping and Ratcliff Highway; now among half-deserted western squares, whose denizens were spending their Christmas holidays at pleasant country houses. He sat in sparsely filled theatres, indifferent to, nay, hardly conscious of, what he saw, but peering into every dusky corner of the house, with the faint hope of seeing the sweet pale face he was looking for.

Christmas came and went. Richard Redmayne heard the joy-bells clamoring from half a hundred London steeples, and that was all. Christmas—O God! how well he remembered Christmas at Brierwood a few years ago, his daughter's face radiant among the holly and mistletoe, the simple pleasures and banquetings, the quiet home joys!

"Shall we ever sit beside that hearth again?" he wondered; "we together, my girl and I?"

Bitter as this ignorance of his child's fate had been to him, a bitter knowledge was to come. One bleak morning in January, about five weeks after his introduction to Mr. Kendel, the office boy from Gabb and Smoothey brought him a brief note, requesting his immediate presence in Gray's Inn Place.

He followed promptly on the heels of the messenger, and was shown straight into Mr. Smoothey's office. The lawyer was standing on his hearth-rug warming himself, with a solemn aspect. Mr. Kendel was seated by the table with a short file of newspapers before him.

"You have got some news for me," Richard Redmayne cried, eagerly, going straight up to the private inquirer.

"Do not be in a hurry, my dear Mr. Redmayne," the lawyer said, soothingly. "There is news: Kendel has made a discovery, as he supposes; but the fact in question, if it does concern you, is of the saddest nature. I am bound to bid you prepare your mind for the worst."

"My God!" cried Richard Redmayne. "It is the thing I have thought and dreamed of a hundred times. My daughter has destroyed herself!"

"Not so bad as that. Pray sit down; calm yourself. We may be mistaken."

"The date is the same," said Kendel, gravely. "Miss Redmayne left home on the 11th November."

"Was your daughter a sufferer from heart-disease, Mr. Redmayne?"

"No—certainly not, to my knowledge. But her mother died of it; dropped down dead at four-and-twenty years of age. Why do you beat about the bush? Is my daughter dead?"

"We have some reason to fear as much; but I repeat we may be mistaken. The fact of the two events occurring on the same date might be a mere coincidence. You had better read those paragraphs, Kendel. Let Mr. Redmayne know the worst."

Mr. Kendel turned over the papers rather nervously. He was accustomed to be employed in painful affairs; but this seemed to him more painful than the common run of family troubles. Richard Redmayne's listening face, white to the lips, told of no common agony.

"It appears," he began, in a quiet, business-like way, "that Miss Redmayne left her home early on the morning of the 11th November. From that hour to this nothing has been heard of her. Now, having occasion some days ago to look through a file of newspapers in relation to another case I have on hand, I came upon the notice of an inquest held on a young lady who died suddenly on that day—a young lady whose Christian name was Grace, and whose age was nineteen; a young lady who had arrived in the neighborhood of London from the country within



"HE CAME AT LAST TO A BROAD SLAB OF POLISHED GRAY GRANITE."

an hour of her death. Shall I read you the account of the inquest?"

"Yes." The word came with a strange muffled sound from dry white lips.

Mr. Kendel read first one paragraph, and then two or three others, from different papers. One was more diffuse than the rest, a small weekly paper published at Highgate. This gave a detailed account of the inquest—headed, "Sad and sudden Death of a young Lady"—and dwelt on the beauty of the deceased with the penny-aliner's flourish.

"The man called himself Walsh," Richard Redmayne said at last, "and describes the girl as his sister."

"He would be likely to suppress his real name under such painful circumstances, and to conceal his real relation with the young lady. Mind, I don't say that this poor girl must needs have been your daughter—coincidences are common enough in this life; but the Christian name, the age, the date, all agree. Even the initial is the same—Walgr, Walsh. Come, Mr. Redmayne, it is a hard thing to trace your daughter's steps only to find the track broken off short by a grave; but not so hard as to find your child, as many a man has done, in something worse than the grave."

This was quite a burst of sentiment for Mr. Kendel; but his heart, not utterly dried up by alcohol, was touched by the silent grief of the yeoman. That despair, which betrayed itself only by the ghastly change in the man's face, the altered sound of the man's voice, was more awful than any loud expression of sorrow.

"Do you consider this clew worth following up, Mr. Redmayne?"

"Yes, I will follow it, and the murderer of my child afterward," answered the yeoman.

He sat down at the table by Mr. Kendel's side, and wrote the name of the coroner and some particulars of the inquest in his pocket-book. The private inquirer watched him curiously, wondering a little at the firmness of his hand as he wrote.

"Shall I follow up this affair for you, Mr. Redmayne?" he asked.

"No; I'll do that myself. If—if the girl who died that day was my daughter, I am the likeliest person to find it out; but if I fail, I can fall back upon your professional skill. You shall be paid your own price for what you have done."

"Thank you, Sir. I wish with all my heart I could have brought you pleasanter news. Have you any photograph of your daughter, by-the-way? That would help you to settle the question."

"Yes; I have her portrait," answered Richard Redmayne, touching his breast. He had carried his daughter's picture in his breast pocket all through his Australian wanderings: only a rustic photographer's image, a small wistful face, which would hardly be taken for the face

of a beautiful woman, color, life, expression—so much that made the beauty of the original being wanting in this pale reflection.

It was settled, therefore, that Mr. Redmayne should go to Highgate himself, hunt up the coroner, and follow the clew afforded by those newspaper paragraphs as far as it might lead him.

He went, found the coroner, and the doctor who had been called in at Hillside Cottage, when Grace lay dead in her lover's arms. From this latter he obtained a close description of the dead girl—the fair oval face, small nose and mouth, a little mole just under the rounded chin, the reddish-auburn hair.

There was no doubt it was his Grace. He had tracked her to the end of her brief pilgrimage. All his dreams of the future were over; the fair home in which they were to have begun a new life together, all the plans and hopes which had buoyed him up during that weary period of waiting, were done with now. Alas! whatever life they two were to share lay beyond the stars! Upon earth his search had ended.

"Except for the man who murdered her," Rick Redmayne said to himself. "God grant that I may live long enough to be even with him!"

He went to the house in which his darling died. There had been more than one set of tenants since that November day; but the cottage was vacant again, and a board advertising the fact of its emptiness was up in the neat little front garden: "Inquire of Mr. Selby, house agent, Kentish Town; or within."

Richard Redmayne went in, saw the little drawing-room where she had fallen, struck with death; the pretty bed-chamber above where they had laid her in her last quiet slumber. He looked at these things with an anguish beyond tears—beyond passion, or curses even—although deep in his heart there was something bitterer than a curse against her betrayer.

"Perhaps that man—Kendel was right," he said to himself as he stood by the white-curtained bed, on which he could fancy her lying in death's awful stillness with her hands folded on her breast; "perhaps it was better she should die than live to be what that villain meant to make her. Thank God she never was his mistress! thank God death came between them! And yet to have had my girl again—even a faded flower—to have watched the pale face grow bright again; to have made a new life for her in a new world—O God! how sweet that would have been!"

He thought of Bulrush Meads; those fertile slopes and valleys, the silver water-courses and forest background—all their glory gone now; thought of the place as he had pictured it from the first, with that central figure, the child of his love. Without it what availed those green pastures, those crystal streams? what were they but a desert waste without Grace?

An old woman was taking care of the house,

an ancient beldam, with one shoulder higher than the other.

"I helped 'em lay her out, poor dear!" she mumbled, when Richard questioned her about the young lady who had died suddenly in that house a little more than a year ago. "Such a pretty creetur', with lovely auburn hair down to her waist. I never see her alive, though I was here when the gentleman took the house."

"You saw him, then?" Richard cried, eagerly.

"I should think I did. I sor him arter she was dead. Oh, so gashly pale—paler than the corpse a'most, and so orful quiet. Ah, it was a queer set-out altogether! When he took the house, it was for his young wife, he said; when the inguiss come, it was his sister. Whatever she was, he was precious fond of her. I was in the house till a hour before they came, helping the servants to finish the cleanin' and such-like; and to see the things as he'd sent in—flowers, and hot-house fruit, and partials of all sorts; birds, and a pianer that was a perfect pictur' only to look at. Yes, whoever she was, he was rare and fond of her."

"May the memory of her cling to him to his dying day," muttered Rick Redmayne, "poison his life, and blight him on his death-bed!"

The crone was too deaf to hear this smothered imprecation. She went on mumbling about the "sweet young creetur'."

"What was the man like?" Mr. Redmayne asked her presently.

"Mr. Walsh?"

"Yes, Mr. Walsh."

"Rather a handsome man. Tall and straight and dark—not so young as she was by ten year or more, but a fine-lookin' man."

"Do you know what became of him after the inquest?"

"No more than the babe unborn. He paid a month's rent, packed up all the silk dresses and slippers and such-like into a big portmanteau, had it put on the top of a kebab, and rode away with it. The kebban as took him would know where he went—none of us knowed."

"And you don't know where the cabman came from, I suppose?"

"Lord, no, Sir, he was fetched promiscuous. Mr. Walsh paid for every think liberal, paid the cook and 'ouse-maid their month, and paid me; paid the undertaker—it were a very genteel funeral, mourning-coach and pair, and feathers on the 'earse; paid every body, and nobody ast him no questions. But it was a queer set-out for all that; and there must have been somethink to make that pore young creetur' go off dead like that."

"Something," muttered Richard; "yes—only a broken heart. She discovered that she had trusted a villain, and the discovery killed her. The story's plain enough."

This to himself rather than to the crone, whose dull ears did, however, distinguish those two words, "broken heart."

"Broken 'art? Yes, pore dear," she whined, "that's azackly what the 'ouse-maid says, while we was a-smoothing out her beautiful hair:"

"There was somethink as he told her—a somethink as he said to her soon after she came in—as broke her pore 'art; and that 'ouse-maid spoke the Gospel truth. It might be a diseased 'art—there's no gainsaying the doctor; but it were a broken one into the bargain."

Two hours later on the same afternoon, when the winter daylight was growing gray and thick, Richard Redmayne stood alone in Hetheridge church-yard—a very quiet resting-place, remote, although within fifteen miles of London, the burial-ground belonging to a village that lay off the main road, away from the beaten tracks of mankind—an unambitious grave-yard, where there were no splendid monuments, only an air of supreme repose.

"There will be no stone to mark where she lies, I reckon," Mr. Redmayne said to himself, bitterly, as he walked slowly to and fro among the humble head-stones. "A man would hardly set up a memorial of his sin."

He was mistaken. Not in a nameless grave did Grace Redmayne slumber. He came at last to a broad slab of polished gray granite, with an inscription in three short lines:

GRACE.

Died November 11, 186-, aged 19.

EHEU, EHEU!

Her epitaph could hardly have been briefer: and thus her story closed—with a tombstone.

"I wonder where he will be buried when his time comes?" thought Rick Redmayne; "for as there is a God above us, if ever we two meet face to face, I shall kill him!"

And he meant it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CONFIDANTE.

A LETTER, Lucy? for me to read?

Ah! tell-tale blushes, what secret now?

I am but teasing. There, never heed,

Nor blur with furrows that little brow.

Yes, as I thought. 'Tis the old, old tale:

He loves you; dreams of you night and day;

With hope he brightens, with dread turns pale.

Truths, dear sister, or babblings gay.

Love lives forever, if heart-born—real;

But fades like the roses I've now just clipped,

When told by one who your peace would steal,

'Then flit to some blossom as honey-lipped.

To you each word here is truth's own mint;

To me, once cheated, there's room for doubt;

You, sister, could give him your love sans stint—

What? tears and trembling? a dawning pout?

Well, darling, believe then, and cynic thought

Shall fade away in your love's sweet sun;

He is not worldly, nor fashion-taught;

I would not darken new light begun.

His words are manly; an honest ring

Sounds in each sentence. Ah, Lucy, live

Long in the love that can never wing,

Whilst I—well, yes—I have yet to give.



"'TIS THE OLD, OLD TALE."

THE BURMESE EMBASSADORS
AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

VERY friendly relations exist between the governments of Burmah and England; and recently, with a view of still further strengthening these relations, and of allowing some of his

to London. They brought with them costly presents for the queen, among others a beautiful bracelet, the gold of which weighs no less than seven pounds. Our illustration represents the reception given by Queen Victoria to the ambassadors on Friday, the 21st of June. The moment depicted is when the queen had received

England. The envoy delivered to the queen a letter from his sovereign, which was translated by Major M'Mahon, and which began thus: "From his great, glorious, and most excellent Majesty, King of the Rising Sun, who reigns over Burmah, to her most glorious and excellent Majesty, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and

ent thus describes their personal appearance and dress: "The Burmese are a fine race of men, whose features resemble those of the Tartars. They have flat noses, with open nostrils, Chinese-shaped eyes, and prominent cheek-bones; their complexion is copper-colored; and they wear their hair, which is very long, gathered up

QUEEN VICTORIA RECEIVING THE BURMESE EMBASSY AT WINDSOR CASTLE.



chief men to witness with their own eyes the wonders of European civilization, his Burmese Majesty sent an embassy to that country. The ambassadors, comprising an envoy extraordinary, two ministers of state, and a secretary, landed at Dover on the 5th of June from their steam-yacht *Tyeska Yeen Byan*, and proceeded

the letter from the king, and when the casket containing the presents had just been laid at her feet by the ambassadors. The embassy is accompanied by Mr. Edmund Jones, who is the agent of the Burmese government; and Major M'Mahon, late political agent at Mandalay, who has been appointed to attend the embassy while in

Ireland." As soon as the queen had received the presents, and made her acknowledgments through Major M'Mahon, the embassy withdrew, and returned to London. On their way to England they visited Egypt, Italy, and France, where they were extremely well received by the different governments. A French correspond-

in a knot on the top of their heads. The costume of the ambassadors was composed of a long silk tunic with wide sleeves, like those worn by ladies, and a skirt in gold-colored satin. The secretaries wore shorter tunics in lilac silk, with skirts, some red and others yellow. The head-dress was a sort of turban of white China crape."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THIRTY.—Black silk is the most serviceable dress to get when you can afford only one silk; but a gray silk will be more bride-like. Would it not be best for you to get the silk black, and have a gray cashmere for a morning wedding and traveling dress? The hat can be black, with a blue-green wing, and will answer with both suits.

ECONOMY.—Some black velvet ribbon and a little black lace will trim your gray silk dress very tastefully. The shade is a difficult one to match.

VIOLET.—Very dark purplish-blue ribbon is the violet shade. Bows and a sash of it will look well with your white suits in the daytime, but it is not effective by gas-light. Black velvet, or else white ribbon, will look best with your evening dresses for second mourning.

MRS. L. R.—Fruit stains spoil white napkins, hence colored napkins are used after eating fruit.—It is unhealthy to sleep in a room with growing plants.

LAVENDER.—The prettiest trimming for your lavender silk is narrow overlapping ruffles of a darker shade. Your pale green silk will look best trimmed with ruffles of itself and white lace. Valenciennes lace trims silks of pale tints beautifully. Point duchesse lace is not as much used as last season.

EIGHTEEN.—A brown or dark blue foulard suit would be pretty for you to wear now and during the fall. Make with a basque and over-skirt, and trim with side pleatings and bias bands.

MRS. JOHN.—The traveling suits most worn this month are of heavy gray linen made with polonaise and single skirt. If you want something handsomer, get a brown silk skirt with deep kilt pleating and a gray batiste or buff foulard polonaise. You will then require a large linen duster to protect your suit. Straw round hat and undressed kid gloves.

FRONT.—You will find schu patterns in late Supplements of the *Bazar*.

COUNTY GIRL.—The best traveling wrap for service is a good long-sleeved, or else a water-proof cloak. Dark blue, plum-color, and gray water-proofs are much used now, and are more pleasing to the eye than the long-worn black cloak.

A. L. P.—Make your gray and black striped silk by the Loose Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V. Trim the skirt with bias ruffles, alternating with side pleatings. Twenty-five yards of silk are enough for your ruffled skirt suit. Ruffles for the neck are not abandoned, though collars are more worn than at the beginning of the season. The new linen collars are the standing English linen collar with the points broken over at the throat. The cuffs worn with these are of two or three thicknesses of linen, made quite wide and flaring toward the wrist.

INQUIRE.—Handkerchief rings are only used on full dress occasions to display handsome lace handkerchiefs. At church, and when on the street, ladies use plain handkerchiefs of fine linen, hem-stitched, with an embroidered monogram or initials in a corner. These are not meant for ornament, and are kept in the pocket or in a chateleine bag attached to the belt.

A VILLAGE GIRL.—Trim your striped batiste polonaise with a gathered or a side-pleated ruffle three or four inches wide, or else use *écru* guipure lace. Certainly you can with propriety wear the curls that are so becoming.

BLANCHET.—Try oxalic acid for removing stains. Dip a sponge in the acid and touch the stains lightly with it. Trim your green silk with alternate pleatings of paler green and of Swiss muslin. White shoes with black toes and heels are not worn here.

NORFOLK.—You will find directions for point Russe work usually in the Supplements in which patterns of such work are given.

MRS. L. D. M.—It is best to make flounces of wash goods straight, whether striped or not. Striped stuffs that are not to be washed should always be bias.

S. T. H.—A striped percale suit made by loose polonaise pattern will cost from \$10 to \$15, according to the quality of material and quantity of trimming. You can probably buy a ready-made suit for less than \$10.

MRS. D. H. K.—A glossy black alpaca or mohair of good quality would be sufficiently dressy, if well made, for a shopping and afternoon dress for the fall. Make it with a loose polonaise by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V., and trim with overlapping folds and side pleatings. The description of a Byzantine dress in *Bazar* No. 32, Vol. V., will be a good model for you.

MRS. T. S. C.—Garments made by the Sacque and Cape pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V., will be worn next winter.

ELLA A.—Get a demi-lustrous black faille; make with plain Marguerite polonaise, or else with basque and short over-skirt. Trim with deep kilt pleating, or else with lapping folds two inches wide, and set on in clusters of three. Edge the basque with lace, and have a lace spiral down the back.—It is not considered good manners to rest your elbow on the table while eating.

JANE L.—You will find schu patterns in the Supplement of *Bazar* Nos. 30 and 32, Vol. V.

FRANCH.—The Supplement of *Bazar* No. 4, Vol. IV., contains a pattern of hood and scarf that will probably suit you. You can get a soft ottoman robe, white with gray Roman stripes; but a solid-colored cashmere, pearl-color, gray, *écru*, or blue, richly braided and fringed, will be in better taste.

BOARDING-SCHOOL.—See hints above to "Mrs. D. H. K." about making a black alpaca. Talmas and mantelets will be worn for wraps. Read Madame Raymond's letters from Paris in late numbers of the *Bazar* for further information. Put spirals of lace on your black velvet sacque.

MRS. M. A.—Your plan for making your black chalice dress is good.

ELAINE.—Fris your front hair and surmount it with a crown braid. Braid the back in plaits of three tresses and wind it around your head.

MRS. A.—A widow should not be expected to return calls or attend even the most informal parties for at least a year after her husband's death.

JUNE BUG.—If you would get some darker green silk and make alternate ruffles of the two shades on the skirt, a short apron, and a vest of the darker silk, you would have a handsome suit. The polonaise, however, and guipure edge you suggest are also in good taste. A dark gray cashmere polonaise would also be stylish with it.

F.—That part of the blouse-waist below the belt should not be visible. The over-skirt is put on last, and conceals the lower part of the blouse by being fastened over it.

MRS. W. H. A.—Make a black alpaca dress by pattern of loose polonaise walking suit, and trim with clusters of bias folds, each two inches wide, and three in a cluster.

MRS. E. C.—Read answer just given "Mrs. W. H. A." Shorten the skirt of your merino to walking length. With the pieces left over and your extra two yards make an apron over-skirt of simple shape. Trim both skirts with bias velvet or gros grain.

M. E. G.—The *Bazar* has given instructions in the art of making wax-flowers. We can supply you with back numbers for ten cents a copy.

LIZZIE.—Make your brown gros grain with a basque, a simple apron-front over-skirt merely hemmed, and an untrimmed skirt.

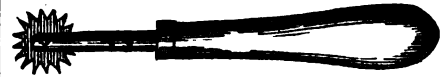
NELLIE M.—Your sample of gray mohair is scarcely thick enough for a traveling dress to be worn in October and afterward. Get a heavier gray material, empress cloth or poplin, and trim with darker gray silk in bias folds. Blue trimming will not be suitable. Wear a blue neck-tie, and get a black straw round hat, with a greenish-blue wing on the left side. Gray kid gloves. This suit will be in better taste for your quiet morning wedding than the blue Japanese silk you mention. Make it by the Loose Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V.

OUR FAVORITE SEWING MACHINE.—The cheapest and best sewing machine now manufactured for family use is probably the New Wilson. We certainly would use no other. It works with equal facility on muslin, woolen, cloth, cambric, tarlatan, flannel, and leather. It does not paralyze the spine, or wear out the operator in any way, neither does it demand an incessant stoppage to find out where the difficulty is. There is no difficulty. It runs smoothly and evenly, hems, fells, tucks, gathers, and binds. It does the finest and most beautiful work on cambric and linen. It also has the merit of being cheaper than any other first-class machine, as it can be purchased for \$50. The feeding device is an improvement on all other machines, and a special patent of the Wilson. It does not get out of order, nor break needles, nor slip, nor pucker the cloth. So complete has the Wilson Sewing Machine been made, by a skillful combination of brain and muscle, that it has left nothing to be desired. Salesroom, 707 Broadway, N. Y.; also for sale in all other cities in the U. S.—[Com.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. THOS. L. SMITH, Wellsville, N. Y., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine eleven years without any repairs, and one needle—No. 2—for nearly five years. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[Com.]

COLGATE & Co. have for years been developing the manufacture of fine toilet soaps. The standard required in this branch of work is remarkable. The *Cashmere Bouquet Soap* is offered to the public as combining the excellences of all good soaps.—[Com.]

THE American Institute awards the premium to *Electro-Silver* as being the best article for cleaning and polishing Silver, Plated Ware, &c. Sold by Jewelers, Druggists, and Grocers. *CORRY, REDINGTON, & Co.*, Agents, 9 Gold St., N. Y.—[Com.]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALL DRUGGISTS sell PERRY'S MOOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, because it is reliable.

FINE ARTS.

QUITE A SENSATION.—Have you seen the recent, rare, and unrivaled CHROMOS of the N. Y. Art-Pub. Co.? Their Flowers on Silver Ground; their Group of Ferns on Gold; their Paul and Virginia; their Lake Adirondack; their Classic Copies from Marble—these are some of their artistic subjects that no person of taste and culture can afford to be without. Their publications are highly commended by some of our best-known citizens. For Catalogue, &c., address **CHAS. H. LYON, Agent of the N. Y. Art-Pub. Co., 551 Pearl St., N. Y.—P. O. Box 3332.**

MRS. C. C. THOMSON Continues to purchase upon her usual terms. Send for Circular containing references and particulars. Mrs. C. C. THOMSON, 341 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

JEFFERS, 1179 BROADWAY, LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES AT POPULAR PRICES.

A. SELIG, Successor to S. M. Peyer, 613 Broadway, Importer of Zephyr Worsteds; Silks for Embroidering; Embroideries on Canvas and Leather—Slippers, Cushions, Light Screens, Suspenders, Strips for Oriental and Camp Chairs. Also, *Guipure and Point Laces*, and materials for making the same. Novelties in Fringes, Gimps, Buttons, Ornaments, and Laces. Fringes and other Trimmings made to order. All kinds of stamping done. Monograms and Crests designed and embroidered in gold, silk, or worsted, in artistic style, at the lowest prices.

Daniel D. Youmans, IMPORTER OF ENGLISH HATS, 719 and 1103 BROADWAY, N. Y. **LADIES' RIDING HATS. GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' HATS** in every variety.

LADIES Send for Circular giving description of the most wonderful discovery in the world for beautifying the complexion. Freckles and Moth Patches removed in ten days. Warranted. Address **Mrs. SHAW, 341 6th Ave., New York.**

CHENEY BRO'S American Gros-Grain Silks, IN BLACK, STRIPES, AND ELEGANT FALL COLORS, Of Shades especially adapted for Suitings.

F. E. PHOENIX, Bloomington Nursery, Ill.; 600 acres; 21st year; 12 Green-Houses; Trees, Shrubs, Hedge Plants, Nursery Stock; 4 Catalogues, 20 cts.

WORTHINGTON & SMITH, IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF **MILLINERY & STRAW GOODS,** 507 BROADWAY, N. Y., Under St. Nicholas Hotel.



THE WARLIKE TROUBLE BREWING in EUROPE Concerns us less, individually, than the *intestinal commotions* to which each one of us is liable at this season of the year. Fortunately, all disturbances of the stomach, the bowels, and the liver engendered by hot weather, sudden changes of temperature, or unwholesome atmospheric conditions are speedily relieved by a dose or two of **TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT,** which is nectar to the thirsty palate, and at the same time the finest of all cathartics, a healthful invigorant and stomachic, and invaluable as a means of preventing fever and congestion. The genuine article may be had of all druggists.

Library Edition OF MISS MULOCK'S WORKS. 12mo, Cloth, \$1 50 per vol. The complete set, 17 vols., in neat case, \$25 00.

Hannah.—Olive.—Ogilvies.—The Head of the Family.—John Halifax.—Agatha's Husband.—A Life for a Life.—Two Marriages.—Christian's Mistake.—A Noble Life.—A Hero.—Studies from Life.—The Fairy Book.—Unkind Word.—Mistress and Maid.—The Woman's Kingdom.—A Brave Lady.

Harper's new edition of Mrs. Mulock-Craig's works is so desirable for the library that it must have a general circulation among families. Her stories are so genuinely good, so free from gilt-edged vice and namby-pamby goodness, so noble and whitey pure, yet so fresh and interesting, that it is cause for gratitude they are published by the house which insures their most general distribution throughout the country.—*Correspondence Cincinnati Times and Chronicle.*

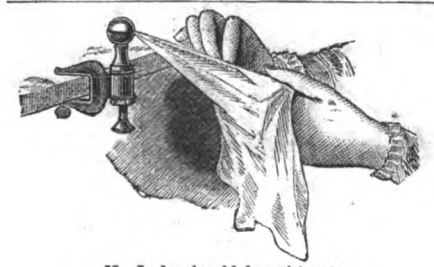
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of their works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.



DENSLOW & BUSH'S "Premium Safety" Oil, fire test 150°. "This oil will not explode or ignite if a lamp be broken."—*N. Y. Tribune.* Sold by all dealers in the U. S. Address **DENSLOW & BUSH, 130 Maiden Lane, N. Y.**

MOTHERS, S A V E THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE U R E H. ASTIE & CO., Sole Agents, 15 South William Street, New York. INFANTS.



No Lady should be without **Mrs. GILMAN'S PATENT WORK HOLDER,** A new invention, manufactured by the **ROPER SPORTING ARMS CO., Broad St., Hartford, Conn.** **SCIENCE! AMUSEMENT! INSTRUCTION!** **THE GLOBE MICROSCOPE** is an optical wonder. Magnifies 10,000 times, revealing the countless thousands of the hidden beauties of God's minute creation. As a gift to a friend or a child it has no equal, never losing its interest. We challenge the world to produce its equal for the price. It should be in every family circle and school, being simplified and adapted to popular as well as scientific use; and every lover of nature, physician, botanist, entomologist, &c., should have it. Price only \$2 75. Agents wanted. Sent prepaid, by mail, on receipt of price. Address **W. F. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.**

LUNDBORGS' NEW PERFUME, ARCADIAN PINK, The most beautiful and natural Perfume of the age! Entirely original, and made by no other perfumer. **SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, &c.**

NEW NOVELS JUST PUBLISHED BY **HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

MIDDLEMARCH. A Novel. By **GEORGE ELIOT**, Author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Felix Holt, the Radical," "Romola," &c. 2 vols., 12mo, Cloth, \$1 75 per vol. (*Vol. I. now ready.*)

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE. By **ANTHONY TROLLOPE**, Author of "The Warden," "Barchester Towers," "Orley Farm," "Small House at Allington," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, \$1 25.

A GOLDEN SORROW. By **Mrs. CASHEL HOER**, Author of "A House of Cards," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

OMBRA. By **Mrs. OLIPHANT**, Author of "The Perpetual Curate," "Agnes," "The Laird of Norlaw," "Brownlow," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

A GOOD INVESTMENT. A Story of the Upper Ohio. By **WM. FLAGG**, Author of "Three Seasons in European Vineyards," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ALBERT LUNEL. By the late **LORD BROUGHAM.** 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

LORD KILGOBBIN. By **CHARLES LEVER**, Author of "Charles O'Malley," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

POOR MISS FINCH. By **WILKIE COLLINS**, Author of "The Woman in White," "Moonstone," "Man and Wife," "Armada," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

CECIL'S TRYST. By **JAMES PAYN**, Author of "Carlyon's Year," "Gwendoline's Harvest," "Won-Not Wood," "Bred in the Bone," "One of the Family," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

A BRIDGE OF GLASS. By **F. W. ROBINSON**, Author of "True to Himself," "For Her Sake," "Carry's Confession," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

MAUD MOHAN. By **ANNIE THOMAS**, Author of "Denis Donnie," "On Guard," "Playing for High Stakes," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

EARL'S DENE. By **R. E. FRANCILLON.** 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

PATTY. By **KATHARINE S. MACQUOID**, Author of "Rookstone." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

FAIR TO SEE. By **L. W. M. LOCKHART.** 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD DICKENS. Elegant and Cheap. With Characteristic Illustrations.

OLIVER TWIST. With 28 Illustrations by **J. Mahoney.** 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1 00.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. With 59 Illustrations by **J. Barnard.** 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, BOSTON, MASS.,

Employs the most eminent instructors in the land, and offers better facilities for procuring a musical education, at **Lower Rates of Tuition**, than any similar Institution. **Fifteen Dollars per term** the highest charge in any department. The **College of Music of Boston University** is connected with it under the same general management. Situations procured. **Fall Term opens Monday, September 16.** Circulars containing full information mailed free upon application to **E. TOURJEE, Director.**

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key-Check Outfits. Catalogues, samples, and full particulars **FREE.** **S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.**

G. STINSON & CO., 2170 21st AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



WHY NOT?

FACETIÆ.

SOME people pretend that our mother Eve belonged to the High-Church. This is quite wrong, for Adam called her Eve—angelical. Perhaps she changed after they quarreled.

Love is described as very much like a Scotch plaid—all "stuff," and much crossed.

Who are the most discontented of all tradesmen?—Blacksmiths; for their bellows and blows are always going, and they are striking for wages all the year round.

A reporter, in depicting a wreck at sea, says that no less than thirteen unfortunate bits the dust.

"Here, waiter," said a gentleman as he was about leaving a hotel, "here's twenty-five cents for you. I give it to you because you have attended to my fire so well."

"Thanks, your honor! May you live long, and may I have the making of your fires hereafter!"

Queen Elizabeth always displayed her worst temper in her best clothes. She was then dreadfully ruffled.

ODD AGAIN.—It was the first pair ate the first apple.

TRYING IT ON.—Every thing will come in useful if you keep it seven years. A young lady, merely to put this to the test, has deprived herself of a new dress, and purchased a plain gold ring.



AGNES (entering). "Oh, how Nice and Cool you must Feel, Grandmamma dear! Why mayn't I wear a Low Body like you and Aunt Methusela?"
GRANDMAMMA. "My dear Agnes, what Nonsense! Why, you're scarcely more than a mere Child! You'd look a perfect Fright!"

Our sage says it is with bachelors as with old wood—it is hard to get them started, but when they do take flame they burn prodigiously.

Some women have no memory; when they want to remember a thing they should write it down and stick it on the looking-glass.

RELIC OF THE FIRE.—A lady widowed by the Chicago conflagration has been recently remarried. Her second husband calls her his relic of the late fire.

A man is not like a chicken—the older he gets the tenderer he becomes. All young ladies please note!

A gentleman inquired of a carpenter's boy, "My lad, when will this job you have on hand be done?"
"I can't tell, Sir," replied the honest boy, artlessly. "It's a day job, and it will depend upon how soon the governor has another order."

A countryman saw the skeleton of a donkey in a local museum. "How odd we look without flesh!" he said.

To ROWERS.—Can a dead man steer his own course?

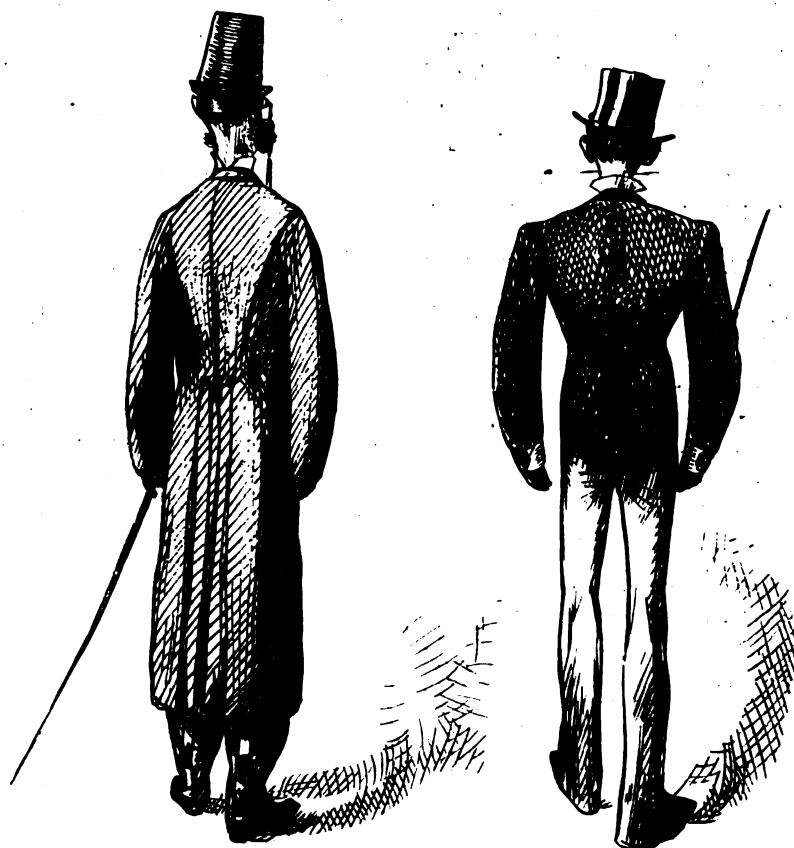
After all, what more is there in falling in love than dropping on one's knees?

Hardly any play would be well supported without props.

Why is love like a potato?—Because it becomes less by par(ly)ring.



RULE OF THREE.



O FASHION! HOW FICKLE ART THOU!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 34.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1872.

[SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
\$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Girls' Shoulder-Braces, Figs. 1-4.

Figs. 1 and 2.—VIOLET REPS SHOULDER-BRACES. These shoulder-braces are worn over the dress, and are closed in front with buckles and tabs. The original is made of violet reps, lined with fine gray drilling, and bound on the edges with violet braid, which is herring-bone stitched with black saddler's silk. To make the shoulder-braces cut of the material and lining two pieces each from Figs. 31-36, Supplement, baste the material on the lining, and join the back (Fig. 35) from 63 to 64. Set gray linen tapes on the under side of Figs. 31-35 for whalebone sheaths, as indicated on the pattern, and sew a similar piece of tape along the middle of the back. These tapes are stitched on the right side with black silk; in sewing the tape on the front edge of Fig. 31, at the same time fasten in the edges, and on the front edge of the left front fasten the tabs, which are cut from Fig. 63, Supplement, and bound, into the seam according to the corresponding signs. Set the buckles for closing on the front edge of the right front with short bands. Join Figs. 31-35 according to the corresponding figures; in making each joining seam sew the edges of one piece into the double material of the other piece, then make two rows of stitching, separated by an in-



Fig. 1.—VIOLET REPS SHOULDER-BRACES.—BACK.
[See Fig. 2.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 31-36.



Fig. 3.—RED SERGE SHOULDER-BRACES.—FRONT.—[See Fig. 4.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 56-63.

terval of a quarter of an inch, through all the layers of the material. Having inserted the whalebones into the sheaths, and fastened them with long slanting stitches of coarse black silk, bind the shoulder-braces on the upper and under edges with the braid before mentioned, and three-quarters of an inch from the right front edge set a similar row of braid, ornamented with herring-bone stitches, which is sewed on at the ends and in the middle, and serves for slipping through the tabs. Bind the shoulder pieces, and sew the ends to the under side of the shoulder-braces according to the corresponding figures and signs.

Figs. 3 and 4.—RED SERGE SHOULDER-BRACES. The back parts of these shoulder-braces, which extend very high, are furnished on the upper edge with close cross rows of whalebone; the shoulder-braces are laced in the back and closed in front with tabs and buckles. The trimming consists of red worsted braid, which is herring-bone stitched with black silk. To make the shoulder-braces cut of the material and gray linen two pieces each from Figs. 57-63, Supplement. Having basted the material on the lining, backstitch Fig. 61 from 48 to 49 into the double material of Fig. 62, and three-quarters of an inch from this seam make another row of stitching. Join Figs. 59 and 61 in the same way, having first set the gore (Fig. 60) into Fig. 59 according to the corresponding figures. First backstitch the gore into the double material of Fig. 59, and then button-hole stitch the outer material of Fig. 59 on the gore along the hollow with black silk (see illustration, Fig. 15,



Fig. 2.—VIOLET REPS SHOULDER-BRACES.—FRONT.
[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 31-36.

FIGS. 1-4.—GIRLS' SHOULDER-BRACES.

page 565). Furnish Figs. 57-59 on the under side with linen tapes of the requisite width for whalebones, as indicated on the pattern, which are stitched on the right side. In doing this at the same time sew the front edges of Fig. 57, and on the front edge of the left front fasten in the buckles required for closing by means of short bands. On the right front fasten the tabs, Fig. 63, into the seam according to the corresponding signs. Furnish the back parts along the straight back edges with two rows of stitching; in doing this at the same time fasten the outer edges, which are folded on the inside, and work eyelet-holes between the two rows of stitching. Stitch crosswise through the double material of the back, as shown by the illustration and partly indicated on Fig. 61, Supplement, for the whalebones, and fasten the latter on the ends with long slanting stitches of black silk. In inserting the whalebones care should be taken that they end five-eighths of an inch from the outer edge on that side of the back which comes on the armhole. On the under side of the back set a wide strip of linen for a wide whalebone, as indicated on the pattern, which extends to the upper edge of the back and rests on the whalebones set in crosswise. Having joined all the parts according to the corresponding figures, bind the shoulder-braces all around, excepting



Fig. 4.—RED SERGE SHOULDER-BRACES.—BACK.
[See Fig. 3.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 57-63.

the front and back edges, with red worsted braid, and herring-bone stitch the braid with black silk. A quarter of an inch from the front edge of the left front set bands of red worsted braid, through which the tabs are drawn.

DOLLY VARDEN SCRAP JARS.

CHOOSE a large earthen jar of as desirable a shape as you can find, and from one to two feet high. They are to be had in great variety at the china stores, or one may now and then be picked up at second-hand shops or auction-rooms. Perhaps it may once have been used for pickles, or lard, or some other useful but homely purpose quite foreign to our present subject; but never mind that: it will now serve just as well for this new purpose; and if its shape be graceful, and dimensions within the permitted limit, we shall soon transform it into something very striking and elegant. The jar should be very smooth—unglazed is better than glazed—but at least free from flaws and lumps. If there are found a few slight roughnesses on its surface, these can be easily removed by means of friction, using either a small file or sand-paper for the purpose. The jar must then be painted with two or three coats of good oil-paint; either black, drab, or ultramarine blue will be the best; and this will require several days, as each coat must be thoroughly dried before another is given. Then comes the decoration, which will enable you to exercise all your taste

and ingenuity. The designs are to be of flowers in bouquets and wreaths; and for your purpose choose either the gay figured Dolly Varden chintz now in the market, or bright prints of the same general style. These colored prints may always be had in sheets from dealers in artists' materials; or you may, perhaps, find among your own stores some pretty scraps that will answer nicely to work in—birds, for instance, look very well. Some of the best I have seen for this work are the various designs for decalcomanie: in fact, any thing with very bright colors will be available. These are next to be cut out very carefully, so as to leave none of the groundwork visible, and then fixed upon the jar with gum-arabic, pressing them firmly so as to drive out all air-bubbles and cause them to adhere closely in every part. When enough have been fastened on all sides of the jar to look well and be satisfactory, the whole may be varnished with white dammar varnish, and this will give an even polish to paint and pictures alike. The jars, when finished, will be quite ornamental, as well as useful for holding scraps or waste papers.

SECRETS.

I'd like to be a daisy
In the clover,
That I might look up bravely
At my lover.

I'd bid the willing breezes
Bend me sweet,
That I might, as he passed me,
Touch his feet;

I'd let the dew so quickly
Start and glisten,
That, thinking I had called him,
He would listen.

Yet would he listen vainly—
Happy me!
No bee could find my secret:
How could he?

If ever of the clover
Couch he made,
I'd softly kiss his eyelids
In the shade.

Then would I breathe sweet incense
All for him,
And fill with perfect bloom
The twilight dim.

What should I do, I wonder,
When he went?
Why, I would—like a daisy—
Be content.

Alack! to live so bravely,
Peace o'erladen,
Has ne'er been granted yet to
Simple maiden.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1872.

Charles Reade.
Wilkie Collins.

In the August Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is commenced a NEW NOVEL by CHARLES READE, entitled "A SIMPLETON: A STORY OF THE DAY."

A new novel by WILKIE COLLINS will be commenced in the October Number of the MAGAZINE.

New Subscribers will be supplied with HARPER'S MAGAZINE from the commencement of CHARLES READE'S story, in the August Number, 1872, to the close of the Volume ending with November, 1873—making SIXTEEN NUMBERS—FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain numerous patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' and Children's Fall Dresses, Wrappings, etc., together with a large variety of beautiful tapestry designs in the Louis XIII. style, and rich artistic and literary attractions.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

ONE of the customs of the period against which we feel moved to enter an earnest protest is that of children's parties. Why should the dear little folks be taught to mimic the dissipations of their elders before their time? Are there not enough games of romp and fun, that they must needs resort to the affectations of later years for amusements? Why shouldn't they be children as long as possible, and play hide-and-seek, use their lungs in the open air, wear homespun, or clothes suitable to their place and play? Why should they be defrauded of their birthright of innocence and artlessness?

We confess that when we encounter a child in party attire, fluttering like a butterfly, gorgeous in tarlatan and ribbons, with all the latest designs of fashion heaped upon the poor little body, with the waist symmetrically attenuated, and her hands cased in gloves very much buttoned, her hair crimped within an inch of its life—when we see such a child folding her feeble hands in mimicry of mamma in the drawing-

room, and drawing out her puny thoughts, and practicing her Lilliputian coquetties upon her companions in jacket and trowsers, we feel like crying out against this murder of the innocents, a thousand times more cruel than that of the Hebrew king. It is the old story of mothers throwing their babes under the car of Juggernaut; but because it is a nineteenth-century Juggernaut they do not heed the resemblance, though all the same it crushes its little victims body and soul.

What is so delightful as a child with a child's ingenious ways, utterly unconscious of the world's gaze, asking its unanswerable questions, showing its tempers and characteristics with a beautiful disregard of how they may affect the by-standers—a child growing brown and healthy in the sun, a child with no society manners, who cries when it is hurt, loves bread-and-molasses, and doesn't suspect that her eyes were given her to flirt with Master Languish across the way? Such a being comes as near a cherub as flesh and blood may; she goes to bed with the birds and rises with them, singing and making merry all day with as little self-consciousness as they. Her locks are often in snarls, she is often freckled and tanned; but the bloom of health brightens on her cheeks and shines from her innocent eyes. In sharp contrast to her stands her less-favored party-going friends, whose clothes are so fine that they may not romp or frolic for fear of rents and disorder, who never know the felicity of making mud-pies, of going whortleberrying, whose inadequate existences are the result of parental pride and vanity—children upon whom the sins of father and mother are visited.

Who has not known children grow bilious and nervous from the effects of a round of these parties, and consequently so fractious that it was painful to live with them? Physic and fashion hunt in couples in their case. After half a dozen nights of overeating and under-sleeping, with all the concomitant excitements—dashing out into the night air after exercising in waltz and gallop, after drinking the light wines that are often served at these entertainments—the best of us grown-up folks might feel a little uncomfortable; judge, then, of their deleterious effects upon the delicate physique of a child which has not matured its strength, which, like a plant that has not struck root into the soil, needs to be let alone till the chemistry of nature shall work the miracle. We all know that the mortality among children is something appalling, and may not much of it be charged to the account of juvenile parties? May not the growing invalidism of the day be the result of youthful entertainments, the harm of which no one foresaw, but which were all the while sapping the foundations of vital strength in body and soul? And if, as Dr. Johnson believed, to be sick is to be wicked, what a fearful account must needs be rendered, not by the children, who are only painted dolls in the hands of others, to whose selfish pride they minister, but by the mothers and fathers whose thoughtlessness or worldliness bequeaths them such a legacy!

It seems to us that this practice can not be too severely reprobated, for besides unfitting the little body for healthy growth and development, besides mortgaging the strength, it distracts the mind from all useful employments. The child's lessons are neglected, she can not apply her thoughts to Colburn or Colton with any effect while last night's rout is fresh in her memory; the multiplication table seems as foreign to her necessities as the table of logarithms; she acquires a trick of regarding things from a grown-up stand-point; an exaggerated love of dress comes as naturally to her as the love of sweetmeats. She is nothing unless "dressed up."

Now children in a normal condition do not require any of the stimulants of older people to make the time pass agreeably; the world's ways are so fresh and fair to them, every thing is so marvelous and complex to them, that they pass no tedious hours. In fact, the days are not half long enough for the work they have to do. There is no call for us to provide them with amusement or occupation, they find them by their own wits; their imaginations are so lively that a cloud suggests all fairy-land; their curiosity is so alert that a pebble, a flower, or a shell is worth careful examination. All out-doors is their treasure-house. It is one of the most poetical phases of childhood that it can find happiness close at hand, in the most simple things, in bits of broken china, in pictures that only its imagination comprehends, in a chip that will float in the brook and carry a cargo of pine needles.

We are apt to call children's pleasures cheap; but do we, in our gayest moments of dance and feasting, know any pleasure half so real, half so satisfying? To be sure, in one sense they are cheap, since they are not purchased at the expense of brain or muscle, of moral or physical health.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Easterly Storms.

MY DEAR BASIL,—Those who are most interested in Swedenborg find great significance as well as beauty in his doctrine of correspondences; and few of us as we proceed upon our journey can fail to assent to a similar doctrine. Sometimes as we are sitting in a car, looking from the window as we go, and lost, perhaps, in vague reverie, humming an idle tune, or adapting the noise of the train to some meaningless verses or words, we suddenly feel that the whole scene and we who observe it, and the thoughts that we are thinking or the dreams that we dream, are a mere reproduction or repetition of something anterior, remote, half apprehended, half remembered—we know not how, or whence, or why. It is one of those obscure, mysterious, inspiring moments when we feel, with Wordsworth in his sublime ode,

"The star that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting, and cometh from afar."

Then there are those strange relations, or sympathies, or affinities—what shall we call them?—between human nature and brute nature, which are the root of old legends and fables and curious traditions: Undine, the lamia, the were-wolf, and the whole realm of fairy lore. Nothing surprises a child. Godmothers who turn pumpkins into coaches and mice into footmen; wolves who talk with little girls in the forest; the shaggy beast who turns into a handsome young prince; Tom Thumb and Hop-o'-my-Thumb; and the cave of treasure opening at the sound of Sesame: as little men and women new to this world, "but trailing clouds of glory as we come," we listen tranquilly, nor suppose that any thing is strange. A little older, and it is Homer and the mythology that replace the earlier tales, still a realm of occult relations between men and beasts and things. It is no longer a fairy godmother who gives Cinderella a glass slipper; it is a goddess who gives Achilles a shield. It is not Undine, daughter of streams; it is Arethusa who eludes Alpheus—the nymph melting into the fountain. How delicately Hawthorne touches this spring of mystery in Donatello! Is it a faun—is it a man? Can the two natures draw so near as almost to mingle?

How often, in the same general way, the aspects of nature seem but the symbols of our own mental moods! Is the sun out of us or in us? Does it ever really rise to the man or woman whose heart is broken?—that is, to such is there any jubilant brightness and ever-renewed glory in the world? It was the old complaint of the mythologic dispensation that Christianity bereaved the world by destroying the infinite, delicate, conscious life of nature, by robbing the tree of its dryad, the stream of its nymph, and annihilating all the animate beings that peopled the since dumb world. Great Pan is dead, was the cry that the poet tells us shuddered along the Syrian shore when the star rose over Bethlehem.

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale or pliny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths—all these have
Vanished,
They live no longer in the faith of reason."

They have changed only. The relation between the stream and the tree and the man who hears the murmur of the leaves or the ripple of the waves is no longer expressed by the half-human living spirit of them both, but by a secret consciousness of symbolism, the correspondence of mood. Orlando, whose mistress flouts him, does not hasten to the grove to whisper his woes to some nymph of Diana, and be soothed by her sympathy, but he writes the name of Rosalind upon the trees, and is soothed by the soft rustle of the pine needles that echo his sighs. Edmund Burke refreshes his mind and renews his courage under the oaks at Beaconsfield: did Numa win wiser counsel from Egeria in her grotto? Melusina stole away to bathe invisible, a mermaid. But did we not lately reflect how many a wife bends to a secret and inexorable enchantment?

So I thought as lately, at Mrs. Margery's, I was sitting in my room during a driving easterly storm. The sky was heavy and dark and lowering. The rain streamed upon the walks and piazzas, drenching the fields, lodging the grain, and bending the massively foliaged boughs of great trees almost to the ground. At times the wind in furious gusts dashed the storm madly against the glass, and the smitten trees strained and struggled. The whole landscape was dwindled and half obliterated. There was no color left but a dull, sullen, monotonous gray. The flowers, so beautiful yesterday, were broken upon their stalks; the birds that had set the songs in "Maud" ringing through my mind were all silent. It was a sunless, colorless, formless, chilly world. I

moralized upon it like Hamlet over Yorick's skull. "Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?" Where be your glories now? your colors? your music? and all the various beauty of the day?

And having fallen to moralizing, I was lost, as Taine would say. For I began to feel that the storm was not wholly outside; that, in fact, any storm outside must be but a very poor and inadequate representation of the storms inside the spectator himself. There it was, indeed, remorselessly lashing trees and grain, and roaring like an ogre for fatter morsels. But I began to be uncomfortably conscious that it was a mere sucking dove of a storm to some that I had seen within the house. I do not say within Mrs. Margery's house: no, for she is an antidote for all storms, whether from the east or the south, or from any quarter. But there are other interiors, I suppose; and at least I know my own. There are no wife and children there. No. Ah! Mrs.— Well, no matter. But if I had not slipped down that hapless day— However, what was I saying?

How strange it is, nevertheless, that we men of the Bachelor family have always seen our wives, as it were, sitting at the head of other men's tables. There, now, is Mr.— Well, no matter. I was merely going to say that my cousin Cosmo Bachelor's wife is the mother of Mr.—'s children. There is no impropriety, I assure you; but it must seem very singular to my cousin Cosmo. I, too, whenever I think of that absurd misfortune of mine, can not help feeling that if I had not slipped, and had been accepted, and had had a son, and he had seen my dear Mrs. Margery when she was younger, and they had fallen in love with each other—and of course they would—and had married, and he had prospered and had bought this beautiful place, why, it is as clear as possible that I should then have been here to-day as grandpa. But suppose that I had brought an easterly storm into the house with me when I came upon a visit!

For I was speaking of interiors, and even in my own quiet, modest little quarters I am sorry to say that there is often a tremendous easterly storm raging, even when the sun shines serenely without. Did my dear Basil ever awake in the morning and feel as if he should like to bite the bed-post? And when he arose, and found some disorder upon his dressing-table, did he wonder why his things were always in such a demon of a heap? And when he combed his precious whiskers, and a little tangle occurred, did my excellent friend ever swear that his demon comb was always hurting him? And when, emerging from his bath, he knocked his—shins, let us say—against the sharp edge of the bureau, did he ever let fly a pretty string of demons from his mouth? Probably not. But there are persons—and this unhappy Bachelor is one—who have been known upon awaking to look with the emotions of a cannibal at the furniture, and who, according to a familiar phrase never to be repeated at the time without immense exasperation, do sometimes "get out of bed the wrong way."

That is merely to say that there is an easterly storm raging. And when I have thus gotten out of bed the wrong way, every thing in the world is wrong. I come down to my solitary breakfast, and apparently, to use the same figure, I sit upon the wrong side of the table. I speak to my shrinking Polly, the obliging maiden who waits, in the wrong way. I find that the breakfast has been cooked wrong. I think, and if I do not loudly declare, I should like to, that that demon cook ought to know by this time what I like for breakfast. The demon newspaper is wet—it always is when I particularly wish to read something. And I energetically wish that the demon milkman would shut up his demon mouth, and not screech and yelp like a wild Indian under the window when peaceable people are eating their breakfast. You see, my Basil, that whether the sun shines upon the outer world or not, a very disagreeable easterly storm prevails in your humble servant's modest domestic interior.

And these are the times—yes, Basil, for even in an easterly storm of his own raising the manhood of a man need not be utterly extinguished—these are the times when I almost feel glad of that hapless slip, and rejoice that my breakfast is solitary; for if it were otherwise, if there were a roomful of wife and children upon whom I descended, on those unhappy mornings, like that furious storm upon the flowers and grain, the genius of sullenness and gloom, how could I forgive myself? Do you know any such married persons, who are easterly storms instead of May sunshine in their families? Do you know any selfish rascals who come down and explode all their peevishness and ill humor and contemptible petulance in the room where wife and children are happily sitting? Tell them, if you do, that they prove the old kin-

ship to the brute not to be extinguished, that there is still the closest relation between us and natural phenomena, and that their sullenness and selfishness are the only easterly storms that are worth considering. Clear up, clear up, fellow-sinners!

Your friend,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FALL MILLINERY.

THE earliest importations of fall millinery have arrived. New bonnets retain the high front and sloping crown of last season. Many frames have heavy rolling coronets. In their trimming strange combinations of color appear, such as *reseda* with blue, dark sage green with pink, and bronze with tea-rose. Pale sky blue is used with dark sapphire blue and with very dark shades of various colors. The turquoise silk introduced last spring—a soft lustreless fabric—is largely imported in the new dark tints. It is shown in olive, bronze, and peacock shades; in *vert-de-gris*, sage, and tea colors; *Moselle*, a new soft blue; and in a delicate pink pearl shade that is new and very lovely. Turquoise silk will be used for trimming principally, but bonnets will also be made of it and trimmed with velvet. Pattern bonnets have such quantities of trimming that the material with which the frame is covered is almost entirely concealed. Flowers, feathers, and jet ornaments appear on each bonnet. Ostrich plumes are long and very much curled; fanciful feathers and sharply pointed wings are colored to display two or three of the new tints in contrasting shades. Many jet bandeaux are imported.

Round hats present a variety of shapes, some of which are very eccentric. We have mentioned the Parisian fancy for broad-brimmed sailor hats worn far back on the head. This caprice, it is said, will appear here in the autumn.

UNDRESSED CASHMERES.

Undressed cashmeres are thick, heavy, and resemble somewhat the Cheviot cloths worn by gentlemen. They are in their natural *écru* state, free from all dyes, and consequently show little variety of color. They are of very dark grayish-brown tints, changed slightly by using wools of different shades. This material is intended for mantles and over dresses that require soft, yielding, yet heavy fabrics, and will be worn over velvet skirts.

NEW EMPRESS CLOTHS.

The fine all-wool empress cloths just imported are very different from the harsh and wiry goods of last season. They are the most flexible and soft repped goods shown, but are of firm, substantial texture. First choice among these is the neutral tints and quaint dark shades, especially olive and nut brown. The printed empress cloths are also of very fine quality. They have black grounds strewn with *Pompadour* designs, small flowers, leaves, and vines of shaded gray and brown hues, with occasional relief of color. Yellow-brown, wine-color, and bright blue are shown in goods of inferior quality.

SERGE POPLIN.

An excellent fabric for the intermediate season is called serge poplin. This is mohair with silk-faced stripes heavily twilled like serge. It has usually gray or white stripes on black ground, producing the grisaille effects so often seen in Japanese poplins. The price is 65 cents a yard. An imitation of this material is sold for 37½ cents.

NEW FELT SKIRTS.

Felt skirts, to be worn as Balmorals, are improved in shape and color. They are no longer narrow and bell-shaped, as if moulded over a form, but are made the proper width and shape by a seam down each side and a drawing-string in the waistband. They are prettily colored in mottled blue, lavender, or gray by a new process that leaves the wrong side pure white. Instead of having coarse showy borders appliquéd or stamped upon them, they are simply bound with braid, or else trimmed with bands or pleatings of velvet.

CORSETS.

The most comfortable corsets for summer wear are made of a sort of canvas or crinoline with square meshes. They are very light and cool, and are strengthened by being cut with transverse seams. These thin, lace-like corsets are far less bulky beneath a dress corsage than those made of thick coutille; hence fleshy ladies who use every means to reduce their apparent size have adopted them, and as warmth is not an absolute requisite of corsets, will wear them in winter as well as summer. White and gray coutille and scarlet cashmere are the materials most used for corsets. Stars, arrows, and crosses stitched in satin floss on the whalebone cases, thick embroidery around the bust, or else a double row of linen edging, with a band of blue or mauve ribbon, is the trimming most in favor. The best Greenland whalebone should be used. There is an excellent self-fastening busk that need not be taken out when the corsets are washed.

NEW MOROCCO BELTS.

Morocco belts are now fastened by buckles of imitation tortoise-shell, and have two pendants, with hooks on the left side for supporting the fan, umbrella, or bag. They cost from \$1 25 to \$2, and are found in black, green, and russet-color, with or without gilt or silver lines.

OLONAISES.

The effort to banish polonaises will fail. These garments are so easily made, so graceful, so convenient and comfortable, that ladies will not willingly relinquish them. The fancy for skirts ruffled to the waist behind, and worn with an apron front and basque, will bring into favor the polonaise lately introduced by Worth, in which the basque and apron are combined. This garment descends to the knee in front, is sloped sharply upward on the sides, and has merely a short basque behind, dispensing with the long back breadths now used. A fully ruffled skirt is worn with this, and is well displayed on the sides and back, making a very dressy costume.

Plainer suits will have the simple stylish redingote defined by Madame Raymond to be a "polonaise without drapery." These over dresses are being made at the furnishing houses. They have two or three collars laid one above the other, like those on the great-coats worn by our grandfathers. The lowest collar is large enough to be called a cape. A model costume is of gray and blue cashmere; the body of the redingote is gray; the collars, cuffs, border, and large buttons are deep sapphire blue. Two buttons define the waist behind.

The peasant-blouse polonaise is also a graceful and comfortable over dress, similar to the loose polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V. There is also a warm double-breasted polonaise, lapped in front and fastened on the left side. Two rows of large buttons are placed down the front, and it is otherwise without ornament.

BLACK ALPACA SUITS.

We commend the models just described to various correspondents who have asked advice about dresses for the intermediate season. Silky black alpacas and glossy beaver mohair make the most useful suits for fall and early winter. To have these tasteful as well as serviceable, they should be simply made and plainly though richly trimmed. The model alpaca suit for summer had two skirts and a basque, in order that a white waist might be worn with the double skirts; but as this is not done in winter, full suits are best made with an over dress and single skirt. The best pattern for this over dress is the belted loose polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V. It should be snugly fitted on the shoulders by short high shoulder seams, should taper gracefully toward the waist, where it is confined by a belt, and should fall plainly over the tournure for four or five inches below the belt before the fullness of the skirt is added. The waist and sleeves are lined with gray twilled cotton, but the skirt of the polonaise should not be lined. A paper-muslin or crinoline lining in the skirt of polonaises makes them thick and clumsy, and destroys the graceful folds of drapery into which the material would naturally fall if left to itself. The object of this lining is to make the garment more bouffant, but this is better done by placing a tournure of crinoline beneath the dress skirt. The close high neck is finished by a narrow bias binding stitched on flatly, or else it is merely corded. For plump, round figures corsages are entirely without trimming; if the figure is too slight, an appearance of breadth is given by adding a Marie Antoinette collar made of three bias folds of alpaca sewed on a muslin foundation. This collar passes around the neck in the back, and is rounded low in front, where it falls half-way down the corsage, and is fastened by a bow of black faille. A Watteau bow of perpendicular loops and long ends may also be placed in the back. The sleeves should be sabot shape—that is, close coat sleeves with three bias folds and a side pleating turned toward the wrist. Border the skirt of the polonaise with three bias overlapping folds of the alpaca. Put buttons and button-holes down the entire front. Wear a Russia leather belt, or else one of ribbed silk, with side sash of wide gros grain ribbon. The skirt of this suit should be of convenient walking length, and will wear better if lined throughout with paper-muslin. For trimming put first around the edge a side pleating four inches deep, made of straight alpaca; above this put three bias overlapping folds lined with crinoline, and two inches wide when completed. Repeat this trimming, alternating the side pleating with clusters of folds, until the skirt is covered to the knee, or higher if the wearer chooses. If a plainer trimming is preferred, use only one side pleating, placing that at the bottom of the skirt, with many overlapping folds above. A standing English collar of linen, a twilled silk necktie, and wide, flaring linen cuffs should accompany alpaca suits.

HINTS.

The best modistes have quit lining silk skirts, as it makes them very heavy. They are merely faced with paper-muslin as deep as the trimming, and on this is an outer facing of crinoline a quarter of a yard deep. The silk is turned up an inch deep on the facing, and worsted braid is sewed flatly along the edge instead of being used as a binding. Very rich silks for the house and carriage have silk facing instead of crinoline. A simple style of trimming in favor just now for black silk skirts consists of a straight side pleating a finger-length deep around the skirt, while above it are seven gathered bias ruffles of the same width. Many skirts are now being trimmed higher on the sides than on the back and front, to fill up the space left when the polonaise is looped away very high on the sides.

Two or three shades of each color are imported in faille and other fine goods. This suggests that shaded suits will continue in favor, although it is predicted contrasts will be worn more than they have been for several seasons.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; THOMPSON, LANGDON, & Co.; and WORTHINGTON & SMITH.

PERSONAL.

STRAUSS was paid more than any of the foreign artists at the Boston Jubilee, \$20,000 being the exact total of his gains, besides expenses of himself, wife, and two servants. Besides, he received \$3000 for two concerts in this city, and sold his "Jubilee Waltz" for \$550. Madame PRSCHKA-LEUTNER, for her thirteen performances, \$16,000; FRANZ ABT \$1200, for conducting one of his own compositions four times; FRANZ BENDEL \$3000, and WEHLI \$1250, for two appearances.

The Emperor WILLIAM of Germany, independently of his royal wages, is not a beggar, having a private income of two million thalers per annum.

The King of Bavaria has just presented to the Library of Strasburg the library of EUGENE BRAUHARNAIS, Viceroy of Italy, and afterward Duke of Leuchtenberg.

So affectionately is held in remembrance the name of KEBLE that a gentleman who declines to reveal his identity has offered to erect at his own expense a chapel to Keble College, Oxford. The cost is estimated at about \$150,000.

Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS has had conferred upon her the freedom of the city of London—an honor, truly, but "full of sound, signifying nothing."

Lieutenant WILLIAM B. CUSHING, of the navy, who did several notably gallant and daring feats during the war, has just been made glad by an award of \$180,000 prize-money.

Madame CATACAZY says that Paris is quite slow compared with life in the United States, and she misses the active, energetic, stirring society she became accustomed to here.

Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE had a brilliant reception in London a few evenings since by Mrs. DUNCAN M'LAUREN, sister of JOHN BRIGHT. A great number of members of Parliament, many distinguished literary men, and several prominent Americans were present.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH, the German poet, is making a translation of BRETT HARTE'S dialect poems into the German language. The effect is said to be surprisingly good and "awfully" funny. Among the earliest copies of Brett Harte which found their way across the ocean one came into the hands of FREILIGRATH'S daughter, a married lady living in London. To her BRETT HARTE was previously quite unknown, but the poems impressed her at once, and made her enthusiastic about them. She sent a copy instantly to her father in Germany; he too was filled with admiration, and the result is the bold attempt to put them into German.

King AMADEUS of Spain is the only monarch in Europe who drinks neither wine nor any thing that can intoxicate. He is a thorough teetotaler, and consequently, in the vernacular of the West, his head is always "level."

The ROTHSCHILDS are to have a grand family reunion at Frankfurt during the present month.

MARIO has sold his charming villa near Florence for the trifling sum of a million and a half of francs. He is now pursuing the even tenor of his way in France.

OFFENBACH has made several handsome fortunes, but the fellow lives at such a terrible rate that he is always short. It has been hinted that by-and-by he means to come over and do a *bonfête* on Niagara Falls, the Central Railroad, Brooklyn, or something else large and typical.

The elder BOOTH is said to have saved his family from discomfort by investing in a farm near Baltimore. JEFFERSON'S farm at Holokus is a gem, and he is worth half a million. The mother of the WORRELL sisters turned every diamond presented to her daughters into cash, and purchased property at Bay Ridge, Long Island, which has quadrupled in value. Mr. and Mrs. BARNEY WILLIAMS and Mr. and Mrs. FLORENCE (the two ladies are sisters) are quite wealthy, as are most of the leading actors and managers in our larger cities.

Mrs. FANNIE GILMAN, aged seventy-five, attended by two of her children, recently visited the school in Bingham, Maine, wherein were twenty of her grandchildren. She stated to the scholars that she had lived in that school-district more than sixty-three years, and had seen three different school-houses standing on the spot where the present one stood. When she was a girl she had to walk three miles to school, following a line of blazed trees, there being no road.

FRANCIS X. M. SAPIETRA, an undoubted prince (Polish), has just been naturalized in St. Louis. There being nothing at present to revolutionize in his old neighborhood, he has become one of us.

JOSEPH BARNES having recently deceased at Evansville, Indiana, and left five hundred thousand dollars to found a spiritual educational institution, the people out there want to know what that is.

Miss BATEMAN has recently appeared in one of those dramas of the horrible sort in which her reputation has been made, and has had the honor of a column and a half of criticism from that able and usually savage journal, the *Saturday Review*, which says: "Miss BATEMAN is unrivaled in imprecation, and may justly claim the title of Queen of Scolds. Her curses are grand, powerful, and impressive, but they have, if we may venture so to say, a tendency to become tedious. The character of a woman with a grievance is hardly capable of indefinite repetition, and the favorite dramas of Miss BATEMAN contain absolutely nothing beyond her own parts that can excite the smallest interest. Happily, when she has produced a sufficient sensation in London, it will carry her round the world, and we shall only have to wish that cursing may be a favorite article in the dramatic market of all the countries she may visit before she returns to us again. It may perhaps be doubtful whether another drama of the same peculiar quality will be forthcoming. We are inclined to agree with Bob Acres, in the 'Rivals,' that 'dammes have had their day,' and we fear that Miss BATEMAN'S theatrical career is likely to terminate prematurely, unless some entirely new form of blasphemy can be invented for her use."

Following the irresistible temptation of the time, Mrs. H. B. STOWE has engaged to give readings, during October, at Northampton, East Hampton, Amherst, Holyoke, Greenfield, and Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

In Lady CLEMENTINA DAVIES'S "Recollections of Society," just published in London, she mentions that Mrs. SIDONS, after her retirement from the stage, was found by a friend pacing up and down her garden with an open book

in her hand, to whom she said, "You find me with a book which by this time you would think I ought to know by heart; it is 'Macbeth.' I thought I did know my part in it well; but, alas! I have just now, *too late*, found out that I have missed a point!" Lady CLEMENTINA saw the Empress JOSEPHINE at Malmesdon two days before she died. She was still pre-eminently graceful, and her pliant though not tall figure showed to advantage in a white dress magnificently embroidered in bright colors that assorted well with her dark hair, worn low in the forehead, and with the fine eyes, of deep violet hue, by which her expressive face was illuminated. The room was hung with crimson cloth and gold, and every fauteuil and sofa in it was ornamented with large ivory balls—a very effective style of ornament.

After wearying of the Old World, Miss CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN last year returned to the New, and last season entered with zeal upon playing and public readings, with a net pecuniary result of over \$55,000 for vigorously declaiming what other people wrote.

Sir ROUNDELL PALMER'S fee of \$150,000 for attending to the interests of Great Britain at the Geneva Conference is said to be the largest single fee ever paid to a British lawyer. There have been several instances in this country where \$100,000 have been paid, CLARKSON N. POTTER having received that fee in a railroad case, and General SICKLES a similar sum for ousting the GOULD dynasty from Erie.

Since Bishop SIMPSON has appointed Dr. LANAHAN presiding elder of the Baltimore Conference, the doctor can point toward those good friends of his who were in the Book Concern, and exclaim, in the words of a great philosopher, "Let those laugh who win."

SARO, the superb-looking leader of the Prussian band, is decorated with many orders. First is the Iron cross, given only for bravery in the field. This he wears for the whole band, which distinguishes itself. Second, the military mark of honor for twenty-five years' service in the army. The third was bestowed in the late war with France, and is worn by every member of the band. The fourth is for the campaign against Austria in 1866. Fifth is the Hohenzollern, given in the campaign against Denmark in 1863. Sixth is the Austrian bravery medal, bestowed, in 1863, personally by FRANCIS JOSEPH. Seventh is the French military medal, given in person by NAPOLEON III., in 1867, as first prize for the best music at the Great Exposition.

It was very handsome in GOUNOD to compose and sing in London on the 15th ult. his new arrangement of "Maid of Athens" for the benefit of Mrs. BLACK, for whom Lord BYRON wrote the original verses in the year 1810. Sixty-two years ago Mrs. BLACK was in the flush of health and on the very topmost wave of society. Now she is poor, and looks toward the sale of the new melody as a source of support in her declining years.

The Rev. Dr. CUTLER has made a visit to BICKERSTETH, the author of "Yesterday, Today, and Forever," and wondered to find him a slender, youthful man, of most winning manners and fervent, evangelical spirit; and wondered still more that a man with a large parish and a family of fourteen children should find time to write volumes of delightful poetry.

HON. SAMUEL THATCHER, who died in Bangor, Maine, on the 19th of July, at the age of ninety-six, graduated at Harvard seventy-nine years ago, and was at his death the oldest graduate. In 1798 he was made a Mason, and died the oldest Mason in the United States. In 1802 he was elected to Congress. Few men so well educated as he have dwelt so long in the land, or witnessed more wonderful changes.

It seems that Madame ARABELLA GONDARD'S son is not learning business in a Boston dry-goods house, after all. That young gentleman, who has just attained the mature age of twelve, was left by his mamma in England to study the classics and mathematics in school, which we think a much wiser disposition of his time at present than the measurement of silks and laces. But Madame RUDERSDOFF is reported to have placed her son with JORDAN, MARSH, & Co., of Boston, which probably gave rise to the mistake.

M. PRUDHOMME in the decline of life was talking to his nephew, to whom he related stories of his youth. "But, uncle," suddenly exclaimed the young man, "what struck you most during your life?" "My dear boy, it was your aunt!"

Baron ROTHSCHILD has given \$15,000 for the whole-length portrait of Mrs. SHERIDAN, by GAINSBOROUGH, exhibited in the Academy in 1783, which was for a long time at Delapre Abbey, where SHERIDAN was a frequent visitor.

The Duc d'Aumale proposes to transfer to Chantilly the collection of pictures now at Twickenham, which he has formed during the last twenty years at a cost of \$800,000. The public are to be admitted to see them on Sundays free.

When Mr. PACKENHAM was British minister at Washington he had among his guests on one occasion, at a state dinner, Mr. CLAY and Mr. WEBSTER. Afterward, when both statesmen were dead, some one asked him what was the difference between them. Mr. PACKENHAM replied that he knew but of one—CLAY kissed all the women he met in the street, while WEBSTER never kissed them except in the house.

It is stated in what is called "society" that six young ladies of good social position in this city are studying for the stage.

Poor CHARLOTTA, ex-Empress of Mexico, who is insane in the palace at Lacken, believes that she is a wild beast, and is very violent toward those who enter her room.

The Countess de Blanchery, who fought by the side of her husband, a Garde Mobile officer, in a combat where he was killed, has been decorated (*on dit*) with the Legion of Honor.

Prince HASSAN (son of the Khedive of Egypt), of Christ-church College, Oxford, has had the honorary degree of D.C.L. conferred upon him—the first instance where that distinction has ever been conferred upon an Egyptian prince.

Mr. LAURENCE OLIPHANT, the special correspondent of the London *Times* at Paris, and for some time a resident of Western New York, where he belonged to some half-religious, half-manual-labor organization, recently married Miss STYLEMAN L'ESTRANGE, whose brother was at one time a secretary of the British legation at Washington, and who married an American lady.

Tatted Rosette for Toilette Cushions, Cap Crowns, Tiedies, etc.

THESE rosettes may be used for various purposes, according to the cotton with which they are worked. The original is worked with white tatted cotton, No. 120, and with two threads (shuttles). First work with one thread the middle circular ring of 1 ds. (double stitch—that is, one stitch left, one stitch right), 14 p. (picot) separated each by 2 ds., 1 ds.; tie the ends of the working thread together and cut them off. On this ring work with two threads (which are tied together) the 1st round.—* First, with one thread only, work one ring of 6 ds., 1 p., 6 ds.; having turned this ring downward, work close to it a similar ring; turn this last ring downward, and close to it work another such ring, which is fastened to the first ring, where its row of stitches is closed, which forms the three-leaved figure shown by the illustration; loop the threads together and, without turning the work, on the foundation thread work one scallop of 10 ds.; turn the work, with one thread only work one ring of 3 ds., 4 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to 1 p. of the middle circular ring, 2 ds., 4 p. separated each by 2 ds., 3 ds.; turn the work, on the foundation thread work one scallop of 10 ds.; loop the threads together, and, without turning the work, repeat from *. In fastening to the middle ring always pass over 1 p., so that the design is repeated six times more; finally, fasten the threads and cut them off. 2d round.—Turn the rosette so that the wrong side lies uppermost, tie the foundation and working threads together, fasten to the p. of the first ring turned outward of a three-leaved figure in the preceding round, and work as follows: *

one scallop of 2 ds., 9 p. separated each by 1 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the p. of the second ring turned outward, one scallop as before; turn the work, and with one thread only work one ring of 2 ds., 7 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; turn the work, one scallop as before, fasten to the p. of the next ring turned outward, repeat from *; finally, fasten the threads and cut them off. This is done at the end of every round.

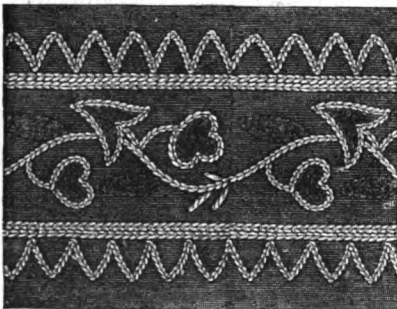
3d round (with both threads).—Always alternately fasten to the middle p. of the next scallop in the preceding round, one scallop of 2 ds., 11 p. separated each by 1 ds., 2 ds. Turn the rosette.

4th round (with one thread only).—Fasten the thread to the middle p. of that scallop in the preceding round which is over the beginning of the third round. * Two Josephine knots, consisting each of 5 ds., close to this one small ring of 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., two Josephine knots as before, fasten to the middle p. of the next scallop in the preceding round, four Josephine knots as before; turn the work, after a thread interval of an eighth of an inch work one ring of 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the next scallop of the preceding round, 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the joining thread close before the ring last worked, turn the work, one Josephine knot of 10 stitches right, fasten to the same joining thread; after a thread interval of one-eighth of an inch work the five-leaved figure seen in the illustration, working, first, one ring of 2 ds., 11 p. separated each by 2 ds.,

CROCHET FOUNDATION FOR TIEDIES, PILLOW-CASES, ETC.

work, after a thread interval of an eighth of an inch work one ring of 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the next scallop of the preceding round, 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the joining thread close before the ring last worked, turn the work, one Josephine knot of 10 stitches right, fasten to the same joining thread; after a thread interval of one-eighth of an inch work the five-leaved figure seen in the illustration, working, first, one ring of 2 ds., 11 p. separated each by 2 ds.,

2 ds.; after the same interval of thread work one ring of 8 ds., fasten to the 8th p. of the last ring (counting from the beginning), 2 ds., 6 p. separated each by 2 ds., 4 ds.; after the same thread interval work one ring of 2 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, 2 ds., 10 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the joining thread close before this last ring, one Josephine knot of 10 stitches right, fasten to the joining thread



CHAIN STITCH BORDER FOR BLACK GROS GRAIN JACKET, PAGE 561, AND JEWEL CASE, PAGE 557.

close after the ring before the last; one ring of 4 ds., fasten to the last p. of the last ring, 2 ds., 6 p. separated each by 2 ds., 8 ds., fasten to the joining thread, one Josephine knot like the last, fasten to the joining thread close after the first ring of this leaf figure, one ring of 2 ds., 3 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2

TATTED ROSETTE FOR TOILETTE CUSHIONS, CAP CROWNS, TIEDIES, ETC.



CANE AND PANAMA CANVAS WORK-BASKET AND STAND. For pattern see Supplement, No. XX., Fig. 86.

ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, 2 ds., 7 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the joining thread close before the first ring, one Josephine knot like the last, fasten to the joining thread, four Josephine knots consisting each of 5 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the next scallop in the preceding round, and repeat from *. 5th round.—First, * with one thread only, work one ring of 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the p. of the next small ring in the preceding round, 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; turn the work, with both threads work one scallop of 2 ds., 4 p. separated each by 2 ds., 3 ds.; turn the work, and with one thread only work one ring of 2 ds., 8 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the fifth p. (counting from the end) of the last ring of the next five-leaved figure in the preceding round, 2 ds., 4 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; turn the work, with both threads work one scallop of 3 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 3 ds., fasten to the second free p. of the next ring in the leaf figure, one scallop of 2 ds., 7 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the third free p. of the next ring (at the point of the leaf figure), one scallop of 3 ds., 3 p. separated each by 2 ds., 3 ds.; loop the foundation and working threads together, and, without turning the work, with the foundation thread only work one ring of 6 ds., 1 p., 6 ds.; turn the work, so that the last ring is turned downward, close to this work one ring of 6 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the ring at the point of the leaf figure, 6 ds.; turn the work, and close to this work one ring like the one before the last, loop the threads together, and, without turning the work, with both threads work one scallop like that worked last, fasten to the second following p. of the ring at the point of the leaf figure, one scallop of 2 ds., 7 p.

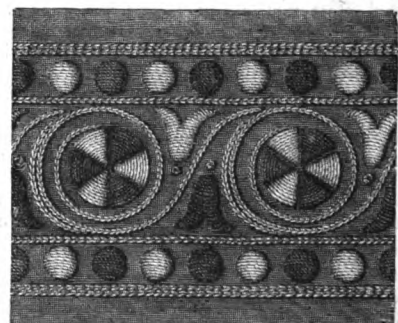
separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the fourth free p. of the next ring in the leaf figure, one scallop of 3 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 3 ds.; turn the work, with one thread only

work one ring of 2 ds., 4 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the third free p. of the next ring in the leaf figure, 2 ds., 8 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; turn the work, with both threads work one scallop of 3 ds., 4 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; turn the work, and repeat from *. 6th round.—First, * with one thread only, work one ring of 2 ds., 7 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., close to this work one ring of 2 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, 2 ds., 6 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; turn the work, with both threads work one scallop of 2 ds., 3 p. separated each by 2 ds., 3 ds.; loop the threads together, and, without turning the work, with one thread only work one ring of 2 ds., 6 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the first scallop furnished with 5 p.

in the preceding round, 2 ds., 6 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; turn the work, with both threads work one scallop of 2 ds., 7 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; turn the work, and with one thread only work one ring of 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the next scallop furnished with 3 p. in the preceding round, 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; turn the work, one

scallop as before; turn the work, with one thread only work one ring of 2 ds., 4 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the p. of the next small ring in the preceding round, 2 ds., 4 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; turn the work, one scallop as before; turn the work, with one thread only work one ring of 2 ds., 9 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; turn the work, one scallop as before; turn

the work, with one thread only work one ring of 2 ds., 4 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the p. of the next small ring, 2 ds., 4 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; turn the work, one scallop as before; turn the work, with one thread only work one ring of 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the next scallop furnished



CHAIN STITCH AND SATIN STITCH BORDER FOR BLACK GROS GRAIN JACKET, PAGE 561, AND JEWEL CASE, PAGE 557.

CORNER OF BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, TIEDIES, ETC.—GENOESE EMBROIDERY.

with 3 p., 2 ds., 5 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; turn the work, one scallop as before; turn the work, with one thread only work one ring of 2 ds., 6 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the next scallop furnished with 5 p., 2 ds., 6 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; loop the foundation and working threads together, and, without turning the work, with both threads work one scallop of 3 ds., 3 p. separated each by 2 ds., 2 ds.; turn the work and repeat from *.

Bag for Netted Guipure-Work, Figs. 1-3.

This bag, which is designed to hold netted guipure-work stretched in a frame, is made of fine gray linen, ornamented in point Russe embroidery with red saddle's silk as shown by illustrations Figs. 2 and 3, and bound with red silk ribbon half an inch wide. Several pockets of different sizes, ornamented with embroidery also, and designed to hold articles used in working, such as needles, scissors, thimbles, etc., are set on the outside. To make the bag cut of gray linen for the front one piece nine inches and a quarter square, and for the back and flap together cut one piece nine inches and a quarter wide and thirteen inches and a quarter high, and slope off the corners at one end of the latter (the under edge of the flap) so that this end is only four inches wide. For the sides and the bottom of the bag cut of gray linen three strips each nine inches and a quarter long and an inch and three-quarters wide. Having embroidered the front, set on the under edge a pocket of the same width and two inches high, which is bound on the upper edge with ribbon, and above this set a piece for the flap an inch and a quarter high, sloped off and bound all around; this pocket, which is designed to hold netting meshes and needles, is furnished with small buttons and button-hole stitch loops for closing. On the under edge of the back set an embroidered pocket three inches and three-quarters high, and on the upper edge a similar pocket four inches and seven-eighths high (which are designed to hold patterns, reels, etc.), the former of which is bound on the upper edge, and the latter on the upper and under edges, with ribbon; above each pocket set a piece of linen for the flap of the requisite size, which is embroidered and bound, and furnish the pockets with buttons and button-hole stitch loops. On the strips designed for the sides of the bag set several pockets of different sizes, as shown by illustration Fig. 1, and above the larger scissors pocket set a ribbon fur-



Fig. 2.—MANNER OF CROCHETING BALL FOR CURTAIN BAND.—FULL SIZE.



Fig. 1.—BAG FOR NETTED GUIPURE-WORK. [See Figs. 2 and 3.]

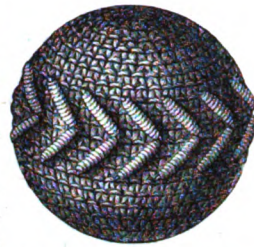


Fig. 3.—CROCHET BALL FOR CURTAIN BAND. FULL SIZE.

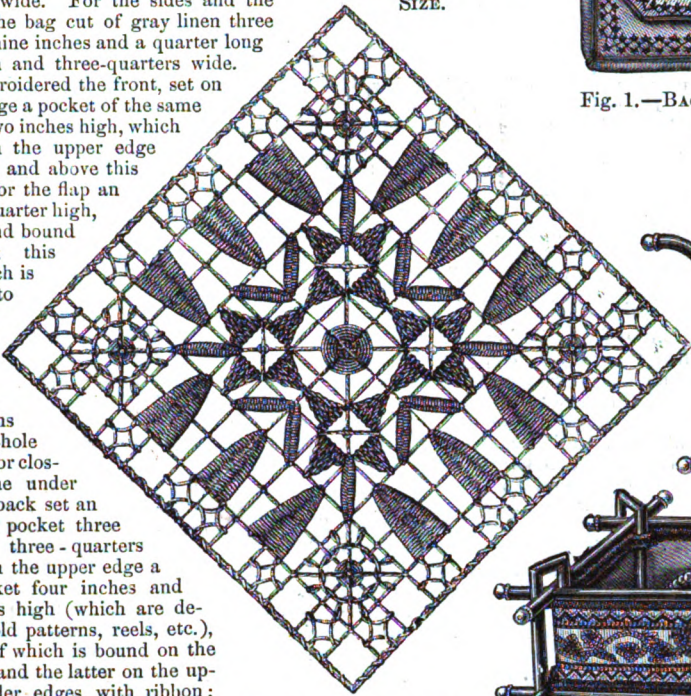


Fig. 2.—NETTED GUIPURE SQUARE FOR TIDY, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE.

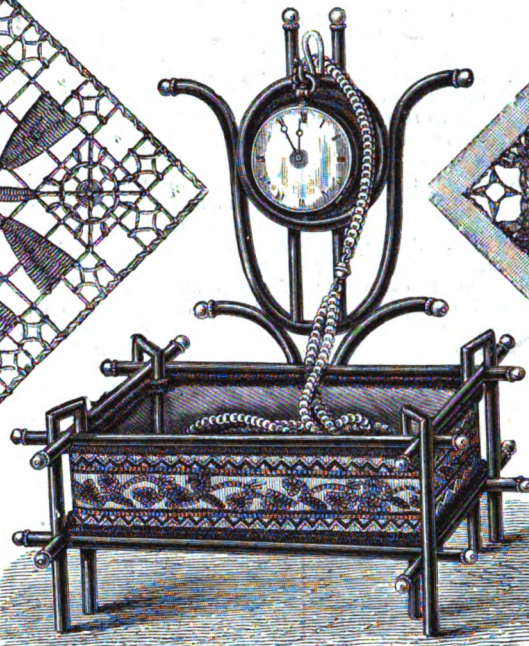


Fig. 1.—JEWEL CASE WITH WATCH STAND. [See Figs. 2 and 3, Page 556.]

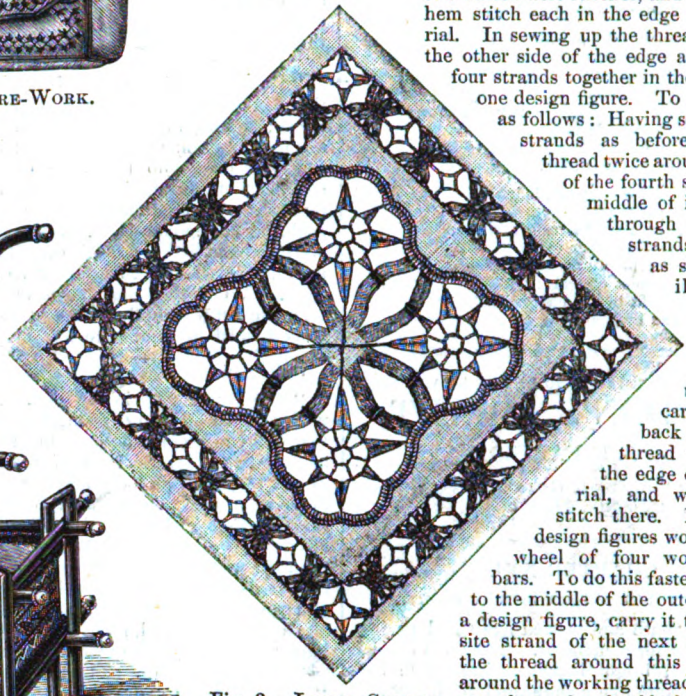


Fig. 3.—LINEN SQUARE WITH OPEN-WORK EMBROIDERY FOR TIDY. FULL SIZE. [See Fig. 4, and Fig. 5, Page 556.]

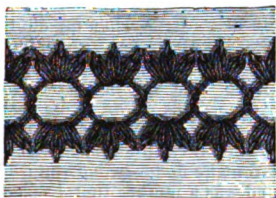


Fig. 2.—POINT RUSSE BORDER FOR WORK-BAG.—FULL SIZE.

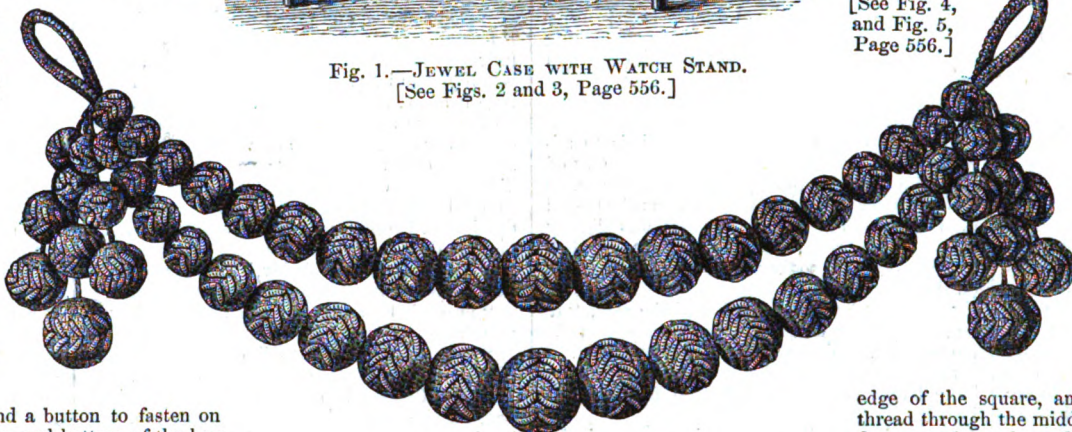


Fig. 1.—CROCHET CURTAIN BAND.—[See Figs. 2 and 3.]

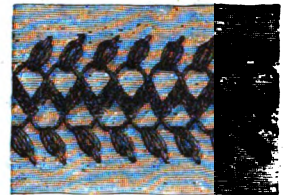


Fig. 3.—POINT RUSSE BORDER FOR WORK-BAG.—FULL SIZE.

nished with a button-hole stitch loop and a button to fasten on the scissors. Bind the front, back, sides, and bottom of the bag all around with red silk ribbon, and overseam the parts together. The handle is made of a strip of double gray linen sixteen inches long and an inch wide, the upper layer of which is ornamented with embroidery as shown by Fig. 2; it is bound all around with

ribbon, and is fastened on the sides of the bag. Buttons and button-hole stitch loops serve for closing. Instead of the point Russe border shown by Fig. 2, that shown by Fig. 3 may be used.

Tidy of Netted Guipure and Linen Squares, Figs. 1-5.

This tidy is set together of netted guipure and linen squares; the latter are ornamented with hem-stitched seams (open-work). The tidy is bordered with netted guipure edging. Instead of white linen, unbleached linen or écreu batiste may be used. To make the tidy first work the netted guipure squares, as shown by illustration Fig. 2, which gives a square in full size. On the outer edge of the square and in the corners work in point d'esprit, and work the remaining design figures in button-hole stitch and in point de reprise; work a wheel in the middle and in each corner of the square. Seven-eighths of an inch from the outer edge of each linen square draw out as many linen threads as are necessary to form an open-work strip three-eighths of an inch wide;

hem down the edges of the square half an inch wide, and sew up the threads of the open-work strip in the middle with fine thread, as shown by Fig. 1. Instead of working this design, the squares may be ornamented in the more elaborate design shown by Fig. 3. The illustrations Figs. 4 and 5, each of which gives a magnified section of the square, at the same time show the manner of working it. Begin with the middle part of the square, running the outlines of the scallops with double thread, and button-hole stitching them closely. Cut away the material close to the inner edge of the scallops, excepting a strip in the middle, and draw out a number of

threads, observing Fig. 4, so that a piece of material is left whole in the middle of the square. Work the star figures in point de reprise in the corners of the square, as shown by Figs. 4 and 5. First form eight button-hole stitch scallops for the points of the star, as shown by Fig. 4, then work the circle in the centre, passing the working thread through all the scallops once, and darn the points thus formed in point de reprise, beginning at the extremity of each point (see Fig. 4). For the edge of the square draw out a number of lengthwise threads, and then sew up the crosswise threads, first on one side, always working ten threads together with two button-hole stitches, and working one hem stitch each in the edge of the material. In sewing up the thread strands at the other side of the edge always fasten four strands together in the middle for one design figure. To do this work as follows: Having sewed up four strands as before, wind the thread twice around one-half of the fourth strand to the middle of it, then plait through the four strands four times, as shown by the illustration, going backward and forward through the middle; carry the thread back over the thread windings to the edge of the material, and work a hem stitch there. Between the design figures work a sort of wheel of four wound thread bars. To do this fasten the thread to the middle of the outer strand of a design figure, carry it to the opposite strand of the next figure, wind the thread around this strand and around the working thread in the manner shown by the black line at the corresponding point on Fig. 4, pass the thread through the left edge of the open-work strip, carry it back to the first strand, winding it around the present thread bars, wind it around the first strand also (see point marked a on Fig. 4), pass the thread through the right

edge of the square, and then work the fourth bar. Pass the thread through the middle of the four strands of the next design figure, again work a wheel, and continue in this manner. The free space in the corners of the square is filled with a point figure each, which is darned in point de reprise (see Fig. 4). The edging which borders the tidy is worked in netted guipure, in point

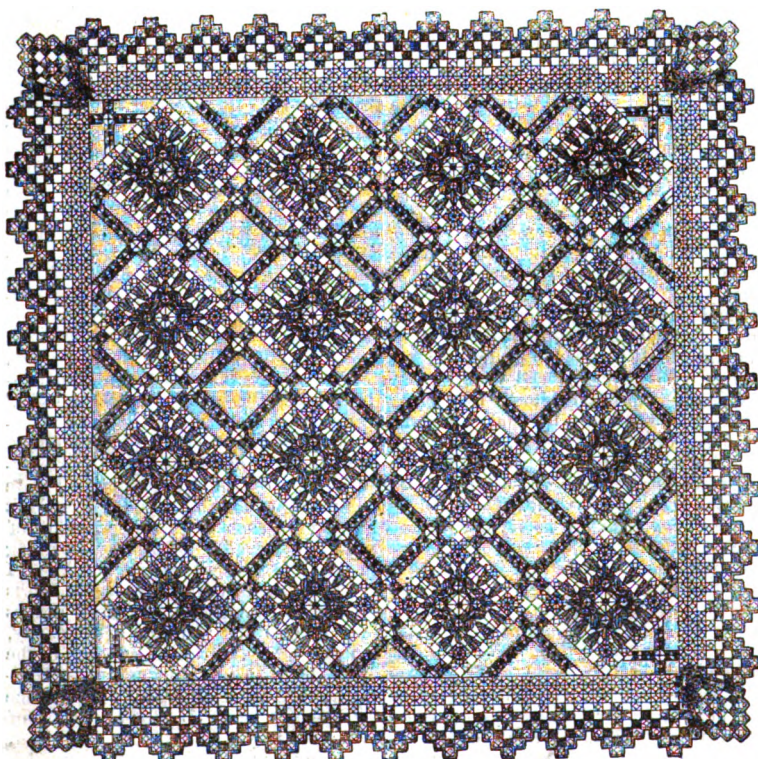


Fig. 1.—TIDY OF NETTED GUIPURE AND LINEN SQUARES. [See Figs. 2-4, and Fig. 5, Page 556.]

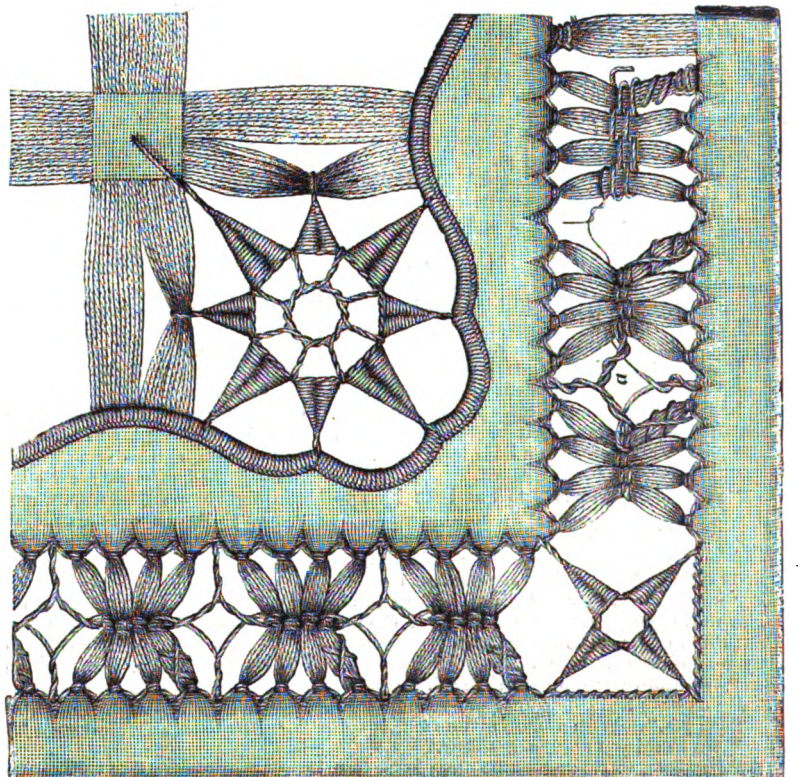


Fig. 4.—MANNER OF MAKING OPEN-WORK EMBROIDERY FOR LINEN SQUARE, FIG. 3.—ENLARGED SIZE.—[See Fig. 5, Page 556.]

d'esprit, point de reprise, and button-hole stitch, as shown by Fig. 1, and is button-hole stitched closely on the outer edge.

LOVE MEMORIES.

AY, lad, it was here that we lingered
In the still of that sweet June night,
Till the larks were up, and the cloudless east
Was flushed with rosy light;
And a redbreast was out on the hawthorn there,
A-trilling a low sweet lay
To his mate and the wee brown birds that slept
In the nest on the bending spray.

It was at your grandfather's wedding, lad,
That Jenny and I had been,
And I was the bravest of all the lads,
And she of the girls was queen;
And homeward we walked through the dewy fields,
When the dancing and mirth were o'er;
And I stood with her dear little hand in mine,
Here, under the porch by the door.

There was never a soul astir in the house,
But all was as still as could be;
And even although they had all been awake,
They could never have seen her and me;
For the ivy was thick, and we whispered so low,
Oh, they ne'er could have heard us there,
As she gave me a wild red rose from the flowers
She had worn in her beautiful hair.

Oh, the passionate love of life's spring-tide!
Though now I am old and gray,
Each low-murmured word I remember as well
As if it were yesterday:
How I thrilled at the touch of the soft brown locks
That over her shoulders curled,
And trembled for joy when I dared to kiss
The rosiest lips in the world!

Get me a bit of the blossom, lad,
That wreathes on the hawthorn-tree,
And leave me here till I dream a while
Of the life that was never to be.
For the shadowy phantoms of long ago
I see through a mist of tears:
Your hope lies hid in the coming, lad,
But mine in the by-gone, years.

(Continued from No. 32, page 532.)

LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND
"JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER XXI.

LIZZIE TELLS A VERY SIMPLE STORY.

SMILING youth and wasted age stood gazing at each other for a moment. The girl's cheeks were flushed; bright happiness danced in her eyes. She came like a sunbeam into the room; joyous light and life irradiated from her.

She was a picture of neatness and prettiness; she was dressed in a pretty-colored stuff dress, and a piece of blue ribbon round her neck, to which a locket was attached, gave the slightest suspicion of coquettishness to her appearance. She held a candlestick in her hand, but the candle in it was not lighted. Although she stood still for a brief space, gazing at the old man, her thoughts were not upon him. There was a listening look in her face, and as she raised her hand she murmured, "I wonder! I wonder!" and said aloud, in soft tones,

"May I look out of your window, daddy?"

Muzzy's window looked upon the street. Lizzie, not waiting for permission, went to the window and looked out, and stood there in silence so long that Muzzy shuffled to her side. He saw nothing, however, for the form which Lizzie had been watching was out of sight. If she had spoken her thoughts, her words would have been: "The dear fellow! It does my heart good to see him linger about the house. I used to see that with Mary, and Mary used to watch through the blind." (Here, to be faithful to her musings, would have come a laugh that was almost a whisper—like a ripple on a lake, like a gurgling stream dancing down a hill.) "He turned back three times to look at the house. Now if he had known that I was here, he wouldn't have gone away for a long while. How handsome he is!"

A deeper flush was in her cheek, and her eyes sparkled still more brightly, as with a happy sigh she turned from the window to Muzzy, who was standing by her side.

"You got my key, daddy?" she said.

"Yes, my dear, thank you."

"Did you come home early?"

"At about ten o'clock, my dear."

"Did you see any one? Did any body ask for me?"

"Nobody asked of me, Liz. You expected somebody, then?"

"Oh no; but I wish I had been at home."

She dismissed the subject with a light shake of the head, and said, smiling,

"You've had company, daddy."

"Yes, my dear," he replied, with a wistful look at her pretty face—a strangely jealous look, too, which seemed to imply that he would have been better pleased if she were a little less bright.

"Nice company?" she asked.

"A gentleman—one who has been kind to me."

She nodded with conscious grace, and stood before the old man with an assertion of prettiness upon her which heightened the contrast between her graceful person and his unattractive form. Not that the contrast was in her mind; she did not think of it; but it would have been forced upon an observer.

"We heard you talking," she said.

"You have had company also, Lizzie."

"Oh yes." With a blush and a smile.

"We heard you talking, my dear."

"I suppose we made a great noise; Some One talks very loud sometimes."

"You did not make a noise, my dear, but we

heard you. Lizzie," he said, as if the thought had just occurred to him, "your candle was out when you came in."

"It went out in the passage, daddy."

"Or Some One blew it out, Lizzie."

"Yes; perhaps—Some One—did." With the pleasantest little laugh in the world.

"Preferring to talk in the dark," he suggested, in a singular tone of discontent.

"Yes; perhaps—Some One—does."

Again the pleasant little laugh. That, which was like music, and her joyous, happy manner, and her clear voice and pretty ways, made a home of the otherwise lonely room.

"We have been to the theatre to-night," she said; "Some One and me. I should like to be an actress. I think I should have made a good one."

She let her hair fall loose as she spoke, and put on an arch look to provoke a favorable verdict. Muzzy's hitherto dull mood brightened under her influence.

"What theatre did you go to, my dear?"

"To the Olympic. We saw 'Daisy Farm.' Isn't it a pretty name? Now, one would fancy that every body was happy at 'Daisy Farm,' because of the name; but it wasn't so. They were all in trouble until the end of the play, and then something very unexpected happened, and every thing came right. Is it so in real life?"

"I don't think so."

"But it's nice in a play. I wonder how ever they can cram such a lot of things in a couple of hours; and it all seems so natural! There was one part that Some One didn't like; it was where a young man who had been doing wrong—stealing money from his master—robbed his own father (as we all thought he was), so that he could put the money back. Some One got regularly excited over it; but it turned out that the man he robbed wasn't his father, so that was all right. When that was shown, and the young man got off, Some One clapped so that every body looked at him. He lost his sweetheart, though."

"Who?"

"The young man in the play. As we were walking home, I said to Some One, 'Supposing that was you, would you have liked to lose your sweetheart in that way?' He turned quite white at the idea, and he looked at me so strangely, and said, 'But you wouldn't throw me off as that heartless girl did in the play, would you, Lizzie?' I said, 'No; that I wouldn't.' 'Not even if I was as bad as that young fellow?' asked Some One, to try me. And then I said—But you can guess what I said, daddy. I don't think I'm a changeable girl, like some. We were very happy afterward, Some One and me."

"Come and sit down, Lizzie," said Muzzy;

"I want to talk to you." The girl obeyed, and as Muzzy did not immediately speak, she fell a-musing. Sweet thoughts were hers evidently, for presently the laugh that was like music came from her, evoked by something pleasant that she had seen or heard in her fancies. The sound aroused her, and looking up she saw Muzzy holding out the flower he had brought home for her.

"For you, Liz."

"Oh, thank you, dad."

She held it up by the side of her hair to admire it, and asked how it looked there. Out of his full-hearted admiration of her pretty ways, he had but one answer, of course. Then she placed it in the bosom of her dress, which was slightly open at the throat; and as the leaves touched her fair skin, she looked down and smiled both on the flowers and herself.

"Some One would be jealous," she said, "if he saw it there; especially after what he brought me to-night. Wait a minute; I'll show you."

She ran out of the room, and returned with a large bunch of flowers, fresh and fragrant like herself.

"Are they not beautiful? Am I not a lucky girl? Just think! Two presents of flowers in one night!"

"Mine is a poor one, Lizzie," he said.

"It is very pretty, and I shall put it in water all by itself."

She selected a flower from the bunch, and placed it in her bosom by the side of the other; then bent down until her lips touched it.

"You are fond of flowers, my dear."

"I love every thing that is bright. I like to bury my face in them, like this, and shut my eyes and think. Such beautiful thoughts come!"

Suiting the action to the word, she buried her face in the flowers, and saw pictures of the future as she wished it to be. It was filled with sweet promise, as it nearly always is to youth. And if fulfillment never comes, the dreams bring happiness for the time.

"Try!" she said, raising her face and holding out the flowers to him.

To please her, he closed his eyes among the leaves. But the visions that came to his inner sense of sight were different from those she had seen. For her the future. For him the past. The clouds through which he looked were dark and sombre, and as glimpses of long-forgotten times flashed through the clouds, he sighed as one might have sighed who, wandering for a generation through a strange country filled with discordant and feverish circumstance, finds himself suddenly in a place where all is hushed, and where the soft breeze brings to him the restful sound of sweet familiar bells. But the dark clouds soon rolled over these memories, blotting them out.

"Lizzie," he said, "suppose you had the chance of living away from the dusty streets in a pretty little house, surrounded by the flowers you love so well!"

"How delightful!" she exclaimed, with her face among the flowers again.

"Open your eyes, Lizzie, while I speak."

"Wait a minute, daddy. Don't speak for sixty seconds. I'm looking at the house."

Muzzy remained silent until she spoke again.

"I see it," she said, peeping out from the flow-ers. "It is built of old red brick, the windows are very small, and vines are creeping all over the walls."

Thus did her fancy reproduce for her the picture of a country house, which doubtless she had seen at one time or another. Even when she opened her eyes she saw the vision, hanging, as it were, in the clouds of a bright memory.

"How would you like to live in such a house, Liz?"

"How would I like to live in a rainbow?" was her merry rejoinder.

"But what I say I mean, my dear."

"And what I say I don't—that is, sometimes. Do you really mean it, though, dad?"

"Yes, my dear. The gentleman who was with me to-night—a good friend—has opened out such a prospect to me."

"Oh, I am so glad; for this isn't very nice for you!" she said, glancing round the room.

"Nor for you, my dear," he replied, looking wistfully at her. "Don't you wish for something better?"

"I wish for a great many things—holidays, new dresses, and new hats—and I should like a good deal of money. If fifty pounds were to tumble down the chimney now, shouldn't we be surprised? Ah, but what's the use of wishing, daddy!"

"You may have some of these things, Liz, if you like." His serious manner made her more serious and attentive. "Such a house as you saw just now you may have, perhaps. It depends upon you whether I accept the offer that has been made to me to-night."

"Upon me!" she exclaimed. "Tell me how."

"Do you remember what I was when you first came here?"

"Why, the same as you are now," she replied, with a laughing evasion of what he was referring to.

"No, my dear," he said, humbly, taking her hand in his; "I was a lonely, miserable man. There was no light in my life. I used to come home night after night and drink."

She placed her fingers on his lips, to stop the farther confession; but he gently removed them.

"I had nothing else to do. Bad fancies used to come, and I drank to drive them away; and the more I drank, the worse they became. I don't know what might have been the end of me. This room used to be full of terrible shadows creeping over the walls. I saw them in the dark stealing upon me. One night, when these fancies were upon me, driving me almost mad—how long ago was it, Lizzie?—I heard a little voice singing in the next room. I didn't know any one had moved in until I heard your voice, and I crept into the passage and listened to you, my dear, and blessed you—ay, I did, Lizzie! and I fell asleep with your singing in my ears."

"And I came out," she said, humoring him, "and saw you."

"And saw me, and pitied me," he continued.

"I wonder you were not afraid. You came into my room, and saw the bottle on the table; there was liquor in it, and you asked me if you might take it away, and I said yes. Then you tidied up the room and made the bed, and I sat wondering at your goodness, and wondering why the shadows didn't come while you were with me. That was the commencement of it, Lizzie; and so we became friends, and my life was not so desolate as it used to be. You brightened it for me, my dear."

"No, it wasn't me, daddy," said Lizzie; "it was yourself—it was leaving off that—that—"

"Drink," he added, as she hesitated. "It was driving me mad!"

"And you have left it off, daddy, and that's the reason why you are better and happier."

"Yes, Lizzie," he said, with a guilty look at her; for the flat bottle, half filled with gin, was in his pocket as he spoke. "I have kept my promise."

"So it's not me, after all," she exclaimed, merrily, "that you have to thank."

"It is you, Lizzie. If it were not for you I should go back to my old ways again; it is only you who keep me from them. I know now what it is to have some one to care for me; if I had known it before—oh, if I had known it before! If when we were young we could see what was before us!"

"Have you never had any one care for you, daddy?" she asked, pityingly.

"Don't ask me, child—don't ask me. I mustn't look back—I daren't look back. But it seems to me, Lizzie, that I never knew how dreadful a lonely life was until you came and showed me the misery of it. I can not leave you now, Lizzie; I should become I am frightened to think what."

His voice, his hands, his whole body trembled as he pleaded for companionship, for protection from his torturing fancies. She was his shelter, and he clung to her. His manhood had been like a ship tossed amidst storms, overhung by dark clouds, battered and bruised by sunken reefs. Suddenly a rift of light appeared, and the old worn ship floated into peaceful waters, and lay there with an almost painful sense of rest upon it—painful because of the fear that the light might vanish as suddenly as it had appeared, and the storm break again.

"What is it you want me to do, daddy?"

"To come and live with me, my dear, if I am fortunate enough to get this house, where there will be rest; to share my home as my daughter."

"As your daughter?" (Very, very softly spoken, musingly, wonderingly. The turning over of a new leaf, indeed, for her who had never known a father's love.) "Does he know of this—your friend?"

"It was he who suggested it when I spoke of you. He proposed it for my sake."

"It is kind of him; he must have a noble nature. But I don't know, daddy, I don't know!"

"Don't know what, my dear?"

"Whether you would be pleased with me—whether you would like me as much as you do now. Ah, you smile, but you might be mistaken in me. I like to have my own way, and I am ill-tempered when I don't. Then, you know, Some One must come and see me."

"If you say so, my dear," he humbly assented, "I can't object."

"I think he would like it," she mused; "he is fond of nice things and nice places."

"Tell me, Lizzie—I have never asked, but I may, because I am an old man—is Some One your sweetheart?"

"Couldn't you guess that, daddy?" she asked in return.

"Yes, my dear, but I wanted to be certain. Do you love him?"

Shyly, tenderly, archly she looked at the old man, and answered him with her eyes. They fell into silence for a little while after that, the mind of each being occupied.

"You don't remember your father, Lizzie?"

"No."

"Your mother?"

"No; I never saw her."

"Have you any other friends besides Some One?"

"Yes, there's Mary, and my best friend, my aunt. She has been very kind to me, and must come and see me too. Indeed, I must ask her permission, for she has been like a mother to me. Mother! ah, to have a good kind mother to love, and who loves you—what happiness! I have dreamt of it often—have wished that such a happiness was mine. But it never was, daddy—never, never was, and never, never can be!"

"Lizzie," he said, timidly, "tell me something of your life before I knew you."

In their new relations toward each other, she had seated herself at his feet. Her hands were clasped in her lap, and her eyes were toward the flowers in her breast. Graceful as the leaves of the flowers was this young girl; not more delicate was their color than the color in her face. The tender contact of this fresh young life was a new revelation to him, and he held his breath for fear he should awake and find that he was dreaming.

"Of my life!" she mused, speaking more to herself than to him. "What can I remember?"

How young was I as I see myself, in my first remembrance, playing with two other children in a field near the house in which I lived? Two years, or a little more. The house belonged to Mrs. Dimmock, and I did not know then that she was not my mother; but as I grew I learned—I don't know how; it wasn't told me, but the knowledge came—that the little girls I played with were not my sisters, although they were her children. Mrs. Dimmock was not a very kind woman, at least not to me. She would pet and fondle her own children, and I used to cry in secret because of it, and because she did not love me as she did them. My aunt came to see me often, and often brought me toys and sweets. If she had been my mother, she could not have been kinder to me, but then of course I should have lived with her. Once when my aunt came to see me in company of a tall, stern-looking man, I said to her, 'Aunt, haven't I got a mother?' The man said no, that my mother was dead, and my aunt echoed his words. She saw that I fretted because it wasn't the same with me as it was with the other children, and she tried in every way to make up for it, but she couldn't. What I wanted was a mother that I could love with all my heart, and who could love me with all hers—as Mrs. Dimmock loved her children, although she was harsh and unkind to me. My aunt did not know that she did not treat me well; I didn't tell her. When I grew up I went to a day school, and learned other things besides reading and writing; I think it was in that way, trying to make me superior to other girls, that my aunt endeavored to lessen any sorrow I may have felt. I can play the piano, daddy—you wouldn't have thought that, would you? Mrs. Dimmock was jealous, I could see, because I was learning more than her girls; and the girls, too, didn't like it. I think it was partly maliciousness on my part that made me proud to know more than they did; if they had been kind to me, I shouldn't have cared to triumph over them in that way. Well, every thing went on so until I was fourteen years of age, when one day something occurred. I hadn't been expected home so soon; the street-door was open, and as I went into the passage I heard my aunt and Mrs. Dimmock speaking together, and from my aunt's voice I guessed that she was crying. 'I can't help your misfortunes,' Mrs. Dimmock said; 'I've got children of my own, and I must look after them first. I'm keeping the girl now for less than her food costs; she eats more than my two girls put together.' I knew she meant me by 'the girl,' and I turned hot and cold, for I felt like a charity girl. Mrs. Dimmock spoke very spitefully, and I knew that she did so because I gave myself superior airs over her daughters. I dare say it was wrong of me to do so, but I couldn't help it, they were such mean things! One of them let a girl in school be beaten for something that she did, and I knew it, and she knew I knew it. But we used to quarrel about all sorts of things, and of course Mrs. Dimmock always took their parts, so that you may guess, daddy, I was not very happy. I heard sufficient of the conversation between my aunt and Mrs. Dimmock to make me tingle all over. It served me right, for listeners never do hear any good of themselves; but it was as well that I did hear, notwithstanding, as you will see presently. My aunt was in arrears for my board and lodging, and she was compelled to hear patiently—for

my sake, I felt it!—all the hard things that Mrs. Dimmock said to her. 'I shall be able to pay you by-and-by,' my aunt said, oh, so humbly! 'I can't afford to wait till by-and-by, ma'am,' Mrs. Dimmock answered, 'and I can't live on promises—they're like pie-crusts, made to be broken. It is a shame that such a big girl as her should be eating charity bread.' Just think, daddy, how I felt when I heard that! 'If she can't pay for her bread-and-butter, let her work for it, if she ain't too fine and proud. If she wants to live on charity, she must go somewhere else and get it; I can't afford to give it to her.' I think, daddy, that if I had been on fire, I couldn't have run out of the house faster than I did. I had an idea at first of running clean away, but the thought of how kind my aunt had been to me prevented me. Instead of that, I watched for her, and saw her come out of the house and look anxiously about for me. She was always very pale, but her face was whiter than I had ever seen it before. She brightened up when she saw me, and I drew her a long way from the house before I would let her talk. When she began, how I pitied her! She couldn't get along at all, and would have gone away without telling me any thing, if I hadn't said that I was in the passage and heard her and Mrs. Dimmock speaking together about me. She looked so frightened, when I told her, that I was frightened myself; she was dreadfully anxious to know all that I had heard, and seemed to be relieved that I hadn't heard any more. I supposed that Mrs. Dimmock had been saying worse things of me than I had already heard, and I wasn't sorry that I went out of the house when I did. 'And so you are poor, aunty,' I said to her, 'and I have made you so?' 'No, my dear; no, Lizzie; no, my darling!' she said, eagerly. 'You haven't made me so; I had enough, more than enough, and to spare, and I was putting by money for you, my dearest, and saving up for you. But, like a foolish woman, I put it into a bank, and they have robbed me and a thousand other poor creatures. The bankers were thieves, my darling, thieves! and there's no law to touch them, and I can't get my poor little bit of money out of their pockets! I thought I should have gone mad when I went yesterday and found the place shut up; and it was no consolation to me to find others that had been robbed hanging about the great stone walls—for I thought of you, darling, and I was too wretched to feel for others.' I tried to console her. 'Never mind, aunty,' I said; 'you have been very, very kind to me, and I shall never be able to pay you.' 'Yes, you can, my dearest,' she said, crying over me as I kissed her; 'you are paying me now, over and over again.' Then I said I wouldn't be a burden on her any longer, and that Mrs. Dimmock was right when she said that I ought to work for my living. My aunt cried more and more at this, and begged me not to think of it; but my mind was made up. What was to become of me by-and-by, I thought, unless I learned to depend upon myself; and when Mrs. Dimmock the next day said that I ought to go into service, I determined to try and be something better than a servant. Well, I was very lucky, daddy. I set my wits to work, and I heard that a woman who kept a little milliner's shop wanted an apprentice. I went to her, and she was so pleased with me that she agreed to take me into the house, and keep me, and teach me the business. I was to be with her for four years, and I wasn't to have any wages during the whole time. I served my time faithfully, and my aunt gave me more than enough money to keep me in clothes. It pleased her to see me look nice, and I liked it myself, daddy; I like nice clothes and things! At the end of the four years a friend in the same business, Mary—you've heard me speak of her often, daddy—proposed that we should live together; said that we could take one room, which would be enough for us, and that we could get enough work to keep us. There was something so delightful in the idea of being my own mistress that I jumped for joy at the proposal, and without consulting my aunt I consented. We took a room very near here, daddy, and paid six shillings a week for it. All this was done very quickly, and then I wrote to my aunt to come and see me. She came, but took it so much to heart that I should make so serious a change in my life without consulting her that I promised never to do any thing of the sort again without asking her advice. We were very comfortable together that night, I remember, and she gave us our first order, for two black dresses. So Mary and me jogged along. Although our living did not cost us much, we had to be very careful, as we could not earn a great deal of money. Sometimes trade was slack, and we were without work; but my aunt took care that I should always have a little money in my purse. She came to see me more often than she used to do when I was at Mrs. Dimmock's. I knew why. She was uneasy at the idea of two girls living together; thought we couldn't take care of ourselves. That's why, daddy, I think she would be glad to consent to my living in the pretty little house you spoke of. It is almost too good to be true, though. Is it really true?" "It is, my dear," replied Muzzy.

"Then," continued Lizzy, "Mary got a sweet-heart, which was nice for me as well as for her, for he used to take us both out. Sometimes, you know, daddy, I wouldn't go—I pretended that I was very busy, and had a great deal to do—and they had to go out by themselves. Nearly always when they came home I had a bit of supper ready for them; and when Mary's sweet-heart went away after supper, Mary used to peep through the blind, and watch him standing in the street looking at the house and up at the window, as if he was so much in love with them that he couldn't go away."

"As you did to-night, Lizzie, when you came in."

She gave him a shy, happy look.

"Yes, as I did to-night, daddy. I haven't much more to tell. Mary got married, and then I came here to live, and that's the end of my story."

"That picture in your room," he said, "is the portrait of your aunt, I suppose."

"Yes, but you will scarcely recognize her by it when you see her. She is not like the same woman. She has had some great trouble, I am sure, although she never speaks of it. I have tried often to imagine what it must have been, but I have never been able to find out."

"And Mary—is she happy?"

"Oh yes—very, very happy. She will have a baby soon."

A soft light stole into her face, and her fingers closed tenderly on the locket hanging at her bosom. Muzzy noticed the action.

"That's a new locket, Lizzie."

"Yes; Some One gave it to me. If I am to live with you as your daughter, you ought to know his name."

"What is it?" he asked, seeing that Lizzie expected him to take an interest in her lover.

"Alfred. Isn't it a nice name?"

"Yes," he muttered, in a slightly troubled voice.

She took the locket from her neck, and handed it to him. He opened it and gazed at it long and earnestly, and in deep silence. Perhaps it was the prospect of the new life that was before him that caused him to start when Lizzie addressed him presently, and to look around him with the bewildered air of one suddenly aroused from sleep.

"You are tired, daddy," she said, taking the locket from his hand; "it is time to go to bed."

He bade her good-night, almost mechanically, and when he was alone, sank into his chair with an oppression of vague thought upon him. Long before he retired to rest Lizzie was asleep, dreaming of her lover.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

ONE of the most popular of the mineral waters which are so refreshing during the summer season is the Kissingen, which takes its name from a pretty little town nestled among the hills of Bavaria. The eight thousand inhabitants of this famous German watering-place seem to be in a semi-dormant state during the dull winter, but awake to a sense of life and gain when crowds of strangers come pouring into their quiet town during the summer months. The saline springs of Kissingen are not of recent discovery. They were known as early as the ninth century. The healing virtues of the waters were appreciated throughout Germany; but it was not until about 1830 that other countries began to take a special interest in them. In 1844 Kissingen became known as a fashionable watering-place, whither thousands went to quaff the magical beverage. The waters are also bottled, and find an extensive sale all over the world. There are three principal springs, the "Pandour," the "Razozey," and the "Max Brunner." The waters are free to all, though constant visitors at the springs are expected to give a small sum to the water-servants. The wooded parks about Kissingen are numerous and beautiful; and it is a custom for the physicians of the town to establish themselves under various shade trees, where they may be consulted by their patients, the latter leisurely sipping their cool morning draught meantime. The springs are never dry, nor is there any visible diminution in the quantity of water.

Among the Berkshire Hills, in the eastern part of New York State, is an old and popular place of resort—Lebanon Springs. The waters are chiefly used for bathing, and are accounted efficacious for cutaneous disorders and various other diseases. The drives in the vicinity are delightful. The famous Shaker village is only two miles from the springs.

Niagara seems to be swallowing up victims by wholesale. One day, only a short time ago, four persons were drowned by being carried over the rapids.

We make a brief extract from a poem recently published in the *Leisure Hour*. It seems peculiarly appropriate as a description of the neglected poor children of New York, for whom excursions into the country and to the sea-side have been arranged this summer:

"Some were very gaunt and thin,
Foul without and black within,
Ghastly, grim, and hollow of cheek,
Ragged, barefoot, weary, and weak;
Some with ears that never heard
Music from a forest bird;
Little cheeks that never smiled,
So imbruted was the child;
Eyes that never skyward glanced,
Little feet that never danced,
Little hands ne'er raised in prayer,
Little hearts o'erfull of care;
With their strange, unchildish ways,
Nestled in the lap of sin,
Criminals their only kin:
Living thus from day to day,
Strangers to all healthful play."

Blind to every virtuous deed,
None to teach them, none to lead,
Never went to look above,
Ignorant of that sweet word—love,
Who can marvel that they try
Which can cheat the most and lie?
And, since hunger must be fed,
Sometimes steal a crust of bread?"

An exchange says: "At the first examination for admission to the Freshman class at Bowdoin College thirty-seven were successful and eight rejected. The next examination, in August, will double the number." Double what? The number of the successful, or of the rejected? or both?

Few institutions of learning have accomplished more good than the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. Founded thirty-five years ago by benevolent contributions, which were collected and applied through the untiring exertions of Mary

Lyon, it has constantly given testimony of its prosperity and thorough course of instruction. About 4700 pupils have been connected with the seminary, and its graduates number 1407. Over eighty have gone as missionaries to a foreign field.

Hart, the Kentucky sculptor, is now in Florence, engaged upon a beautiful female figure. On being asked how long it would take him to complete the work, he replied, "Several years." Some surprise being expressed at the length of time necessary, the sculptor remarked, "You know it takes even the Almighty nineteen years to make a perfect woman."

Eugénie has realized \$250,000 from the sale of her jewels.

Cholera infantum is carrying off thousands of little children at this time of year. Sudden chills and improper diet are the chief exciting causes, combined with unwholesome air. Fresh, ripe fruit and well-cooked vegetables may safely be indulged in by children in health; and farinaceous articles, such as hominy, wheaten grits, corn-meal mush, and stale bread are wholesome. Parents need to be assured concerning the quality of the milk their children use. In case of illness nothing is more important for children than that the apartments where they are should be most thoroughly ventilated.

Prize medals were recently given to two Sunday-school scholars in Troy for having learned the largest number of Scripture verses during the last six months. The first prize was bestowed on a little girl who had committed to memory three thousand verses, and the second to a child who had learned twenty-three hundred. It is strange that teachers will encourage or parents permit their children to enter into such a contest, which must be harmful mentally and morally. A child's brain should never be subjected to such a severe strain. And however desirable a knowledge of the Bible may be, what good can come from crowding verse after verse into the memory, with little or no instruction as to their meaning? Then how is the ambition excited! Each little heart filled with a spirit of rivalry, not to be wiser and better, but to gain praise and the prize. Such contests do not foster a love for the Bible or its teachings.

Sixty-four balloons left Paris during the week. Of these fifty-seven reached a safe destination, carrying 150 passengers. Two came to grief by falling into the sea, where the passengers lost their lives; the other five were captured by the Germans. By means of pigeons carried out of Paris by the aeronauts 50,000 messages were sent back into the besieged city.

A new use for cats has been discovered, which should win for the whole feline race a greater respect than they have been accustomed to receive at the hands of man. A fruit-grower has ascertained by actual experiment that cats make excellent guardians of strawberry patches to keep away the birds. The following method is suggested by the fruit-grower, though we are acquainted with a smart cat which has been trained, without any chains, to drive all birds from strawberry beds in the garden of her mistress: The cat is fastened by a chain which slides on a wire extending the whole length of the patch, so that the animal may walk up and down. A knot at each end of the wire readily prevents the cat from twisting round the post which supports the wire, and a small kennel placed in the middle of the walk affords shelter and a home for her kittens. In large gardens a second cat is required, and the younger ones in their frequent visits to each other greatly assist in scaring the birds.

A "fine specimen" of the horned frog was lately sent through the post by a lady of Southern California to her son-in-law, residing near London. The package was merely a thin paste-board box, and was four weeks in transit. The little fellow had nothing to eat on his journey, but was in good condition when he reached his destination. This species of frog is said to live for six months without food.

The most warlike and vicious rat we ever heard of resided in Greenpoint. Fortunately he exists no longer. Apparently he became enraged because poison was set in the pantry for himself and his companions instead of more nutritious diet. At any rate, the other rats disappeared, but this champion one remained to fight. One day when the housekeeper, Mrs. Conklin, was taking some dishes from the pantry shelf, this skulking rodent darted from a hole in the wall, and seizing her finger, closed its teeth clear through the fleshy part. It held on with such determination that she had some difficulty in shaking it off. Very soon afterward the wound began to inflame; the hand swelled and grew numb, and sharp pains extended almost to the shoulder. She went to a physician, who cauterized the wound and treated her otherwise so that she experienced relief. Poison was set for the animal, but it shunned the tempting bait, and next day made another attempt to bite Mrs. C. Failing this time, it took up a position at the entrance of its hole, and stood there defiantly, with its head half out, and when a young man came and struck at it with a stick it made several attempts to fly at him, but at last sulkily retired. Next evening the same rat flew from the pantry and made a third desperate attack on Mrs. C. It jumped upon the table near which she was standing, and was about to spring on her, when her shriek brought her son out of the adjoining room, and the rat was killed, showing flight to the last.

Simple and innocent amusements should enter more largely into our every-day life. Mental diversion not only promotes healthy thought, but also physical vigor. Home should be made an attractive and a joyous place. If young boys and girls do not find amusement at home, they will sigh for it, and often seek it elsewhere—in the streets or in even more objectionable places. It is not to be expected that young folks can always be sitting demurely at home, stitching and knitting, or even reading. There should be friendly visiting, unrestrained social intercourse, and appropriate recreation. There should be also free interchange of thought and sympathy

between parents and children. Boys would seldom run away from home if they were in the habit of confiding their plans to father or mother. The son of a gentleman in a neighboring city recently left his home secretly, being influenced to do so by bad companions and sensational reading. His father made every search for him, but at the last accounts he had not found him.

A successful butter dairyman gives the following brief code of practice, which will be useful to others in similar business: "Skim early, churn early, and sell early."

"They say" that Wilkie Collins's jackknife has now been found by a Fort Wayne man. This knife has a history. Collins bought it and had his name engraved on it. He lost it at Tours, France. The finder committed a murder with it. Collins chanced to be in attendance at the trial, and recovered his knife. He lost it again at Bath, England, and the finder committed suicide with it. Collins again recovered the knife, but lost it the third time. This time it has been found in Fort Wayne. The gentleman who picked it up is a great admirer of the novelist, and wrote to him, receiving in reply a letter detailing the above cheerful facts. Probably when the knife has been lost and found a couple of times more, Collins will write a novel founded on its adventures.

Prince Poniatowski, the grand-nephew of Stanislaus, the last Polish king, again appears in his old rôle of composer of music. "Gelmira" is the name of his latest opera, and Adeline Patti has been singing it nightly to crowded houses in London. An opera composed by a live prince is something of a sensation, of course, especially when rendered by a Diva. But Poniatowski is only following out his early predilections in composing. He is now a sexagenarian; but when quite young he brought out an opera in Florence, the tenor part of which he sustained himself. He afterward produced a celebrated opera bouffe, "Don Desiderio," which won for the prince both fame and money in the capitals of Europe. After writing five or six other operas, however, he seemed to tire of music, and entered into politics, attaching himself to Louis Napoleon. The fall of the empire exiled him, and now he again adopts the life of a composer.

The fall of rain is much influenced by forests. It is stated by scientific observers that a few years ago it never rained in Lower Egypt. The constant north winds passed without obstruction over a surface bare of vegetation. But since the planting out of large forests an obstacle has been interposed to the current of air from the north. The air thus checked accumulates, dilates, cools, and yields rain. In Upper Egypt, in the vicinity of Cairo and Alexandria, rain formerly seldom fell. Since the planting of forests by Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pacha, showers have become frequent, and at Cairo the fall of rain is copious during the winter months. The health of the locality is greatly improved, and certain climatic diseases, once very prevalent, have almost entirely disappeared.

USEFUL RECIPES.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Fifteen apples; a quart and a half of flour made into pastry with three-quarters of a pound of lard and half a pound of butter; one and a half pounds of sugar. Pare and core the apples; fill the holes with sugar, two cloves, and two very small pieces of mace. Wrap each apple in a covering of the pastry; put them in a baking-dish; sprinkle with sugar; cut ten ounces of butter into small bits, and put them in the dish. Then fill in with water to within half an inch of the top. Put in the sirup a tea-spoonful of cloves, and half as much mace. Put the dish in a hot oven with a cold lid, which is gradually heated by putting on coals. If the sirup boils away too much, when the dumplings are half done add a little more water, and baste frequently with the sirup to prevent them from burning. Bake two hours and a half.

RAISINS (a French marmalade).—This recipe is particularly valuable at seasons when fruit is scarce. Take six fine large cooking apples, peel them, put them over a slow fire, together with a wine-glassful of Madeira wine and half a pound of sugar. When well stewed, split and stone two and a half pounds of raisins, and put them to stew with the apples, and enough water to prevent their burning. When all appears well dissolved, beat it through a strainer bowl, and lastly through a sieve. Mould it if you like, or put away in small preserve jars, to cut in thin slices for the ornamentation of pastry, or to dish up for eating with cream.

NEWPORT CANDY.—One pint of molasses, one pound of brown sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter. Boil together until well candied. Pour out in thin layers over greased dishes, and cut into small bits when cold. It will be found crisp and good.

BRINE FOR KEEPING BUTTER.—Make a brine strong enough to bear an egg; then put in two handfuls of salt to each gallon of water. Add half a pound of white sugar and two tea-spoonfuls of saltpetre. Boil well, and skim until perfectly clear; then strain six or eight times. Always keep a bag of salt in the brine with the butter. This is said to preserve butter fresh for a year or two. In our own experience it has answered perfectly well for a period of nine months, or as long as wanted. Be sure that the butter you attempt to put away is in the first instance fresh and well made. Wrap each roll separately in muslin cloth, tying up as you go. Pack them as closely as you can in a large empty stone jar, until it is filled to within a few inches of the top. Weight the butter down with a clean stone or something of the sort. Then pour over the brine until the whole is submerged. Tie up close, and the butter will be just as good when wanted for use as when first put in brine.

TO MAKE CROQUETS.—A tender boiled tongue, cold, and parboiled; half a dozen sweet-breads (or a like quantity of tender veal) to one tongue; brown them with a little butter and lard, chop them with the tongue, and mix well together. A little parsley and one onion, pepper and salt if required. Break three eggs into the gravy the sweet-breads were browned in, and, if not enough, add a little other gravy to moisten this mince-meat. Let the gravy be cold before you add the eggs. Take three eggs more to roll them in, with bread crumbs, into the size and shape of a hen's egg. Make them out, and have the lard boiling over them like fritters, and take them up with a perforated ladle.

White Dotted Lace Fichu.

This fichu is made of white dotted lace and lace insertion seven-eighths of an inch wide, and is trimmed with white lace two inches and three-quarters of an inch wide, and black velvet ribbon. Cut the fichu from Figs. 84 and 85, Supplement, and trim it as shown by the illustration and partly indicated on the pattern. Cut away the material underneath the insertion, and fasten the edges carefully.

Jewel Case with Watch Stand, Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 557.

THE stand which accompanies this case is made of straight and curved bars of black polished cane or bamboo. The ends of the cane bars are ornamented each with a bronzed plate and with a round white bead; a small bronzed hook serves to hang up the watch. The case, designed for jewelry, watch-chain, etc., which is fastened in the frame of straight bars, is five inches and three-quarters long, two inches and seven-eighths wide, and an inch and three-quarters high; it is made of card-board, covered on the inside with red satin and on the outside with gray silk. The latter is ornamented in chain stitch embroidery with silk of various colors in the design shown by illustration Fig. 2. All the edges of the material are covered on the outside of the case with gray and on the inside with red chenille. Instead of the design Fig. 2, that shown by Fig. 3, which is worked in chain stitch and satin stitch, may be used.

Crochet Curtain Band, Figs. 1-3.

See illustrations on page 557.

This curtain band consists of two rows of large and small cotton balls, on which sc. (single crochet) of fine white knitting cotton are crocheted closely. Each ball is ornamented in the middle with a trimming sewed in twisted stitch with white knitting cotton. Tassels of crochet-covered balls com-



WHITE DOTTED LACE FICHU.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 84 and 85.

purpose for which it is designed. It consists of separate small rosettes, which are fastened together. For each rosette make a foundation of 6 ch. (chain stitch), close these in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and work as follows: * 5 ch., 2 stc. (short treble crochet) on the first ch. (these stc., however, are not finished separately, but are worked off together with the vein of the stitch on the needle), 10 ch., 2 stc. as before on the sixth of the 10 ch., 1 sc. (single crochet) on the middle ring, and repeat five times from *; finally, fasten the threads and cut them off. In this manner work all the rosettes, but fasten them together in the course of the work as shown by the illustration.

Cane and Panama Canvas Work-Basket and Stand.

See illustration on page 556.

THIS basket, which is designed to hold fancy-work, bits of thread or ribbon, etc., is set in a stand of polished bamboo cane, which is ten inches and seven-eighths high, including the handle. The basket is made of card-board, and is covered on the inside with blue satin and on the outside with Panama canvas; the latter is ornamented

in point Russe embroidery with saddler's silk of different colors, as shown by the illustration. Pleated ruches of blue satin ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide, and a piece of blue silk cord thirty-two inches long, which is finished at the ends with variegated tassels, form the rest of the trimming. To make the basket cut of double card-board a circular piece four inches and a half in diameter for the bottom, one piece two inches wide and fourteen inches and a half long for the rim, and one piece from Fig. 86, Supplement, for the lid. Close the pieces for the rim and lid in a hoop, pasting one end a quarter of an inch wide on the other end, and then cover all the inner pieces of card-board on that side which afterward comes on the inside with thin wadding and with blue satin; the edges of the satin are pasted on the outer, uncovered side. Having joined the bottom with the rim, ornament the canvas for the outer cover of the rim and the lid in point Russe embroidery with saddler's silk in various bright colors as shown by the illustration. Paste the pieces of canvas ornamented in this manner on the outer pieces of card-board so that the edges may be folded on the inside, then paste the inner pieces of card-board to the outer pieces, in doing which, at the same time, join the rim and lid by means of a hinge of blue satin ribbon. At the opposite side of the lid a ribbon loop is fastened for a handle. Paste the piece of card-board for the bottom, which is covered on the outside with brown watered paper, into the basket, trim as shown by the illustration and indicated on the pattern, and sew the basket into the stand.

Corner of Border for Handkerchiefs, Tidies, etc. Genoese Embroidery.

See illustration on page 556.

THIS border is worked on a square of white batiste, nan-sook, or white or gray linen of the requisite size with fine white guipure cord and with lace thread in the favorite Genoese embroidery. (Directions for working in Genoese embroidery were given in *Harper's Bazar*, No. 5, Vol. V., page 85,



SWISS MUSLIN, INSERTION, AND LACE FICHU AND SLEEVES.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 82 and 83.



GRAY SILK DRESS, WITH SWISS MUSLIN CHEMISSETTE AND SLEEVES.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 7-9.

Fig. 3.) Instead of guipure cord, coarse tatting cotton or fine red round cord may be used. Red round cord is especially adapted for a foundation of gray linen.

plete the curtain band, both rows of which count nineteen balls each. Make the requisite number of round balls of white knitting cotton (that raveled out of old knitting may be used); the ball for the middle (the largest ball) of each row should be an inch and a quarter in circumference, and each remaining ball should be somewhat smaller than the preceding one. For the cover of each of these balls work with medium-sized knitting cotton a foundation of 4 st. (stitch), close these in a ring with 1 sc. (single crochet), and on this work, always going forward, in doing which widen at regular intervals in the first half of the cover, in order to make it circular in shape. Then crochet several rounds without changing the number of stitches, draw the cover over the corresponding ball so that the wrong side of the work is turned outward, and finish the cover on the ball (see Fig. 2). In working the second half, narrow in proportion to the widening in the first half, and, moreover, now pass the needle from the inside to the outside, so that the wrong side of the stitches is turned outward. Ornament all the balls covered in this manner with white knitting cotton in twisted stitch as shown by Fig. 3; string the balls successively, in rows as shown by Fig. 1, on two pieces of thick white dress cord, and sew the projecting ends of both cords together, as shown by Fig. 1. On each end of the curtain band fasten a loop of crochet cord two inches and seven-eighths long and tassels of small crochet-covered cotton balls. Work the cord for the loops in single crochet with knitting cotton on a foundation of 5 st., always going forward, and passing the needle from the inside to the outside.

Crochet Foundation for Tidies, Pillow-Cases, etc.

See illustration on page 556.

THIS foundation is worked with white or colored crochet cotton, Saxony wool, or silk, according to the



SWISS MUSLIN BLOUSE.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 79-81.

Ladies' Visiting Dresses, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 561.

Fig. 1.—BUFF FOULARD VISITING DRESS WITH BROWN SILK TRIMMING. This dress consists of a skirt and polonaise with Pompadour waist. The skirt is trimmed with a gathered flounce of the material. This flounce is wider in the back than in the front, and the seam made by sewing it on is covered by a strip of brown silk, which is ornamented through the middle with fine yellow silk cord, corded on the sides, and edged with box-pleated ruches of écu fouldard. In sewing this strip on the skirt at the same time fasten in a pointed strip of plain and pleated écu fouldard, which is trimmed with yellow silk tassels (see illustration). The polonaise, which is folded over in revers in front, is trimmed with box-pleated ruffles, rolls of fouldard, and brown silk braided strips. The bretelles, which are edged with yellow silk fringe, are of similar strips. Brown silk belt and sash with knotted silk fringe. Pleated white Swiss muslin and lace chemisette and under-sleeves.

Fig. 2.—BLUE GROS GRAIN AND BLUE AND WHITE FIGURED FOULARD VISITING DRESS. The under-skirt and waist with long sleeves are of blue gros grain. The skirt is trimmed with a pleated ruffle and folds of the material. The sleeveless polonaise is made of blue and white figured fouldard, and is trimmed with loops of blue gros grain, as shown by the illustration. The upper loop on each shoulder covers the seam of a blue ribbon laid in a lengthwise pleat; both ribbons are held together and fastened at the bottom of the waist; on the ends, which hang two inches below the waist, set a bow of wide blue gros grain ribbon. Sew white lace along the heart-shaped neck of the polonaise; the

latter is draped with a band as shown by the illustration. The cuffs, which are worn over the sleeves, are made of three rows of gathered lace, trimmed with a bow of blue ribbon.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

THE omission of a single letter is sufficient to completely alter the meaning of a sentence, and convert a very ordinary piece of news into an altogether incredible statement. Houdin himself could hardly have managed to steal "a small ox" out of a lady's reticule and hide it in his waistcoat pocket; and the greatest of gormandizers was never credited with having "eaten a cabman;" yet, according to newspaper reports, men have been found guilty of both offenses. A like initial mishap led to the world's being informed that the Russians had defeated certain Polish insurgents "with great laughter;" and by the cutting off of a final letter, a great party leader was made to defy his opponents with the extraordinary announcement: "You can not fight against the future; *Tim* is on our side!" A journal once gave a



Fig. 1.—STRIPED ÉCARÉ BATISTE FICHU. FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 5 and 6.

grave account of a river misadventure, wherein a steamer nearly came to grief through running against a rat—explaining in its next issue that it should have said "raft;" and a Southern editor had to apologize for calling Mobile the fourth coffee-pot, instead of the fourth coffee port, in the States. To deprive the word "windows" of its *n* seems to be a favorite trick with compositors: an auctioneer lately announced his intention of knocking down "a surplus stock of bay-widows, complete, glazed with best British plate;" and, worse still, an Irish paper, reporting the burning down of a school-house, told how a brave fellow ran to the place, gained access to the school-room, "at once kicked out three of the widows, and then proceeded to throw out the children to the people assembled there, and by that means succeeded in saving several."

Equally awkward results accrue from the substitution of one letter for another. A theatrical critic, desiring to note the fact that a fair representative of Shakspeare's Ariel "did not sing," was made answerable for the uncomplimentary assertion that the lady "did nothing." A popular periodical added to our stock of historical knowledge by informing us that Henry IV. of England derived the "red nose" from his grandfather, of course intending to say he inherited from his grandsire the cognizance of the red rose—a blunder reminding one of Fanny Fudge's complaint of the stupid printer transforming "freshly blown roses" into "fleshy brown noses;" and doubtless the writer of the heraldic essay re-echoed the fair Fanny's anathema. Equally annoying must it have been to the clergyman who wrote of "the force of a Scripture parable" to find himself made responsible for such an unclerical expression as "the farce of a Scripture parable."

No stranger news ever came from Mexico than that General Pillow and thirty-seven men had been lost in a bottle; and no stranger remedy for neuralgia was ever propounded than that put forth by a Philadelphia journal, which assured all concerned they might easily abate their sufferings by simply putting a roasted pig in the mouth. A Western paper complimented the Russian Archduke Alexis by speaking of him as "the noble Kuss," a misprint as likely to be due to the compositor's fancy for a joke as to carelessness in "setting up."

A curious corruption of the text of the "Pilgrim's Progress" originated in the accidental or intentional change of an *e* into an *a*. Bunyan makes Christian say of Faintheart, Mistrust, and Guilt, that although many called

SWISS MUSLIN JACKET. For description see Supplement.

grave account of a river misadventure, wherein a steamer nearly came to grief through running against a rat—explaining



BLACK CASHMERE MANTELET. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1 and 2.



BLACK CASHMERE AND GUIPURE INSERTION TALMA. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 3 and 4.

them cowards, they had made David groan, moan, and roar, had sorely brushed the coats of Heman and Hezekiah, and handled Peter so as to make him afraid of a sorry girl. Either a blundering printer, or an editor who knew not the name of Heman, one of the four wise sons of Mahol, than whom Solomon alone was wiser, changed Heman to Haman. A later editor of Bunyan's great work, satisfied that the immortal tinker never associated the baffled Agagite with David, Hezekiah, and Peter as champions of the true faith, substituted Mordecai as more worthy of the honor, and Mordecai has ever since been exalted at the expense of the true man.

OLD FAMILY SERVANTS.

WHO is not familiar with the domestic servant—that indispensable accessory to home comfort? How much we are dependent upon her for our enjoyment of the ordinary conveniences of daily life it would be hard to estimate. Do not we all know families possessing the treasure of one who has grown old in their service, who, when younger, has been the nurse of her master or mistress, and has always identified herself with their fortunes and interests, and who is not so much a hired



EMBROIDERED BLACK GROS GRAIN JACKET. [See Page 557.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 75-78.



Fig. 2.—STRIPED ÉCARÉ BATISTE FICHU. BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 5 and 6.

laborer as a sympathizing friend? We could multiply illustrations indefinitely of their attachment and peculiarities. Dean Ramsay tells us of one who was privileged to use the familiarity of an old friend. He had been so frequently censured for a certain fault that his master at last lost patience. "John," said he, "you and I must part."

"And whaur will you be gaun?" asked John. "I'm sure ye'll no get ony place like hame," not supposing it possible that he should go.

An old Scotch lady had a servant whose great failing was an irresistible curiosity to become acquainted with the secrets of the family life, and to whom to carry a letter to its destination without endeavoring in some way to become acquainted with its contents was a temptation too powerful to resist. On one occasion his mistress called him.

"Noo, Andrew," said she, "here's a letter I wish you to take at once, and that you may lose no time on the way, I'll e'en read it to you before I seal it up."

Mr. Harness, in his autobiography, tells of certain friends sympathizing with the poet Rogers on the death of an old and attached servant, of whom his master said, with somewhat less emotion than they expected, "The first seven years we were together he was a useful servant, the second seven years he was a faithful friend, and the last seven years he was an intolerable tyrant."

The attachment of an old domestic resembles the loyalty of a clansman to his chief, who was wont to consider his property, his labor, and even his life less at his own disposal than that of his master. There is not much in our common human nature to be proud of at any time, but we do feel a glow of something like admiration for what is self-sacrificing, let the station of the hero be what it may. "Which had most of the serf nature in him," asks Mr. Ruskin—"the Irish peasant who waits for his landlord with his musket muzzle thrust through a ragged hedge, or that old mountain-servant who, two hundred years ago, gave up his own life and the lives of his seven sons for his chief, as each fell calling forth his brother to the death, 'Another for Hector?'"

We may learn from these older times to take a greater interest in our dependents, to come more frequently into personal contact with them, and to treat them with something more of consideration and kindness. We should be more ready to do so when we reflect that the accidents of birth or adverse fortune might have reversed our relative positions:



Fig. 1.—BUFF FOULARD VISITING DRESS WITH BROWN SILK TRIMMING.

Fig. 2.—BLUE GROS GRAIN AND BLUE AND WHITE FIGURED FOULARD VISITING DRESS.

and to be more lenient to their short-comings when we remember how constantly they are witnesses of our failings, and how frequently they submit without murmuring to our petulance and fault-finding.

Inherent in human nature is a love of change, and it is more earnestly desiderated by those whose daily duties are an invariable routine, whatever the nature of their employment. Where there is little or no hope of advancement, a weariness comes over the mind that can only be dissipated by escaping for a while from the trammels of monotonous occupation. Servants are not exempt from this feeling of restraint; and however we may urge the duty of contentment, especially where they have comfortable homes, and are relieved from the necessity of directly providing for their daily wants, we can not destroy the feeling of independence, the love of freedom, and the hope of one day forming homes of their own. Notwithstanding that they live in the family atmosphere, they do not form a part of the circle, and are made conscious of a want which all the amenities of service fail to supply.

THE OLD ROOM.

Do the moonbeams glint through its windows now,
Bright as they did of yore,
To light the cluster of lily-bells,
The lilies I tend no more?
Does the jasmine climb round the casement yet,
With one vagrant tendril peeping,
To see, deep sunk in her downy nest,
The mistress who trained it sleeping?
And oh, what bange o'er the mantel now,
Whence a calm proud face looked down,
With lips that could smile so tenderly,
With eyes that could flash or frown?
What volumes range on the oaken shelf,
Where Tennyson sang of old,
Where Dickens stood with his genial laugh,
Where Carlyle's grand thunder rolled?
Does order rule on the table now,
Where papers were wont to heap,
Mid fair quaint toys and open books,
With a rose-bud the place to keep?
And in the old gilded secrétaire
Have they found in the hid recess
The token whose meaning, well I ween,
There is none save I can guess?
Death's heavy hand struck sudden and strong
All the links of a life to sever;
And we were parted, my room and I,
Were parted, and oh, forever!
It is all such a trifle; and there is enough
Too real, God knows, in the world;
No time to pause to snatch at a leaf,
In the wild life-current hurled!
Only just sometimes, when I dream a while,
In the midnight when all is still,
I muse how my room is looking then,
In the moonbeams weird and chill.

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

THE Baron de Ballisac made himself most agreeable to the American family: he was at the feet of Mrs. Hunter, but his chief attentions were addressed to Ophelia. He did not so far outrage the proprieties of civilized life as to make love to her, nor did he pay her compliments, or do any thing that verged on the frivolity of flirtation; but he said more than all this by his silence, his timid desire to please, made more touching by a certain tender reserve that deprecated a rebuff and claimed no response. The baron became thoughtful, was seen frequently absorbed in a distant corner of the salon, and when Madame De Rusenville, who appeared to be in the secret of his thoughts, would call out to him to join her and her friends in their little coterie, he would rouse himself like a man starting from a reverie, and obey the summons with alacrity, but at the same time with a shyness that was new to him. The change in the blasé child of the Faubourg St. Germain was visible to every one, and the cause of it gave rise to a variety of amusing conjectures. Some said he had played high at the Jockey Club, and lost. This solution of the baron's pensiveness was caught at by the old habitués of the house, and much insisted on. They liked to think, or to make new-comers think, that the pension was frequented by members of the Jockey Club, though there was not the remotest evidence for theorizing on the baron's ever having set his foot within the precincts of that exclusive and aristocratic institution; others hinted at an *affaire du cœur*; others at family anxieties, etc. To all this Madame De Rusenville said nothing, but smiled occasionally as one who could scatter to the winds such idle chaff of guess-work by one word if she chose. Mrs. Hunter and her daughters were too busy with the delights of the shops and the friendship of Madame De Rusenville to pay great attention to the altered countenance of the baron; but he grew at last so absent and melancholy that it was impossible for the most superficial observer not to notice it. He continued his services, however, to the family, going with them to exhibitions, theatres, etc., whenever the opportunity occurred, but it was evidently out of the purest *dévouement*. These things had lost all charm for him in themselves. One evening after dinner, when the boarders were all congregated in the drawing-room, the lively little Frenchwoman whose advances Mrs. Hunter had been forced to snub announced in the course of conversation that she was going to a wedding the next day. The subject is always sure to evoke a sentimental interest in the female mind, and there was a buzz of inquiry as to who the lady was, and what sort of trousseau she had, and the usual important details that make up a marriage in Paris. The lively Frenchwoman answered the curiosity she had

provoked with ready good-will, and then observed that the marriage was a most charming one altogether, having been made quite in the English fashion—a love match, in fact. This announcement excited a fresh buzz of *how* and *where*, which the lady explained as follows: The gentleman was a friend of hers, a young man of family and fortune (people in boarding-houses always have friends of family and position); he occupied a handsome apartment on a third floor in the Rue St. Honoré, whither he had been pursued by mothers on marriageable thoughts intent, and by their friends and the friends of their friends; but he turned a deaf ear to all proposals in that direction. He wished to enjoy his *vie de garçon* a little longer, and was in no hurry to give up his liberty. "But," added the lively Frenchwoman, "the real secret of his obstinacy was that none of the *partis* came up to his ideas. He wanted a large fortune and a good family and beauty, and there was generally one or other of these conditions below the mark in the young ladies proposed." Destiny meanwhile had woven his fate for him, and at the right moment he met it. He had been out shooting at Fontainebleau, came home about nine o'clock, dead beat after the day's sport, and went to bed at the preternaturally early hour of ten, determined to recruit himself by making a round of the clock in sleep; but, lo and behold! just as he was dropping off into a comfortable doze, his head was literally blown off the pillow by what sounded like the blast of an unearthly trumpet. He sat up and listened. There was either an earthquake, or a revolution, or some other row going on in the apartment underneath. Doors were slamming, there was a tramping of feet, and a blowing of bugles or wind instruments of some sort: nay, he actually felt himself shaken in his bed. He jumped out of it and ran to the window. There was no revolution, and if it was an earthquake, the phenomenon was confined to the second floor; for there was a row of carriages drawn up in dignified repose just opposite the house, and they—the coachmen and the horses—seemed serenely unconscious of any abnormal cause for excitement or alarm. The sleeper rubbed his eyes, strained his ears, and collecting his scattered senses, bethought to himself that it must be a ball. And so it was. Not a very pleasant discovery for a worn-out hunter just as he was settled for the night. "Well, it's hard lines on a man to have to lie awake till morning listening to this infernal racket!" growled the vicomte (of course he was a vicomte), and he tumbled into bed in a tantrum. But the racket grew worse and worse, and at last, in despair, he got up, lighted his candle and a cigar, and took up a book to while away the noisy hours. Suddenly a happy thought occurred to him. "I will get into a white cravat and pumps, and go down and dance it out with the rest of them!" he exclaimed. "If the mistress of the house has the heart of a woman, she will let me join in, instead of killing my night's rest all alone here." No sooner said than done. He got himself up regardless of expense, and in full puff and powder presented himself at Madame —'s door. "Le Vicomte de —!" shouted the valet de chambre. The hostess came forward and smiled as a hostess must do on the man who wakes a noble echo in her salon. The vicomte in his most irresistible manner introduced himself, and telling frankly the motive of his intrusion, threw himself on the mercy of the lady. She met the joke like a genuine woman of the world, presented the vicomte good-naturedly to her husband, and then by-and-by to her daughter, a charming young girl of nineteen. The vicomte danced with this young lady, was struck by her waltzing and conversation, and probably not a little by the whispered rumor that he caught through the rooms from young candidates on the look-out for *dots*, that she was encumbered with a *dot* of 500,000 francs "on the table," as they put it, to be followed up with twice the amount at her parents' death. The night passed off most delightfully. In the course of the week the vicomte came down to pay his visit of digestion, and in ten days after he was engaged to be married to Mlle. —. "How romantic!" "How interesting!" "What a poetic marriage!" "They are sure to be happy," gushed out the younger part of the audience; and it was settled that they should all go and see the happy pair of lovers turned off at the Madeleine next day. It sounded like a page out of a story-book to the English and Americans, but they did not agree quite with the sanguine view the French ladies took of the result. "Marry in haste, repent at leisure," is an old-fashioned saying not yet out of date with the present generation of Anglo-Saxons on this and the other side of the Atlantic. They were curious, however, to see the hero and heroine of the adventure, and they said they would go too and see the wedding. They went. It was a very pretty sight—quite, indeed, like going to the play—what between the dresses and the by-play that went on among the guests while waiting for the conquering hero of the hour. The baron was, of course, of the Hunter party, but beyond being there in the body, he took no more part in it all than if he had staid at home. Once during the ceremony, when the excitement was at its height, every one on tip-toe to catch a glimpse of the bride's finger as she held it out for the badge of her bondage, Ophelia, happening to glance that way, saw M. De Ballisac on his knees with his head between his hands; and when they left the church, and she mentioned it as somewhat odd to Madame De Rusenville, that lady replied that "his attitude was nothing. You should have heard his groan at that moment. It was agonizing."

"But what has he to groan about?" said Ophelia. "He usedn't to be like that when we first came."

"No, *ma chérie*; he used not. He was the

life of the house; but a great change has come over him since then."

"I'm sorry for him, whatever his trouble is," said Ophelia, kindly; "but I confess he was much more agreeable before."

"Ingrate!" exclaimed the Frenchwoman, looking reproachfully at her companion: "you at least owe him a little more than cold pity."

"I!" echoed Ophelia; and reading an explanation in Madame De Rusenville's eyes, she blushed to the roots of her hair. "Do you mean to say—"

"I mean to say that he is hopelessly and irredeemably in love with you, and he has neither the courage to conquer his misery nor to run away from it," replied Madame De Rusenville. "Can you pretend not to have guessed the cause of the change in him, *chère enfant*?"

"The bare idea of it never dawned on me," said Ophelia, frankly. "I thought he liked me for a time, but latterly he seems to be in the moon whenever he is near me; and, to tell you the truth, I fancied he must be in love with some one else."

The Frenchwoman laughed. After they had walked on a little Ophelia said, abruptly, "Why did he never speak to me about it?"

"Delicacy kept him silent, and modesty made him despair. He is poor, and you are rich. Even if he thought himself worthy of you, he is too proud to marry an heiress, as he considers you. Poor fellow! he is to be pitied."

"He is very noble," said Ophelia, in a low voice; and to herself she added, "How unlike other men!"

Well, you guess what followed this conversation. Before the week was out the baron was engaged to Ophelia, and was once more the life of the house and the happiest of men. He urged that the marriage should take place within a month. He was a Frenchman, and abhorred long engagements. Besides, had he not suffered enough already? So it was arranged according to his wishes. Then came the delightful flurry of the trousseau. Every thing was marked with a baroness's coronet from the fans to the traveling-bags. Ophelia was radiant; the family were highly delighted. The baron showed so much delicacy that Mrs. Hunter and Ophelia, determined not to be outdone on that score, settled, in spite of his protestations and entreaties, a handsome sum out of the *dot* on him. All went merry as a marriage-bell till one morning, just a fortnight before the day fixed for the event, the quaint, nun-like old lady who, like the lively widow, had been kept out in the cold at Madame De Rusenville's suggestion, sent a note to Mrs. Hunter to say she would like to have a word of private conversation with her. Mrs. Hunter felt rather alarmed at the solemnity of the summons, but went at once. "Your daughter is engaged to be married to the gentleman who calls himself the Baron de Ballisac, madame, is she not?" said the quaint old lady. Mrs. Hunter replied, of course, that it was so. "Read that letter, madame," said the old lady. Mrs. Hunter took the letter, but before she had got half through it she was seized with violent hysterics.

COMET.

MR. MAYNARD'S HIRED MAN.

"DICKERY, dickery, dock;
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
And down he run:
Dickery—"

Oh, my good gracious! how dare you?" Fanny laid the pink bundle down in a rocking-chair full of pillows. The bundle protested with a vigorous movement, and in another moment the rocking-chair and the baby came down together. "Now, you awful man, the child is killed!" cried Fanny, with a scared face, as she lifted the tiny morsel from the floor; but the pillows had protected it, and the startled baby, after one effort at curling her lips, broke into a charming smile.

"No harm done; and I trust I'm forgiven," said Mathew Donn.

"No, you are *not* forgiven. I shall never forgive you, Mr. Mathew Donn; so please leave baby and me. I have nothing more to say."

"Well, I—I'm going."

"You can go, Sir."

The young man went softly, slowly out; but he looked neither grieved nor angry on the other side of the door; he smiled.

The circumstances were these:

Fanny had been amusing her sister's child, and the little cherub seemed never to tire of musical sounds; so Fanny, who had "Mother Goose" by heart, liked nothing better than to sit in the cozy sitting-room, which was really the nursery, and sing those old, old melodies.

Mathew Donn was the hired man, and on this particular morning had stolen in quietly behind Miss Fanny, and, tempted of—what? surely not the Evil One—had bent over and kissed her on the forehead.

And this he had dared to do, knowing that Fanny was a city young lady, living in a fashionable quarter, and used to the best society.

Fanny's sister had married a rich farmer not quite two years before. People talked about these Brysons burying themselves alive; but both Olive and Fanny loved the country better than the town. Every summer Fanny was glad to leave the "stuffy old house," as she called it, and almost by one leap on the express train find herself in paradise, breathing air redolent of white clover and sweet-brier. During the winter the sisters corresponded regularly; and Olive had sung the praises of Mathew Donn, their hired man, so often that Fanny found herself thinking of his acquaintance as one of the pleasant probabilities of her next visit.

"We don't pretend to treat him as help," wrote Olive, holding her baby on one knee and

steadying the paper with a bronze weight; "for he is not in the least like the men who hire out in these parts. I should be ashamed not to ask him to come to the table; and just for the novelty of it, I want you to take a peep in his room. Harry calls him his *rara avis*; and the two really enjoy themselves together almost like brothers. Besides, he's nearly as handsome as my Harry; he, you know, is the handsomest man in the world!"

And the pleasant pen ran on and told about planting, and prospective sweet-corn, and pea blossoms, and how the grape-vines were full of the tiniest bunches, and the young peach-trees were going to do splendidly; and Adela had two of the "cunningest, milk-white teeth," and I know not how much more loving nonsense.

Now Fanny had a rich lover, and, like most rich lovers, he was not prepossessing in his personal appearance. In her own written language to Olive, "he pestered her to death." To be sure, it was pleasant to see his splendid equipage in front of their door, with the two superb grays, for on rare occasions Fanny yielded to his solicitations to take a ride; and he always contrived to drive her by his castle of a brown stone front, perhaps to tempt her; for Fanny was as fond of beautiful things as women ought to be, and was well aware of the advantages which money can give.

Both her father and mother were anxious that she should marry the Hon. Ebenezer Wolcott, but Fanny was high-spirited, and they seldom advised her. The girl knew that they were living beyond their means for her sake, and this knowledge had been bitterly earned. She and Olive had many conferences over it.

"I think if you were married," said Olive, "papa would come here and take a small house; then business need not press him so in his old age."

Ebenezer had done the proper thing—had offered Fanny his heart, his house, his carriage, and his horses; and although he was known for a pugnacious old gentleman, terribly set in his way, he was honorable, and he loved beautiful Fanny Bryson with all his heart. And Fanny had told him that she could not then decide—that she was going for the summer months to sister Olive's, and at the close of her visit she would give him his answer.

"And may I come out there sometimes?" asked Eben.

Fanny gave a reluctant consent, and wished with all her heart that she had refused him; so, with the understanding that he was to call as a friend, the two parted.

At the dépôt Fanny found her sister's carriage in waiting, and was accosted by the handsomest as well as the tallest man she had ever seen. Six foot four and proportionately majestic, he seemed like Apollo and Hercules in one.

"Can this be the hired man?" thought Fanny; and then she looked at his dress. Not a trace of servitude about him; but he treated her with extreme deference, said but little, drove with the precision of a man accustomed to horses, and drew up before the cottage in grand style.

Fanny was in her sister's arms, and after her the baby came in for a fair share of kisses.

"Well, is that your hired man?" queried Fanny, after her comfortable installment in one of the luxurious easy-chairs.

"Yes, dear; that is Mathew Donn. How did you like him?"

"He looks like a gentleman," said Fanny, after a little pause.

"He is a gentleman, dear, in the best sense of the word; I told you that."

"And does he speak English well?"

"Why, child, he isn't a foreigner," laughed Olive.

"I mean grammatically," said Fanny.

"Oh yes; I presume he has had a good common-school education," replied Olive, "and something better. I know there are certain classical books in his room; whether he ever reads them or not I can't say."

"Why in the world does he hire out?" cried Fanny, dismay in her voice.

"Why shouldn't he?" asked Olive, laughing heartily again. "He likes the country, is used to horses, and—I suppose he can't get any thing better to do."

"But a man like him might be—somebody!" ejaculated Fanny, with vehemence. "My patience! has he no ambition? I'm afraid I shall despise him."

"Perhaps, dear, he wouldn't mind if you did," said Olive, hiding her face in the white neck of her baby. "He is so very independent."

Surely, why should he care what she thought of him? soliloquized Fanny, her cheeks flushing.

The next day she met him at the table. It seemed strange enough to sit down with hired help, but she was forced to confess that in nothing did he give the impression of being a menial.

"Shall we take hold of that five-acre lot this morning?" he asked, respectfully, of Mr. Maynard, Olive's husband.

"No; I prefer you should look to the drainage of that strip east of the hill," was the answer. "There'll be no rain yet a while, and I want to prepare that land for potatoes."

Fanny watched Mathew Donn out on the sly, and Olive caught her at it.

"I wanted to see what kind of a dress he works in," said Fanny, with tell-tale cheeks.

"Don't you think him a little handsomer in his blouse and heavy field boots?" asked Olive.

"He certainly is very handsome," said Fanny, frankly; "but why in the world— However," she added, stopping short, "it's none of my business; but such a man as that should surely work his own land."

"That's true," said Olive, quietly.

Time passed on. Fanny became accustomed to eat, sit, and even talk with the hired man. One day Olive took her up into his room. Fanny

stood aghast. It was as exquisite in its way as a lady's boudoir.

"He furnished it himself," said Olive, in reply to Fanny's look of surprise.

"A Wilton carpet," murmured Fanny; "marble-top set; that Psyche! those flowers!—and what is this?" She lifted a lovely little miniature from the table, one of the most beautiful and refined faces she had ever seen.

"Oh, one of his lady friends, I suppose," said Olive, in her undemonstrative way. "And see how perfectly neat every thing is kept; always in this beautiful order. Do you wonder Harry calls him a *rara avis*?"

"Indeed I can not," said Fanny, slowly; "but he must spend every cent he earns to furnish himself in this extraordinary manner."

"He has nothing else to do with his money, dear," said Olive; "he don't even buy cigars. For my part, I think he is perfectly elegant."

Fanny said nothing, but she found herself wishing that she knew who was the original of that lovely miniature, and trying to reconcile the tastes and surroundings of the man himself with his servile occupation. Not but what the work was good enough, and honorable for any man; but why was he not laboring for himself instead of another?

For days she thought of the miniature. Every time she met him, heard him talk or sing—he had a fine voice, and was not averse to using it—up popped that mysterious face with the Spanish eyes and the clustering curls.

Mr. Eben Wolcott, meantime, had taken advantage of her reluctant permission and brought his dashing team to Winnicut. Poor Fanny, at sight of his respectable aldermanic person, his gold-bowed spectacles, and thick gray whiskers, felt a strange sinking at the heart. Why would that six-footer rise up in her imagination and cause by mere force of contrast a repulsion so terrible?

"It's positively wicked for me to seem to encourage that man," she said, almost passionately, one morning, the day after a drive.

"Which man?" asked Olive, innocently, and their eyes met.

The red blood flew all over poor Fanny's face; she felt hot to the crown of her head—and yet why should she?

"That's a pretty question to ask!" she exclaimed, nearly angry.

"Well, dear, but how am I to know who 'that man' is?" queried Olive, with a conscious look.

"You know it is Mr. Wolcott," said Fanny, nearly crying.

"Well, he is a good man, and a rich one," was the answer. "I know girls who would jump at the chance, as the saying is. I would either marry him or send him off."

"Pshaw!" said Fanny, biting her red lips; and a few moments after she left the room, conscious of a new, a painful, and at the same time strangely delightful experience. No use to try to conceal it or cloak it to herself—not the slightest: she loved Mathew Donn, her sister's hired man.

How she paced her room, half distracted, sobbing without tears, forming wild resolves, and then throwing herself down with a sense of her utter helplessness, I shall not describe. How could she ever meet him again? Could she keep her almost painful secret, and did Olive guess at it? What would Olive think—what counsel her if she knew?

Only the next time that Mr. Eben Wolcott came out she quietly dismissed him, and then made up her mind that she must go home. If she could only fly to the ends of the earth!

But Fanny did not go, for Olive would not hear of it. A slight cold confined Olive to her room, but one evening she sent Fanny out and bade her peremptorily to take Harry and go for a walk. Then she summoned her husband to give him his orders, but when he came down stairs Alice was gone, and Mathew, with a wicked little smile, was taking down his hat.

"That's right, Don," said Harry, breaking into a laugh; "she ought to know better than to go off alone. By-the-way, I happen to know that she has dismissed old alderman."

Donn smiled again and went out, closing the door behind him. There was a bright moon, displaying flower, leaf, and bud. Supposing that Fanny would only make the round of the place, he ran swiftly down to the back gate, and met her just as she had reached the great elm that stood guarding the lane.

She started at sight of him.

"You will allow me to walk with you?" he said. "There is a squad of gypsies in the neighborhood, and some one might molest you."

Fanny could not say no; could not talk, even, for with ready tact he took all the conversation on himself. What did he not touch upon? Opera, arts, nature, city, country—all derived new beauty from the glamour of his tongue. Was it strange that Fanny found herself leaning on his arm and listening with rapt attention to the eloquence of his speech? From that time there was a certain tacit understanding between them, and all went smoothly till the morning he kissed her. For that Fanny was angry at herself that she was not angrier with him. All day long she was full of moods, changing from grave to gay, from fits of reflection to the wildest merriment.

"Fanny," said Harry, coming up to his wife's room after tea, "Mr. Donn wishes to speak with you down stairs."

All the lovely color faded out of her face at this announcement. She longed to assert herself; but might they not read the truth in her eyes if she refused?

Slowly she went down stairs.

Donn was in the parlor, walking back and forth. He came to meet her with outstretched hand.

"I want you to forgive my rudeness of the morning," he said. "In my assumed character I had no right to take such a liberty, or, indeed, in my own."

"Your assumed character!" she exclaimed, trembling, as she seated herself.

"Yes. My friend Harry met me a year ago, when we were both traveling. I was a good deal run down in health, and the doctors said that were I a laboring man I might overcome the disease that was wasting me. So I contracted with Harry to work for him, like any common farmer, and he was to keep my real name and position a secret."

He saw the change in her beautiful eyes.

"My real name is Don Mathews," he added, smiling, "and there is no need of my working for a living; but I really think I shall go in partnership with my friend Harry, and turn farmer. But you have not told me whether you forgive me."

"I—I don't know," retorted Fanny, half laughing, half crying.

"Fanny, Fanny! if you knew how I love you," he cried, suddenly stopping in front of her, "I do think you would."

"I—I am so, so glad!"

It was not politic, perhaps, this confession, but it was very natural.

"And I think I can match your alderman's house," he added, taking her hands in his, "dear, dear Fanny!"

"And his horses?" laughed Fanny, looking up with beaming eyes.

"Yes, dearest, and perhaps—himself;" and the ringing laugh, united, sounded through the house. Of course Harry—who had an inkling—and Olive came down stairs, and of course every body was very happy over it.

"Harry," said Don, after a moment, "I think I am quite cured."

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Bright breaks Silence.—The Queen's Opinion of him.
—Beales, M.A.—Lord Houghton's Breakfast-Parties.
—The Savants' Challenge.

AFTER a long silence, during which no other voice has been raised with equal power, John Bright has spoken. Unhappily it was not in his proper place, the senate, nor was it upon any topic of the day. A deputation from the Potteries came to present him with a testimonial, and in acknowledging it he has reviewed the history of our recent legislation. To read his speech, after the half-hearted, indecisive utterances to which we have been so long accustomed in that House in which one has begun to fear he will speak no more, is like a breath of fresh air on deck to a stoker in the tropics. We have had of late such streams of small-talk in place of honest, outspoken truths, such disclaimers of any indignation lest good principle should pass for prejudice, that like a whirlwind on a calm day, this outburst attracts all eyes. The Prince's illness and recovery have made us all very conservative and sentimental, and we can scarcely believe our ears when we hear once more from those lips that breathe such fiery scorn that "the House of Lords is the last refuge of political ignorance and passion." What they had to say of the American nation was, as always, generous and admiring; and the *Times* takes him roundly to task for his Yankee sympathies this morning. It is astonishing how this man's genius forces its way through channels altogether impervious to lesser orators, and makes his words heard every where. His speech is almost as much the theme of drawing-room gossip as it is the text of newspaper leaders. Stories once more crop up concerning him, one of which at least I can guarantee as genuine. It is in connection with the first occasion of his going down to Windsor Castle as one of her Majesty's ministers. The Queen, it seems, more clear-sighted than her courtiers, among whom the Right Honorable John Bright is any thing but popular ("dam radical fellow," by Jove, Sir," etc., etc.), had every wish to please him; she knew his power, and she was also personally drawn toward him, in spite of his democratic opinions, by the manner in which he had defended her on one occasion from an attack of Mr. Ayrton respecting her inattention to affairs; so she sent for Mr. Helps, her clerk of the council, and thus addressed him: "I know all these gentlemen who are coming to the Castle to-day," said she, "except Mr. Bright." (This was likely enough: the idea of making the man a minister of whom the late Lord Derby said in the House of Lords that "the Queen would have none of him" seemed preposterous until it was done.) "And I wish to be particularly civil," added she, "to Mr. Bright. Pray inform him that if any of the usual ceremonies seem unpleasant to him, they shall be omitted—the taking the oath, the kneeling, the kissing of hands, and so on." So Helps met Bright and informed him of her Majesty's kind intentions before he entered the hall of audience. "It is the Queen's command," said he, "that the oath of allegiance shall in your case be dispensed with, should you object to take it."

"Very good," said Bright. "To say truth, taking oaths is not in my way, though I believe I am as faithful a subject of her Majesty as any who do so."

"Then there is the kneeling, Mr. Bright. Her Majesty begs you will not trouble yourself to kneel before her unless you please."

"Well, that's very good of her. The fact is, I do not much like the notion of going down on my knees, even to a queen."

"Moreover," continued Helps, "her Majesty bids me say that if you have any objection to kissing her hand—"

"Objection!" broke in honest John; "far from it: I should like it, man."

And indeed he did it as if he liked it, and so charmed the Queen with his naturalness and good sense that she is said to have remarked that he was the most agreeable politician she ever met, which is certainly saying a good deal for him, considering the extent of her acquaintance in that line. With all his indignant intolerance and impatience of contradiction, he is indeed of a most genial disposition, and perhaps, next to Lord Palmerston, was personally the most popular man in the House of Commons. At all events, no other man's society was so eagerly sought in the place where he was most given to shine—namely, the Parliamentary smoking-room; while, taking him all round, there is, perhaps, no man living whom the nation is more proud to point to as the very type, though, indeed, it must be confessed, a favorable one, of an Englishman. After Bright—though at a considerable distance—comes Beales, M.A. (without which absurd adjuncts his name was never seen, I believe), a man who has again come into notoriety through the confessions of General Cluseret in *Fraser* this month. The general is a Communist, and was to have been placed at the head of ten thousand men (if they could have been got), who were to form the nucleus of the Fenian army in Ireland, and he declares that the Irish Fenians were *en rapport* with the London Democrats. This Beales, M.A., from his seclusion of County Court judge in Cambridge-shire, indignantly denies, and, I have no doubt, with truth. Beales, M.A., is a perfectly honest man, and up to the age of fifty or so was a chancery barrister of small practice, whom his friends would as soon have credited with being of the female sex as with playing the rôle of political fire-brand. Indeed, it is likely that nobody was more astonished than himself when he saw "Beales, President," affixed to those tremendous placards which called on the men of London to rise and claim the parks that were their own. A "pudgy," commonplace, eminently respectable chancery barrister in a Car of Triumph, or even borne upon the shoulders of a wild democracy, is a spectacle not to be conceived; but to the eye that has beheld it is a joy forever. However, thanks to him (and to his friends who pulled down the old ones), we got not only new railings round Hyde Park, but the new reform bill; and are just now enlivened with some very warm discussion as to whether he ever did or did not propose to ally his followers with the Fenians, who, according to General Cluseret, had a marvelous faculty for getting drunk over their political deliberations. If this pretty quarrel goes on, Beales, M.A., will become once more a public character, and we shall again be asked to meet him at Lord Houghton's.

Lord Houghton, whom of course you know as Monkton Milnes, is famous for giving breakfast-parties, at which there is always one celebrity, and sometimes half a dozen. A fashionable acquaintance of mine who never misses a sensation was asked if he should see Miss Dixblanc (the cook who murdered her mistress in Park Lane). "No," said he; "why should I? For if she is condemned, I shall probably attend the private execution; and if she is acquitted, I am quite certain to breakfast with her at Houghton's."

In Ireland we have the spectacle of Judge Keogh going on circuit guarded by the military, in consequence of his noble speech against priestly oppression with relation to the late election for Galway. It is not lies as a rule which annoy folks so much as the revelation of unpleasant truths. The news comes by telegraph that at high mass yesterday he was "spoken to" from the altar in such terms that his brother, Captain Keogh, indignantly left the church, and was set upon and mobbed in consequence. That famous recipe for Ireland of "ten minutes under water" seems a more sovereign remedy than ever, only, alas! so difficult in the application. You have some little trouble, I fancy, with those "broths of boys" that favor you with their presence across the Atlantic; but you should see them as they appear when wanting to govern themselves—a thing no Irishman ever did or can do—at home. If in this country people took to mobbing and burning persons who expressed themselves strongly against priestcraft, Professor Huxley and the savants would have a bad time of it. The last audacious proposition they have made to the religious world is the following: "Let us test," say they, "the efficacy of prayer. If, as you say, it is all-powerful, start a hospital and decline the aids of science, trusting to prayer only, while we will have a hospital with a medical staff and drugs, but without ecclesiastical assistance. Then let the result decide the question."

This challenge looks specious enough. But putting aside its impiety, no divine has ever insisted that particular favors will be granted to particular supplicants, or that prayer unaccompanied with reasonable effort is necessarily acceptable at all; nor, certainly, would any person with a grain of reverence venture thus to put Providence itself upon its trial. Moreover, the doctors, who have not been consulted on the matter, would be placed, to say the least of it, in a most invidious position by such an arrangement. The proposition, of course, is not to be seriously entertained, but the mere suggestion of it has put some excellent persons in a very indignant state of mind, I do assure you. In the mean time the Princess of Wales (Heaven bless her!) is trying what the frequent visits of royalty can effect upon the sick in hospitals, and I have no doubt that something of good will come of that; while her husband and the other royal princes are pervading the country so continually, laying stones of churches, declaring public halls open, and dancing at garden fêtes, that their royal mother is said to have remonstrated upon their "making themselves as common as the Cambridgees."

R. KEMBLE, of London.

LADY'S VISITING TOILETTE.

See illustration on page 564.

THIS elegant visiting costume has a trained skirt of pearl-colored faille, trimmed with deep kilt pleating of the material, headed by puffs and narrower pleating. The plain corsage is sharply pointed in front. The over dress is a Pompadour polonaise of turquoise blue foulard, with bows and border of darker blue velvet. Sabot sleeves, trimmed with pleating and an inner frill of Valenciennes lace. Ruff and jabot of Valenciennes. Corsage bouquet of blush-roses. Chip bonnet, trimmed with an Alsacian bow of blue faille and a long white ostrich feather. Ecru kid gloves. Parasol of turquoise blue silk with white Alpine stick.

RELEASED FROM CAPTIVITY.

A LITTLE more than a year and a half ago James Winchester, a plantation overseer at Beckrampore, India, went to visit a country on a neighboring plantation, taking with him his little daughter Mary. During his visit the place was attacked by a party of Looshais, a hill tribe of daring and ferocity. Winchester was shot dead while endeavoring to escape with his daughter on his back. The little girl, who was only about six years old, was taken captive and carried off into the hill regions.

In January last the Bengal government sent a military expedition against the Looshais, and after some fighting rescued Mary from her captors. They seem to have treated her kindly, and even to have made a pet of her. Though thinly clad, she was clean and well fed. Her captors apparently took great pride in her long curls, and when it became evident that they must give her up, they cut them off to preserve as mementoes. On page 564 we give a picture of her, sitting on the knee of a native officer who has her in charge. It was engraved from a photograph, and gives a very good idea of her appearance soon after her release. Her dress consisted of two striped cotton skirts, a cotton jacket, a thin tartan plaid tied like a sash, and a pair of sandals. Her skin, originally fair, was darkened by exposure. She is small for her years, thin, with sharp features and lively eyes. She enjoys excellent health, speaks fair English, and is very polite and winning in her manner. She talks of her father readily, though solemnly.

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

SELECTED FROM "ADAM BEDE."

IF I have read religious history aright—faith, hope, and charity have not always been found in a direct ratio with a sensibility to the three concords; and it is possible, thank Heaven! to have very erroneous theories and very sublime feelings. The raw bacon which clumsy Molly spares from her own scanty store, that she may carry it to her neighbor's child to "stop the fits," may be a piteously inefficacious remedy; but the generous stirring of neighborly kindness that prompted the deed has a beneficent radiation that is not lost.

I believe there have been men who have ridden a long way to avoid a rencontre, and then galloped hastily back lest they should miss it. It is the favorite stratagem of our passions to sham a retreat, and to turn sharp round upon us at the moment we have made up our minds that the day is our own.

Susceptible persons are more affected by a change of tone than by unexpected words.

On the verge of a decision we all tremble: hope pauses with fluttering wings.

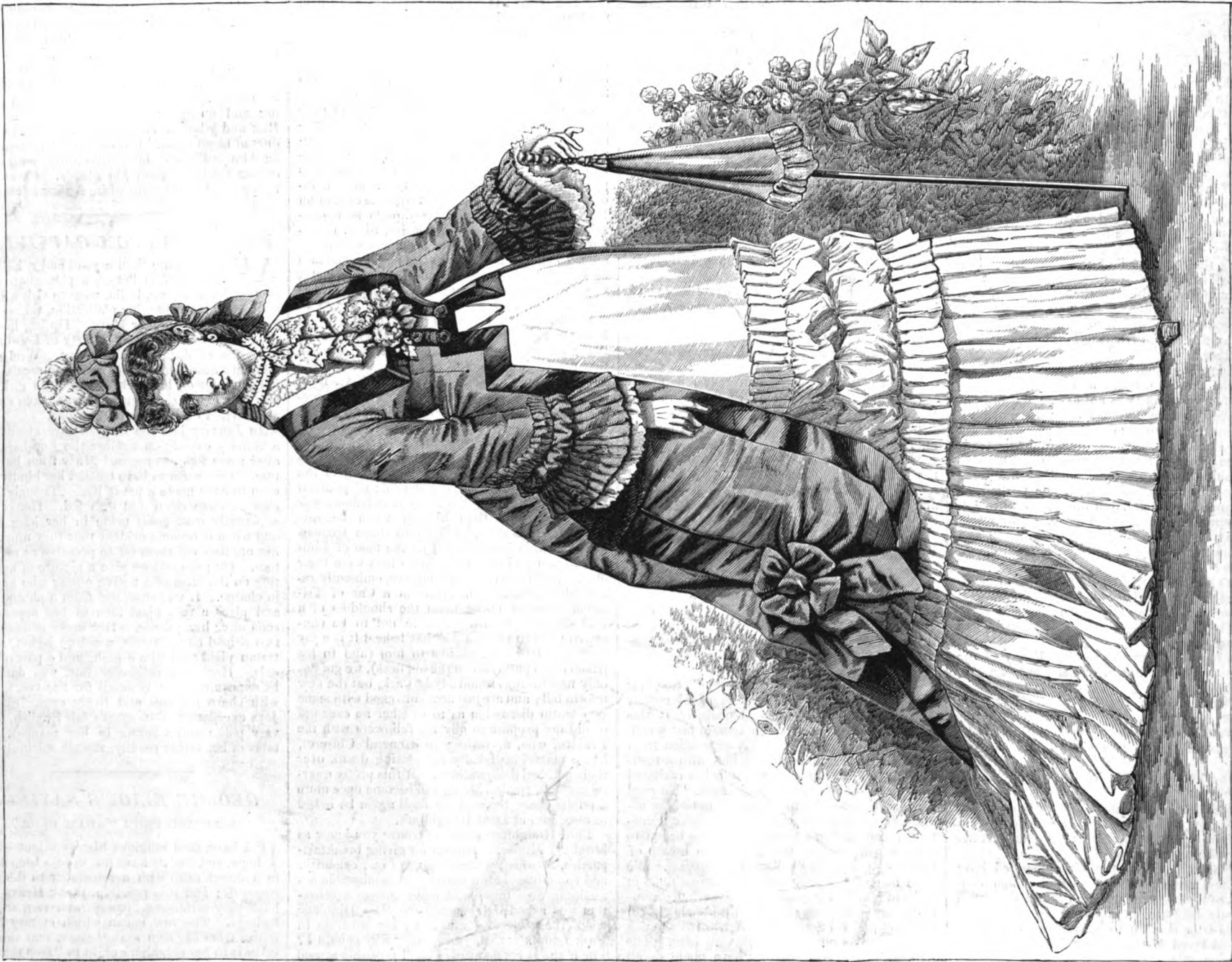
Our deeds determine us, as much as we determine our deeds; and until we know what has been or will be the peculiar combination of outward with inward facts, which constitutes a man's critical actions, it will be better not to think ourselves wise about his character. There is a terrible coercion in our deeds which may first turn the honest man into a deceiver, and then reconcile him to the change; for this reason—that the second wrong presents itself to him in the guise of the only practicable right. The action which before commission has been seen with that blended common-sense and fresh untarnished feeling which is the healthy eye of the soul is looked at afterward with the lens of apologetic ingenuity, through which all things that men call beautiful and ugly are seen to be made up of textures very much alike. Europe adjusts itself to a *fait accompli*, and so does an individual character—until the placid adjustment is disturbed by a convulsive retribution.

We are apt to be kinder to the brutes that love us than to the women that love us. Is it because the brutes are dumb?

We can not reform our forefathers.

Between unarmed men the battle is to the strong, where the strong is no blunderer.

I would not, even if I had the choice, be the clever novelist who could create a world so much better than this, in which we get up in the morning to do our daily work, that you would be likely to turn a harder, colder eye on the dusty streets and the common green fields—on the real breathing men and women, who can be chilled by your indifference, or injured by your prejudice; who can be cheered and helped onward by your fellow-feeling, your forbearance, your outspoken, brave justice.



LADY'S VISITING TOILETTE.—[See Page 563.]



RELEASED FROM CAPTIVITY.—[See Page 563.]

General Directions for making Corsets.

THE present number contains patterns and illustrations of a variety of corsets of different shapes and sizes for ladies and children, and shoulder-braces for girls. The manner of making the corsets is plainly shown by the illustrations. The corsets shown by illustrations Figs. 1, 4-12, may be made of white or gray drilling, brown linen, black cashmere, or white, black, or colored silk. Corsets of cashmere and silk are lined with drilling or shirting, while linen corsets are generally not lined. On white and colored corsets the seams are worked with thread or white silk, but on black and gray corsets they are generally worked with red silk. In cutting the parts of the corsets al-



Fig. 6.—CORSETS FOR CHILD UNDER FOUR YEARS OLD. [See Fig. 7.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 72-74. Waist Measure, 19½ Inches.

ways observe the lines for the lengthwise thread or straight way of the stuff, marked thus $\equiv \equiv \equiv$ on the pattern; where these lines are not given lay the straight edge of the material on the straight outline of the pattern, and besides this leave three-quarters of an inch extra material on each piece where it is to be joined with another piece, as these pieces should overlap half an inch along the seams. The upper and under edge of the pieces are cut according to the outlines of the pattern, without extra material. Sometimes a piece of extra material from an inch and a quarter to an inch and three-quarters wide is left on the back edge of the back, and is afterward folded on the under side and stitched down on the right side along the lines indicated on the corresponding pattern. The eyelet-holes which are worked there are punched. The joining seams are worked each with two rows of stitching; to do this fold the edge of one piece on the wrong side and the edge of the other piece on the right side, narrow, then lay both pieces on each other half an inch wide so that the edges come inside, and join them on the right side (see illustration Fig. 17). The gores, which are rounded at the points, are set under the corsets either with two rows of stitching worked on the outside, or with one row of stitching and a hem; the latter is worked on the wrong side of the corsets. The points of the bosom gores and the upper edge of the hip gores are fastened with button-hole stitching as shown by illustrations Figs. 13-15; this stitching is worked on the right side of the corsets without folding the edge of the material. On the wrong side sew the gores to the corsets with a close cross seam without folding the edge (see illustration Fig. 15). For the whalebone sheaths, either backstitch a piece of the material of the requisite width, which is stitched through several times for the separate whalebones, on the corsets, along the dotted lines partly indicated, on the right side (see illustration Fig. 16), or else set a linen tape of the requisite width on the under side of the corsets, which is also stitched on the right side. Each whalebone should end from half an inch to seven-eighths of an inch from the upper and under edge, but the tape and strips stitched on are generally carried

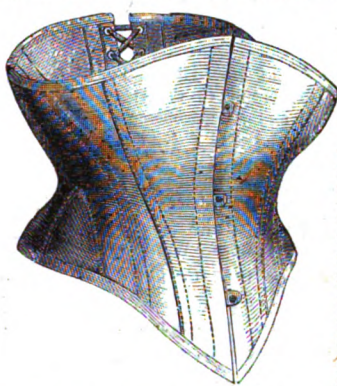


Fig. 11.—SHORT CORSETS FOR YOUNG GIRL.—[See Figs. 7, 13, and 17.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 16-19. Waist Measure, 20 Inches.

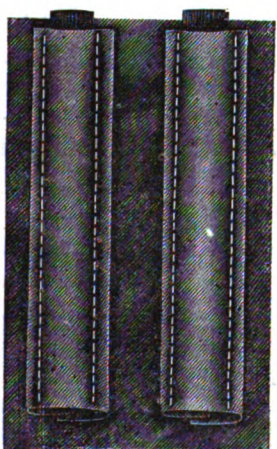


Fig. 16.—STITCHING STRIPS FOR WHALEBONE SHEATH. [See Fig. 9.]

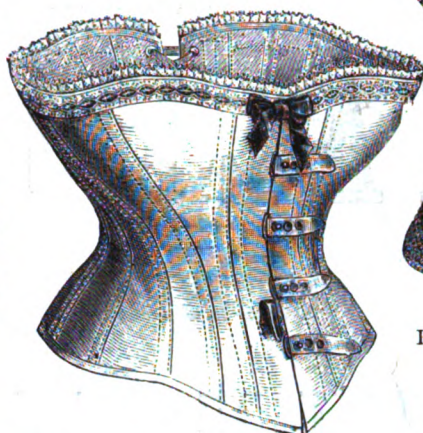


Fig. 1.—WHITE DRILLING CORSETS. [See Figs. 2 and 3.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 64-71. Waist Measure, 18½ Inches.

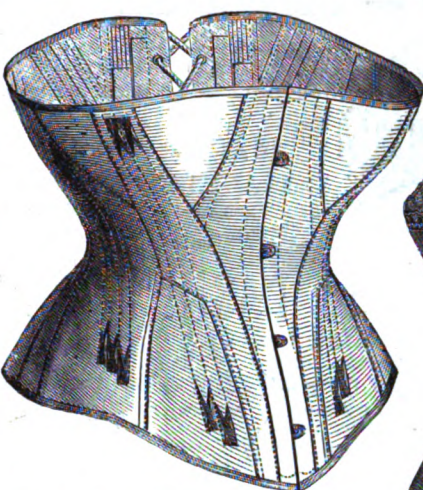


Fig. 8.—LONG WHITE DRILLING CORSETS.—[See Figs. 13-15, 17, and 19.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 10-15. Waist Measure, 24 Inches.



Fig. 20.—LADY'S KNITTED CORSETS.

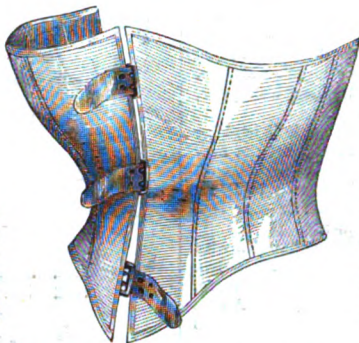


Fig. 5.—WHITE DRILLING CORSETS TO BASTE IN WRAPPERS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 37-40.



Fig. 10.—CORSETS FOR STOUT ELDERLY LADY.—[See Figs. 13-15, and 17.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 41-47. Waist Measure, 30½ Inches.

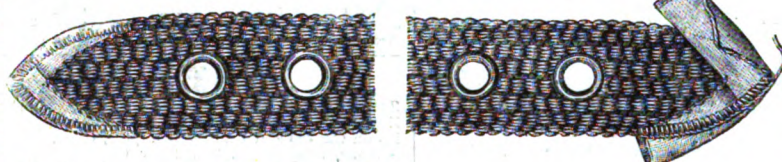


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF TAB FOR CLOSING CORSETS, FIG. 1.—FULL SIZE. [See Fig. 3.]

Fig. 3.—POINTING AND BINDING TAB, FIG. 2.—FULL SIZE.

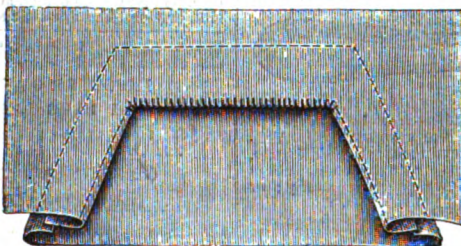


Fig. 13.—SETTING IN HIP GORE.—OUTSIDE. [See Figs. 4, 8, 9, and 10.]



Fig. 17.—JOINING EDGES.—[See Figs. 1, 4, 5, 8, 9-11.]



Fig. 14.—SETTING IN BOSOM GORE.—OUTSIDE.—[See Figs. 4, 8, 9, and 10.]



Fig. 15.—SETTING IN BOSOM GORE.—INSIDE.—[See Figs. 4, 8, 9, and 10.]



Fig. 18.—JOINING EDGES AND FASTENING WHALEBONES. [See Fig. 9.]

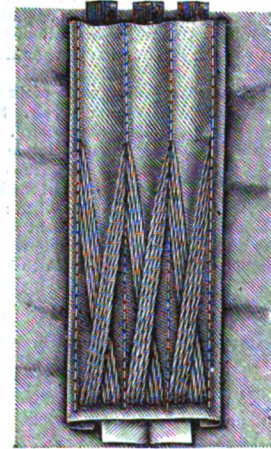


Fig. 19.—STITCHING WHALEBONE SHEATH AND FASTENING WHALEBONES.—[See Figs. 4 and 8.]

to the outer edge. Fasten the end of the whalebones either with several long stitches (see illustrations Figs. 18 and 19), in doing which insert the needle in a hole bored in the whalebone, or else merely work a cross row of stitching close above or below the whalebones. In order that the whalebones may not mark the upper edge of the corsets, several pieces of cord are sometimes stitched in there (see illustration Fig. 7). For inserting the busks face the front edge of each front with a linen tape, which is indicated on each pattern by a straight line. The upper and under edges of the corsets are bound with linen tape, worsted braid, or silk ribbon.

Ladies' Knitted Corsets.

THESE corsets, through their softness and flexibility, are well adapted for négligé toilettes, and are especially designed for elderly ladies. They are very comfortable, dispensing entirely with whalebones and busks, and are

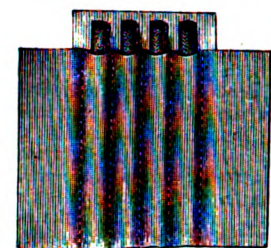


Fig. 7.—STITCHING IN CORD. [See Figs. 6, 9, and 12.]

Fig. 4.—BROWN LINEN CORSETS. [See Figs. 13-15 and 17-19.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 48-56. Waist Measure, 24½ Inches.

closed in front with buttons and button-holes. Knit with white knitting cotton (Estremadura, No. 4) and medium-sized steel needles, in rounds going backward and forward, always plain, beginning on the front edge with a foundation of 150 st. (stitch), and on this work 26 rounds in the manner described; the first st. of each round is slipped. Before beginning the 27th round take up the free veins of the foundation st. on a needle, and in the 27th round knit them off together with the st. of the 26th round in the usual manner, so that a hem is

formed, on which the buttons are afterward fastened. Knit the 28th-41st rounds again as before, but in the 36th and in the 40th rounds, between the second and third st. (counting from the beginning), widen 1 st. each. Knit the 42d round (1st round of breast gore) on the first 22 st. (pay no attention, for the present, to the remaining st. of the preceding round); every second following round of the following 46 rounds is lengthened by 2 st., always knitting 2 st. from the row of stitches previously left unnoticed at the end of the relative rounds. In the 9th and 13th rounds of the bosom gore widen, besides, 1 st. each between the second and third st. The 47th and 48th rounds of the bosom gore (the latter is finished in these two rounds) consequently count 70 st. each. Having knit 31 rounds more, all plain, with all the stitches, thus also with the stitches previously left unnoticed, begin the first hip gore on the under edge of the corsets. Knit the first round on the next 16 st. of the preceding round, leave all the remaining stitches unnoticed, and then knit, similar to the bosom gore, in every second following round of the next 43 rounds 2 st. from the row of stitches previously left unnoticed, so that the 43d and 44th rounds count 58 st. each. After 17 rounds, which are knit plain with the full number of stitches (154 st.), begin to work the second half of the bosom gore into a point. Knit the first round on the first 70 st., pay no attention to the remaining st., and shorten every 2d following round of the next 46 rounds, paying

Fig. 9.—SHORT RED SERGE CORSETS. [See Figs. 7, and 13-18.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 20-24. Waist Measure, 21½ Inches.

no attention to the last 2 st. of these rounds. The 48th round, which completes the bosom gore, thus counts 24 st. Now follow 17 rounds on the whole row of stitches; in the last of these rounds, however, cast off the first 27 st. in order to form the side edge of the armhole. On the row of stitches shortened in this manner knit two rounds more (in the second round cast off



Fig. 12.—CORSETS FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.—[See Fig. 7.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 25-30. Waist Measure, 20½ Inches.

the first two st.), and in the next round begin to work the second half of the first hip gore into a point. This is done similar to the bosom gore, knitting the first round on the first 58 st.; pay no attention to the remaining st., and then shorten every second following round by 2 st. until only 16 st. remain in the last two rounds. Now follow 38 rounds on the whole row of stitches; in the second of these rounds, however, cast off the first two st., and in the 10th round only cast off the first st. With the next round, which is worked on the first 16 st., begin the second hip gore, which is worked in 44 rounds exactly like the first. Knit the following 36 rounds on the whole row of stitches (122 st.), but in order to form the slope at the other side of the armhole cast on 2 st. at the end of the 25th round, 2 st. at the end of the 27th round, 3 st. at the end of the 29th round, 2 st. at the end of the 31st round, 2 st. at the end of the 33d round, and 21 st. at the end of the 35th round, so that the last row of stitches again counts 154 st. In the following 44 rounds work the second hip gore into a point exactly like the first, so that the first two rounds again count 58 st. and the last two rounds 16 st. Then work 9 rounds on the whole row of stitches. From now on a new gore is formed in order to obtain greater width on the upper edge of the back. Knit the first round of this gore on the first 24 st., and lengthen every second following round of the following 47 rounds by 2 st. each; thus the 47th and 48th rounds of this gore count 70 st. each. Having knit 37 rounds on the whole row of stitches, form another gore on the under edge of the back, in order to obtain the requisite width there also. Knit the first round on the first 16 st., and lengthen every second following round by 4 st. each, so that the 23d and 24th rounds count 60 st. each. Having knit 24 rounds more on the whole row of stitches, the middle of the back of the corsets is reached; in order to mark the middle, work 1 round of always alternately 2 st. knit plain, 2 st. purled, then 1 round of always alternately 2 st. purled, 2 st. knit plain. The second half of the corsets is worked, in connection with this, to correspond exactly with the first half, in reversed succession of rounds, of course. The hem on the front edge is formed by knitting off the stitches of the last round together with the veins of stitches taken up from the under side of the 26th round (counting from the end). The shoulder-straps are also knit plain in rounds going backward and forward. For each shoulder-strap make a foundation of 5 st., cast on 2 st. each at the end of the 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th rounds, and 3 st. at the end of the 12th round, and then knit 160 rounds with the same number of stitches (18 st.). In the next round narrow 2 st., knitting off the 2d and 3d and the 16th and 17th st. together; now follow 33 rounds without changing the number of st. In the round following these rounds knit off together the 2d and 3d and the 14th and 15th st., then follow 30 rounds more without changing the number of st. Knit the next round only on the first 9 st. (paying no attention to the remaining st.), shorten every second following round by 2 st., until only 3 st. remain, and then cast off all the st. Thus both ends of the shoulder-strap are sloped off. Then join the wider end of each shoulder-strap with the back from the under side, and the narrower end with the front of the corsets, and on the upper and under edges of the corsets and along the armholes work one round of single crochet. Set buttons on one of the hems in front. In order to form button-holes, crochet on the outer edge of the other hem one round of single crochet and chain stitch scallops; the latter are repeated, to correspond with the buttons, at regular intervals. Then work one round more, as follows: On every single crochet of the preceding round work 1 single crochet, and on each chain stitch scallop work the requisite number of single crochet.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANNIE LEE.—Talismans and mantles of black cashmere will be worn in the fall and winter. Read Madame Raymond's letter in *Bazar* No. 81, Vol. V. Get bronze brown delaine or cashmere, and make by loose polonaise pattern, to wear with your brown silk skirt. The upper garment should be lighter than the lower skirt. Trim with a thick cable cord.

SCHOOL-GIRL.—Polonaises will be worn again in the fall. Embroider one of black cashmere, and put jet in the leaves and flowers. Trim the silk skirt with four or five scant lapping ruffles.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.—Many dress-makers have quit cording armholes, while others say it is necessary to strengthen them.—We can furnish you Supplement numbers of the *Bazar* for ten cents each number.

E. A. G.—An advertisement in our columns will furnish you the information you want. We do not give addresses.

SUBSCRIBER.—Your sample of brown foulard with black spots is stylish and pretty. Shorten the skirt by a regular walking skirt pattern. Do not alter the waist and sleeves. Make a simple over-skirt of the new piece and the pieces left of the dress skirt. Wear with a wide faille ribbon sash of same shade of brown. —Ruse is pronounced as if spelled *ruse*.

GRACE.—Wear white gloves at your wedding. An over-skirt of some sort is usual with a trained dress. It is not necessary for a bride to hand cake to those who call upon her. Capes and mantelets will be worn in the fall. Get a brown or gray cashmere or else a fine delaine for your traveling dress in September.

FLORA.—Wear your hair in braids of three tresses coiled around your head.—It would be more sensible, more independent, and in far better taste for a young lady to purchase her own railroad ticket than to accept it as a gift from a gentleman whom she met at the depot.

HOUSEKEEPER.—A correspondent says if you will put a table-spoonful of black pepper in the first water in which gray or buff linens are washed, it will keep them from spotting. It will also keep the colors of black or colored cambrics or muslins from running, and does not harden the water. A little gum-arabic imparts a gloss to ordinary cloth.

OLYMPIE.—Your pale buff linen will look well made by postillon-basque polonaise pattern, trimmed with bias bands of the same, stitched flatly. Side and kilt pleatings are in effect the same, but the latter name is often applied to the deep pleating on a lower skirt. The copying wheel is sent prepaid, and there is no charge for postage when you receive it. The basque is sufficient, without a sash.

F. H. K.—Make your striped silk by Plain-basque Suit pattern, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V. Put many narrow ruffles on the skirt, and roll the edges instead of binding. Wear a white, blue, salmon, or black neck-tie, with gray or wood-colored gloves.

IDA.—The *Bazar* has published the method of making skeleton leaves.

BET FAIRFAX.—A polonaise and single skirt is best for your short pattern. Use the loose polonaise pattern, and trim with black velvet ribbon and a narrow edge of black guipure. White Swiss pleatings are not as stylish as formerly; they are hemmed and laid in flat narrow pleats. A jacket or blouse waist and over-skirt would be prettiest for your striped muslin.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Your gray silk with gold stripes would look well shortened to a demi-train and worn under a polonaise of black Spanish net, or else of gray damask gauze. It could be made very suitable for receiving calls and for small parties.

JOCKEY.—Ladies' cloth, black or dark green, is used for habits. Only very small bustles are worn on horseback. Basques and double-breasted sacques are worn when driving. We do not give addresses.

CAMISOLE.—The camisoles lately described in the *New York Fashions* are merely the dressing sacques of which a pattern is given with the Lady's Lingerie, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 6, Vol. V.

ANNIE J.—Figured silk like your sample is used for Dolly Varden polonaises. Entire dresses are not now made of it.

FIFTEEN.—The polonaise suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 28, Vol. IV., is fashionable for girls of your age. Black net suits are worn this summer.

MRS. R. K. C.—Make your dotted Swiss muslin with a loose polonaise by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. V. Trim with side pleatings of the same, headed by puffs in which blue ribbon is run. A blue sash hanging in loops on the right side, passing across the back to the left and ended there by a bow, will add to its style and beauty.

AMY C.—The direction given above to "Mrs. R. K. C." will answer for your blue and white striped grenadine. Wear it over a blue silk skirt, or else a plain white one.

MISS M.—Striped black grenadine, flax gray batiste, and white Swiss muslin are all made into polonaises to wear over black silk skirts.

BERTHA.—Plum-color will be worn again in the winter. It is too early to alter a handsome dress. Velvet will be much used for trimming.

SECOND MOURNING.—Gray and purple are not now worn for second mourning. Solid black relieved by white trimmings at the neck and wrists, and by bows of purple ribbon, is the present fashion. Grenadine, tamise cloth, and alpaca are the materials used for summer suits in this climate. Gold jewelry is not worn until mourning is entirely laid aside. Jet, onyx, and very dark tortoise-shell sets are in vogue.

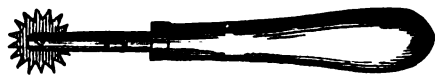
MATRON.—An English straw bonnet, trimmed with sage green or peacock-colored ribbon and autumn leaves, will be handsome with your black grenadine and silk suits, and may also be worn late in the fall.

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.—It is susceptible of easy proof that the sewing machine has been a greater blessing to the masses of American people than any invention of the present century. Nothing else has done so much to save the lives and health of the wives and mothers, the patient, overworked women of the land, who, as a class, most needed relief from the burdens of everyday life. Every father and husband falls in his duty if he neglects to endow his home with such a triumph of science as the Wilson Under-Feed Sewing Machine. It is the cheapest and best sewing machine ever offered. Salesroom, 707 Broadway, N. Y.; also for sale in all other cities in the U. S.—[Com.]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. R. GUNNING, New York, has earned with her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine \$2300 in two years. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[Com.]

COLGATE & Co. have for years been developing the manufacture of fine toilet soaps. The standard reached in this branch of work is remarkable. The *CASIMERE BOUQUET SOAP* is offered to the public as combining the excellences of all good soaps.—[Com.]

LUXURY, Health, Economy insured by using *Dooley's Yeast Powder*. Elegant Light Rolls, Biscuits, &c., prepared in ten minutes. Try it.—[Com.]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALL DRUGGISTS sell **PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION**, because it is reliable.

MRS. C. G. PARKER

Makes **PURCHASES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION** for ladies, at a moderate charge. Samples sent on receipt of 25 cents. Refers, by permission, to Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., 713 Broadway; Mr. James McCall, 543 Broadway; Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., New York City. For Circular (free), address Mrs. C. G. PARKER, 713 Broadway, New York City.

JEFFERS, 1179 BROADWAY, LADIES' BOOTS & SHOES AT POPULAR PRICES.

MRS. C. C. THOMSON

Continues to purchase upon her usual terms. Send for Circular containing references and particulars. Mrs. C. C. THOMSON, 841 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

FOR FAMILY USE, THE FAMOUS HALFORD LEICESTERSHIRE TABLE SAUCE.

ALL GROCERS HAVE IT.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY HALFORD SAUCE CO., BOSTON, MASS.



THE WARLIKE TROUBLE BREWING in EUROPE

Concerns us less, individually, than the intestine commotions to which each one of us is liable at this season of the year. Fortunately, all disturbances of the stomach, the bowels, and the liver engendered by hot weather, sudden changes of temperature, or unwholesome atmospheric conditions are speedily relieved by a dose or two of

TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT, which is seltzer to the thirsty palate, and at the same time the finest of all cathartics, a healthful invigorant and stomachic, and invaluable as a means of preventing fever and congestion. The genuine article may be had of all druggists.

\$500,000 in CASH!

SECOND GRAND GIFT CONCERT

In Aid of the
PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KENTUCKY.
(Authorized by Act of the Legislature of Kentucky, March 16, 1871.)

The Public Library of Kentucky occupies a splendid building, recently purchased at a cost of \$210,000. It is now open and free to the world.

One thousand gifts in cash (highest \$100,000, lowest \$100) will be distributed, amounting in all to \$500,000. Tickets, \$10 each; halves, \$5; quarters, \$2.50.

Concert and distribution will take place Sept. 23, 1872, under the management of Hon. THOS. E. BRAMLETTE, late Governor of Kentucky, who has consented to represent the Trustees.

The Farmers and Drovers' Bank is Treasurer. For full information and for tickets apply to

THOS. E. BRAMLETTE,
Agent Public Library Kentucky, Louisville, Ky.
New York Office under charge of Major THOS. H. HAYS, No. 609 Broadway, corner Houston Street.

Circulars, giving full particulars, sent from either office on application.

NO ONE CAN LIVE if the skin and kidneys do not act; chronic and acute congestion, catarrh, dropsy, idiosyncrasy, death follow. Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS restore skin and kidneys to healthy action.

A. SELIG,

Successor to S. M. Peyser, 513 Broadway, Importer of Zephyr Worsteds; Silks for Embroidering; Embroideries on Canvas and Leather—Slippers, Cushions, Light Screens, Suspenders, Strips for Oriental and Camp Chairs. Also, Guipure and Point Laces, and materials for making the same. Novelties in Fringes, Gimps, Buttons, Ornaments, and Laces. Fringes and other Trimmings made to order. All kinds of stamping done. Monograms and Crests designed and embroidered in gold, silk, or worsted, in artistic style, at the lowest prices.

Daniel D. Youmans,

IMPORTER OF ENGLISH HATS,

719 and 1103 BROADWAY, N. Y.

LADIES' RIDING HATS.

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' HATS

in every variety.



No Lady should be without
Mrs. GILMAN'S PATENT WORK HOLDER,
A new invention, manufactured by the ROPER SPORTING ARMS CO., Broad St., Hartford, Conn.

MOTHERS,

S NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS FARINA, **Y**
A THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE. **O**

Extensively used and recommended by the most eminent physicians. Sold by Druggists and Grocers.

H. ASTIE & Co., Sole Agents,
15 South William Street, New York. **R**

INFANTS.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.,
Broadway, cor. Nineteenth Street, N. Y.,

Will continue to offer the **BALANCE** of their

SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

SUMMER SILKS,

SUMMER UNDERGARMENTS,

SUMMER HOSIERY,

TRAVELING-DRESS MATERIALS,

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S OUTFITTINGS,

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

PARIS-MADE SUITS,

LINEN, LAWN, AND PIQUE SUITS,

&c., &c.,

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

SACRIFICING

MOURNING GOODS

In all the Departments.

CLOSING OUT

an Immense Stock regardless of cost.

IRON GRENADINES

Positively at less than half cost of importation.

JACKSON'S MOURNING STORE,

729 BROADWAY, Corner Waverley Place, N. Y.

LADIES Send for Circular giving description of the most wonderful discovery in the world for beautifying the complexion. Freckles and Moth Patches removed in ten days. Warranted. Address

Mrs. SHAW, 341 6th Ave., New York.

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, BOSTON, MASS.,

Employs the most eminent instructors in the land, and offers better facilities for procuring a musical education, at **Lower Rates of Tuition**, than any similar Institution. **Fifteen Dollars per term** the highest charge in any department. The **College of Music of Boston University** is connected with it under the same general management. Situations procured. **Fall Term opens Monday, September 16.** Circulars containing full information mailed free upon application to

E. TOURJEE, Director.

NATIONAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC,

Established by the **Mendelssohn Quintette Club**, at Tremont Temple, Boston, begins Sept. 16, 1872. Only artists of high grade as teachers. Address

THOMAS RYAN, Boston, Mass.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED to sell *The United States Tariff and Internal Revenue Law*, Act of 1872, in every city and town in the country. All persons doing business need the book. Messrs. Harper & Brothers will publish in a few days a work on California that every body will want. Agents that apply soon can secure profitable employment. For further particulars, address

AVERY BILL, Care of HARPER & BROTHERS,

Franklin Square, New York.

B. M. COWPERTHWAIT & CO.,

(Established 1807),

155 CHATHAM ST., NEW YORK.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, BEDDING.

BARGAINS FOR CASH.

Payments received in installments if desired.

BAZAR

Cut Paper Patterns,

For Ladies, Misses, Girls, and
Children of Both Sexes.

The great design of the proprietors of the Bazar Patterns is to furnish cut paper patterns of every description, and for every size, at a moderate price. These patterns are intended to be the most perfect, the most practical, and the most economical ever produced in this country, and so arranged as to be easily understood by those not accustomed to making their own garments. We avoid as far as possible every form of extravagance in cutting up material, at the same time combining all that is desirable with fashion and good taste. Our business will be conducted in a spirit of progress. Every pattern we issue will be the product of the ablest and most experienced gentlemen dressmakers in the country, all under the supervision of Mr. Moschowitz, a gentleman who stands at the head of his profession, and who is unquestionably the ablest dressmaker in the United States. What Worth is to Paris, Moschowitz is to New York—the highest authority on all matters pertaining to fashion. We have carefully prepared a catalogue of 28 pages, containing over two hundred figures, showing the leading fashions of the day. From this catalogue may be selected patterns of every description and of every size, ranging from 30 to 46 inches bust measure; also for misses from 10 to 16 years of age, and for children of both sexes under 10. On receipt of postage stamp, the above catalogue will be sent to any address free of charge. In this catalogue will be found a list of two valuable premiums, both of which are offered to subscribers for *Harper's Bazar*. One subscriber will get at least one of these premiums, and we confidently assert that, for liberality and magnitude, the premiums offered to each and every new subscriber for the *Bazar* have no parallel, an offer in which thousands of families will be benefited, and will, we trust, be the means of adding much to the comfort and economy of every household. We are confident that this premium will be hailed with delight by every lady in the land. For terms to Agents, or for catalogues, address

JAMES M'CALL & CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.

Important to Ladies.—Read the following extraordinary offer: The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co. manufacture and warrant two different Sewing Machines, one called the *Elliptic*, the other called the *Wheeler & Wilson*. The *Elliptic* Machine excels in many important points. It is so light that a child can run it with ease; or an invalid, whose strength is sufficient to walk about the house or to do the work of a child ten years old, can sew all day without being over-fatigued. It is impossible to convey by language a tithe of the merits belonging to this deservedly popular Machine. To see it perform the different operations, such as hemming, felling, gathering, embroidering, tucking, cording, frilling, quilting, fringing, etc., it seems more like a thing of life than a machine moved by the will of the operator. It has adjustable gauges for every description of work, and can be changed in a moment to suit any material, coarse or fine. The economy of the *Elliptic* Machine in a family is almost incredible—with one, a good operator can do the work of twelve hands. A breadth of a skirt can be sewed in less than a minute; a gentleman's fine shirt can be made in three hours; or a child's dress, with many tiny pleats, in less time than the hands can fold them—in fact, every description of sewing is reduced from a question of hours to one of minutes. We make the following offer: Any person in the United States desiring one of these celebrated Machines can buy one and pay for it in work (not sewing) furnished at their own home. The work is pleasant and profitable, and can be accomplished by any lady, old or young. We send circulars on receipt of stamp. Address

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.,
543 Broadway, New York.



LUNDBORGS'

NEW PERFUME,

ARCADIAN PINK,

The most beautiful and natural Perfume of the age! Entirely original, and made by no other perfumer.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, &c.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!!

WITH A NOVELTY PRESS!



The best ever made for the purpose. THE most valuable addition to the Business Office; the most efficient instructor in Schools; the most fascinating and instructive amusement in the Family; and is unsurpassed for the use of AMATEUR AND REGULAR PRINTERS. Send for descriptive & illustrated Pamphlet to BENJ. O. WOODS, MANUFACTURER, 39-51 Federal & 123 Kneeland Sts., Boston; WM. Y. EDWARDS, 543 Broadway, N. Y.; KELLY, HOWELL & LUDWIG, 317 Market St., Philadelphia; J. F. EDWARDS, 120 N. 3rd St., St. Louis; A. C. KELLOGG, 53-55 S. Jefferson St., Chicago.—Manufacturers' Agents.

Are You Musical?

If so, be also prudent. Do not throw away money on high-priced publications when you can purchase 10 or 20 pieces of excellent sheet music, arranged for the Piano, for one dollar. Call or inclose stamp for new catalogue. BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, 489 Third Avenue, New York.

THE STRUGGLE OF '72.

A GRAND CHANCE. Nothing ever offered like it before. A Novelty in Political and Popular Literature. Agents, address UNION PUBLISHING CO., Chicago, Ill., Phila., Pa., or Springfield, Mass.

J. B. SMALL,

Mfr and Designer of

CUT PAPER PATTERNS

For Ladies', Misses', Boys', and Children's Garments,
ALL AGES AND SIZES.

The qualities which recommend our Patterns over all others are as follows:

First.—Our Patterns are of different sizes, enabling a large as well as small person to obtain a Pattern which will require little or no variation.

Second.—Each garment is fitted in cloth, and made to fit perfect, before the different sizes are graded.

Third.—Each Pattern has a label with picture of garment, and full instructions how to cut, make, trim, amount of cloth and trimming required, and size.

Fourth.—Our Patterns are not cut by a CHART OR DRESS MODEL; and no Pattern can be correct unless the garment is fitted in cloth, and submitted to an actual test.

Fifth.—Our Ladies' Patterns of Outside Garments are in nine sizes, 30 to 46 inches bust measure; no odd sizes; plain waist, in nineteen sizes, 38 to 46 inches bust measure. Misses' Garments, nine to fifteen years, seven sizes. Children's Garments, one to eight years. Boys' Coats, Vests, and Pants in various styles, from three to fifteen years.

Sixth.—All the difficult parts in each piece of the Pattern are notched and punched, so that the garment can be put together by the most inexperienced.

We warrant every Pattern we sell to be the exact size printed on the label, and the garment, when made, will be exactly like the picture given with the Pattern, if proper attention is followed to our printed directions. Our Patterns are all of the latest styles, and two weeks in advance of any others. Our prices are within the reach of all. Twenty-five cents is the highest price for any Pattern. Prices ranging from ten to twenty-five cts.

We supply HARPER & BROTHERS with all the suits of Cut Paper Patterns given in each issue of the *Bazar*, and they have been sent to all parts of the United States and Canada; and we have yet to hear of the first case where they have failed to give entire satisfaction.

Illustrated Summer Catalogue sent to any address on receipt of stamp to prepay postage. Agents will be supplied with our Patterns on reasonable terms.

Any of the Patterns specified in the Catalogue can be procured at the Salesroom, or sent by mail, post-paid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of price, size, and number of Pattern.

Please write your Name, Town, County, and State very plain.

J. B. SMALL,
643 Broadway, corner Bleecker St., N. Y.

A full assortment of our Patterns can be had at any of the following Branch Offices:

FAGAN & CONKLIN, 2904 Third Avenue, Harlem, N. Y.; WILCOX & GIBBS S. M. CO., 76 Court St., Brooklyn; 55 Fourth St., Brooklyn, E. D.; 142 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. General Agents for New England States; 1 Martin Hall, South Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.; 1 Union Block, Church St., Burlington, Vt.; 578 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; 270 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio; 20 Water St., Newburgh, N. Y.; 68 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.; 113 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.; 303 North Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo.; 67 Dauphine St., Mobile, Ala.; 543 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.; 373 Main St., Memphis, Tenn.; 111 Church St., Nashville, Tenn.; 177 Fourth St., Louisville, Ky.; 5 Cedar St., Newark, N. J.; KETCHAM & CAIN, 1027 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn.—Miss JULIA DENIER, 655 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn.—PRICE & CO., 15 North Charles St., Baltimore, Md.—SAMUEL WHITE, 221 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.—WM. A. COLTER, 4400 Butler St., Pittsburgh, Pa.—CHAS. BAUM, 408 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

DOOLEY'S

YEAST

POWDER

IS THE
STANDARD BAKING POWDER,
And the Best, Cheapest,
and Healthiest Article
Prepared for Making

Delicious and Wholesome
BREAD, BISCUITS, ROLLS,
WAFFLES, CAKES, and
ELEGANT COOKERY
OF ALL KINDS.

IT IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST, BUT NOT
LOWEST PRICED.

In Tins of $\frac{1}{4}$ lb., $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 1 lb., and 5 lbs., FULL WEIGHT.

Sold by Grocers and Tea and Fruit Dealers, &c., generally.

Ask for "DOOLEY'S," and take no other.

DOOLEY & BROTHER, Manufacturers,
69 New Street, New York.

Established 1858.

VICK'S

BULB CATALOGUE

FOR

1872.

Containing Descriptions of Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocuses, Lilies, and other hardy Bulbs for Fall Planting in the Garden, and for House Culture. Full instructions for Planting, Treatment, &c. Thirty-two pages, nicely illustrated. Sent free to all who apply. Address JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

LADY AGENTS WANTED

To introduce our Justly Celebrated and Immensely Popular Inventions in every Village, Town, and County. They Sell Rapidly, Give Perfect Satisfaction. Every Female Absolutely Requires them. Indispensable to every Household. Smart Agents can realize Fortunes. County Rights free. Send for Illustrated Catalogue, with full particulars. Address "La Perle" M'Pg Co., 90 Chambers St., N. Y.

HOT OR The "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER" "still COLD." waves. Every number grows better and better. Elegant Chromo, free to every subscriber, and paper a whole year for only 75 cts. Specimens, 6 cts. Address "BANNER," Hinsdale, N. H.

WEBSTER'S PATENT

BUTTON-HOLE WORKER,



The most perfect Button-Hole Worker invented. So simple that a child can work a more perfect button-hole with it than the most experienced hand can without it. It does away with pricking the fingers, straining the eyes, and with imperfect and irregular - worked button-holes. They give universal satisfaction. Ladies who use them say they are worth their weight in gold. Sample worker, with full directions for use, sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents. Local and traveling agents wanted for this and other useful articles. Address GEO. DAVIS, 91 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

Cut Paper Patterns

OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are fitted with the greatest accuracy, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, SO AS TO BE ADJUSTED BY THE MOST INEXPERIENCED. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.

LADY'S GORED WRAPPER.....	No. 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK.....	" 11
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT.....	" 17
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old).....	" 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old).....	" 26
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old).....	" 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 29
BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, AND KNICKERBOCKERS (for boy from 4 to 9 years old).....	" 31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old).....	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt).....	" 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 37
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER.....	" 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP.....	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt.....	" 49
WATTEAU MANTLE, with 3-Pleat Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 50
MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 52
WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt.....	" 52

Vol. V.

DOUBLE-BREADED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER.....	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers).....	" 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt.....	" 8
DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT.....	" 11
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postilion, and Walking Skirt.....	" 13
MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT, with Cape.....	" 15
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Dolly Varden Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 20
VEST BASQUE, with Over-skirt and Kib-pleated Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old).....	" 21
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER.....	" 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt.....	" 28
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old).....	" 25
POSTILION-BASQUE POLONAISE, with Apron Front and Adjustable Demi-Trained Skirt.....	" 27
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.....	" 29

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for \$2.00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

LADIES!
Dr. Kennedy's Hair Tea
will prevent the hair from
falling out, and preserve
its health and beauty. Sold by
Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.



You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 octave Pianos for \$290? We answer—It costs less than \$300 to make any \$600 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per cent. profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant Five Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to 300 Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos in 40 States and Territories. U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, New York.

F. K. PHOENIX, Bloomington Nursery, Ill.; 600 E. acres; 21st year; 19 Green-Houses; Trees, Bulbs, Flower Plants, Nursery Stock; 4 Catalogues, 20 cts.

NEW NOVELS

JUST PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "The Warden," "Barchester Towers," "Orley Farm," "Small House at Allington," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, \$1 25.

A GOLDEN SORROW. By Mrs. CASHEL HORY, Author of "A House of Cards," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

OMBRA. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "The Perpetual Curate," "Agnes," "The Laird of Norlaw," "Brownlows," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents. (Just Ready.)

A GOOD INVESTMENT. A Story of the Upper Ohio. By WM. FLAGG, Author of "Three Seasons in European Vineyards," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ALBERT LUNEL. By the late LORD BROUGHAM. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

LORD KILGOBBIN. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

POOR MISS FINCH. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "The Woman in White," "Moonstone," "Man and Wife," "Armada," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

CECIL'S TRYST. By JAMES PAYN, Author of "Carlyon's Year," "Gwendoline's Harvest," "Won—Not Wooded," "Bred in the Bone," "One of the Family," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

A BRIDGE OF GLASS. By F. W. ROBINSON, Author of "True to Himself," "For Her Sake," "Carry's Confession," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

MAUD MOHAN. By ANNIE THOMAS, Author of "Denis Donnie," "On Guard," "Playing for High Stakes," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD DICKENS. Elegant and Cheap. With Characteristic Illustrations.

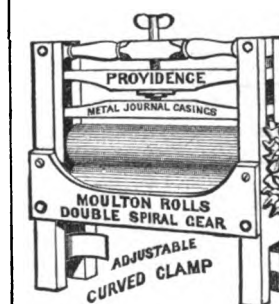
OLIVER TWIST. With 28 Illustrations by J. Mahoney. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1 00.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. With 59 Illustrations by J. Barnard. 8vo, Paper, \$1 00; Cloth, \$1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

Providence Wringer,

NEW 1872.



Moulton Rolls,
Most Durable;
Double
Spiral Cogs,
Easiest Working;
Curved Clamp,
Holds Firmest;
Metal Journal
Casings,
NO WEAR OUT.

PROVIDENCE TOOL COMPANY,
11 Warren St., N. Y., and PROV., R. I.

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Stencil and Key-Check Outfit. Catalogues, samples, and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. STINSON & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year.....\$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year.....4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year.....4 00

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, \$10 00; or any two for \$7 00.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, or BAZAR will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five SUBSCRIBERS at \$4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for \$20 00, without extra copy.

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, \$500; Half Page, \$250; Quarter Page, \$150—each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, \$2 00 per Line; Outside Page, \$4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—\$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, \$1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

FACETIÆ.

An Ignoramus had been sick, and on recovering was told by the doctor that he might take a little animal food. "No, Sir," said he; "I took your gruel very well, but hang me if I can eat your hay and oats."

Why is the Emerald Isle loftier than the Alps?—Because it's (h) Ireland, of course.

An Irish paper says: "A deaf man named Taff was run down by a passenger train and killed on Wednesday morning. He was injured in a similar way about a year ago."

SCOTLAND'S BRIGHTEST LIGHT—Burns.

It was said of a Massachusetts lawyer (and what higher compliment could be paid an advocate?) that "he won all his cases because he gave his own face in evidence when he tried them."

A contemporary calls the larking banana skin on the sidewalk "a tropical incentive to profanity."

A sailor, looking serious in a chapel in Boston, was asked by the clergyman if he felt any change. Whereupon the tar put his hand into his pocket, and replied, "Not a cent!"

"Why, my little boy, did that hulking big fellow hit you on purpose?"
"No, Sir; he hit me on the head."

An ignorant woman of great wealth and pretensions said, in response to a compliment to some mutton on her table: "Oh yes; my husband always buys the best. He isn't stingy; and, besides, he's a great epicure."

The Indianapolis Journal says a bull-dog with sound teeth is the only thing that a lightning-rod peddler will not tackle and try to persuade into buying a rod.

THE HAPPY MEDIUM—Gentleman between two ladies.

An editor says that the only reason he knows of why his house was not blown away the other day, during a severe gale, was because there was a heavy mortgage upon it.

THE BRITISH PUBLIC—A gin palace.

A lady says that the mortality among the Masons must be very great this year, for every time she asks for recreation her husband finds he is obliged to attend a brother's funeral.

COMMON SCENTS—Musk and verbena.

An ornithologist wants to know what sort of eagle flies the highest. Golden eagles fly the fastest, we are sure of that.

A GREAT COMPOSER—Sleep.

A little Danbury boy doesn't think his aunt is as pious as she pretends to be, when she puts so much starch in his Sunday shirt that he can't jump over a single post on his way to church.

STAKE-HOLDERS—Butchers.

LITTLE GIRL (coming out of church). "What was that music they played, mamma?"

MAMMA. "That was the organ, dear."

LITTLE GIRL. "Then the ten cents you gave, mamma, was for the organ-grinder?"

A PENNY WISEGUY—A miser.

ARCHITECT. "How would you support a projecting portico or piazza?"

STUDENT. "With brackets, or else with what-do-you-calls 'em."

ARCHITECT. "What is a rear elevation?"

STUDENT. "Getting your back up, I suppose."



INDUCTIVE FLATTERY.

"That is a Portrait of dear Papa, before he wore a Beard and Mustache, you know."
"Indeed! How very Lovely your Mamma must have been!"

At a certain church fair a set of Cooper's works was promised to the individual who should answer a certain set of conundrums. A dashing young fellow was pronounced the winner, and received a set of wooden palls.

GOOD ROUND GAME—Good plump partridges.

A gentleman who had been arguing with an Ignoramus until his patience was exhausted said he didn't wish him dead, but he would be glad to see him *know more*.

"I wonder what's the reason," said a wife to her husband, "that the turkey I ate for dinner does not set well on my stomach?"
"Probably," replied the aggravating man, "because it wasn't a *hen* turkey."

You can't make corned beef by giving cows whiskey.

"George, dear," said a lady just before the marriage ceremony, "I have several chaps on my hands: what shall I do?"
"Show 'em to me and I'll kick 'em out-doors."
"Oh, you dear!"

A Chicago man named Tenney economically writes his name "Xy"—that is, 1869.

A poet was recently horrified to find one of his choicest couplets printed as follows:
"Little pimple, so sweet and soft,
Love the cheek of my love."

It is to be presumed that the unhappy man intended to speak of dimples.

Is a lamp at any time in a bad temper?—Yes, when it is put out.

Tommy was cautioned against eating too much luncheon, because he would spoil his appetite for dinner. But Tommy said he would rather have a good luncheon than a good appetite any time.

No wonder time is often murdered, when it is struck every hour.

A "sufferer" at one of the mountain houses says "the flies come down to breakfast at the sound of the gong."

A New Orleans mother was recently questioning her little girl in geography, as follows: "Who first went through the Straits of Magellan?"

Daisy quickly answered, "Magellan, with his squadron."

"What do you understand by his squadron, Daisy?"

The question was not in the book, but Daisy was ready for the emergency. "Oh, I know; it's one of those women that ain't quite white."

Bad manuscript makes an editor think sometimes that he keeps a house of correction.

"Where are you going so fast, Mr. Smith?" demanded Mr. Jones.

"Home, Sir, home. Don't detain me. I have just bought my wife a new bonnet, and I must deliver it before the fashion changes."

However severe a drought may be, farmers never wish for *mur-rain*.

Two Irishmen on a sultry night took refuge under the bedclothes from a party of mosquitoes. At last one of them, gasping from heat, ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks, and espied a fire-fly which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion with a punch, he said: "Fergus, Fergus, it's no use. Ye might as well come out. Here's one of the crathurs searching for us wid a lantern!"

A PERSONAL OBLIGATION—To eat.

What requires more philosophy than taking things as they come?—Parting with things as they go.

KNIGHT OF THE BATH—Saturday.

When may a man be said to be really over head and ears in debt?—When he hasn't paid for his wig.

THE BALLOONIST'S MOTTO—Air or naught.

Is this a description of a sea-faring incident, or does it allude to coals? A contemporary says there has been a rise at the pit's mouth of from 75 to 100 per cent.

THE LAND OF CANE—The place where sugar comes from.

Why is dressing a fatiguing process?—Because it's a-tiring (attiring) yourself.

Said a Baptist to a Methodist: "I don't like your church government. It isn't simple enough—too much machinery about it."
"It is true," replied the Methodist, "we have more machinery than you; but then, you see, it don't take near so much water to run it."

When is a clock like a builder?—When it strikes.

A Rochester man has discovered that a kerosene bath, taken every morning before breakfast, will keep flies away from a person—as well as every other living thing.

How can you avoid crying out while having a tooth extracted?—Hold your jaw.

A blind woman in Iowa has learned to thread a cambric needle with her teeth and tongue. "Is there any thing in the world that a woman's tongue can not do—or undo?" asks an exchange. We will think about it.

When a church is burning, what is the only part that runs no chance of being saved?—The organ, because the engine can't play upon it.

"Mount Vesuvius never sleeps," said Joseph.

"Yes," replied Jacob; "but it is always just on the point of sleeping."

"How so?"
"Because it's always yawning."

A celebrated poet, writing to an editor, proposed to supply him with any length of lines, and for any occasion. The reply was practical: "Send me a hundred yards of lines strong enough to fish for conger-eels, and that will bear the tug of a porpoise, as I am going to Rockaway for a week's fishing."

AN ARTICLE YOU CAN ALWAYS BORROW—Trouble.

There is an unpleasant vagueness in the last lines of the epitaph on Dean Cole, of Lincoln:

"When the latter trump of Heaven shall blow,
Cole, now raked up in ashes, then shall glow."

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.

The more distant your friends are, the more you should call—if you want to make yourself heard.

When you take a friend home to dine with you for the first time, count the plate before you let him go home. It saves subsequent awkwardness.

If a friend wants to borrow an umbrella, send for a policeman at once and give him in charge. It will guard against a repetition of the error.

Should you happen in a discussion to find that you and your opponent are likely to take opposite views, knock him down at once, for fear you should be led into a quarrel.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—It is no use to say to-day is a bad day, for it is the best we shall get until to-morrow.

OUR EYES.—A young lady who let her lids drop on being spoken to tenderly by a young gentleman is anxious to recover them, and offers a handsome reward for their restoration. A nautical gentleman of her acquaintance assures her that they could not have been properly lashed, or they would not have been lost.

What two classes of paupers are best known in the Indies?—The East Indy-gent and the West Indy-gent.

THEATRICAL MAXIMS.

A stick on the boards is no stay for a theatre.

A caul is said by nautical folk to prevent a man from drowning; but when an actor gets a call, it is generally a sign that he will go down.

The man who comes on the stage exactly at his cue is prompt; but the man who does not come on at all is prompter.

How absurdly are things named on the stage! The man who can barely get his bread on it is spoken of as "a souper."



HAZARDOUS!

HUSBAND. "If Cook isn't Punctual to-day, Love, give her a good— Blow her up well!"
WIFE. "My dear Charles!—Well, will you come and stand behind the Door with your Life-Preserver?"



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

THE NEW GOVERNESS. "Come and Rest a little, Bertie. Shall I tell you a pretty Story?"
BERTIE. "Y-y-yes! But-but-but not about the Little Hatchet, please!"